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Harvard's Elm-Trees.*

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

Ah! whither, when they vanished, flew
Those four fair years we journeyed through,
From '28 to '32,
Beneath old Harvard's elm-trees?

From '28 to '32
How sweetly beamed the noon-day blue,
How sweetly Summer moons looked through
Old Harvard's ancient elm-trees!

From '28 to '32
A band of brothers, fond and true,
What thrills of hope and joy we knew
Under old Harvard's elm-trees!

From '28 to '32
Morn gleamed upon Castalian dew
As, merry college birds, we flew
Beneath old Harvard's elm trees!

And when the glow of evening threw
Around the scene each magic hue,
How sweet the twilight rendezvous
Beneath old Harvard's elm-trees!

From '28 to '32,
Ah! hopes were high and fears were few,
As boyhood into manhood grew
Beneath old Harvard's elm trees!

Then soft life's picture fancy drew,
And called our spell bound eyes to view,
Through her enchanted avenue
From under Harvard's elm-trees!

Ere yet the sober truth we knew,
Or envious fate the signal blew,
That sent a wintry shiver through
The leaves of Harvard's elm-trees.

And each live stem a mast head grew
Whence all the pennons seaward flew,
That summoned us to bid adieu
To Harvard's dear old elm-trees.

Ah! moments, months, too fast ye flew,
From '28 to '32;
Yet still our hearts past hours renew
Beneath old Harvard's elm-trees.

Shades of the dead! once more with you
We live departed moments through,
And heavenly words we listen to
Beneath old Harvard's elm-trees!

Oh, when I sink, as all must do,
Above me plant no funeral yew;
Down on my rest let stars look through
Fair Harvard's dear old elm-trees!

Companions dear of '32!
When God in mercy leads us through
The shining gates—to me and you
Were heaven quite heaven without the view
Of Harvard's dear old elm-trees?

* Written for the annual dinner of the Class of 1832, in October last, and read again, by Rev. Dr. Bellows, at the late anniversary of the Harvard Club in New York.

Mr. Costa's Naaman.

[From The London Times, August, 1861.]

It is nine years since Mr. Costa produced his *Eli*. How it was received by the people of Birmingham at the Festival of 1855, how variously its claims were discussed—some extolling it as a masterpiece, others denying it any particular right to consideration, others—by far the greatest number—weighing its deserts with its shortcomings, and calmly adjudging it an honorable place among modern compositions of its class, are matters of history. The conclusion arrived at by impartial lookers on must have been that *Eli* was decidedly a work of merit, and, for a first creation of even remarkable merit. The mere facts, however, of its having lived these nine years, of its still being occasionally performed, and of several pieces having made their way into the concert-room, where they obtain unanimous acceptance, are enough to account for the very general interest felt in a new work of the same kind, from the same pen, written expressly for and about to be given at the same festival. How many oratorios since Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (1846)—nay, since Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* (1836)—have survived three years? It would be invidious to signalize by name the many that have *not*; while those that have might be specified by a few strokes of the pen. One or two by Spohr, one or two by Ferdinand Hiller, and one, which, though it may not have been heard in England since the Norwich Festival of 1869, has at least been heard in Germany, and is assuredly fashioned of lasting materials—Herr Molique's *Abraham*—and all are counted. An oratorio, like an epic poem, is a big matter; and as a dull epic, laboriously as it may be built up, is unendurable, scarcely less so, with all the attractive compensation of voices and instruments, is a dull oratorio. Now, *Eli*, without offering any pretensions to be called a great oratorio, is certainly not a dull one; and for this reason, if for no other, being endurable, it has endured and is likely to endure. A further experience of nine years has not only afforded the composer of *Eli* an opportunity of putting his own house in order, but of visiting the mansions of the illustrious dead—not only of judging himself severely, but of chastening and maturing his style by the example of those imperishable models of which it is his fortunate privilege so frequently to superintend the public performance. How far Mr. Costa may have profited by these advantages his second oratorio, *Naaman*, written expressly for the Birmingham Festival, which takes place a short time hence, will show. Meanwhile, though it would be out of order to attempt influencing public opinion beforehand through the medium of any purely critical remarks, a brief outline of the plan of the new work, with reference both to the lyrical and musical treatment of the subject upon which it is founded, may not be unacceptable.

The book of *Naaman* is by Mr. W. Bartholomew, who also constructed that of *Eli*, and, as all the musical world is well aware, had the distinguished honor of being Mendelssohn's lyrical associate in preparing the English version of *Elias* (*Elijah*). The materials to which Mr. Bartholomew has had recourse are found in the 2nd, 4th, and 5th chapter of the Second Book of Kings. He has adopted the text of Scripture where convenient, elsewhere abridged, modified, or paraphrased it, and, elsewhere, where amplification of the sentiment or situation is required, substituted words of his own. The oratorio (like *Eli*) is divided into scenes. The first scene, by the river Jordan, comprises the translation of Elijah and the miracle of dividing the waters. Here, though Elijah is talked of, he is not permitted to speak—a precaution due probably rather to Mr. Costa's unwillingness to tread on perilous ground, than to the reticence of his poet, who, by omission of all allusion to the last impressive dialogue between Elijah and Elisha (2nd Kings, chap. 2-9, 10), incurs the risk of becoming a little obscure. Mr. Bartholomew, nevertheless, has surmounted the difficulty with tolerable success. The Sons of the Prophets, as in the sacred narrative, alternately witness the crossing of the Jordan by the two Prophets in company; their final interview; the translation of Elijah in the fiery chariot; and the return of Elisha with Elijah's mantle, which enables him to repeat the miracle of dividing the waters, and thereby show that he is Elijah's appointed successor. The music connects the incidents of this scene together in a form that may lay claim to originality. The declamatory recitatives of the two chief personages, the detached phrases of melody, sometimes rhythmically worked out, sometimes in plain recitative, through which the Sons of the Prophets describe the impression produced upon them by the miracles of which they are privileged beholders, and the chorus, "Hail, master, Hail," occupying the place of *codas*, are knit together by a series of orchestral movements taking their tone from the various incidents as they occur. We have thus a well-constructed whole, which by its elaborate orchestral coloring makes up for the absence of an instrumental overture, and fulfils at the same time the conditions of what is formally termed an "introduction." A point, apart from criticism, may at once be cited in Mr. Costa's favor—namely, the studied avoidance of all possible resemblance to Mendelssohn's great work, in a scene of which, though his lips are sealed, Elijah is certainly the conspicuous figure.

The next situation embodies the miracle of the widow's oil being multiplied by Elisha from one pot into many full vessels, that her creditor may be satisfied, and her two sons rescued from bondage. The music comprises dialogue-recitative (accompanied) for the widow and Elisha; an air, "Arise, O Lord! O God lift up thine hand!" in which the Prophet solicits Divine intermission on behalf of the suffering poor—with choral sequel, "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked" (sung, it may be presumed, by the Sons of the Prophets); a duet, "I sought the Lord, and He heard me," in which the Prophet and the widow pour out their thanksgivings; and a *chorus*, "When famine over Israel prevailed," deducting, after the manner of Chorus, in the Greek plays, general laws from individual occurrences—an expedient which, originating in John Sebastian Bach, has always been prominent in German oratorio, and was especially acceptable to Mendelssohn—witness his *Paul*, his *Lobgesang*, and his *Elijah*. Mr. Costa may be credited, *en passant*, with using it judiciously,—that is to say, sparingly, and not, as is too frequently the habit of modern composers (as also with choral recitative, by the way), running it to death.

The scene following is built upon the same incident as that which immediately succeeds the multiplying of the widow's oil in the Bible—namely, the promise of a son to the good woman of Shunam, who has given food and shelter to the Prophet. The music here consists of dialogue-recitative, with a trio, "Is anything too hard for God the Lord?"—for, Elisha, the Shunamite, and Elisha's servant, Gehazi—in which the previously incredulous woman declares her confidence in the promised Blessing, and her faith in God's omnipotence. The Biblical sequel to this narrative (the death of the child, and the miracle of its restoration) is postponed to the second part of the oratorio, to make way, doubtless, for what the Germans call the "*Tiefdrolle*"—that is for Naaman, the Syrian, whose tardy apparition looks somewhat paradoxical. Up to this point, indeed (if not subsequently), the oratorio of *Naaman* might be called *Elisha* with just as much propriety as *Elijah* is called *Elijah*. In the next scene, however, the invincible captain,

instrument of the Lord in the deliverance of Syria, returns victorious to Damascus. A grand triumphal military march heralds and accompanies his arrival, the Syrian people the while celebrating the deeds of Naaman and Benhadad, the King, in a chorus—"With sheathed swords and bows unstrung"—uttered simultaneously with the march. The wife of Naaman, whom Mr. Bartholomew calls Timna, joins in the exultant strain, and, with her maidens, echoes the praises of her valiant husband, the whole terminating with a new theme, "Naaman, thy deeds of glory," which also acts as *coda* to the march. Timna then approaches her hero with signs of conjugal affection; but Naaman rejects them on account of his affliction, which he attributes to the "gods of Syria's foes;" and this, in dialogue-recitative, is followed by an air, "Invoking death to end my my woes"—the warrior relating how, in the midst of battle, he had hoped to find delivery, but in vain, his arms being everywhere successful. The martial character of the first part of this air is contrasted with the pathetic tone of the last, where Naaman, the conqueror, mourns for the slain, and, maddened by his own sufferings, proclaims his weariness of life. In a tuneful chorus—"Be comforted!"—Timna and the people promise to offer sacrifice to Rimmon and the Gods of Syria, who have shielded Naaman in the fight and will heal him of his leprosy. The scene following—the house of Naaman—introduces us to Adah, the little maid, who, a captive from the Israelites, attends on Naaman's wife. Adah, in a recitative and air, "They shall be turned back," declares her abhorrence of idolatry and her faith in the true God, whom she petitions for strength to convert the heathen in His name. From Naaman's house we are transported to the Temple of Rimmon, where, in a long and characteristic chorus, homage is paid by the Syrians to their idol, and prayer is offered up for Benhadad's leprous chief. Returning to the warrior's abode, however, we find the appeal to the false god has been impotent. Naaman lies stretched upon a bed of pain, tended by his wife and Adah. An orchestral prelude, in tones of befitting poignancy, suggests the intensity of his torments, while Adah, in a short prayer, "Remove Thy stroke away from him, O God," intercedes for her heathen master; when Naaman, suddenly awakening from a troubled dream, informs them that he has seen a bald man, staff in hand, clad in a mantle, girt with a leathern girdle, who bade him "Go in peace." Adah thereupon advises him to seek the aid of Elisha, the Prophet, whose miracles she recounts, and the omnipotence of whose God she glorifies. Half convinced by her unstudied eloquence, Naaman consents to go to Elisha at Samaria. This is given in dialogue-recitative, eventually culminating in a trio for Adah, Timna, and Naaman—"Haste, to Samaria let us go"—the argument of which may be guessed without explanation. How much of the foregoing belongs to Scripture and how much is the invention of Mr. Bartholomew, a glance at chap. v. of the *Second Book of Kings*, in which the whole historical account of Naaman is comprised, will suffice to show. But leaving Naaman and his consolers, on their journey to Samaria, we come to another episode in the prophetic career of Elisha—that of the healing of the waters, which in the Biblical narrative directly follows the appointment of Elisha as Elijah's successor—Elisha's second miracle, in fact, his first being the dividing of the Jordan. Upon this is built what may be termed the "*finale*" to the first part. The incident—despite many amplifications, perhaps necessary to its effective lyrical treatment—is related with Biblical exactness; and although Naamann has nothing to do with it, the composer is afforded an opportunity of enriching the personage of Elisha with a devotionally characteristic air:—

"The seed shall be prosperous
The vine shall give her fruit."

and of ending the first part of his work with a grand chorus of thanksgiving, in which he is enabled to exhibit his familiarity with the technical resources of his art under a more comprehensive and varied aspect than perhaps anywhere else.

The Second Part opens with the sequel to the story of the good Shunamite and the miracle of her son's reanimation. This is one of the longest, most carefully worked out and most impressive scenes in the oratorio. The scriptural version is pretty closely followed, with such innovations and additions only as are at once consistent and dramatic—for *Naaman*, it will be readily understood, like the majority of what are styled "oratorios," is neither more nor less than a sacred drama founded upon certain historical passages in Holy Writ. The scene is the abode of the heart-stricken Shunamite, who after mourning over her dead child in an appropriately pathetic air—"Look up, my son"—resolves to seek the man of God at Mount Carmel. She is encouraged by angels, in a chorus.—

"God, who cannot be unjust,
Heedeth all on Him that trust," &c.

Elisha comforts her, in an air—"Lament not thus,"—and promises that, if she be resigned, her son shall be restored to her. The staff of the Prophet, laid upon the face of the child by Gehazi, producing no effect, Elisha reproaches his servant with want of heart. A "Sanctus" of angels, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of might!"—the music of which is elaborately worked out—enhancing the solemnity of the situation, Elisha arrives at the house of the Shunamite, whose son lies dead, and invokes the Almighty in prayer, the child during the progress of his invocation being restored to life. The 1st part of the invocation—"The flesh is waxing warm," &c.—is accompanied by orchestral music, the design of which is to suggest the gradual steps by which the miraculous resuscitation is accomplished; the newly awakened child, in an air—"I dreamt I was in Heaven"—describes a vision of the "Cherubim and Seraphim;" and the scene terminates with another grand chorus of thanksgiving—"Thanks, grateful thanks, Almighty Lord."

Naamann now again appears, approaching the residence of Elisha, attended by his family and retinue, to the strains of an instrumental march. Gehazi explaining (in recitative) that he is to wash seven times in the Jordan, Naaman, indignant, replies (in an air, "What meaneth he?") that the Syrian rivers, Abana and Pharpar, are as pure or purer than any in Israel; and resolves to return to his own country. Once, more, however, persuaded by Adah, he consents to perform the ablutions, proceeding to the banks of the sacred river, accompanied by the strains of the same march which was heard on his arrival, and which gradually dies away into *pianissimo* as he retreats. In the scene following, Elisha and the sons of the Prophets are beside Jordan, to witness the cure by ablution; Adah (for Mr. Bartholomew has made an uncommonly important personage of the little captive maid) offers up a prayer—"Maker of every star," &c.—that the miracle may be accomplished; and its ultimate accomplishment, after the seventh ablution, is hailed by an exultant chorus of the people, leading to a quartet—"Honor and glory, Almighty, be Thine"—in which Adah, Naaman, Naaman's wife (Timna), and the Prophet Elisha exalt God for His divine mercy and wondrous deeds. Naaman then, vainly pressing a guerdon (a "blessing") on Elisha—whom he recognizes as the bald man who, in his dream, had bade him "go in peace"—declares his thorough conversion, blessing the name of "the Lord God, the God of Israel;" and the oratorio concludes with a quintet, grand chorus—"Great God of gods"—and jubilant "Hallelujah."

What may be the effect of the new oratorio remains to be proved; but a tolerably clear notion of the materials out of which it is constructed may be gathered from the foregoing. The music must decide. Meanwhile, the composer could hardly bring out his work under more auspicious circumstances. Such an orchestra and chorus as are usually assembled at the Birmingham Festival are to be heard nowhere else in Europe; while the distribution of the solo parts is strong almost without precedent. Naaman (first tenor) devolves upon Mr. Sims Reeves; Gehazi (second tenor) upon Mr Cummings; Elisha (bass) upon Mr. Santley; the Child (first contralto) upon Mme. Sainton-Dolby; Timna (second contralto) upon Miss Palmer; the Shunamite woman (second soprano) upon Mme. Rudersdorff; and Adah (first soprano) upon Mlle. Adelina Patti. Then, of course, Mr. Costa conducts the performance of his own work; and with what zeal he will be supported by his orchestra, choral and instrumental, may readily be imagined.

The Italian Language: Its Evil Influence upon Music.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

I have elsewhere said what I am now about to say, and I will repeat it again and again in private, and in public when and wherever I may find opportunity: for I cannot hope that the protest of one feeble individual—nay, that the conviction of one generation—may be able to uproot an evil whose growth has been unchecked and even fostered for more than a century and a half. The Italian language has been, and is, a most baneful influence to music, affecting its production, its performance, and its effect.

The repetition of this manifest truth would be vain were there not still unadduced facts and arguments to support it. First among these may be cited the notable case of Handel's operas. These are cast in a form that limited the workings of the mighty genius of the master, and allowed no play to its higher attributes. Entirely without choruses—for the simple pieces of four-part harmony with which some of them conclude are scarcely to be classed under this definition in its general acceptance—his operas presented no field for the exercise of his boundless contrapuntal resources, by whose means, and by his almost unique power of choral distribution, he wrought the gigantic effects for which he is pre eminent, and by which, more than by anything else, he is rendered immortal. Consisting exclusively, or very nearly so, of airs that embody no dramatic action, and in many instances constructed with the object rather of executive display than of poetical expression, his operas gave the rarest opportunity for that wonderful power of characterization, and that unsurpassable felicity of verbal declamation which particularly make his personages and the words they utter to live before the hearer. Based upon subjects that are entirely unsympathetic to our times, and constructed upon principles that are totally uncongenial to our stage, his operas will never, and can never, be performed again; the revival, as an antiquarian curiosity, of *Giulio Cesare*, in 1787, was, and will be, the last occasion of the complete representation of any one of them, and a large mass of the labors of one of the greatest, and, perhaps, the very grandest of musicians, wrought at a period of life when men's abilities are at the strongest, are obsolete and virtually lost to the world for ever. The exceptional performance of some very few detached single pieces from these works in no degree invalidates what has here been urged, but proves only how countless is the loss from among which these priceless fragments have been rescued. Now, Handel wrote his operas in subservience to a fashion which set in but two or three years before his first coming to this country: a fashion for affecting to believe that the Italian language was better fitted than any other for the purposes of music, and for affecting to admire performances in the Italian tongue above any in the vernacular of the nation. This fashion was founded, as many fashions are, upon falsehood. To wit: the first and highest element in vocal music is the general expression and minute declamation of the words. This element is a nullity with an audience by whom the words to which music is set are not familiarly and habitually spoken, and thus, and only thus, fully understood; and no language is, therefore, so good for the most important of all musical purposes as the native language of the people before whom it is performed. It was, then, to this gross falsehood of fashion, this lie against all sense and reason, this perfidy against pure art and undistorted nature, Handel sacrificed the best years of his manhood. Let us note how he was addressed by Aaron Hill, the dramatist, when he first produced before the public his compositions, to English words, *Esther* and *Acis and Galatea*; and let us remember that it was this Aaron Hill who, having taken the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket upon speculation, after the failure of the performances given there by Van Brugh and Congreve, engaged the master to compose for his establishment *Rinaldo*, his first Italian opera for London, for which he, Hill, framed the libretto. Thus writes he:—

"To Mr. Handel.

"*December* 5, 1732.

"Sir,—I ought sooner to have returned you my hearty thanks for the silver ticket which has carried the obligations further than to myself; for my daugh-

ters are both such lovers of musick, that it is hard to say which of them is most capable of being charmed by the compositions of Mr. Handel.

"Having this occasion of troubling you with a letter, I cannot forbear to tell you the earnestness of my wishes, that, as you have made such considerable steps towards it already, you would let us owe to your inimitable genius the establishment of musick upon a foundation of good poetry, where the excellence of the sound should be no longer dishonored by the poorness of the sense it is chained to.

"My meaning is, that you will be resolute enough to deliver us from our Italian bondage, and demonstrate that English is soft enough for opera when composed by poets who know how to distinguish the sweetness of our tongue from the strength of it, where the last is less necessary.

"I am of opinion that male and female voices may be found in this kingdom capable of everything that is requisite; and I am sure a species of dramatic opera might be invented that, by reconciling reason and dignity with musick and fine machinery, would charm the ear and hold fast the heart together.

"I am so much a stranger to the nature of your present engagements, that of what I have said should not happen to be so practicable as I conceive it, you will have the goodness to impute it to the zeal with which I wish you at the head of a design as solid and imperishable as your musick and memory.—I am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant

"A. Hill."

The practical answer to this letter is the series of English oratorios and secular cantatas through which the name and the genius of Handel are universally known.

Let us step forward in history, and turn to another country, there to find Mozart most anxiously desiring to set music to his own German language. His biographies, confirmed by his correspondence, amply testify to this. His remarkable power to fulfil his desire whenever he had the most rare chance, is shown in the too few examples of German songs which good fortune, breaking through the fog of fallacy and bad taste, enabled him to produce. By reason of the court prejudice of Vienna against the language of the land, his two German operas were composed for minor theatres, adapted to the capabilities of inferior singers, and set to books which were written by men unpractised in operatic construction. Had his natural wish more frequently been gratified, had his more important and more regularly formed works been set to the words of his native speech, they perhaps could not have been better—it is impossible to suppose that the music of Mozart could have been better than it is—but they certainly would have been better understood, and might, doubtless, have been produced with greater pleasure to their author.

Advancing yet a generation further, let us note the struggles of Weber against the Italian opera of his day, and lament that, whether his opponent was Morlacchi in Dresden, or Spontini in Berlin, his best efforts were sorely hindered, if they could not be frustrated, by the ever poisonous working of the Italian predilections of his time.

The greatness of these three instances throws into insignificance the innumerable others that might be brought forward of musicians whose thoughts have been perverted, or whose efforts have been thwarted by the compulsion to defer, or even to succumb to Italian supremacy. Let us consider, now, the influence of this language upon the performance of works which have been written in spite and through the midst of its antagonism.

First, then, as regards the singers. The majority of those who now always present themselves at the Italian theatres in London are Germans, or Swedish, or French, or American, or English, or in some other way foreign to the manner born of the text they have to enunciate. Our experience of foreigners' speaking English affords signal proof that, however they may master the dictionary and the grammar of a language, it seems all but impracticable, since it is all but unexampled, for a stranger to a country to utter its speech with the accent and inflexion of a native. Turn we from the range of our foreign acquaintances, who may have no object in speaking our language but to make themselves generally understood when asking for their common necessities, to those French, Italian, and German actors and actresses who have of late years appeared upon the English stage, and we shall call to mind that these talented artists have one and all failed to make their English sound like that of their companions in their performances, and that they have been more or less impeded in their impersonations by having to contend with an assumed form of utterance. In like manner the greater number of the vocalists, and nearly all the best of them, who sing in Italian to London hearers, have the embarrassment, and make the consequent shortcomings of contending with an acquired, and, therefore, to them unnatural language. To judge from the practice of a large number of these, and of nearly all the private singers who study under the best esteemed Italian teachers, it would be fair and right to denounce the Italian language as eminently, nay, pre-eminently bad for music; and this because it appears to induce a habit of false musical phrasing, and of violating one of the most obvious and simple laws of musical expression. Every one knows, for instance, that the note following an *appoggiatura* should be unaccented, and that the whole stress of the phrase should be thrown upon the leading note itself; but English vocalists, who sing Italian, commonly give emphasis to a final, instead of a penultimate note, and strongly accentuate the second, instead of the first syllable of such words as "mio," "padre," "core;" if, in cases like the last, they do not substitute an "a" for the "e," in order, apparently, to give extra force to their false rendering of the musical requirements. Had these very persons to close a phrase with such words as "father," "loving," "tender," their natural habit of speech would compel them to give the stronger accent to the note set to the first syllable, because they would feel, even more than they would know, the gross impropriety of placing it upon the second, and thus the sound would be served by the sense, and musical truth would be induced by the influence of its hardmaid, language.

All disinterested persons must pity singers, artists, and amateurs, who are fettered by fashion to the insuperable disadvantage of an unaccustomed tongue; while they pity, however, they cannot but in some degree contemn those who do not exert their will to break the bonds. What must be felt, however, for the composers whose works are perverted in their meaning and materially altered in their effect, by the substitution of words of other sound, and often of other sense for those to which the music was set? One might forgive this permanent injustice to a musician, under either of two circumstances. Firstly, were the so called translation into the native language of the executant, who would then be enabled to invest its performance with such natural impulse as is incompatible with the constraint of a strange tongue; secondly, were the text rendered into the native language of the audience, who would thus be enabled more thoroughly to appreciate the musical purport than is possible through the aid of the English side of an opera libretto, or even through the preparatory help of school education. Let us try to suppose what would be the effect of *Hamlet* or the *Creation*, I will not say upon the masses, but upon the most accomplished and the most intelligent of English listeners, were it to be performed in Italian instead of in the language which is all but sacred to those whose entrance into life was welcomed by its words! So strongly and so thoroughly do we feel the benefit to these works of their English possession, that we ever condemn the faulty utterance of our vernacular by foreign singers, to whom occasionally, the parts are assigned. We are unmoved by its comicality, and we are aware only of the lawful wedlock between the musician's ideas and the sentiments they were designed to embody. How monstrous is it, then, that a different rule should prevail at Covent Garden Theatre from that which works with admirable effect at Exeter Hall; and that while in the latter the masterpieces which have been set to foreign words are shown to be beautiful since made to be intelligible, in the former the works of equal esteem in another style are impaired by traduction into a language which is uncongenial to most of the singers, and incomprehensible to nearly all of the audience. Why should the compositions to German words by Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Weber, and those to French words by Gluck, Cherubini, Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Gounod, and Verdi—nay, even those to English words by Weber and Balfe—be denied the inestimable advantage which is accorded, as a matter of right and reason, to those by Haydn and Mendelssohn?

In operatic Italianization there are grounds of complaint still more cogent than have yet been set forth. For instance, the wordmongers—higher definition may not be applied to them—to whom the most delicate and most difficult task of translation is for the most part confided, appear to have such entire disregard of its great responsibility, such utter ignorance of the meaning of the original, and such total unfitness for the duty they undertake, that they not only place syllables of different vowel sounds to emphatic notes from those to which these notes were set, and so materially affect the mechanism of vocal production, but they vary the construction of their sentences so as to distort either the verbal sense or the musical phrasing, and they not rarely substitute other and even contrary meaning for those to which music of pointed significance and careful expression has been written. An example of this last, which would be amusing were it not offensive, occurs in the duet of Pizarro and Rolko in *Fidelio*, where the gaoler, having asked what is the important task with which he is to be entrusted, the music abruptly modulates into the key of F sharp minor, the uncertain harmony of the dominant 7th is exceptionally resolved upon an inversion of the chord of the prepared major 7th of D, and Pizarro answers with the singularly harsh melodious progression from C sharp down to D, to give full significance to the malignity he feels and the horror he must excite in pronouncing the word "Morden," the sound of which is closely imitated, as the meaning is exactly represented, by the English word "Murder"; and for this the Italian vocalist has substituted "Andran" (hoa shalt go), the broad vowel sound of which has the utmost possible unlikeness to the impressive mystery of the original, and, by the absurd nullity of its meaning, one of the most remarkable points of expressive declamation in the whole opera is rendered a ridiculous misapplication of means to an end. Again, in the same piece, when the governor has described how he will steal into the dungeon of his intended victim, and then declares "ein Stoss" (one blow), with a breathing point or a moment in which we may tremble between hearing of the full purpose and of its expected result, "und er verstummt" (and he is dumb); and to the six wonderful burning notes that speak these terrible syllables into the very heart of the listener, mindless of the intervening rest except to make nonsense worse nonsensical of his own diction, the traducer has adopted the words, "Dal sen gli strappero." Not even an Italian could sing the passages thus perverted from their sense with the deep meaning Beethoven embodied in them, and even an Italian could only hear in them a wanton ado about nothing.

For another instance. It is cruelty to the memory of Mozart, of Beethoven, and of Weber whose careers were each a lifelong conflict with the poisonous influence upon art and nationality of the Italian opera, to appropriate, or to misappropriate, to the Italian stage the works which they wrote in the joy of their hearts and in support of their principles, and thus to place them in the front of the enemy's battle, and make them fight upon the side they would have overthrown; yet thus it is with the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, the *Zauberflöte*, *Fidelio*, and the *Freischütz*.

Yet for one more instance. The exigencies of the Italian stage demand ceaseless music throughout a lyrical drama; but the works just named, and many others in the repertory of our theatres for musical representation, were constructed with a view to the alternation of music and speaking, and the entire design of the compositions has to be altered to suit them to the solely singing requirements. The question is not of the superiority of this or that form of operatic construction, but of the sacredness of a great work of art, and of the indecency of outraging a great man's design. In the department of dramatic poetry it has been the practice to purify the masterpieces of our stage from the long accepted corruption by Dryden, Tate, Cibber and Garrick, and the boast of successive theatrical managements to present these works "according to the text of Shakspeare," and the literary world and the playgoing public have welcomed this just act of homage to the merit of the dramas and the genius of their author. It is at least anomalous that, coincidently with the reign of this spirit of poetical justice, there should rise rampant a demon of musical spoliation, and that the same public should witness the restoration of Shakspeare, and the desecration of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. None will dispute that Berlioz, Costa, Balfe, and Arditi, are as nearly honorable as those of the literary functionaries above quoted; but no one can pretend that these honorables have any better right to tamper with the greatest models in their own art than had the scribes of the last century to make their ruthless insertions in the greatest works of the stage.

And now let me offer one proposition. Amateurs may learn what they like, and may be taught how they can, for, when they pretend to practice music but for amusement, if they be more amused with fallacy and folly, it would be intrusive to force truth and and sense upon them. With artists, however, the case is otherwise, since music ought to be to them as much the object of life as the means of livelihood; and if they have hitherto been misled by the practice of the age, it is a duty to point out to the rising generation the path of error, and to exhort them to walk in the road of reason. The vocation of English singers is, in the highest rank, to sing oratorios, which are always in English, and, in the successive lower grades, to sing translated foreign or original English compositions. The study of Italian songs does nothing whatever to fit them for this vocation by enabling them to pronounce the words, or to interpret the music of these works, from the grandest to the lightest, from the oratorio to the ballad. Nobody whatever wants to hear Italian sounds from the lips of English singers, or cares for them in any respect but

as vehicles for the exhibition of foreign celebrities who are engaged from year to year at our opera houses. Every English singer that holds the highest ground in general esteem, has gained this standing by singing English. So it is with Mme. Sainton-Dolby, with Miss Louisa Pyne, with Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, with Mr. Sims Reeves, and with Mr. Santley; and if some of them are, or have been, admitted among the natives of all other countries to sing on the Italian stage, it is their performances in their own language that command the high respect they enjoy, and that have been their credentials for entrance into those motley assemblies. I could name more than one example of our countrymen and women who have cast their lot among the so regarded Italians, and have never obtained any firm footing with the world at large, nor received the best consideration in their false position. My proposition is, then, that rising vocalists waste not their best years and their best energies in the study of music and words that can be of no possible avail to them for technical training or popular advancement, but that they devote themselves to the practice of works in the language which it is their duty to ennoble, by freeing it from the vulgarisms of mispronunciation, and which they will find, and may prove to be, better susceptible of musical expression than any which is not next to intuitive in themselves and their hearers.

Music in the Public Schools of Boston.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

In School Committee, Sept. 10, 1868.

The Committee on Music ask leave to submit the following report:

Ten years ago, in the month of September, 1858, the Standing Committee on Music presented their first report to this Board. A partial review of the progress of the department of instruction under their charge during the decade now closed may not be uninteresting.

At the time this Standing Committe was instituted no instruction in music was given except in the Girls' High and Normal School, and the two upper classes of the Grammar Schools. The responsibility of such instruction was divided among four teachers. Two half hours in each week were required to be devoted to the study and practice of vocal music.

The Committee, in their first report, submitted a programme for the regulation of the branch of education under their care, providing that, in addition to the time heretofore given in the upper classes of the Grammar Schools, some elementary instruction and exercises in reading simple music should also be had in the lower classes, under the direction of the regular teachers; and that in the Primary Schools, likewise, singing form part of the opening and closing exercises of every session, and such time be devoted to instruction in music as the Sub-Committee of each school might deem expedient. No change was then proposed in the existing administration of the musical instruction. The four incumbent teachers continued to exercise their functions as before, using such text-books as they preferred, subject only to the approval of the Standing Committee. On observation and experience it soon appeared that this plan did not work favorably. There was a want of unity and uniformity in the method of teaching, and the variety of text-books caused difficulty and confusion. In saying this the Committee do not mean to reflect upon the devotion and assiduity of the then existing corps of instructors in music, who were certainly zealous and attentive to their work. But the plan was in itself defective.

The first change was the appointment of a separate teacher in the Girls' High and Normal School, and the requirement, on his part, in addition to his ordinary duties, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as should qualify them, in their turn, to become teachers of vocal music in our Public Schools. It was recommended, likewise, that thereafter in deciding upon the qualifications of candidates for the office of teacher in our schools, of whatever grade, their ability to instruct in music should be taken into account and insisted upon by the Examining Committee.

Under the more extended supervision of the Standing Committee on Music, progress was manifestly made; but defects and deficiencies resulting from the want of some simple, thorough and progressive plan of instruction soon became apparent. It was evident that the requirements of the rules in regard to musical teaching in the lower classes of the Grammar Schools were, for the most part, a dead letter. It was equally evident that in the Primary Schools the singing exercises at the opening and closing of the session were, oftentimes, a meaningless and routine performance, and that the time devoted to musical instruction in that grade of schools was next to nothing.

With these convictions the Committee, in their Report of September 1861, urged upon this Board the necessity of the more extended introduction of musical instruction into the Primary Schools. In their Report of 1863, they again referred to the subject, and recommended the appointment of a special instructor of music for this grade of schools. It was a measure that would have been sooner pressed upon the consideration of the Board, but for the difficulty experienced, on the part of the Music Committee, in finding a teacher competent to assume a post of so much responsibility and importance.

In June, 1864, Mr. Mason received his appointment, and in September of that year he entered upon his work. In due course three years must elapse before the fruits of this primary instruction could appear in the lowest grades of the Grammar classes. Three years subsequently, therefore, (in the autumn of 1867) an extensive examination was made in these lower grades of the Grammar Department, with a view more especially of witnessing the effect of the progressive instruction in music in the Primary Schools. The result was gratifying and surprising. Making due allowance for the deficiencies, which could not but be expected in so large a field under the supervision of a single teacher, the legitimate effects of this systematic and general instruction among the Primaries were almost everywhere apparent. The Committee had hitherto endeavored to encourage the regular teachers throughout these two lower classes in the Grammar Schools to act up to the letter of their requirements, in giving to the pupils under their charge such instruction in music, aided by its special teacher, as lay within their power. Now, for the first time, the pupils appeared to be prepared to receive such instruction understandingly, and a corresponding interest was manifested by the teachers.

About this time, likewise, the operation of the rule passed by this Board some time in the preceding year, giving to each Master the position of Principal over all the Grammar and Primary classes within his District, went into effect. This, in the minds of your Committee, was a fortunate coincidence. The interest of the Masters in carrying out all the requirements of our rules and regulations, in regard to *all* the studies of the schools, became unmistakably aroused, and, with their cordial coöperation, in a majority of cases, and the aid of the intelligent and assiduous teacher of music, some real progress began to be made in this hitherto fallow field of effort. It now became apparent that the time had come for special attention to these classes, in order that the progressive steps of musical instruction should not here be arrested. The subject had been prominently brought forward in the Report to this Board, under date of March 19th of that year (1867), in which the Committee say "it is evident that the plan of instruction, which in its progressive march has now reached up into the highest class of the Primary Schools, and is ready, in its regular order, to be carried into the lowest class of the Grammar Department, should not be allowed an interregnum of a couple of years before it is again taken up in the upper classes of this grade."

Hitherto no specified time had been marked out for daily attention to music in the classes under consideration, and, as a first step towards the insuring of a better compliance with existing rules and requirements, an order was submitted by the Committee, and passed by this Board with great unanimity, requiring that fifteen minutes each day should be devoted to this study.

What was evidently further needed was that a special supervisor should be provided for the musical instruction of these lower classes, in like manner with the provision previously made for the Primary Schools. Your Committee have only hesitated to make such definite recommendation before, because of their unwillingness to seem to precipitate any additional expense in this department of public instruction. They believe, however, the time is now fully come for such action, and hence their request, which is now before the Board, for authority to nominate a suitably qualified person to take charge of the musical instruction of these classes. They feel also, that the events of the past year have shown that the Board are now ready for such appointment.

It will thus be seen that it has been the effort of the Music Committee to systematize, and, as far as possible, centralize the plan of musical instruction by placing each department under a recognized head, whose duty shall be to supervise and give direction to such instruction throughout his particular sphere of duty, enlisting as his agents the regular teachers of the schools who are expected to understand and teach this equally with the other branches of school study. This has necessarily been the growth of time. Only now are we ready to recommend the extension of the plan over the lower classes of the Grammar Department. Ultimately, it is to be hoped, the same system can be adopted throughout the upper classes also, meaning by this that the Music Director shall be able, through the assistance of the masters and teachers of the classes in that grade, to communicate his instruction to every room, and not be obliged, as now, to instruct personally the several classes at one and the same time, in the large hall.

Further than this, it is the hope of your Committee, as has been many times expressed in their previous reports, that at some future day the general control and supervision of the whole plan of musical instruction in our schools shall be made to rest in one responsible and intelligent head, subject to the executive authority of the Standing Committee on Music. In the nature of things, however, we are not as yet prepared for this culmination of our plan. The exhausting personal labors of the instructor in music of the two upper classes must for a time be continued; but the large extension of his field of labor in the addition of the Roxbury District, compels us to ask for an associate teacher who shall divide the work with him, while, at the same time this assistant shall hold himself responsible to his Principal in adopting and carrying out the existing plan of instruction.

It is recommended likewise that the musical instruction of the Roxbury High School be placed under the same direction as that of the Girls' High and Normal School.

To repeat then, the present plan of musical instruction is this,—to continue the instruction of the Primary Schools under the supervision of its present head, who shall teach that specialty, as now, with the aid and mainly through the agency of the regular teachers; to institute a similar supervision over the lower grades of the Grammar classes through a special teacher to be appointed by this Board; to continue the instruction of the upper classes of these schools through the personal teaching of their present head, with the aid of an associate; and lastly, to couple the Roxbury High and Girls' High and Normal schools under the personal instruction of the present incumbent in this last named school.

And, to carry fully into effect the provisions above named, the following orders are respectfully submitted:

Ordered, That the Committee on Music be authorized and instructed to nominate for confirmation to this Board a suitably qualified person as teacher of music in the lower classes of the Grammar Schools, at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum.

Ordered, That the salary of the teacher of music in the Roxbury High and Girls' High and Normal schools be fixed at the rate of one thousand dollars per annum for the current school year.*

During the past year classes for Normal instruction have been formed, in which the teachers of the Primary Schools under Mr. Mason, and of the Grammar Schools under the joint instruction of Mr. Eichberg and Mr Sharland, have had opportunity to learn to teach what is required of them in music, and very many, we are happy to say, have availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded. It is the hope of the Music Committee to again establish such Normal classes under the direction of the several special teachers of music.

The want of some suitable text-book, or manual, adapted to our plan of progressive musical instruction in the schools, has long been felt, and oftentimes expressed in these reports. Mr. Julius Eichberg, the accomplished head of this department of instruction in the Girls' High and Normal School, having signified to the Committee his intention of spending his summer vacation in Europe, was requested by them to avail himself of that opportunity to learn what he could of the operation of this department of common school education in Germany and elsewhere, and to gather, from whatsoever sources, such materials as he could, to aid, at some future day, in the publication of a proper series of musical text-books for the schools.

Mr. Eichberg was received and treated with the greatest attention and courtesy by the authorities to whom he was accredited, and acquired a fund of practical and useful information in connection with the object of his mission. These results he has placed in the hands of your Committee, in the shape of a large collection of printed documents, and, in addition, has embodied his own observations and researches in an extended and most interesting report. We make no apology, therefore, for extracting from this report, at length, such passages as our space will admit, and which, in our judgment, will tend to illustrate the whole subject:

* These orders were referred to the Committee on Salaries.

(To be continued).

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 2.—Who can hear the Ninth Symphony and not feel that Beethoven stands alone in symphonic music! What a gigantic work! The hearer does not attempt to explain the impression made upon him, but simply receives it and wonders. Let him take the score and follow the motive, simple in itself, through all the windings, all the complicated texture of double counterpoint; see how each part remains its individual self, now appearing on the surface, now buried in the general waft of sound, only to rise again in turn, and all so symmetrical, so perfect in form;—he may discover why the work is so gigantic, but it will only increase his wonder. It is a waste of words to call the *Scherzo* beautiful. How can one sufficiently praise a language for which there is no translation but in the soul! The exquisite horn passages of the second movement are almost tantalizing, so short are they. And in the *Finale* how unexpectedly you are called back to the *Scherzo* by one of its sentences being repeated here, as if Beethoven meant it should not be forgotten even in the tremendous whirl of the last movement! The latter must be heard often to be appreciated. The great composer meant with one grand finishing stroke to express in intensest light what Schiller describes as "*Götterfunken*" (Spark of Deity). The very utmost is demanded of instruments and voices. Indeed Beethoven seems to have considered the latter as so many wind instruments to be used as simple members of the orchestra, for what is demanded of the voices!

The Symphony was given last night with great success by the "Berliner-Sinfonie Capelle" in the Sing-Akademie. The whole programme was fine, and I give it here:

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"..... Gluck.
(Arranged by Richard Wagner)
Aria from Elijah, "Hear Israel" ..... Mendelssohn
Scena der Furie des Hasses. Soli and Chorus from the "Armide" of..... Gluck.
Ninth Symphony..... Beethoven

The scena from Gluck's *Armide* has been rarely heard of late in the concert room, and was all the more welcome, as not a single note of Gluck has been heard this season. It is really to be deplored that the name of Gluck, Germany's best tragic opera writer, has not been once in this season's repertoire of opera.

As I wrote you in my first, the "Bilse Concerts" are a feature of Berlin musical life. They are given in the new Concert-Haus on Leipziger Strasse, the hall of which is built on the very best of acoustic principles, and about two thirds the size of our Boston Music Hall. The second and third floors are given to private boxes for ten persons each; the space on the floor of the hall is occupied by tables and chairs. Your first impression on entering the hall is, "Really, this is German life;" for seated around the tables are families and mutual friends, and others who have come to enjoy the music and pass a social evening. Many of the ladies come quite early, often in the afternoon, and are joined by the gentlemen of the family in the evening. Most of the former bring their "work" and busy themselves as if at home. By the time the first part of the programme is finished it is generally "supper-time," and such a pleasant scene is scarcely known outside of Germany. One would imagine that, with all this material for disturbance, quiet enjoyment of the music were impossible. The contrary, however, is the fact; a stiller and more attentive audience could not be desired. The beginning of any piece is the signal for a silence which continues perfect till the last note is played. Then recommences the uproar of hundreds of voices in general conversation, mingled with the clatter of plates and orders to waiters. I have been often amused at the sight of some old lady, deserted for the time being by her friends, seated alone at the little table, inquisitively peering over her spectacles at all that goes on around her, all unconscious of the stocking which she is quietly and contentedly knitting. You exclaim again, "This *is German* life," and wonder if it will ever be a phase of American society. The programmes are always good, light and modern intermingled with the more strict and classic music; waltzes in particular are played to perfection. Saturday evening is always reserved for a great Symphony concert. The orchestra numbers a hundred musicians in the following proportion: 40 1st and 2nd violins, 13 violas, 13 'cellos, 10 contra basses, 1 harp, 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarionets, 2 fagottos, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 tuba, timpani, triangle, drums, &c. The orchestra are under fine discipline, and play always with vigor and unity. On these Saturday evenings the tables are removed and the whole space is given to seats. Another feature of the Saturday concerts is that smoking is forbidden, which at other times is allowed after the first part of the programme. Here is the list of pieces as given last time:

Overture to "Anacreon"..... Cherubini
Sinfonie Eroica, No. 3..... Beethoven.

Overture to "Midsummernight's dream"... Mendelssohn.
Invitation to the Dance, arr. by Berlioz ..... Weber
Variations from A major Quartet, played by 6 strings. Beethoven.
Overture to "Oberon"..... Weber.
Introduction to "Die Meistersinger"..... Wagner.

The last should be brought before a Boston audience. It is still a novelty here. Many praise it, many call it "stuff" (*Zeug*). Most of those who have heard it say nothing, from the simple reason that they don't know what to say. It is a "*Riesenarbeit*" (gigantic effort), to say nothing more. The very first chord is almost deafening. The score shows that everything was written according to the strictest rules of counterpoint, and Wagner has twisted and turned his original motive till he has wrung from it its very existence. Whatever musicians may say of Wagner, certain is it, that no new composer will attempt a new era in opera without first consulting him.

The Bilse concerts draw fashionable audiences and are also in every way popular. Who does not long for the time when such an innocent amusement shall have become general in America as it is here in Germany? The rising generation would be only too thankful for such a place of resort, at once social, reputable, and affording opportunity to cultivate a taste for the most beautiful of arts. In Berlin there are three such, visited by the best families of the city.

Among other musical novelties we have lately had the entire music of Weber's *Preciosa*, given by the Berliner Capelle and the Stern Society. This week comes the "Hohe Messe" of Sebastian Bach, and two weeks later we shall have the *St. Matthew Passion* by the same. Last week was the "Seasons" of Haydn. Next week we have another Quartet Soirée. O.

PARIS, MARCH 8.—On Sunday, Feb. 21, I found myself in my old place in the amphitheatre at the Cirque Napoleon, drawn thither by the king of symphonies and of souls. Loyal subjects, too, were the four thousand men and women who followed the music so attentively, and who knew so well how and when to applaud. Good listeners all, and probably most of them well acquainted with that particular composition. So quiet were they, that during the entire performance there was positively no sound to be heard save that of the instruments. "You may find better music at the Conservatoire, but you shall find no better manners," seems to be the motto of this audience, and yet a large portion of it is composed of the so-called "common people," who enter for the modest sum of 15 sous each. Will Miss Emptyhead, of New York, who lives in Madison Avenue, and who attends the "Philharmonics" because they are fashionable, condescend to take a lesson in decency from the French *Ouvrières*?

Here is the programme of the concert under consideration:

Ouverture de la flute enchantee ..... Mozart.
Symphonie en la..... Beethoven.
Canzonetta du quatuor op. 12 ..... Mendelssohn.
Tous les instruments à cordes
Fantasie-Caprice, pour violin..... Vieuxtemps.
Par Mme. Norman-Neruda.
Ouverture de Leonore..... Beethoven.

Mme. Neruda is the best lady-violinist I have ever heard, with the sole exception of Camilla Urso. In one respect she excels the latter lady; her bowing is strong, nervous, masculine, and for a woman really wonderful. This is the greatest merit of her playing, and it is precisely here that Mme. Urso fails, in so far as she can be said to have any failing. I have heard Mme. Neruda repeatedly, but it has happened to be almost always in this Capriccio of Vieuxtemps (which she plays from memory). At this concert she received much applause, and at a previous one her rendering of a Mendelssohn Concerto is said to have been equally successful.

Here is the list of pieces performed at the two succeeding concerts:

February 28.

Jubel Ouverture..... Weber.
Souvenir de Rome..... G. Bizet.
Allegretto Agitato..... Mendelssohn.
Gondellied. Chanson de Rossiger.
Mazurka ..... Chopin.
Chantee par Mlle. Schroeder.
Septuor. ..... Beethoven.

March 7.

Symphonie en mi bémol ..... Schumann.
Adagio du quintet en sol mineur ..... Mozart
Executé par M. Grisez, clarinette, et tous les instruments à cordes
1er Concerto pour piano..... Mendelssohn.
Executé par M. Brassin
Le Comte d'Egmont, tragedie de Goethe..... Beethoven.

The ninth concert of the Conservatoire took place yesterday with the following programme:

Symphonie en si bémol ..... Schumann
Fragments de Fidelio ..... Beethoven.
Ouverture de Freyschutz ..... Weber
Finale du 2me acte de La Vestale..... Spontini.

The previous concerts have certainly been attractive enough, but this one was to me the most enjoyable of all.

In the first place the Symphony was so played that the hearer lost all sense of time and space; the barrier between music and players was broken: there was no orchestra, no composition, only the triumph of a splendid idea cleaving like lightning through the heart of darkness and superstition, and, meteor-like, lighting the heavens with its burning train. The sense of soul power, of immortality, springs into life with the very first note of the introduction, and carries everything before it to the close. Only once is the chain broken; towards the end when it has attained its highest, fullest meaning, the music changes, and, from the realms of the gods, we are suddenly transported to the edge of a wood, to witness a fairy revel by moonlight. Nothing can be more vivid than the picture of these little soulless creatures tripping through their quaint minuet upon the greensward, while we, still possessed by that great and irresistible sense of destiny, are watching them. No more effective blow at materialism than this passage has ever been struck, and the dramatic effect is like that of the *Mazourka* in Chopin's F-sharp minor Polonaise. No man without a perfect perception of that innate virtue and grandeur—denied to humanity by modern creeds—could ever have written that Symphony.

The selections from *Fidelio* were the wonderful "Prisoners' Chorus" and the air of Leonora, which was sung in the most perfect manner by Mlle. Krauss. It is impossible to praise too highly her rendering both of this air, and of the soli from the *Vestale*, each morceau of which is like a pure and perfect chrysolite.

On the 3d inst. the first representation (for the season) of *Faust* took place at the Grand Opera, on which occasion the Emperor honored the Salle with his presence. At the Theatre Lyrique we have a strange melange made up of Gluck, Halevy, Mozart,

Adolph Adam, Verdi and Rossini. *Don Juan* was lately represented for the fourth and fifth time. M. Pasdeloup in person conducts the orchestra. There is some fault to find with the singing, and still more with the acting; but, bearing in mind the general tendency at the present day towards a decline in art and taste, this reformation movement should meet with encouragement and sympathy.

Among the sensations of Paris should be classed the "Quatuor Suedois," the members of which are described as students, who possess good and melodious voices, and who, wishing to travel through Europe, profit by their talent to indulge their migratory taste. They sing their national airs and songs, without accompaniment, and in a style so admirable that one can hardly believe them to be amateurs.

On the 28th ult. the posthumous "Messe Solennelle" of Rossini was performed at the Theatre Italien; another representation took place during the week and a third will soon follow. I have not yet heard the composition and can only say that, according to the general impression, it is a work which will even add to the maestro's fame. A. A. C.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8.—On Saturday evening we had our 4th Philharmonic Concert with the following programme (orchestral):—

Suite, Overture, Air, Gavotte.....Bach.
Overture, "Melusina".....Mendelssohn.
Symphony, D minor, op 120 .....Schumann.
Double Chorus from "Lohengrin".....Wagner.

The Arion and Liederkranz Societies assisted, and Mme. LaGrange sang the "Letter Aria" from *Don Giovanni* and the Scena and Aria from *Fidelio*.

The Suite is a very charming work; it was first produced here by Theo. Thomas at one of his Symphony Soirées last winter, and was also one of the attractions at the Musical Festival. It improves upon acquaintance, and seemed to please the vast unmusical majority.

The "Melusine" Overture, charming as it certainly is, suffered by contrast with the Bach music and the magnificent Schumann Symphony, and left me with a dissatisfied feeling which it would be difficult to define, and which it would be rank musical heterodoxy to express.

The last of Schumann's Symphonies was played in an almost faultless manner and was most enjoyable to those whose taste has been educated up to the standard of Schumann's school. While it is less attractive to me than are either of the other three symphonies, it yet has many points of beauty and interest, and through the entire work the genius of the author shines unmistakably. The last movement possesses enough life, energy, and vigor to suffice for a dozen ordinary authors, and Mr. Bergmann took the tempo at a rate that was positively bewildering.

Mme. La Grange demonstrated the fact that even an admirable and most artistic execution cannot supply the place of a voice long since departed; it is unfortunate that such a great artist should not have gracefully retired from public life while at the zenith of her renown. An encore—elicited by her excellent performance of the "Letter" Aria—was really a tribute to her past reputation rather than to her present ability.

The Wagner Chorus was capitally rendered by our two prominent German Singing Societies, and very nearly gained an encore.

The 5th Concert is to occur on April 10th. The orchestral pieces will be Beethoven's 1st Symphony, Gluck's Overture to Iphigenia, Liszt's "poem" called "The Ideal." The soloist upon that occasion will be Mr. Richard Hoffmann (piano).

Mr. Thomas's 15th Sunday Concert presented many points of interest, among them, the following:

Overture, Jessonda.....Spohr.
Andante, "Surprise Symphony".....Haydn.
Finale, Lorelev.....Mendelssohn.
Overture, William Tell .....Rossini.

Miss Hofle (soprano), Mr. Letsch (trombone) and M. Prume (violin), assisted: the latter created a marked sensation by his wonderful execution and very excellent tone. Mr. Prume played the Mendelssohn Concerto at one of the Philharmonic concerts some four years ago. F.

MARCH 15.—On Saturday evening we had Theo. Thomas's 4th Symphony Soirée, with the Mendelssohn Union, Mr. Thomas's orchestra, and the following programme:

Suite in canon form, op. 10 .....Grimm.
Motet, "I wrestle and pray" (1st time).....Bach.
Symphony, E flat, op. 28, (1st time).....Max Bruch.
Gipsy Life, op. 29, Chorus and Orchestra, (1st time). Schumann.
Overture, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

This is a fine array of good things and they were, generally speaking, very well performed. This remark applies particularly to the orchestra, which did admirably; but less praise is due to the Mendelssohn Union.

The Grimm *Suite* was especially noteworthy on account of the artistic manner in which the theme of each movement was "imitated." The Andante was simply a String Trio, in which the viola was taken by Mr. Matzka, the 'cello by Bergner, and the violin by Thomas himself, who descended from the conductor's stand for the purpose. This movement (the Andante) proved very attractive to the audience, and it was emphatically encored. The third movement (*Tempo di Minuetto*) has a very neat episode in E major, and the Finale is full of vigor and purpose.

The Bruch Symphony seemed of unequal merit, the first and second movements being far the best of the five; indeed the Scherzo (second movement) in G minor is a gem in its way and has an exquisite trio. The treatment of the wood wind instruments reminds one very strongly of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream Scherzo, a little too strongly for the credit of Herr Bruch.

Schumann's "Gipsy Life" is simply charming, and had the fragmentary and episodical solos been taken by oompetent persons, the general effect would have been far more satisfactory.

The Soirée closed with the superb *Tannhäuser* Overture, which was played with electrical effect by the fine orchestra.

At Mr. Thomas's 16th Sunday Concert were performed:

"Die Geschoepfe des Prometheus," op. 43.....Beethoven.
2 movements from "Departure" Symphony..... Haydn.
Overture, "Oberon"..... Von Weber.
Scherzo from "Reformation Symphony"....Mendelssohn.

Miss Josey Hofle and Mr. August Arnold (pianist) were the soloists. The former acquitted herself creditably, while the latter hardly equalled his performance at the 13th concert. F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 27, 1869.

Concert Record.

March 11. On the Thursday intervening between the last two Harvard Concerts, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN gave his "Annual Concert," with the assistance of the brilliant young pianist, Miss ALIDE TOPP, and the Harvard Symphony-Concert Orchestra, which has played us so many noble Symphonies and made such marked improvement in the rendering thereof under his energetic, careful lead. The audience was large, although the Music Hall was not filled up to the usual mark of the subscription concerts. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in B flat major, No. 4 .....Beethoven.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.....Schumann.
The Unfinished Symphony, B minor..... Schubert.
Overture, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

The Orchestra, in the absence of the Quintette Club, had hardly its full complement of strings; but the several works were given,—especially that warm and lovely Symphony of Beethoven—with rare precision, delicacy and fervor. The two Schubert movements, in spite of the oppressive melancholy which gets the better of their sweetness, and of the not altogether successful struggle of the genius shown in flashes for triumphant mastery of form, seem always to be listened to with much delight, and never more so than on this occasion.

Miss TOPP's playing in the admirable Concerto of Schumann was superb,—far better even than her rendering of the same work at her first appearance here (in the Festival.) Her recent journey through the country seems to have given her full health and strength, and there was none of the nervousness which somewhat impaired her freedom in the Chopin Concerto in the first concert of this season. With what even and unflagging force and fire and beautiful precision, and what vital touch, she kept on through the long series of full, difficult chord passages! The piece possessed her fully, and found expression in all its fire and its variety of moods and light and shade, with a triumphant ease. No doubt it added to the wonder of the audience that she played it without notes. But there are dangers, hairbreadth escapes, in sliding over such thin ice, which an audience does not always notice. Memory *may* prove treacherous with the best. In the middle movement (the Romanza) musicians knew, what publics do not suspect if the movement be only continuously kept up, that the fair artist forgot herself more than once, skipping a bar or two and having to go back for the orchestra. We name this only as an argument against this practice, introduced by modern piano virtuosos, such as Bülow, of trusting wholly to their memory in playing long and difficult Concertos with an orchestra. It may give the solo player greater freedom as well as greater prominence; but in the latter view it looks like affectation; for, after all, in such a case the piano is but one part among many, and there would be equal reason why each and every instrument in the orchestra should play without notes, since their parts in such a whole are something more than mere accompaniment: each is an indispensable and individual factor. If one is to play without notes, why not all? And the Conductor, why should he have any score before him?

The *Tannhäuser* Overture sounds strangely indeed after a whole winter of purely classical orchestral works. One could hardly help asking himself: If they were music, what is this? We must confess it did not charm us quite so much as it did once; and yet it is too peculiarly interesting to remain very long withdrawn from hearing. It had been much called for, and no doubt many were more than gratified, for it was played brilliantly.

March 12. The third Quartet Matinée of the brothers LISTEMANN, with Messrs. HEINDL and SUCK, had the usual attentive audience, though on a dreary afternoon. Mozart's Quartet in C major, No. 6, opened the entertainment; and the second of Beethoven's "Rasoumoffsky" set (op. 59), in E minor, with the quaint Russian theme and variations in its third movement, closed it. Good leadership and careful, if not yet perfect, coöperation, must be credited to the interpretation. Messrs. BERNHARD and FRITZ LISTEMANN gave a fine specimen of easy, fluent violin playing in a *Sinfonie-Cantante* (No. 1) *pour deux violons*, by Alard; the composition in itself is but a show piece. The vocal contributions were by Miss JULIA GAYLORD, the young lady whose fresh, bird-like voice, free, rapid execution and bright, winsome manner lent so much attraction last year to Mr. Eichberg's burlesque operetta, "The two Cadis." She sang a song: "The moon is sailing o'er the sky," by F. Petersilea, in which the verbal rhythm seemed to suffer violence in its forced adaptation to the music, —otherwise a not unpleasing song,—and Schubert's "Barcarolle." The voice, in gaining strength, seems to have lost some sweetness, and the delivery, before so spontaneous and natural, seems hard, stilted and

self-conscious. Perhaps this is only temporary, incident to the transitional gymnastic period of "voice-building,"—during which is it not wiser for the pupil not to come out in public?

The fourth Matinée (yesterday) presented Schubert's Quartet in D minor (posthumous), and Beethoven's great B-flat Trio.

March 13. Mr. J. C. D. PARKER's third Trio Soirée.

Second Trio, in G	Beethoven.
Aria, "Quando miro"	Mozart.
Piano Solos. a. Romanze	Schumann.
b. Mazurka	Chopin.
Songs. a. Widmung	Franz.
b. Neue Liebe	Mendelssohn.
Second Trio, in C minor	Mendelssohn.

The fresh clear, buoyant early Trio of Beethoven, one of the three in op. 1, now but seldom heard here, made a good contrast with the full, rich, brilliant and impassioned Trio by Mendelssohn in C minor, which has been interpreted to us by about every one of the pianists of any note. Mr. PARKER proved himself quite equal to the task, and was well supported by his colleagues, Messrs. SCHULTZE and FRIES, in the violin and 'cello parts. It was pleasant to hear again the warm, rich tones of Mrs. BARRY, who sang her beautiful selections in her usual refined, artistic style and with true musical feeling.

March 18. HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The tenth and last of the subscription series of Symphony Concerts was an occasion of uncommon interest and crowded the Music Hall beyond all past precedent in concerts of so high and pure an order. This seemed to show that, in spite of newer schools and fashions, the best still wears the best, and the star of Beethoven keeps in the ascendant. The grandest of Symphonies and Overtures, familiar as they have grown to all, but at once suggestive of such high and golden hours, some of the best experiences of life, proved irresistible. It was fit to end the rich series with a Beethoven programme:

Overture to "Fierabras."	Schubert
Triple Concerto in C, op. 56, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello	Beethoven
Ernst Perabo, B. Listemann, and Wulf Fries	
Seventh Symphony, in A major	Beethoven.
Overture, "Leonora," No 3	Beethoven.

And Schubert's noble Overture to *Fierabras*, full of beauty and of fire, one of his real inspirations, clear, symmetrical, concise for him, as felicitous in form and in mastery of instrumentation as in ideas, was worthy to usher in a Beethoven programme. This Overture, first introduced here in the first season of these concerts, has held its place in every season's programme thus far, and with increasing favor. This time it was indeed admirably played: the plaintive little horn phrase which runs through it, the splendid outburst of the *tutti*, heroic and impetuous, the sweet melodic episode of the oboe, and the grand summing up, were all satisfactory.

The Triple Concerto, if not to be ranked among the greatest inspirations of Beethoven, being, by the very fact of bringing three instruments into equal prominence, necessarily more full of bravura than is the wont of so great a master, is yet a very interesting work, abounding in delicate beauties. The orchestral part is full of fine suggestion, often by the happy use of a few notes of accompaniment, the slightest sketchy phrase, outlining and hinting a great thought, sure at length to be worked out into grand proportions. We refer particularly to the first movement. The *Polacca*, which leaps out from the deep and pensive *Largo*, is full of sunshine, vigor, and vivacity. The whole Concerto went much better than it did last year, when it was rather hurriedly undertaken for the first time; with PERABO at the piano, and LISTEMANN and WULF FRIES for violin and 'cello, it could hardly fail of worthy presentation. The chief drawback lay in the nature of the composition as heard in so large a hall. The violoncello, which has really the most difficult part, and most important of the three, has often to play above its common register, soaring and circling like a mate to the violin in rapid, figurative passages; and to do this so as to *be heard*, yet without forcing the tone at all, is almost too much to expect of any one. Bating a slight swerving from pitch now and then in a high note, Mr FRIES was remarkably successful. So were the other two protagonists. Mr. PERABO's only public appearance this winter was of course significantly greeted. Then there was a certain artistic air and spirit visible in the whole group, which lent faith to the listener and charm to the performance.

Of the Seventh Symphony, or of the greatest of Overtures, what is there to be said, more than we would say of the best friends of years; that they never seemed so good, so thoroughly themselves, and may they live forever! Seldom have they been played so well, or so eagerly followed, so sincerely, deeply enjoyed by so large and remarkable an audience. Mr. ZERRAHN has again cause to be proud of his orchestra, and the Harvard Association at the end of this their fourth and most successful season, have every encouragement to aim at a still higher mark next year.

March 20. MR PARKER's Fourth and Last Trio Soirée showed increase of interest and of numbers. In the first place there was the attraction of a new element; an amateur club of male voices, Mr. Parker's friends, and all of them, we believe, members of his own Vocal Club, for the first time, in compliment to him, stepped just outside of their purely social and private sphere and sang, to the great delectation of all present, four beautiful pieces: "The Night," by Schubert; the spirited and breezy Foresters' Chorus from Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose" (this with accompaniment); a Serenade by Eisenhofer, and Mendelssohn's Rhine Wine Song. The voices, all musical, congenial and of good power, were ten in number, and a finer specimen of part singing, one must go far to hear.

In the next place the Trios were selected with tact and were very finely rendered. For the opening there was one by Haydn in A major, in three movements, one of the simplest, clearest of its kind, yet charmingly genial, and shaped with that masterly, sure art which seems like instinct. This is the second specimen of Haydn's thirty Trios for piano, violin and 'cello, for a first hearing of which we are indebted to Mr. Parker. Hitherto the little one in G alone, the No. 1, so often played as a Sonata Duo for violin and piano, has visited our concert rooms. And, for the closing number, the glorious Schubert in E flat, the op. 100, was repeated, and carried the audience away with it as fully as before. By the way, Kreissle von Hellborn, in his new Life of Schubert, tells us that the fascinating solemn theme of the *Andante con moto*, introduced by the 'cello, is a Swedish national melody. The tenor singer, Berg, Jenny Lind's first teacher, now director of the Conservatoire at Stockholm, used to sing it in Vienna, and Schubert, liking it exceedingly, used it as a subject in his Trio.

Another point of interest was Mr Parker's piano solo, *Rondo capriccioso*, by Mendelssohn, which he played with artistic finish and expression.

NEXT IN ORDER. To-night (Easter Eve) we have a new Oratorio, Costa's "Naaman," by the Handel and Haydn Society. An account of it, written before its first production at the Birmingham Festival in 1864, will be found on our first page. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN takes the part of Elisha; Mr. JAMES WHITNEY, Naaman; Mr. W. WINCH, Gehazi; Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, the three parts of Timna, the Widow, and the Child; Miss WHITTEN, Adah; and Miss GATES, the Shunamite woman.

To-morrow evening, the noble Oratorio "St Paul" will be given with the same grand chorus, orchestra and organ, with Miss HOUSTON for principal soprano (who kindly consents to sing again, in the continued illness of Mme. PAREPA-ROSA), and Mr. WINCH in the principal male character.

AN extra SYMPHONY CONCERT, *in aid of the Musical Education of the Blind* at the South Boston Institution, who in their recent concerts and exhibitions have astonished everybody by the zeal and success with which so many of them are making musicians of themselves, will be given by the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION in the Music Hall, next Thursday Afternoon. Tickets, at $1.00, now for sale at the Hall. The programme consists of the Haydn Symphony in G (so popular last year); Chopin's E-minor Concerto, played by HUGO LEONHARD; Schumann's "Cologne" Symphony, in E flat, a repetition of which has been continually requested; and Wagner's Overture to *Tannhäuser*. It is understood that one of the ways of most effectually promoting the musical education of the Blind will be the providing of means of going to Europe for Mr CAMPBELL, their teacher, who has already wrought wonders with them, standing really at the head of this instruction of the blind in this country, and who desires to learn all that can elsewhere be learned so that he may do still more for them.

MR. PECK's Annual Concert is postponed to April 16, on account of Mme Parepa-Rosa's illness, which involves a reconstruction of the programme.

Historical Recitals
OF
VOCAL AND PIANO FORTE MUSIC,
BY MME. RAYMOND RITTER AND S. B. MILLS.

First Programme. (*New York, March* 6.)

THE OLD ENGLISH SCHOOL.

1 Prelude, and The Carman's Whistle with Variations .... *William Byrde*, 1591.
2 The Captive Crusader. Song. *Orlando Gibbons*, 1612.
I attempt from Love's sorrows to fly. *Henry Purcell*, 1680.
3 The Hundredth Psalm, set as a lesson for Pianoforte .... *Dr. Blow*, 1680.
4 Song to Pan .... *Dr Blow*, 1700.
Sally in our Alley, as originally written. *Henry Carey*, 1715.

OLD ITALIAN SCHOOL.

5 The Cat's fugue and Sonata in D major. *Domenico Scarlatti*, 1730.
6 Alla Trinità beata. Composer unknown, 14—
Dolce amor .... *Cavalli*, 1640.
7 Fugue in B flat major .... *Porpora*, 1737.
8 O di che lode, (The Eighth Psalm). *Marcello*, 1720.
9 Sonata in D major .... *Galuppi*, 1740.
10 A Serpina penserete (from "La Serva Padrona.") .... *Pergolesi*, 1730.

FOLK SONGS AND PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS FOUNDED ON THAT FORM.

The influence of national, or Folk songs, upon the development of music during the middle ages, and even before that time, until our day, can scarcely be exaggerated. As genuine products of the unknown poet hearts from which they sprung, as the wild flower is of its native soil, they will never lose their primeval freshness. But like the flying seed of the flower, or more like the winged bird, they are tireless wanderers; they pass over desert, mountain, and sea, from workshop to study, from street to field, from church and theatre to the battle field—and the reverse way. As a modern author has remarked, "Some of these melodies resemble the wandering Jew—never resting, never dying! Some of their motives possess such vitality, that their existence is almost as old as our chronology." It is scarcely necessary to observe here that all modern composers of distinction have deeply studied this inexhaustible source of melody and expression. Among these, Chopin was neither last nor least. Of his polonaises and mazurkas, Liszt says: "His polonaises, characterized by an energetic rhythm, galvanize and electrify the torpor of indifference. The most noble traditional feelings of ancient Poland are embodied in them. The firm resolve and calm gravity of its men of other days, breathe through these compositions. Generally of a martial character, courage and daring are rendered with that simplicity of expression, said to be a distinctive trait of this warlike people." * * "In all that regards expression, the mazurkas of Chopin differ greatly from his polonaises. Bold and vigorous coloring gives way to the most tender, delicate and evanescent shades, in the Mazurkas. No longer is the feminine and effeminate element driven back into shadowy recesses. On the contrary, it is brought into such prominent importance that all else disappears."

11 Sumer is icumen in. Ancient English Folk Song.
Bin alle n-e werthi Taechter gsy. Old Swiss Wedding Song

With all the Heavenly Host.
Ancient English Christmas Song.
Colin prend sa hotte.....Arab French Song.
12 Mazurka, Opus 6, No. 1, and Valse, Opus 64, No. 2.....*Chopin.*
13 El Contrabandista...Spanish National Song.
Lisetto.....Negro French Song.
Rosestock, Hollderblüth.....Suabian Song.
14 Polonaise in E flat, Opus 22.....*Chopin.*

NOTES.

1. William Byrde, Byrd, or Bird, was born about 1538, died 1623. He was one of the greatest Musicians of his time. He created remarkable works in several styles of composition, such as Masses, Motets, Madrigals, and pieces for the organ and virginal. The Spinnet was at that time called the Virginal in England, and belonged to the family of keyed instruments, such as the harpsichord, clavichord, and modern pianoforte. The Prelude and Carman's Whistle, by Byrd, are from a collection called "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book." To judge from the difficulty of the pieces this book contains, Queen Elizabeth must have been a player of remarkable talent.

2. Orlando Gibbons, a celebrated composer of Madrigals, Anthems, and pieces for the harpsichord, etc., was born at Cambridge in 1583, and died 1625. He occupied the post of Court Organist to Charles the First of England.

Henry Purcell, born in London, 1658, died 1695, was the greatest composer that England ever produced; indeed the only English composer who was at once truly great and thoroughly national. Few of Purcell's single songs appear to have been printed during his lifetime. The collection of his vocal, secular music, which reflects the greatest honor on his memory, was published by his widow, two years after his death, under the title "Orpheus Brittanicus." The fresh and elegant song on the programme is taken from that collection.

3. Dr. John Blow, born 1648, died 1708, was one of the most eminent of English Church composers. His setting of Old Hundred as a harpsichord lesson, is original and bold in its contrapuntal and harmonic treatment. His pleasing and elaborate "Song to Pan," is taken from the first edition of Dr. Blow's collection, entitled "Amphion Anglicus," which he is said to have published in emulation of Purcell's still more famous "Orpheus Brittanicus."

4. Henry Carey, born about 1697, was a musician and poet; he wrote ballads, operettas, poems, and farces. Dr. Chrysander has lately established Carey's undoubted right to be regarded as the composer of "God save the King. He was a man of remarkable genius, but poor and unsuccessful, and in a fit of despair committed suicide about 1744. Mme. Ritter has selected the authentic version of his simple ballad "Sally in our Alley," which now, from its great popularity and character, deserves to be included among English folk songs.

5. Domenico Scarlatti, son of the great composer Alessandro Scarlatti, was born at Naples, 1683, and died at Madrid, 1757. Though Scarlatti wrote many operas, besides masses and other works for the Church, he owes his greatest reputation to his success as a player on, and composer for, the harpsichord. There are many anecdotes current, all more or less romantic, respecting his curiously entitled composition "The Cat's fugue." The simple fact seems to have been, that the old master's cat ran over the keys of his clavichord one day. The keys which she happened to press down were taken by the master as the principal notes of the theme from which he formed this fugue. It is certainly a quaint and original one, and Scarlatti's contrapuntal resources wrought a charming moreau from it.

6. The canticle, Alla Trinità, whose composer is unknown, belongs to a collection of music from the 14th century, preserved in the public library at Florence. This collection is supposed to be that of the most ancient melodies, with Italian words, in existence.

Francesco Cavalli, born at Venice 1600, died 1675, although not the first Italian composer who introduced airs in operas, as has been falsely related in some historical works, is considered to have surpassed his predecessors and many of his contemporaries in richer harmonies, more elegant form, greater carefulness in detail, and superiority of instrumentation.

7. Nicolo Porpora was born at Naples in 1687, died 1765. Porpora has written a number of operas, oratorios, and instrumental works; but his fame rests on his distinction as a teacher of singing, the master who produced such pupils as Farinelli, Caffarelli, Mingotti, and other celebrated singers.

8 Benedetto Marcello, a noble Venetian, was born 1680, and died 1739. Marcello was distinguished both as a statesman and composer. His greatest work is his setting of the first fifty psalms for solo voices, duettos, and chorus. This work was considered not only its author's chef-d'oeuvre, but also as one of the best productions of ancient or modern art. The 8th psalm is one of the finest among all; it is characterized by tender, poetic expression and exquisite simplicity in its harmonic treatment, while the melody is as fresh as if it had only been written yesterday.

9. Galuppi, born near Venice, 1703, died 1785, was a great opera composer, who wrote with all the fire of youth until past the age of eighty. He was also a talented performer on, and inventive composer for, the harpsichord.

10. Pergolesi was born 1710, died 1736. His operetta "La Serva Padrona," is considered a masterpiece of simplicity, elegance, and dramatic truth. It is written for two characters only, master and servant girl, and a small orchestra; yet the genius of the composer triumphantly overcame this self-imposed monotony.

11. Summer is a coming in, loudly sing, cuckoo!
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth wood anew;
Ewes are bleating after lamb, calves lowing after cow,
Bullock starteth, buck departeth; merry sing, cuckoo;
Well singest thou, cuckoo, nor cease thy singing now!

Summer is a coming in, loudly sing, cuckoo!
Hawthorn's green, each root between
Looks out the violet blue;
Maids are fain, and every swain goes singing through the dew;
Streamlet floweth, sunshine gloweth, merry sing, cuckoo!
Well singest thou, cuckoo, nor cease thy singing now!

This is one of the oldest English folk songs known, and was popular before 1200. In the year 1226, the melody of the song was taken by a monk of Reading, and was worked out by him with great contrapuntal skill as a canon; a manuscript of this canon exists in the Harleian collection. The present arrangement of this song is by Macfarren; the translation (or modernization) of the first verse from the Anglo-Saxon, is by Longfellow.

"Bin albe."—This is a very old Swiss wedding song, and was formerly sung and danced by the bride, bridegroom, and guests at the peasant marriage feasts; most recently, in the neighborhood of Bucheggberg. It is newly arranged by Mme. Ritter from an old and rare collection of Swiss tunes, containing the words in the original dialect. "Colin"—The first phrase of this air is almost note for note the same as that of the Arab air "Kradoutja." But whatever its original source, it has been a popular French song for three centuries.

13. "El Contrabandista"—A Spanish national song, newly arranged by Mme. Ritter. "Lisetto"—This song originated among the slaves in the French colonies; the words are in negro creole *patois*. The negroes mark the peculiar rhythm of the refrain with a rustic tambourine.

TRANSLATION OF "LISETTO."

Young Lisetto sought the mountains,
Peace and joy went with her too,
And mine eyes have turned to fountains,
Since no more her face I view.
Cutting canes all day I wander,
Love my only thought and theme;
All night long on love I ponder,
Or of lost Lisetto dream.

Dear Lisetto, fly the city,
Sailors gay you there will meet,
Who deceive our maidens pretty,
With soft words, like syrup sweet.
In a brigantine, to-morrow,
If you're false, I'll cross the main;
You have caused me so much sorrow,
That I ne'er will love again.

TRANSLATION OF "ROSESTOCK."

Elder flower! Red rose tree!
When I my darling see,
How throbs my heart with joy
Free from alloy!

Face bright as milk and blood,
Maiden so fair and good,
Foot that leaves all behind,
Swift as the wind!

Arm rosy smooth and round,
Lip with health's freshness crowned,
Tender, brave, pure, true, fair,
Would mine she were!

When her dear soft dark blue
Sparkling clear eyes I view,
Think I, "Within them lies
My Paradise."

Special Notices.

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Song of the Sea. 3. D to f. *Bissell.* 35
The words are by Kate Seafoam, and the whole is quite musical, and refreshingly reminds one of bracing ocean breezes.

The days of Old. 2. E*b* to f. *Hoag.* 30
A very sweet talk with "Lulue" about the joys of former days.

The agreeable young man. *Clifton.* 30
This young man was obliging to a fault, and thereby fell into very comic perplexities. Good music.

When we grow old. Solo and Duet. 3. G to f. *Sargent.* 30
A sort of "John Anderson my Joe" song, with a nice duet at the end.

The Dying Wife. Pathetic Ballad. 3. E*b* to c. *Porter.* 30
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Little Diamond Dew Drops. 2. D to e. *Blamphin.* 35
A nice little affair, and very pretty for children to sing.

Frank the Forester. 2. B*b* to e. *Foster.* 35
Charming love song, all about Frank and the Miller's daughter.

Blessed be the Lord. Benedictus with Bass Solo. 3. E*b* to *g*. *Emerson.* 50
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A "Forget-me-not" ballad in pleasing style.

To my Heart. (Au mein Herz.) 3. D to f. *Oliver.* 30
With German and English words, and is in excellent taste.

Come under my Plaidie. Scotch air. 2. D to f.
Very simple, sweet and peculiar.

Childhood's happy home. 3. B*b* to *a* flat. *Meir.* 35
Sunny remembrances of childhood.

The Old Meadow Gate. 3. B*b* to f. *Rudersdorff.* 30
Calls to mind the days when we (probably) swung on, or courted near, the old gate. A fine ballad.

A te. To thee. 3. F to f. *Campana.* 30
An impassioned Italian song with a translation.

Instrumental.

Galop. "Premier Jour de Bonheur." 3. G. *Auber.* 30
Waltz. " " " 3. F. " 40
Polka. " " " 3. G. " 30
"Le Premier Jour" is a Comic Opera by the (now) old master, and a little above the grade of Opera Bouffe music in general.

President Grant's March. *Gilmore.* 50
Brilliant.

El nino Eddie Galop. 2. F. *Turner.* 30
A very pretty air for little Eddie, who should practice it carefully.

My Dainty Lass. (Austrian song). 4. C. *Pacher.* 40
An Austrian melody, gracefully varied.

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An unusually attractive duet.

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A graceful musical tribute to the coming season.

Vale. (Dear friends good-bye). 4. *Sanderson.* 30
Vale, meaning "*farewell*," very properly names the music, which is pensive and pleasing.

After Dark. Quadrille. 3. *Coote.* 60
Quadrilles usually are danced after dark. This is a good one, and contains a number of popular melodies.

Schutzen March. For Brass Band. 1.00
Popular. Try it.

Tarantelle. 5. A*b*. *Hoffman.* 60
Not especially difficult to play slowly, but, of course, needs a high rate of speed. Light, graceful, and airy.

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Try this with the other. Both good.

Merry Wives of Windsor. Overture. 4 hds. 4. *Nicolai.* 1.25
Play it, merry wives and daughters!

Light Fantastic. Schottisch. 3. G. *Swallow.* 30
Light, but fantastic only in name. Very pretty.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 731. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Folk-Songs.

I

Delicious wafts from new mown meadow hay,
That float o'er lawns whose every flower is sweet;
Sun-fringèd showers that drift with silvery feet
Down gold-green valleys on a summer day;
Spring brooks that leap and wind and slip and flow
Beside a river's large, majestic swell;—
Clear chime, from high church tower, of crystal bell
That strikes through deep toned organ-peal below;
Stars, throbbing, sparkling, round the full-orbed moon;
Or perfect pearls, encircling jewels rare
As violets stud rose garlands, yet look fair;
Or lay of thrush, though with the lark 'tis June:
Such are these ballads, fresh, spontaneous, free,
When likened unto loftier minstrelsy.

II

At what far fountain were these poets taught
The songs they sang so warmly and so well?
Whence came the healthy power, the tender spell
From which that glow of purity they caught?—
They followed but the simple clues that lead
From Man's to Nature's heart. Their pulse was stirred
By love of her; they talked with her, gave heed
To those fine truths she speaks in song of bird,
In ring of metal, drop of leaf, or gush
Of vine juice in the vat, or ocean's flow,
Or sigh of grass, or stormy hurricane rush;
And in some passionate hour, their joy, their woe
They uttered in her wild, her wondrous tongue,
Unconscious as the air, while thus they sung.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

Extracts from Elise Polko's Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.*

Hildebrandt remembers a saying of Mendelssohn's, with regard to Father Haydn, which I shall quote here as characteristic.

Once, on the occasion of a merry jovial meeting, a select circle of friends, with uplifted glasses, found fault with the weakness of the chorus in "The Seasons," in praise of wine. "We should like to sing something far more spirited in its place," said they, scornfully. "The old Papa must have been drinking detestable wine at that time to put so little fire into its praise." Mendelssohn smiled. "Father Haydn can well forgive your calumny," said he, "and can afford to wait patiently till you once more come to your senses. Let the frothy period of youth pass away, and then sing his chorus to a glass of wine, and tell me whether it still seems insipid. At this moment the wine itself is your chief object. When Haydn wrote that chorus, he did not drink wine as you do, merely to enjoy it, but only in order to gain strength for his work, and to rejoice in the strength it imparted. So I say again—Wait!"

"We often marveled," says Hildebrandt, "at all the wisdom in this young head. We constantly felt how immeasurably he was above us; and yet, at other times, he was full of boyish mirth and high spirits as the youngest among us."

Many little incidents, recalled by friends, gleam like fitful rays of light respecting the artistic value of those days. One of Mendelssohn's favorite stories was an ancient Roman tradition of a motionless assembly of Senators, seated in death-like silence, whom a guileless Gaul mistook for stone statues, and was therefore bold enough to pluck the beard of one of the circle, when the supposed statue started into life and cut down the audacious Gaul with his sword. In remembrance of this anecdote, Mendelssohn and Hildebrant agreed, that whenever they met, no matter where, even in the most aristocratic society, never to say "good day" to each other without a certain form. Hildebrandt was suddenly to stand still and assume a stony face, when Mendelssohn was to go up to him slowly and solemnly and pull his beard, while he was in return to submit to a sharp Roman blow on the shoulder, which dissolved the magic spell, and they were then to greet each other with their usual cordiality.

Of Cécile Mendelssohn I had only the fleeting impression of wonderful hair and blue eyes, beaming from under a dark velvet bonnet; but a finished picture of him and his grandly modeled head was at once impressed upon my memory. He wore what was then called a Spanish cloak, that entirely concealed his figure. I have never hitherto seen any portrait (the one by Hildebrandt I have unfortunately never met with) that represents that artistic head as it lives in my memory; there is something effeminate and sentimental in all the Mendelssohn portraits, which were certainly not the attributes of the living head. A marvelously executed little ivory *relief*, a profile in the possession of a musical friend of the deceased master, Knaur's statuette, and the large bust, alone are exempt from this character, and therefore bear more affinity to the image in my memory. His hair was black and curling, the forehead of the highest order of intellectual beauty, the nose somewhat bent, the lips well chiseled, the shape of the face oval, the eyes irresistible, brilliant, and spiritual. His slender figure, scarcely attained to middle size, seemed to increase in height and to become imposing when he stood at his director's desk. His hands were of remarkable beauty; Carus, that connoisseur of human beings and hands, would have defined them as "full of soul." A very graceful movement of the head was peculiar to him; and when he carelessly threw it back, while his rapid glance, like that of a general, passed in array his musical forces, there was not one among them who did not at that moment silently vow to do his duty to the uttermost. He appeared elegant and calm while directing; no peculiarities attracted the attention of the audience; not a vestige of embarrassment, and yet entire security.

No words can tell the devotion with which the different members of the orchestra clung to him. But then how careful he was of them, how warmly he had their interests at heart, what an open ear and open hand he had for all their complaints! He was not satisfied with the temporary addition to their salary of the 500 dollars that he had wrung out of the magistrates for their benefit; he never rested till he succeeded in effecting a real improvement in the position of the members of the orchestra.

"Just because the orchestra is not an article of luxury, but the most necessary and important basis for a theatre—just because the public invariably regard with more interest articles of luxury than more essential things—on this very account, it is a positive duty to endeavor to effect, that what is legitimate and necessary shall not be disparaged and superseded by a love of glitter."

A lively set of young people formed at that time a critical concert audience, the members of one of the gayest little musical circles in the world, who all gave each other *rendez-vous* at the Gewandhaus concerts, on those far-famed Thursday evenings. Many, many looked down on us at that time, shaking their heads in disapproval of such "fledglings" presuming to usurp the places of those who were highly cultivated; and yet it was not from the midst of the "fledglings" that, during a sudden pause in a Beethoven Symphony, the words "bacon paste" the subject of conversation between two ladies, sounded distinctly through the hall, the motto of which is "Res severa est verum gaudium." Oh, bright and memorable musical garland! how has it since been scattered by every wind. And yet we then thought that it would for ever remain the same!

I believe that Mendelssohn, who knew nothing whatever of our doings, would, like every warm-hearted musician have been pleased to see how much we were *in earnest* in our studies. What we accomplished was as incomplete as most juvenile productions, but enthusiasm for music was deep and fervent within each of us. Then there was such happiness in being able to sing and play together, we took such harmless pleasure in the weak tea, herring salad, and mulled wine, and in all our little innocent interests and passions—and likewise in Schubert and Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, Father Bach and Mendelssohn. How they rise before me, all those charming girlish heads, fair and dark, and those bright eyes, many of which since then have been "too used to weep," and those youthful cavaliers, who have long ago won names in different ways, and have long enjoyed titles and orders! How thoroughly were we in earnest in what we attempted, and carefully studied after our own fashion; how we mutually sat in judgment on each other, and dreaded each other; and how we all unanimously agreed in our enthusiasm for the one person who was the chief interest in Leipzig—Felix Mendelssohn! How many times in the course of those evenings we drank his health, how many fair lips gave toasts in his honor, while bright eyes sparkled at the words! We had also our particular favorites in the Gewandhaus concerts, and many a celebrity failed in winning our approbation; whereas we were sometimes loud in praise of those who did not till much later in life justify our enthusiasm. With what interest did we observe and discuss every gesture of the most distinguished members of the orchestra; above all, how closely we watched any exchange of smiles between David and Mendelssohn, and the friendly nod or frown of Klengel! It was then, and still is a singular arrangement of the Gewandhaus Hall, that the greater part of the audience do not sit opposite the orchestra, but face each other; thus we had to twist our necks awry the whole time, till we were exhausted, in order to see Mendelssohn directing. Sometimes, during the long interval, he was to be seen in one of the two boxes above the orchestra, chatting for a time. I think a Gewandhaus concert seen in perspective from the boxes on a level with the chandelier, must have given the impression of a bed of flowers, in the rich adornment of those pretty heads, dark and fair and gayly decked, and all those elegant *toilettes* where brilliant colors preponderated; and though there was much to hear, assuredly there was not less to see. Alas! how many a fragrant rose, then in its bloom, has long been faded and dead!

* From advance sheets of Leypoldt & Holt's edition of the translation by Lady Wallace

Musical Pitch.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

Acuteness is brilliancy! Altitude is brightness!! There never was a greater fallacy in the whole history of error. The heavens have forbidden it ever since the creation, and have made their protest manifest to man ever since he was inspired to calculate the distances and to analyze the composition of the stars. Yet, while astronomers and other men of science reverentially pro-

fess the opposite conviction, it is possible, strangely possible, and not only possible, but true, that some musicians assert the mistake and maintain it as steadfastly as if it were Gospel. Unhappily, some of these stand in high and authoritative places, and have thus the power of enforcing their false creed, to the destruction of voices, to the deterioration of instruments, and to the injury of music. Hence the present superiority of the musical pitch of England over that of all other countries—most inferior superiority, when sound is higher than sense and intonation is higher than reason! And hence the present endeavor on the part of many admirable artists to serve humanity and to benefit art by obtaining, not an innovation in the matter, but a restoration of our musical pitch to the standard of half a century ago.

The analogy is perfect between sound and light in respect to quality, and nothing but quality, being the cause of its more or less brightness of character. This same quality results wholly from the peculiar constitution of the sound-giving or light-giving body. Thus it is not the proximity or remoteness of the orbs of heaven, not even their relative magnitude, that induces the greater or less intensity of their light, which is entirely a consequence of the proportions and combinations of their chemical elements. Thus also, it is not the acuteness or gravity of a musical sound,—not even its loudness or softness, that induces the greater or less brilliancy of tone, which in like manner is entirely a consequence of the peculiar structure of the natural or artificial organ by which it is produced. Every one knows that the tone of a Straduarius violin is more brilliant and that of an Amati sweeter than the other; that the tone of an oboe is more piercing than that of a clarionet; that the tone of trumpet, when played pianissimo, is brighter than that of a flute; that the tone of Mr. Santley's voice is more brilliant than that of Signor Foli, as was the tone of Mme. Grisi's less brilliant than that of Mme. Persiani, when both these songstresses were at their meridian. Now it is a matter of taste, in certain cases a matter of fitness to some special musical expression, whether greater brilliancy or mellowness, brightness or fulness, intensity or sweetness, poignancy or richness of tone be preferable; but it is a matter of fact that the one or the other quality depends upon the particular organization of the one or the other voice or instrument, and has nothing whatever to do with the acuteness or gravity of intonation. Were the case otherwise, were the assumption at the head of these remarks as true as it is unmitigably false, our lovers of brilliancy would but have to transpose all music into higher keys, and the sweetness of an Amati would scintillate into the brilliancy of a Straduarius, the mellow richness of a clarionet would be transformed into the poignancy of the oboe, the delicate softness of the flute would be changed into the piercing brightness of the trumpet, and all voices, male and female, would forfeit their individuality and merge their identity into that of all others. Even between pianofortes the amount of power would be the only point of choice, and all the nice gradations of quality would be lost which render this or that speciality of tone more delightful to one or another hearer; since an extra turn of the tuning fork would produce the brilliancy which some persons desire at any or at all cost.

It is of course admitted on all hands, since it would be idiocy to dispute the position, that the voice of man, being produced by natural organs, cannot be strained beyond its natural limits without serious detriment to these organs; and the average shorter career of the best singers of the last generation than of the great vocalists who preceded them in time, proves that the recent extravagant upward tendency of the pitch has had the sad effect of straining their voices, of prematurely wearing out their vocal organs, and of rendering the exercise of their talents impossible at the time of life when their powers of perception and all their highest functions of artistry were in best perfection. With regard to voices, however, the altitude of musical pitch would be of little moment were there no past and were music to begin anew from to-day, could we be content to bury the great works of the greatest masters and to subsist entirely upon the music of the future. Composers would then write the songs in the key of E flat which, had they lived fifty years ago, they would have written in those days in the key of E natural, and their executants would produce the same sounds, though they would call them by other names. Accordingly, modern composers for the voice write in keys with many flats even in pieces which aim at the utmost brilliancy of effect; whereas, had they been born a generation earlier, they would in agreement with the practice of that time have written the same music in the natural keys of the same alphabetical names.

The fact is otherwise with regard to artificial instruments. Wood and metal and the manufactured intestines of animals may be cut to any shortness or length without affecting their disposition to wear and tear. Here then is reason for exultation to the persons who blindly, and it must be urged, deafly, pretend that music is made more brilliant by the sharpening of its pitch! Not so; the untruth is as complete over which they would jubilate, as is that of the pretension that a voice has a different quality in a different key. The thin strings necessary for the present acute pitch have not, and cannot have, the resonance, the roundness, fullness, richness of tone of the thicker strings formerly in use. The best instruments of the violin class made at the epoch when the pitch was at the lowest, are obliged to be strengthened by the insertion or the addition (according to the practice of the repairer) of pieces of wood of a different grain from the original, and in the latter instance by glue to affix them, which cannot but affect the freedom of the vibration of the original substance, and which are declared by the best judges materially to impair the tone of the instruments. It is not the shortening of pipes that alone is needful to the raising of their pitch; the bore must be graduated in proportion to the length of a tube, and as this is made more narrow the tone it yields loses in volume. Thus, though in music that is to come the old vocal effects may be reproduced by calling the same notes other names (by saying we sing A flat what once we should have named A natural), the old instrumental effects can never be made with our thin strings, our pieced violins, and our narrowed tubes; neither can the increased tention now applied to pianoforte wires allow them to give forth such ample sonority as they would, with the present improved structure of pianofortes, were they tuned to the lower pitch that prevailed in England during the first thirty years of the Philharmonic Society. Doubtless to increase the tension and to lessen the density of strings, and to diminish the bore of pipes, attenuates their tone as much as, if not more than, it raises their pitch.

At the price, then, of all the vocal music of the best composers in every school prior to these last fifty years—a considerable cost—we might continue to enjoy unimpaired, but in the ordinary course of nature, the beautiful voices of our singers in the music written to accommodate the present extravagant English height of the pitch, and nobody would have anything to regret save those who loved the greatest masterpieces of vocal music. Even this countless sacrifice, however, could not procure for us the same roundness, richness, body of tone from our present modified instruments that was yielded by those of other days; since in this case it is not the translation of the calling of the notes from past into present nomenclature—defining the B flat of our infancy as the A of our manhood,—but the changing of the very sound of the notes, define these by whatever name one may, through the altered constitution of the artificial instruments which produce them. The cry has been loud and unquestionably just in behalf of vocalists, that our pitch should be lowered; but the claims of instruments, not to say instrumentalists, for the restitution of their rights in respect of tone are immeasurably stronger. I know, indeed, that it was the practice of De Beriot to tune his violin for the performance of certain pieces, sometimes a tone, sometimes more than a tone, above the pitch of the accompanying orchestra, so that when he fingered in the key of D he truly played, for example, in accordance with the other instruments in the key of E. I know that even Mozart, in his double concerto for violin and viola, employed the same expedient, writing the part for the latter in the key of D, and those for the former and all the orchestral instruments in the key of E flat; but I do not know that anything can be gained by such extra tightening of the strings besides an increase of facility in playing the extreme top notes, the stop of the violin being in proportion to the length of the string, irrespective of the pitch of its open note.

(To be Continued).

Hector Berlioz.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette of March 11th).

The composer whose death we announced on Tuesday was, in some respects a remarkable man. The quality of greatness will scarcely be claimed for him. He filled a large space in the world's regard, as Liszt did in his working days, and as Wagner still does, by reason of eccentricity rather than of merit. Thus it would be vain to expect—what we assuredly do not hope—that Berlioz, any more than his just named contemporaries, will have an abiding influence upon music. He disturbed its legitimate progress while living, but with the removal of the cause the effect will cease. For all this, however, Berlioz was a musician of importance, and one whose passing away deserves more than simple mention.

While a youth Berlioz came up to Paris from his native place (a village in the Isère department) for the purpose of studying medicine. He soon played the chief part in a familiar little domestic drama. Medicine was not his vocation (though he might have done less harm even as a doctor than as a composer), and having quitted it against the parternal wish, Berlioz was thrown on the world to make what he could of himself. He set to work in earnest, and began his musical career as a chorus singer at the Gymnase Dramatique. The second step was to give lessons, and the third, to take lessons himself. His talents were not precocious—he entered the Conservatoire a man of twenty-three—but an ambitious and enterprising spirit soon brought the future "chief pillar of modern development" into notice. The time was in his favor. France, during the few years preceding the revolution of 1830, was agitated by novel theories in politics, philosophy and religion. "Why not also in art?" Berlioz seems to have asked himself, answering the question in a practical manner by propounding one of the boldest heresies music has ever known. The central idea of his system must be found in the later works of Beethoven. That great master, however, can scarcely be held responsible for its existence, and not at all for its development. While it is true that Beethoven suggested the "programme music" which Berlioz taught as his highest and truest form of art, he did so incidentally. The expression of ideas was not his aim. "Beethoven in his symphonies," says a modern writer, "may have expressed grand psychological conceptions, which, for the mind that interprets them, may give an extra charm; but if the strains in themselves do not possess a magic—if they do not stir the soul with a keen delight, then, let the meaning be never so profound, it will pass unheeded, because the primary requisite of music is not that it shall present grand thoughts, but that it shall agitate the audience with musical emotions." The truth of this was never absent from Beethoven's mind, and hence his works are above everything in works of art. They develop an ideal more than they express ideas; and so far as ideas are expressed at all the result is due in most instances rather to chance moods and states of mind than to deliberate intention. It must be granted, however, that Beethoven, especially in his last few compositions, gave Berlioz a point of departure, and from it the young French musician started upon his career. All he took of Beethoven was the notion of conveying ideas in musical sounds (the thing most easily appropriated), but

this fully suited his purpose. Berlioz speedily developed it into a system, and did not shrink from putting his system, when developed, to the severest test. In the "Symphonie Fantastique—Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste" and in "Romeo et Juliette" he fully showed of how much, or rather how little, the theory he advocated was capable. Those who are at all acquainted with the works of Berlioz will not ask a discussion upon their chief characteristics. Let it suffice to say that the basis upon which they stand is utterly false and rotten. Music will not lend itself to "programmes," and if it be forced to describe events and circumstances it takes a revenge by always doing so equivocally. Schumann himself, whose early leaning to the Berlioz doctrines is unmistakable, saw this and recognized the danger. "It is a bad sign for music," said the whilom lover of "superscriptions," "when it needs a superscription; for it is a proof that it is not the result of genuine inspiration, but some outward suggestion. That our art is able to express a great many things, and even to follow the course of an event, who will deny? But those who are inclined to test the value of the images thus originated can do so easily—they need only erase the superscriptions." To what a ludicrous extent composers of the Berlioz school have carried the idea which Schumann had sense enough to abandon is well known. M. Schluter asserts that modern tone-poets usually invent a title after writing the music, and tells of one who doubted whether to call his overture "Minna von Barnhelm" or "Clavigo," and of another who hesitated between "Abd-el-Kader" and "The Falls of Schaffhausen." We cannot sum up the entire Berlioz theory better than by quoting a passage from M. Felix Clément's "Musiciens Célèbres," one of the few trustworthy expressions of opinion the book contains. Speaking of Berlioz and his imitators M. Clément says: "They seek truth of expression, and they find hyperbole. Natural contrasts are replaced by strange antitheses; serene light by a dull day. For the idiom of art is substituted a polyglot vocabulary of which the initiated alone possess the secret. Keys are disconnected, relations and affinities destroyed, and the result is chaos." Remembering a certain overture to "King Lear," he must be bold who would dispute M. Clément's dictum.

While yet a novice in the Conservatoire classroom Berlioz began to embody the ideas he had formed. In two years he wrote the overtures to "Waverley" and "Les Francs Juges," as well as the "Symphonie Fantastique" already mentioned. The next year (1829) "Les Concerts des Sylphes" appeared, and in 1830 his cantata, "Sardanapale," gained the first Conservatoire prize, enabling him to visit Italy. The journey in no degree changed his peculiar notions, for at Rome he produced the "King Lear" overture and the symphony "Le Retour à la Vie." Like Schumann, Berlioz used the press to defend his theory, and in several papers, especially the *Journal des Débats*, he returned blow for blow with unflagging vigor. But, as a composer, he was not idle, writing successively the symphony "Harold en Italie" (purporting to represent incidents of his own career), the "Messe des Morts," the "Romeo et Juliette" symphony, and the "Carnaval Romain" overture, lately played at the Crystal Palace. The merit of all these works was fiercely contested, but the composer's opponents signally triumphed when "Benvenuto Cellini," an opera in two acts, was produced at the Academie (September, 1838) and promptly damned. By this time Berlioz must have discovered the musical opinion of France to be hopelessly against him, and one result probably was the German tour of 1843. He crossed the Rhine too soon, for the modern school of German music had not then worked much mischief. "We were not prepared," says Brendel, "for Berlioz's innovations." His works were pronounced insignificant, having nothing attractive about them but a brilliant etherial coloring." Once more the audacious musician resolved to challenge his Parisian critics, and in December, 1846, "La Damnation de Faust," called an "oratorio fantastique," was brought out at the Theatre Comique. As might have been expected, this extraordinary series of musical pictures—among which, however, there are some worth preserving—failed to conciliate public taste. (In Vienna, twenty years later, it had an enthusiastic welcome from young Germany.) This work was the apotheosis of the Berlioz theory; and, having written it, the composer relaxed his efforts, and, to some extent, his opinions. The oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," and the five-act opera, "Les Troyens," produced at the Lyrique in 1863, show some signs of a return to the correct principles of art, but not enough to guard against opposition and dislike. How far Berlioz would have retraced his steps can only be conjectured. We may, however, regret that so great talents should have been devoted all through life to the spread of ideas every way injurious to art. The composer was not without honor in his own country. As Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, librarian of the Conservatoire, and member of the Institute, Berlioz filled a respectable position. But no more in his case than in any other are such things a gauge of real worth.

The connection of Berlioz with England was very slight. His works found but little favor here, and he himself is remembered chiefly as the conductor of some orchestral concerts at Exeter Hall many years ago, in which capacity he directed perhaps the best performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony ever given.

We have before said, what we now repeat, that the influence of Berlioz is likely to be very transient. The art of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn is not likely suffer permanently from the errors of a man whose extravagance was its own antidote.

Hector Berlioz.

The following notice of his life and works appeared in the *Athenæum* of March 13. "The first impression awakened by the news is, that the active life just closed has been a long mistake. Berlioz has been one of the [illegible] such. Born in 1803, he began to work at his darling pursuit just when the romantic reaction against the classic in Art, which had obtained unlimited acceptance in the Napoleonic times, was daily gaining fresh strength. It was natural that the enthusiastic young musician should sympathize with the movement. He did more: he sought to effect a revolution in music which should correspond with the revolution that had been made in literature. Anticipating to some extent the ideas of Herr Richard Wagner, he conceived the notion that all music should have a distinctly defined object. Hence the mass of "programme-music" which in the course of years he produced, and which has fallen into the neglect that awaits all Art, whatever its merits, created on false principles. The very opposition which Berlioz encountered in his early years had the effect of fixing him firmly in every purpose which he made. He was sent to Paris to learn medicine, and when his father, irritated at his preference for music, cut off all his supplies, the youth accepted the place of chorus singer in a theatre in order to pursue his favorite study. Entered as a pupil of the Conservatoire, he incurred the dislike, natural enough, of Cherubini, but nevertheless, after numerous rebuffs, he eventually triumphed, and in 1830, when he was twenty-seven years of age, obtained for a cantata, 'Sardanapale,' the *premier prix de Rome*. Finding that his works—such as a Mass, first given at St. Roch, overtures, entitled 'Waverley' and 'Les Francs Juges,' and a symphony styled 'Episode de la Vie d'une Artiste'—brought more derision than fame, Berlioz determined to educate the public into an understanding of the principles on which he worked. With this object he began to contribute to various newspapers articles on musical subjects—including some wild analyses of Beethoven's symphonies, then all but unknown in Paris—and at length, securing the *Journal des Débats* for a pulpit, he became the most influential musical critic in France. His symphonies, 'Harold in Italy' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' both known in London, and both filled with musical thoughts of rare beauty, and his brilliant and eccentric overture, 'Le Carnaval Romain,' heard a few weeks ago at Sydenham, were—now that his position was recognized—received with unopposed praise. Berlioz was powerless, however, to command success upon the stage. His 'Benvenuto Cellini,' produced at the Grand Opera in 1838, proved a failure; and when brought out at Covent Garden, fifteen years later it met, with the same disastrous fate. In like manner, 'Les Troyens'—his last work, we believe—could not hold their own when, some three years ago, the plains of Troy were transplanted to the Theatre Lyrique. 'La Damnation de Faust' and 'L'Enfance du Christ,' make up the tale of Berlioz's larger works. He had a ready pen, and his keen sense of the ludicrous, no less than of the beautiful, gives a zest to all his writings, most of which have been collected under various fantastic titles. Perhaps the most useful labor of Berlioz's life was the compilation of his 'Traité d'Instrumentation et d'Orchestration Moderne.' His own strong point was, unquestionably, writing for the orchestra, and on this subject he spoke with the authority of a master. Hector Berlioz was not made for the universal popularity that waits only on genius; but in his death the art of music loses a keen critic, an appreciative historian, an original thinker, and a true worshipper."

Hector Berlioz.

(From "Le Menestrel.")

A composer of boldly innovating spirit; a writer of cleverness and humor; an impassioned critic; a noble poet; a man of rare intelligence, and of excellent heart, Hector Berlioz died on Monday the 8th inst., at his residence in the Rue de Calais, Paris. He was only sixty-six, but for fiery souls like his, years count double, and repose comes only with death.

While paying a tribute of homage to the memory of a great artist who experienced the singular affliction and bitter consolation of being so often misappreciated in his own country, though received in triumph everywhere abroad, it is not our intention to present our readers with a complete and thorough study of the man and of his works. Such a study, to be worthy of its object, would require a long period of reflection, and considerable development.

There is a book to be written on Berlioz. That book will be written as an act of tardy justice to one who was killed by the systematic disdain of his countrymen. He died of that disdain, which is a disease unknown to vulgar minds, but which is a frightful disease, the torture of every minute, for a man who, feeling his own superiority, and obeying the imperious necessity experienced by an artist of making others share the impressions by which he himself is seized and carried away into the Ideal, beholds himself condemned by the crowd to live in the crowd, struggling with his solitary aspirations, or, what is worse, to receive from commonplace courtiers commonplace flattery, or a sincere praise. Oh! how horrible is the praise which does not hit upon the essential qualities of a man's works, the omnibus like praise, the stereotyped compliments! What stabs, inflicted by well-meaning fools on men of genius, or inventors! Indifference is a thousand times better. Indifference wounds our *amour propre*, but it fortifies our pride, and doubles our strength until the last is gloriously crushed.

Whatever may be the verdict of posterity on the works of Berlioz, he will always stand forth as possessing the most marked individuality in the romantic school of music, as endowed with one of the most original and most poetic minds of the age. His whole life was one desperate struggle for the triumph of a system of musical poetry of which we may not approve, but which he at least invented, and which did not lack imitators, commencing with Richard Wagner.

But Wagner, having departed from his model to obey the extreme consequences of an anti-musical system of music, has raised church upon church, dogma upon dogma. At last, Berlioz was able to say of the school of the Future, despite the first rate beauties to be found in all the scores of the German Revolutionist: "If such is this religion it is exceedingly novel, I own, but I am far from professing it; I never did belong to it; I do not belong to it, and I never shall belong to it; I raise my hand, and I swear: *non credo*. There is one thing I believe firmly: the Beautiful is not horrible, and the Horrible is not beautiful. It is not, no doubt, the exclusive object of music to be agreeable to the ear, but it is a thousand times less its object to be disagreeable to the ear, to torture, and to flay it."

The fanatics of the new school were naturally indignant at such a profession of faith, solemnly uttered by a great composer. The traitor!—they exclaimed, to repudiate thus the doctrines of a harmonic religion of which he was so long the self-constituted high priest, especially in *Romeo et Juliette*.

I determined to see what grounds there were for this accusation, and, therefore, obtained the score of the work so deeply compromised. Well, I who like only those passages of the Music of the Future in which it agrees with the good music of the Present—I passed a delicious evening reading this fine score, one of the things that most dazzled me in my youth. *Romeo et Juliette*, when I heard it, many years ago, with an imposing orchestra, and a numerous chorus, under the direction of the author himself, produced in me one of those profound but undeterminate sensations which do not command enthusiasm though they inspire respect. I saw before me a great artist; I felt I did; my reason told me that I was listening to grandiose music, full of poetry; but it was only with difficulty that my ear, then inexperienced, could follow its ingenious and bold development; on the other hand, the accents of the melody, chaste, voluptuous, fantastic, gloomy, brilliant, ardent, impassioned, in turn, but always bearing the stamp of genius, that is to say, of originality, merely glided lightly over my heart without penetrating it. In the presence of this original work I remained cold but dazzled, as an inhabitant of the plains of Texas, or of the volcanic mountains of Peru, would be, if suddenly transported, without any preparation, from those solitary and distant regions into the midst of a city like Paris, on some grand *fête* day.

Since that period I have understood Berlioz's music better, and, I repeat, the perusal of the great symphonist's celebrated work procured me a most interesting and most happy evening by my fire-side.

I heard with my eyes the notes which were dead upon the paper, but which were vibrating, warm and full of life, in my soul—a phenomenon arising from the memory of sounds, which is nothing more nor less than prolonged sensation. I heard and I applauded the ingenious instrumental introduction, the prologue, bearing the stamp of savage grandeur, the poetic strophies which follow it, the *scherzetto à deux temps*, which transports you into the fantastic realms of Queen Mab, whom I afterwards saw appear in a *scherzo* of incomparable effect; then the festivities at Capulet's; symphonic pages scored as no one had ever scored before Berlioz; the admirable scene of love and of despair, a masterpiece of exquisite sentiment, of noble and tender poetry; then that other scene, Juliet's funeral procession; and the garden scene, where the young Capulets, coming from the feast, sing a double chorus, containing reminiscences of the ball music; lastly the invocation at the awaking of Juliet; the great quarrel of the Capulets and the Montagues, partly made up of designs from the prologue, above which we hear bursting forth the angry and tumultuous voices of both parties, suddenly interrupted by the revelation of Friar Lawrence, which is followed by the oath of reconciliation between the rival families. Yes, I heard all these splendid pages, worthy the immortal text of Shakespeare, which inspired them, and both my mind and my heart were entranced.

Many persons have imagined that the Muse of Berlioz was a rebellious Muse, and that he worked with difficulty; this is a mistake: he never wrote except when in the vein, and in obedience to an inspiration. What more curious example of this can be afforded than by the history of *La Damnation de Faust*, the book and music of which he wrote simultaneously?

It was while travelling in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia and Silesia, that Berlioz laid the foundation of this work so curiously original and striking. He extemporized the verses just as the musical ideas suggested themselves to him, and at no other time did he ever experience such facility in working. "I wrote when I could and where I could: in a carriage; on a railway; in steamboats; and even in the towns, despite the various cares imposed upon me by the concerts I had to give." It was in an inn at Tarsau, on the Bavarian frontier, that he wrote the introduction:

"La viel hiver a fait place aux printemps."

At Vienna, he sketched out the scenes on the banks of the Elba, the air for Mephistopheles, "Voici les Roses," and that incomparable *scherzo*, the ballet of the sylphids. Just as he was setting out for Hungary, he scored and developed the famous Hungarian March upon Rakoczy's motive, a march which procured him, a Frenchman, a very handsome crown, as a tribute of homage from the youth of Gior. In Pesth, by the gas-light of a shop, he wrote down in pencil the choral burden of the "Ronde des Paysans." At Prague, he got up in the night to write the chorus of angels for the apotheosis of Margherite,—

"Remonte au ciel, âme naïve,
Que l'amour égara."

At Breslau he wrote the words and the music for the Latin song of the students,—

"Jam nox stellata
Velamina pandit."

"The rest," he tells us, "was written in Paris, but always extempore; in my own house; at a café, in the Tuileries Gardens; and even upon a post on the Boulevard du Temple. I did not seek for the ideas; I allowed them to come, and they presented themselves in the most unexpected order."

This astonishing facility in extemporizing works, though sometimes very complicated, explains the considerable number which Berlioz left, independently of his effusions as a literary critic, and notwithstanding the time he spent in getting up concerts to render the public acquainted with his music. We will mention a few of the works of this composer whose loss we shall always regret.

In the way of dramatic music and oratorio, we find: *Benvenuto Cellini* (opera, 3rd September, 1838); *Beatrice et Benedict*, comic opera in two acts, represented at Baden; *Les Troyens*, grand opera in five acts (Theatre-Lyrique, 1864); *Romeo et Juliette*, grand dramatic symphony, with chorus, vocal solos, and choral prologue; *La Damnation de Faust*, a legend in four acts; *La Fuite en Egypte*, oratorio in three parts.

In the domain of instrumental music, we may mention,—the overtures to *Waverley*, *King Lear*, of the *Carnaval Romain*, of the *Francs Juges*, and of *Le Corsaire*; the *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, a fantastic symphony in five parts; *Harold in Italie*, a symphony in four parts; *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale*, three parts, &c.

For the voice: *Irlande*, collection of melodies; *Les Nuits d'Eté*, id.; *Fleurs des Landes*, id.; *Feuillets d'Album*, id.; *Vox Populi*, two grand choruses with orchestra; *Tristia*, three choruses with orchestra; "La Captive," "Sara la Baigneuse," &c.

We must not forget the *Messe des Morts (Requiem)*; "Le cinq Mai," a song upon the death of Napoleon; *Le Retour à la Vie*, a "Melologue," or mixture of music and prose with vocal solos, chorus, and orchestra; and a "Te Deum" for two choruses, orchestra, and organ, &c.

Berlioz published, also, a grand *Traité d'instrumentation*. He scored, besides the "Marseillaise," the "Marche marocaine" of Léopold de Meyer, and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse." He has left, moreover, some *Memoirs*.

A few particulars concerning the last days of his life will not be without interest for the musical world that laments his loss, nor for his sorrowing friends.

Ever since the fall he had at Nice, on his return from Russia, the health of Berlioz, already much shaken, became worse and worse. He sometimes lost his memory, and forgot the names of his most intimate friends. Sometimes, too, he appeared to be deprived of all perception. It was in one of these moments, when his intellectual life seemed to have left him, that music worked a perfect miracle upon his soul.

Mme. Charton-Demeur called upon the illustrious patient. A visit from the great French vocalist, who had so worthily created the part of Dido in *Les Troyens*, was always a poetic consolation for Berlioz, bringing with it an alleviation of his physical sufferings. But on the day in question—I am speaking of some three months since—he could not even smile on her. He gazed without seeing her, and made no reply to the voice of friendship. Mme. Charton-Demeur then thought she would try music, that language which still speaks to the soul, when words are no longer heard by the mind. She sat down at the piano and sang some phrases from the opera of *Armida*, the score of which was open upon the instrument. At the accents of Gluck, Berlioz awoke from his torpor; he recognized the fair singer, pressed her hand, thanked her, rose, and talked. He was restored to life for art and by art, beating time, applauding, making observations on the lost traditions of Gluck's music, and weeping with joy. "Ah!" exclaimed Mme Charton, "that is his food; music is what he requires, and for the future he shall not be without it."

She wanted to get up, with Saint-Saens, for the patient, and at his house, special musical performances. Unluckily, the fact of his disease becoming more aggravated every day did not allow her to carry out her noble project.

The last time Berlioz gave any signs of intellectual life was on the 17th December. On that day he appeared more depressed than ever, and death was already hovering over his eagle-head, so proud, so sharply marked, and so artistically energetic. Paralysis had struck him dumb, and the words addressed to him remained unanswered. But Mme. Charton wanted the dying man to make an effort—to write his name in Mlle. Nilsson's album. "My dear Berlioz," she said, bending gently over him, "I want to ask you a favor. You know Mlle. Nilsson, whom you applauded in *Don Juan*; she likes you very much, and would be most delighted if she could have your signature in her album. You alone are wanting. All the great men are there,—Rossini, Auber, Lamartine, and Hugo. Will you not do me a service, and grant her this favor?"

Berlioz heard her, understood her, and made certain movements. The album was brought him. By one of those returns to life which are met with in men of nervous constitutions and completely baffle science, Berlioz took the large book on his knees, traced a dozen staves, and, without making a fault, wrote the words and music of one of his earliest melodies, "Reviens, reviens, ma bien aimée." Mme. Charton was weeping, and my own eyes filled with tears at the recollection.

The doubtful, or, at any rate, exceedingly short, success of *Les Troyens* shook Berlioz's courage to its utmost depths. Yet there are beauties of the first order in this score, which will, perhaps, some day, be revived with brilliant results. At the very moment the composer was breathing his last, there was a knock at the door. It was M. Gevaert, who had come, telegram in hand, to announce the great success of *Les Troyens* at Moscow. Poor Berlioz! This last piece of consolation failed him.

He lay upon his death-bed, calm and majestic. The flight of his soul had imparted to his features an indescribable and sublime expression of serenity, which imposed respect and banished fear. He might have been taken for Dante, the great Italian poet. The friends who never quitted him, and who received his dying breath, are Ernst Reyer, Edouard Alexandre, and Damke, the composer. The last two are the executors under his will.

Berlioz has bequeathed to his mother-in-law, Mme. Recoio, the mother of his second wife (his first was the English tragic actress, Miss Smithson) a sum of 20,000, and a life annuity of 4,000 francs. These modest savings were inherited from his father, and not derived from music. Art, of which he will ever be one of the noblest representatives, produced him only regrets, with some few moments of ineffable delight.

OSCAR COMETTANT.

The funeral service of Hector Berlioz was celebrated in the church of the Trinity. The corners of the pall were held, from the house of mourning to the church, by M. Guillaume, President of the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Camille Doucet, member of the French Academy; Baron Taylor; and M. Emile Perrin, manager of the Grand Opera. From the church to the cemetery of Montmartre, they were held by M. Ambroise Thomas and M. Gounod, members of the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Nogent Saint Laurens, member of the Legislative Body; and M. Perrin. The Institute sent a deputation, consisting of MM. Ambroise Thomas, Dumont, Pils, Martinet, Guillaume, and Beulé.

During the funeral service, the following music was performed by the orchestra and chorus of the Grand Opera, conducted by M. George Hainl, and by the singing-boys of the Trinité, conducted by M Grisy: The "Introit" from Cherubini's *Requiem*; Mozart's "Lacrymosa;" the "Hostias" and "Preces" from the deceased composer's own *Requiem*, sung by a double quartet of artists belonging to the Grand Opera; the March from Gluck's *Alceste*; and the Funeral March by Litolf, with Sax's instruments. The ceremony was brought to a close by the March from Berlioz's *Harold*, arranged for the organ by M. Chauvet.

The way to the Montmartre Cemetery was lined with considerable crowds. A band of the National Guards performed funeral marches during the passage of the procession.

The body is laid in a family vault.

Music in the Public Schools of Boston.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

(Continued from page 4).

"My chief aim," says Mr. Eichberg, in the introduction to his Report, "was to surround myself with such facts and data as I could get from men foremost in the cause of public musical education, or of such other artists, who, without being teachers themselves, have attracted public notice, by the clearness and practical nature of their views in the matter."

"Popular musical instruction is now receiving a vastly greater attention than formerly. Its value as a civilizer of nations, its importance for the æsthetical culture of all, high and low, have never been underrated by German educators, but those intrusted to teach music in the schools were, with some excep-

tions, selected more for their general pedagogical than specifically musical excellence. This has been changed for the better, and music in public schools has enlisted either the active coöperation or, at least, the earnest interest of the most eminent musicians in Germany. Not only does this seem evident to me from the good musical training school-teachers are now receiving, but also from the superior character of most musical publications devoted to that end. While formerly (at a period within my own recollection) the music in use was an indiscriminate selection from works of little or no value, the recently published music-books show a vastly improved judgment on the part of their compilers."

Referring to the manner in which music is now taught in the public schools of some of the principal cities of Germany, he says:

"Music is not taught uniformly in the Hamburg public schools, but the several teachers instruct independently of system. Two music lessons, of one hour each, are given to the pupils, either by their regular, or, in the higher schools, by an appointed special teacher. In the Latin School, four part songs, motets and chorals are sung, the lower classes singing soprano and alto, while the higher classes take the tenor and basso parts. Pupils are not allowed to sing during the mutation of the voice, but have to be present at the music lessons. Great care is taken to avoid choruses requiring great extent of vocal compass. I found here Mr. Benedict Widmann's different publications well spoken of. They are named 'Little Singing School, for the Three Divisions of Boys' and Girls' Schools,' and 'Preparatory Instruction in Singing.' These two little works (sixty-four and eighty two pages respectively, in 12mo) contain many novel ideas on class teaching. He not only strongly advocates musical instruction in the Primary Schools, but maintains that the imitative faculties of the child render the teaching of singing far easier at an early age than it would be when the vocal organs have passed the period of their elastic softness.

"Not much has been done in Berlin, since the war, for music in schools. On arriving I presented myself to the Minister of Public Instruction, Herr Von Mühler, who directed me to the Royal Music Directors, Taubert and Ludwig Erk, as possessing the most information on the subject. The former being absent from Berlin, I applied to Mr Erk, who holds the place of chief teacher of music at the Royal Seminary in Berlin. He gave me an extended description of the method in use at the seminary (we would call it here State Normal School). The musical requirements of a public school teacher are the following:

(a.) Singing at sight and harmony.
(b.) Some proficiency in violin and piano playing.
(c.) Capabilities in rudiment teaching.
(d.) Directing church music and organ playing.

(The latter (d.) because the school master in the smaller towns and villages fills also the place of organist.)"

"In Prussia," says Mr. Eichberg, "according to Baron Alexander von Sybel, the insufficiency of the funds allotted to Musical Instruction by the State and Municipal Budgets prevents the engagement of experienced music teachers in the Public Schools, and, with the exception of the principal cities, such as Berlin, Königsberg and Cologne, and Frankfort and Cassel in the newly annexed territories, musical instruction was rather a matter of routine than an object of live interest in the schools. On questioning Mr. Erk about this statement, the latter assured me that a great deal of improvement had taken place lately and that legislative action was shortly expected which would regulate and systematize the whole matter of popular musical instruction."*

Mr Eichberg attributes this present meagreness in the appropriation of funds by the State to the drain upon its Treasury caused by the recent war and "the perhaps not groundless fear of another to come."

"During my stay in Berlin," continues Mr. Eichberg, "I acquainted myself with a large number of works on school-music and procured, among others, a copy of Dr E. Fischer's book 'on Singing and Vocal Instruction' (now almost out of print), whose author was one of the pioneers of musical instruction in the Schools of Prussia. This remarkable essay is replete with useful hints to teachers and those having charge of schools. Among its many truisms I might be permitted to quote the following:

"'The main hindrance to successful music instruction in schools lies in the indifference with which the subject is viewed by the School Directors and the rest of the teachers. It is *not* enough to set apart the required time for the lessons and not to hinder them otherwise, but the Director (master) of the School ought to manifest his interest by frequently assisting at the lessons and to make use of music on all fit occasions. This is the more indispensable as pupils are not (unfortunately) submitted to regular examinations in music as in the other branches. The indifference of the masters is promptly perceived by the pupils and they necessarily form their own conclusions as to the unimportance of this study.'

"Many more portions of Dr. Fischer's book could be quoted, all showing the necessity of placing music on a par with the other departments in the Public Schools.

"The first regular instruction in German Schools was given in the Berlin Gymnasium, in the year 1811, previous to which time such instruction was only and imperfectly given to such of the pupils as were employed in the musical performances of the church. The highest degree to which instruction is brought in the Prussian schools consists in enabling the pupils to sing correctly such works as Bernhard Klein's four-part motets, and choruses by Homilius, Handel, and other classical composers. In Berlin the most advanced pupils of the schools and gymnasium meet occasionally for the practice of some more extended work, and on certain occasions (such as distribution of prizes), whole parts of oratorios have been performed by the scholars, to general acceptance,—the bass and tenor parts being sung by the pupils of the high schools and gymnasium. The best pupils of the High School (Real Schule) are, as a reward, allowed to sing in Professor Erk's Singing Society. I have to add that Mr. Erk thinks that a class of from forty to fifty pupils is as large as can be successfully instructed together.

"The Director of the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, Mr. Conrad Schleinitz, referred me to Prof. R. Müller, teacher of music at the Thomas School, as most qualified to explain to me the method of public music teaching in the Leipzig schools. These schools are divided into eight grades or classes, the three lowest of which, (corresponding, as I take it, to our Primary Schools) sing exclusively by rote and go through such rhythmical and melodic exercises as are best calculated to lay a sound foundation for the theoretical instruction, which begins in the fourth class (corresponding with the lower classes of our Grammar Schools). The Primary classes receive their musical instruction from their regular teachers. From the fourth to the eighth class, inclusive, the lessons are given by music teachers especially engaged by the city for that purpose. Prof. Müller is one of these teachers and makes use, for his classes, of a small text-book compiled by himself, and which did not strike me as having any particular merit either in plan or execution. Two lessons, of one hour each, are given per week to each class. Mr Müller, who appears to be a very experienced and intelligent teacher, uses in his female classes only *two-part* exercises, as, in his judgment, it is injurious to the alto voices to circumscribe themselves within the small compass generally allotted to the lowest of three part songs. I informed him that we avoided such injurious effects (in our High and Normal departments, at least) by making the altos occasionally take the second soprano, and *vice versa*.

"Two weekly lessons, of one hour each, are devoted to music throughout the Kingdom of Saxony, but I failed to learn that music received any particular attention on the part of the Saxon school authorities. From information I received here and in Dresden, I am rather led to believe that music in the schools is rather *tolerated* than considered an object worthy of the greatest interest. All that is demanded of school chorus is the correct rendering of short motets and secular compositions,—reading at sight being neither demanded nor expected.

"Among the works in use in the Leipzig schools (and in Saxony generally) are the following:

"C. H. Voight, People's Songs; Ludwig Erk, One Hundred School Songs; Heinrich Bellerman, Rudiments of Music; August Todt, Song Book for Public Schools, Book II; in addition to Mr. Müller's book, above mentioned. Most of these works contain novel and interesting matter and ideas, while the selection of songs is uniformly of a sound musical character, and much of it quite available for our three musical divisions.

"While in Leipzig my attention was directed by several teachers to the highly interesting work by E. Richter, teacher and Royal music director in the Seminary at Steinau, on the Oder, bearing the title: 'Directions for the Instruction in Singing in the Public Schools.'

"In the short space of one hundred and eighteen pages the author gives an exhaustive exposé of his views on the subject. The work is divided into two parts.

1st. Preparatory Instruction for Primary Schools.

2d. Instruction in the 'Volks-schule,' (corresponding to our Grammar Schools.)

"In this, as in most recently published books of its class, attention is drawn to the importance of the study of sacred music in schools. The protestant chorals of Germany have been considered in all times, and by the most illustrious composers, as the main basis of sound popular musical instruction. No music is more capable of improving the taste of the masses and acquainting them with the canons of the beautiful in music. These eloquent musical utterances of times long gone by will, sooner or later, have to form a principal object of study in our schools. To this day they are comparatively unknown in America. While I am in favor of the study of good secular works, yet do I venture to assert that not only will a systematic study of chorals be of benefit to the present pupils, but its excellent effect upon musical taste will be felt a long time after this present generation shall have faded away.*

"In the future school music books, these and other chorals by the old composers ought, of necessity, to take the place now too often filled by modern psalm and hymn tunes of little or no musical value, often badly harmonized, and consequently gravely injurious to the taste of the pupils.

"In an interview with Robert Franz, in Halle, (Saxony), this great composer spoke most eloquently of the importance of strictly controlling the musical selections and keeping it constantly before the eye, that the musical development of this whole country depends on the first impressions the pupils receive in our schools,—that he only was to be intrusted with the teaching whose artistical convictions were of the right stamp. He also spoke of the necessity of an early cultivation of the ear and rhythmical feeling. My accounts of music in Boston were listened to with the utmost sympathy. The almost total deafness of Robert Franz cannot fail to awaken a feeling of sorrow among his many admirers in Boston.

"Dresden, the capital of Saxony, has always wielded a large musical influence throughout Germany. As early as under the reign of Elector August the Strong, the opera and orchestra in Dresden were considered the finest in the world. I was here directed for information to the well known artist, Prof. Gustav Hoffman, who not only has been for years the leading singing teacher in Dresden (both private and in the schools), but whose several works on music, and on "music as taught in the schools," have won for him the respect of his German colleagues. One of his works, "The cultivation of the singing voice," Dresden, 1865, is extensively used in German institutions, and is often quoted in musical writings as an unquestionable authority.

"As in most of the German cities, music is here taught twice each week, one hour at a time. The attendance of the pupil is obligatory, unless exempted for sufficient reasons, such as chronic disease of the throat or a defective ear. The first instruction in the Primary Schools is given by the teachers themselves, and begins at an age varying between six and seven years. The primary pupils are merely trained to sing in tune and good time a certain number of well selected melodies, both sacred and secular. Though simple in the extreme, the Primary School songs are well adapted, not only to acquaint the child with measure and intonation, but also to influence its musical taste very favorably.

"'A child might begin to learn music,' says Mr. G. Hoffman, 'as early as its fifth or sixth year, *if the teacher be competent and knows how to train young voices.*' 'The objects to be attained by musical instruction in the primary schools,' says Mr Hoffman, 'are these:

a. 'The awakening of the musical faculties.
b. Cultivation of the voice and ear.
c. Singing by rote of a number of sacred (chorals) and popular songs.
d. Preparation for singing by note.

The higher divisions will be prepared for the per-

* In an appendix to his Report, Mr. Eichberg has given a list of the numerous musical works of Professor Erk who from the beginning of his Berlin career, in 1836, till now, has devoted the whole of his leisure time to the improvement of music in the Public Schools.

* The following chorals, mostly dating from the first two centuries after the Reformation, are indicated for use in schools by an order of the Prussian Minister of Instruction, dated October, 1, 2, 3, 1854:

1. Auf meinen lieben Gott.
2. Aus tiefer Noth.
3. Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag.
4. Eins ist noth.
5. Herr Gott, dich loben wir.
6. Herzliebster Jesu.
7. Herzlich thut mich verlangen.
8. Jesu, meine Freude.
9. Komm, heiliger Geist.
10. Komm, heiliger Geist, Herre Gott.
11. Nun lob mein Seel den Herrn.
12. O Gott, du frommer Gott.
13. Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele.
14. Soll ich meinem Gott nicht singen.
15. Was mein Gott will das gescheh allzeit.
16. Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.
17. Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.
18. Wir glauben all an einen Gott.

formance, by note, of simple vocal compositions adapted for the use of schools, church and home life.'

"Mentioning to Mr. G. Hoffman, the fact that we in Boston would not be satisfied with a programme thus limited, he replied that the opportunities for higher culture in music being so very abundant in the German cities, and within everybody's means, there was no harm in restricting the music lessons in the schools to the elements, either in theory or in practice, while we for contrary reasons should try to go over as much ground as the time given to music will permit. Mr. G. H is now engaged at a work on singing, of which he kindly showed me the proofs, and I bespoke a copy of it for such uses as we shall be able to make of its suggestions. He was pleased with the description I gave him of the systems in use in our primary and grammar schools, and the earnestness and zeal of the music teachers of these departments met with his unstinted approval.

"In the (formerly) free city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the elementary musical instruction is in the hands of the school teachers themselves, who, if as a rule their knowledge is not very extended, have at least the habit of teaching and of proceeding systematically. No text-books are used, and for practice selections of Erk and others are studied. The recently published book by Richard Wuerst, "Guide for the elementary theory of music, with a collection of secular and sacred two-part songs for the use of schools," I found here well spoken of. Its theoretical portion is condensed in the short space of six pages, the rest of the book being filled by a really choice collection of genuine church music and excellent patriotic songs. This little work, compiled by an eminent artist, has much to recommend it. As in Erk's collection, each composition bears its chronological date. To introduce these chorals into the lower classes of our Grammar Schools, would be an excellent move, not only on account of their beauty, but also from the fact that the limited compass in which these chorals move, prevents the pupils from over-exerting themselves. Two hours, or in some cases four half hours a week, are given to music in the Frankfort schools. The teacher of the high departments, including the higher citizens' school (hoohere Bürger-schule) and the gymnasium, is Prof. R. Mauss, a musician of scholarly acquirements, who very readily gave me the above information.

"The provisions for popular musical instruction in the kingdom of Würtemberg are judicious, if not very ample. As in most of the German schools, every school teacher must be able to teach the rudiments of music, and only the upper classes are instructed by special teachers.

"Councillor Heigelin, member of the School Board of the city of Stuttgard (capital of the kingdom), wrote me, at my request concerning music in the schools, as follows:

1. 'Singing is taught in all the public schools.
2. Each class receives two hours' instruction per week.
3. The study of music is obligatory upon the pupils.
4. Every teacher (of primary and grammar schools) must instruct his own classes in music.
5. Musical instruction is given to the pupils when they first go to school.
6. Four lessons per week, of one-half hours' duration each, are given in the Primary Schools.
7. Pupils with defective ears or voices are exempted from singing.
8. The object of the music lessons are,—

To enable the pupils to sing the prescribed seventy chorals, children's two or three-part songs, and some easy sacred choruses.'

"On leaving school the pupil is not expected to sing at sight.

"A somewhat more extended course is given to the pupils of the gymnasium, but it consists mainly of the practice of good choruses with very little theoretical instruction. It seems rather the desire of the school authorities to awaken a love for music than to promote the knowledge of it. I am not willing to underrate the importance of practising good music by rote only, but, limited to that, it certainly fails to produce such results as can be obtained by combining practice with theoretical instruction. All these points considered, it appears obvious to me that music is taught in a more thorough manner in Boston than in Stuttgard."

(Conclusion next time.)

LEIPSIC.—At the 18th Gewandhaus Concert, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* was performed for the first time here for several years. Mlle. Nanitz sang an air from Mozart's *Titus*, and also the series entitled "Frauenliebe und Leben." Herr Decke, from Carlsruhe, performed the Violin Concerto, No. 7, in F minor, by Spohr, and the Romance in F major, by Beethoven.

MUNICH.—Third Soirée of the Royal Vocal Chapel,—Motet, Palestrina; "Crucifixus," Lotti; Motet, J. S. Bach; three German Folks-songs, Brahms; wo Sacred Songs, Beethoven; two Madrigals, Morley, etc.—First Subscription Concert of the Musical Academy,—Overture to the *Braut von Messina*, Schumann; Pianoforte Concerto, Henselt (Herr von Bülow); Overture to *Ali Baba*, Cherubini; Fantasia on Hungarian National Melodies, Liszt; and Symphony in C major, Schubert.

PESTH. The Brothers Thern lately gave a concert, when the programme included, among other compositions, Sonata, Op. 106, in B flat major, Beethoven; Overture to *König Manfred*, Reinecke; "An die Nacht," Volkmann; and "Mazeppa," Liszt.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 10, 1869.

Music at Home.

The fortnight has been rich in good things. Among them we count two Oratorios,—one of them new, the other great; two Symphony Concerts, one on a large scale, and one on a small,—both choice; two Chamber Concerts (Listemann Quartette and Mendelssohn Quintette), besides the first of Mr. Leonhard's Piano Matinées,—all classical. Then we must add an extra (Benefit) concert of the Quintette Club, also classical; one or two Chamber Concerts of the two Conservatories; the Great Organ played by Mr. Paine, Mr. Lang, &c.,—and we think we have the list complete.

THE EASTER ORATORIOS. Mr. Costa's "Naaman" (which probably would have been called *Elisha*, but for Mendelssohn's *Elijah*) drew a large audience, but not so large as "St. Paul" the next night; it was creditably performed (considering the novelty and, withal, the strangeness), but not nearly so well, so heartily as "St. Paul," which really possessed the singers; it was enjoyed by many, after a fashion and in parts by all, but not as a whole, nor so sincerely and deeply, nor by so many as "St. Paul," which takes hold deeper down and has the hearer's soul.

"Naaman" is clever, but is not a work of genius; you would hardly expect that of the author of "Eli," the London conductor, thorough-bred, graceful musician as he is. It is pleasing—at least where the author is content to be himself and not too ambitious to keep step with the mightier ones,—but it is not great. It is frequently pathetic, sometimes imposing, oftener brilliant, but does not seem to have sprung from any strong religious sentiment, or from a deep nature, from a real inward call to write an oratorio; not from *bonâ fide* inspiration, so much as from the pardonable promptings of outward position, emulation and example. It cannot be called original, unless certain ingenious contrivances of effect in the way of orchestral illustration or intensification, dramatic surprises, &c., merit that distinction; for either the composer flows on easily in the manner native and habitual to him, which is Italian operatic, very good of that kind, although commonplace, or he labors after models like *Elijah* in too obvious imitation.

It is, however, quite dramatic (sometimes melodramatic), and herein lies perhaps its best distinction. The characterization of persons is well-considered and in the main successful. Certainly the part of the captive Jewess, Adah, the "little maid," is musically individual and charming. And it was well suited to the pure, sweet soprano and the fervent chaste, devout expression of Miss WHITTEN, who sang it beautifully. The part of the distressed Widow and the miracle of the Oil are plainly modelled after the Widow in *Elijah* and come in at the same early stage in the proceedings. Miss PHILLIPPS evidently had her own distress, that of a severe cold, so that she even sang out of tune for once, and with less force than usual, but artist-like, with true expression. She also sang the music of Timna, wife of Naaman, mostly recitative, except a solo with chorus: ("Be comforted") and the second voice in a Trio:—these more successfully; and very beautifully, touchingly and simply the Dream of the Child, the melody of which, however, is rather in the commonplace and sentimental modern English vein, somewhat ennobled by superior musicianship.

The scenes with the Shunamite woman contain some of the best and freshest music; for instance the Trio in the first part, which is in a nobler and less Italian stage style than most of the concerted pieces. There is real pathos, almost Handelian, in the air addressed to her dead son; and in all the part the clear, true, brilliant voice and excellent delivery of Miss GATES showed to great advantage. Costa has treated the part of the prophet Elisha, both in the cut of its recitative and melody and instrumental illustration, much after the manner of Mendelssohn's Elijah. Like that, it is the central figure of the Oratorio, dignified and grand, but far less interesting. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN rendered all intelligently and carefully, with artistic style, but in a somewhat dry, hard quality of tone, which seems unfortunately to grow upon him. Mr. JAMES WHITNEY, who sings always tastefully and with good feeling, lacks only strength for the unhealthy hero, Naamann, whose approach is always heralded by a sensational and pompous march in which form of writing Costa likes to indulge a turn for ingeniously eccentric instrumentation. His distressful utterances, with their feverish *agitato* accompaniment, are perhaps worthy of the subject, certainly an ill chosen one, but the music, with some fine passages, a little wearisome. The second tenor part, Gehazi, was fairly rendered by Mr. W. J. WINCH.

The most popular pieces were the two Trios and the Quartet: "Honor and Glory." These are pleasing, graceful compositions in their way, though, with the already named exception of one, they sound as if right out of the modern Italian opera;—from one of the better families thereof, which comes nearer to—Rossini? no—think of "*Di tanti Regi!*"—but one of the respectable *juste milieu*, say Costa. The Trio: "Haste! to Samaria," is bright, but trivial.

The choruses are various in character, musician-like, interesting, but they seldom rise to grandeur, nor are the most ambitious and elaborate the best. In these the parts flow less naturally and blend less genially; the intervals are difficult; and from the very fact that they were not sung with anything like the confidence and the effect to which we are accustomed in the choruses of Mendelssohn and Handel, that voices faltered and parts were faintly audible, one could infer that the music did not take hold of the singers very strongly; they could not feel it, could not give themselves away to it as in the glorious St. Paul choruses. We doubt not many of them liked the music, in details; this they might do, and yet not feel it as a whole, not be possessed with it and borne

on, heart and soul and voice, in the resistless current. There is a simple grandeur, however, in the Chorale: "When famine over Israel prevailed," which is plainly harmonized, with organ, all the orchestral voices silent except the huge bass tuba. And "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked" has a fine motive beautifully wrought out. The finale of the first part, like that in *Elijah*, is a chorus of praise and thanks for water after drought; and one must wonder how the composer could commit himself to such palpable imitation in almost all the salient particulars,—as the rush of the violins, the strange atmospheric modulations which convey the sense of moisture, &c. The chorus is skilfully wrought, graphic and exciting, but follows *longo intervallo* after "Thanks be to God who laveth the thirsty land."

The work abounds, as we have said, in striking and ingenious orchestral effects, showing great knowledge of resources, yet seeking strength and emphasis too often in barbaric brass. Several of the more melodramatic *scenes*, descriptions of miracles, &c., are quite suggestive.—On the whole, "Naaman" is the most important work of an accomplished musician, and was not unworthy to be brought out, considering that the Handel and Haydn Society could not get ready early enough in the season to take up the Passion Music of Bach or the "Israel" of Handel, and that, short of these great things, they had but little new to choose from. We shall be glad to hear "Naaman" again, for fear our first impression may not do it justice.

"St. Paul," on Sunday evening, was superbly rendered; the music seemed to carry all along with it. The choruses were sung with a will and came out full and round and strong; and the solos, by Miss HOUSTON, Miss PHILLIPPS, Mr. J. F. WINCH (Elijah) and Mr. JAMES WHITNEY, were highly satisfactory.

QUARTET MATINEES. The LISTEMANN party presented the following selection on Friday, 26th ult.

Quartet in D minor (posthumous) .... Schubert.
Allegro. Andante con moto. Scherzo. Allegro molto. Presto.
First Concerto.............................. Paganini.
Adagio and Rondo.
Mr. B. Listemann.
Trio in B flat major, Op. 97, for piano, violin, and violoncello. .... Beethoven.

The Schubert Quartet, which we have not heard for some years, is an engaging work of great originality. The mysterious and solemn theme of the variations in the Andante is the same with that of his song: "The young girl and Death." The Quartet was finely played. Mr. LISTEMANN excited great enthusiasm by his masterly playing of the Paganini solo; it was indeed admirable virtuosity.

The B-flat Trio of Beethoven,—the *great* Trio—was played by Messrs. PETERSILEA, LISTEMANN and SUCK, and did not fail to make the usual deep impression.

This was the fourth and last concert of what we trust will not prove to be the last series; for it has been a true success, and has awakened a new appetite for good classical Quartet playing.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The fourth and last Chamber Concert, Tuesday, March 30, was after this programme:

Suite in Canon Form, op. 10, for two Violins, Viola, 'Cello and Contrabass.............. Julius O. Grimm.
Allegro con brio. Andante lento. Tempo di minuetto. Allegro risoluto.
Quartet in B minor, op. 3 .... Mendelssohn.
Allegro Molto. Andante. Allegro Molto. Finale Allegro Vivace.
Miss Dutton and Club.
(2d Quintet (with two 'cellos), in G .... Boccherini.
Pastorale Amoroso and Allegro Vivace.
10th Quartet (the last) in F, op. 135 .... Beethoven.

The *Suite* by J. O. Grimm, one of the younger German composers (born in 1830, studied at Leipzig) proved an interesting novelty. It has been played of late in New York as an orchestral work, for the strings only, though the Andante was treated *as quintette*. It is a sound, vigorous composition, the movements well contrasted, never monotonous or dry, in spite of the persistency with which the *Canon* imitation is kept up through the whole. The early piano Quartet of Mendelssohn was a fortunate revival showing Miss ALICE DUTTON'S powers to good advantage.—It is pleasant to get once in a while a taste of good old Boccherini, who was writing away in Spain while Haydn wrote in Vienna, and keeping up a friendly correspondence with him. He has been called "the wife of Haydn," as Luini won the title of the wife of Leonardo. Thoroughly genial, sunny, delicate and graceful are the movements of that 62nd Quintet (he was as prolific in such works as Father Haydn himself) and they were highly relished.—The last Quartet of Beethoven did not seem to win more favor or grow any clearer upon repetition, though in the *Lento* movement everybody felt the real Beethoven.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The Extra Symphony Concert did not prove a great pecuniary aid to "The Musical Education of the Blind," although, thanks to the liberality of the Conductor, the soloists and several of the orchestra, who gave their services, it did yield something. The indifference of a public so eager all the winter for this kind of music is something unaccountable. There was, however, a goodly audience, and the concert in itself, artistically, was one of the very best of the whole season. Could it be otherwise, with that full orchestra of sixty, trained and assimilated by a whole winter's practice of such music, and with such a programme:

Symphony in G, No. 13 (first time this season) .. Haydn.
Adagio and Allegro. Largo. Minuet and Finale.
Pianoforte Concerto in E minor, Op. 11........ Chopin.

Symphony in E flat, No. 3 (second time in Boston). Schumann.
Overture to "Tannhäuser"..................... Wagner.

The sunny little Haydn Symphony in G—so great a favorite last year—welcome as the sunshine which that moment, after three days of heavy March rain, stole in to the Music Hall and played about upon the walls and bas-reliefs—made a most charming and enlivening introduction, thoughtfully tempered by one of the noblest and most soulful of Haydn's slow movements, the *Largo*. All were in the mood then to enjoy more keenly than ever the exquisite Chopin Concerto, the charm and poesy of which Mr. HUGO LEONHARD interprets so admirably. This time he left nothing to be desired.

The "Cologne" Symphony of Schumann was capitally played and made a more splendid impression than before. It was indeed a triumphant achievement, and left no one in doubt that Schumann was a man of beautiful and great ideas, and knew how to bring them clearly out, with masterly, rich illustration. This held well up to the musical climax, to the *Tannhäuser* Overture, so that its originality and brilliancy did not seem so alien and strange, as when it follows after a more quiet Symphony of Mozart or Beethoven. Throughout the whole concert the Orchestra played never better, Mr. ZERRAHN and all his forces appearing to enter with a hearty unanimity into the spirit of the music.

Mr. B. J. LANG'S first Symphony Concert, with a select Orchestra of thirty and odd instruments, at Mercantile Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, was a decided success in every respect: large and cultivated audience; fine programme (Beethoven's "Prometheus" Overture, Mozart's E flat Symphony, Mendelssohn's *Second* and *Finale* ..., played by ALICE DUTTON, and the Italian Symphony), a rendering almost perfect, under his own conductorship, thorough enjoyment, and no end of congratulations at the end. This is all that we have room to say now.

Mr. LEONHARD'S first Piano Matinee (Thursday, Fast Day) comes too late for report this week.

The following got crowded out last time:

March 19. The ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY, whose concert has thus far been deferred by the repeated illness of their director, Mr. KREISSMANN, gave on Friday evening an entertainment for the members and their friends, in Tremont Temple. The hall was full, the Maennerchor in good force and training, the solo artists all established favorites, and there was true enjoyment of the following programme:

Chorus, "Hymne an die Musik"................ Lachner.
Songs, "Dichterliebe" .... Schumann.
"Volkslieder."
Choruses, a. "Der Schweizer".................. Silcher.
b. "Der Soldat." .... "
Song, "Er der Herrlichste" .... Schumann.
Miss Addy Ryan.
Opus 22, "Andante spianato" .... F. Chopin.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
Chorus, "Schoen Rohtraut" .... Veit.
Duet, "Unter'm Fenster" .... Schumann.
Miss Addy Ryan and Mr. Kreissmann.
Chorus, "Das Rei" .... Gade.

Choruses, a. "Gondelfahrt"...................... Gade.
b. "Die Studenten" .... "
Song, "Wanderlied" .... Krebs.
Mr. Carl Schraubstaedter.
Duet, "Figaro"................................ Mozart.
Miss Addy Ryan and Mr. C. W. Langerfeldt.
Choruses, a. "Die Hoehen und Waelder" .... Abt.
b. "Abendlied" .... Kinkel.
Opus 18, "Arabeske" .... R. Schumann.
26, "Scherzino" .... "
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
Songs, "Wiegenlied" .... Banck.
"Morgengruss" .... Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "Grosses Deutsch national patriotisches Quodlibet" .... Kunz.

MR. A. P. PECK'S Annual Concert, postponed by the unfortunate illness of Mme. PAREPA ROSA, is now fixed for next Friday evening (16th), when no doubt the friends of the constant and obliging superintendent of the Hall, so serviceable on all good musical occasions there, will leave no place unfilled; for he has been kind to all of them, and he presents an army of attractions:—Miss KELLOGG, Miss PHILLIPPS, Mrs. BROCKWAY (first appearance), Sig. LOTTI and Sig. RONCONI, for singers; Mr. T. J. PRUME, a violinist of celebrity, who will be new to us; Miss ALICE DUTTON, the pianist, besides Mr. LANG, Mr. THAYER, the organist, and others.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School, under the direction of Mr. Carl Klauser, one of the best musicians in the country, who has made excellent piano forte arrangements of great orchestral works, and who edits Sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, &c., with most critical accuracy, still keeps up its reputation for good classical chamber concerts. The 37th and 38th Concert took place on the 19th and 20th ult., with the following programmes:

I.

Sonata, E flat, op. 12, No. 3 .... Beethoven.
Messrs. F. von Inten and Theo. Thomas.
Chaconne d'Espagne, Variations .... Chopin.
Mr. Theo. Thomas.
Concerto Sonata, one Movement, op. 12 .... Raff.
Messrs. F. von Inten and Theo. Thomas.
Ballade, G minor, op. 23 .... Chopin.
Mr. F. von Inten.
Sonata, D minor, op. 121, in four movements. Schumann.
Messrs. Theo. Thomas and F. von Inten.

II.

Sonata, G (Köchel, No. ...) .... Mozart.
Messrs. F. von Inten and Theo. Thomas.
Variations Serieuses, op. 54 .... Mendelssohn.
Mr. F. von Inten.
Rondo, B minor, op. 70 .... Schubert.
Messrs. F. von Inten and Theo. Thomas.
Fantasie, op. 17, 1st movement .... Schumann.
Mr. Von Inten.
Sonata, A, op. 47 (Kreutzer) .... Beethoven.

MONTREAL, CANADA.—Mr. Torrington, who made so good an impression when he played upon the Organ at the Boston Music Hall, gave a concert of sacred music on the 23d ult., in the Wesleyan Church, of which the *Gazette* says:

The programme was selected from the works of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Haydn, Weber and Rossini, the chorus of some 60 voices being generally effective. The "Hallelujah Chorus" and the Recitative Chorus "Be not afraid" (Elijah) were both well rendered. As to the latter, if we mistake not, it is the first time it has been sung here, and was very creditably given. In the Chorus "Thanks be to God" (Elijah), there was, perhaps, room for improvement in the matter of steadiness. The Soprano solo, "O Mighty Pens" (Creation), was remarkably well given by Mrs. Cheney.

In the second portion of the programme Weber's service in G was the principal feature. The Choruses were given with much precision, and the Quartets well rendered by Mrs. Caldicott, Mr. Thurston, Miss Ladd and Mr. Millar, with the exception that here and there the tenor was a little flat.

As to the organ solos, the "Adagio Cantabile" (from the Septuor) Beethoven, brought out some of the finest stops of the organ, such as the "*Cor Anglais*," "*Cremona*" and "Harmonic Flute," combined with the Gambas. The Grand Offertoire was well executed, the pedal passages being very effective. In the Overture to "William Tell," Mr. Torrington fully sustained his reputation as organist. His accompaniments to the choruses showed that the orchestration of the various pieces was fully understood by him, and the orchestral effects given. This was, perhaps, the most difficult part of the programme to render, as the musician has more difficulties to contend. We believe that Mr. Torrington was fully satisfied with the success of his concert, and we may add, the success was deserved.

The Florentine Quartet party have been winning golden opinions in Paris. We translate from *Le Menestrel*: "Never did we hear greater perfection. It is an admirable thing to see what is realized by M. Jean Becker (a German), seconded by the irreproachable instrumentalists who accompany him on the tour of Europe.

...."Becker is truly the soul of this exceptional quatuor: he spreads life and inspiration over it. Together, these four artists seem to have present an irreproachable ideal, from which nothing can lead them astray. They have known how to place it at the service of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn; they have lent it to modern masters, several of whom have figured on their programmes, and have made an excellent figure there. Certain it is that the pieces by Rubinstein and Hartog, executed not less perfectly than the others, have equally in their way left nothing to be desired.

"And, speaking of the *Presto* from M. de Hartog's *Suite*, the musical journals of Vienna tell us that it is written with the hand of a master, and would be found already upon every desk, if it were signed Mendelssohn or Schumann. The author of that *Presto* must have particularly appreciated the astonishing and definitive perfection of this marvellous 'Quatuor Florentin.'—Where will you meet such unity, such vigor! Bravo, M. Becker, and bravo, MM. Quartettists!" &c, &c.

An Oratorio by C. Ph. Emm. Bach, "The Israelites in the Desert," was lately given for the first time in Paris, at a Concert of the Protestant Society for Sacred Music. *La France* calls it a work full of science, and breathing, in several of its parts, a profoundly religious feeling.

Rossini's Solemn Mass.—The grand performance of this great work took place at the Italian Opera for the first time on Sunday last, before a most brilliant audience. The boxes were full from the roof to the pit; the *salle* was one glitter of diamonds under dazzling gaslight—one wave of silk, velvet, satin and flowers. It was certainly an imposing spectacle; still, to be sincere, this evening was not so satisfactory to a lover of Rossini as the first rehearsal in the same house on the preceding evening. Then the *salle* was as dark as catacombs, lighted only by a few lamps which served to show up the darkness, and a ray of light which, proceeding from one of the loopholes in the upper galleries, fell directly on Alboni, Krauss, Nicolini and Agnesi in front of the stage. The background was completely in the shade, and nothing stood out behind the principal artists but the marble bust of the departed maestro, crowned with a wreath of golden laurel. A few guests and musical critics had been invited, and were dispersed in different parts of the house: their presence was scarcely noticed unless they moved or changed places, and then they had the appearance of figures feeling about in mysterious cathedral shade. Although the choruses at times hesitated, though the artists often sang their parts *mezza voce*, admiration was sustained from beginning to end, and when the last piece was over, it was like going forth from a sublime reverie into another world. All present met in the outer corridors with evident traces of emotion on their faces.

The *Resurrexit* and the *Sanctus* are two splendid productions; they are truly overwhelming songs of joy; but the *Cum Sancto* and *O Salutaris* are written in the other Rossinian style; they are somewhat too graceful for sacred music, and are certainly less expressive of religious adoration than of jubilant delight. A German master would have felt and illustrated otherwise, for these two pieces heard out of this work would be called rhythmic dancing music. With this exception, the whole Mass is in keeping with the *Stabat*. The *Gratias* is superb; it is a cry of melodious gratitude. It cannot be denied that the *Kyrie* and the *Christe* are the finest things Rossini has ever composed.

At the performance on Sunday Mme. Krauss was sublime; her whole soul was thrown into her part. Alboni, who has lost none of her prestige, was listened to with admiration combined with respect, for the devotedness shown by her in reappearing before the public for the execution of the great work of her best friend. Nicolini has very little to sing in the partition. Agnesi, who was formerly a chapel-master, has now acquired through the press the reputation of the "first psalmist" in Europe. The second performance is announced for this evening.—*Paris Gazette, March* 4.

The Combined Italian Opera in London.—Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have published their scheme, from which it appears that the two companies can actually perform at the same theatre. Judging from the prospectus only, we might almost venture to say that Covent Garden had absorbed the *personnel* of her Majesty's Theatre. The announcement differs, indeed, so little from those which Mr. Gye has been in the habit of issuing, that it reads as though he had simply engaged some member of his rival's troupe. The theatre, the nights of performances, the prices, the orchestra and the stage-manager, are all the same as usual. There has been no change, we understand, either in the constitution of the band or in the terms on which they have been engaged. All the members of the orchestra have, with three exceptions, as we are informed, renewed their engagement. Nor is there any truth, apparently, in the report that the theatre is to be open every evening. There are to be four performances a week, as in former seasons. Signor Arditi is announced as one of the conductors, and Mr. Carrodus as leader of the orchestra, from which we conclude that M. Sainton has followed the example of Mr. Costa in declining an engagement. The chorus is to be selected from those of the two theatres. We should have preferred to hear that all the fresh voices collected by Mr. Mapleson had been secured, though the long practice of the Covent Garden choristers may doubtless facilitate rehearsal. Mr. Harris, the best of all stage-managers, retains his post. The list of ladies is remarkably strong. It includes Mesdames Patti, Nilsson, and Ilma de Murska for *soprani sfogati*, Lucca and Tietjens for dramatic singers, Grossi and Salchi for contralti, Vanzini and Sinico for *comprimarie*. The tenors include Mongini, Naudin, Tamberlik, who has not been here for three years, and Corsi, quite unknown in England. In baritones the company is as strong as in trebles; Mr. Santley (the most accomplished of all), Signor Graziani and Signor Cotogni being engaged. Signori Bagazioli, Tagliafico, Ciampi, Polonini and Foli make up the tale of buffo and bass singers. This list is a goodly one, but from it we miss two names. Trebelli and Mario, we can ill spare. Mlle. Grossi and Mlle. Salchi both have superb and genuine contralto voices, but neither altogether replaces the highly trained mezzo-soprano of Mme. Trebelli. We observe that Signor Corsi is put down for the *tenore leggiero* parts—such, for instance, as *Almaviva*. Without prejudice to a stranger, we may say that he must be better than most new comers, if he is to make us forget Signor Mario. A long list of operas is published, into the cast of each of which the greatest possible number of popular names are inserted. But experience warns us that such brilliant combinations necessarily prove fallacious, even when made in the best faith. Two singers are several times announced for the same character, and in two instances as many as three. The question will be which of the three shall first play *Margherita* and *Lucia*, and will the others consent to follow suit? Meanwhile, we may note the first result of a coalition in the utter absence of novelty. It is stated, it is true, that "negotiations are in progress" for the performance of M. Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," but it is rare indeed for a prospectus to be issued in which not one revival is promised. Nor is "Medea," nor "Iphigenia," nor "Il Seraglio," the three revivals which have brought Mr. Mr. Mapleson most credit, even announced. If this be the effect of monopoly, music, as an art, must gain by free trade.—*London Athenæum.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Little Bird on the Green Tree. 3. D*b* to e. *Claribel.* 30

A fortunate little bird, who has Claribel to praise him. Sweet ballad.

E ver. (So true). Romanza. 3. E to f. *Campana.* 40

A fine pathetic Italian song, with impassioned words.

Maid of the Mill. *Shirley.* 30

A wide-awake girl who serves customers with alacrity, and has her jest with each.

Trembling and cold. Serenade. 4. C minor to e. *Linder.* 35

German and English words, and music full of deep feeling.

The two Sisters. *Newcomb.* 40

Married soon we'll be. " 40

Two pretty comic songs about a young man who was in love with two sisters, and didn't know which to choose; and a fortunate young man who had just won the "belle" of the neighborhood.

The Music Scholar. *E. F. M.* 25

The Orphan. " 25

Two simple songs, one describing the trials of a music scholar, and the other plaintive.

Early Spring. 3. G to *g*. *Dora.* 30

A very sweet tribute to the season.

Instrumental.

Snow-drop. (Perce-neige). Melody variée. *Egghard.* 50

Elysian Polka. 4. A*b*. *Rehm.* 35

Original and quite powerful.

La Vie Parisienne. Potpourri. 4. *Wels.* 75

Contains many lively airs. A good resume of the opera.

Snow drift Galop. 2. G. *Coote.* 30

Simple and pretty.

Don Carlos. "Repertoire." 3. *Beyer.* 40

This rather sad-toned opera furnishes much pathetic music, a part of which, well arranged, will be found in this number of the "Repertoire."

Il Bacio. Waltz. For Brass Band. 1.00

This universal favorite cannot fail to please. Send for your sets.

Chilpéric Quad. Hervé. 3. *Knight.* 40

A number of lively airs.

Irresistible Quadrilles. 3. *Coote.* 40

Contains "The Music Master," "Bacon and Greens," "The Upper Ten," "Who's coming out for a Spree," "Joey Ladle" and "The Grasp of an Honest Man" New airs and quite taking.

Something Pretty Polka. 3. E*b*. *Cloy.* 30

Do you like it. Schottisch. 3. D. " 30

Something very pretty, by the author of "The Northern Pearl." No one can help liking both pieces.

Books.

Music to be performed at the Grand National Peace Jubilee. 50

This book contains fifteen magnificent choruses, and, independent of its particular use, is a valuable book to retain. Persons intending to hear the performances, will do well to possess books of the music.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 732. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869. Vol. XXIX. No. 3.

Gervinus on Handel and Shakespeare.

From Ferdinand Hiller's Letter to the "Kölnische Zeitung."*

May I ask permission to offer some observations on Gervinus's last book, *Handel and Shakespeare*, though that interesting work has already found an enthusiastic panegyrist in your paper? No musician should neglect reading it, since he will find nowhere else such abundant opportunities for experiencing delight, for [illegible] anger, for indulging in reflection, for being convinced and agreeing, and for passionately denying. Grand views, petty omissions, firmly based conclusions, and inward discrepancies [illegible] with each other—it would be necessary to write another book to do justice, in a certain sense, to this one. This is what I am certainly not able to do, and if I venture to adopt, in [illegible] to a man like Gervinus, a style of [illegible] which scarcely becomes me, I am [illegible] by the consciousness of feeling as a [illegible] in the history and the aesthetics of [illegible] art, [illegible] which Gervinus [illegible] in the case of that art.

The author commences with the subject of music, and its origin. *Tone* is, according to him, "the object of imitation" for musical art. Ought we not rather to regard tone as the *means* with which music works? But, by tone, Gervinus understands, as we shall presently see, not acoustically measured tone, but [illegible] (*Schall und Klang*), and, above all, the accent of the feelings in the discourse.

The period when man possibly worked his way from scarcely articulated emotional [illegible] to speech, and to song, has always afforded an opportunity for all sorts of hypotheses. Did he, as Lucretius and Gervinus assume, learn anything from singing birds? Did [illegible] that led to song, which, more than anything else, should express human feelings, we should much rather seek in the imitation [illegible] the origin of instrumental virtuosity. One of the oldest records of mankind speaks of instrumental music, which is so strongly impugned by Gervinus. In the fourth chapter of the first Book of Moses we read: "And his brother's name was Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." In what grey antiquity are the fathers of those who compose our orchestras lost! It is a pity that the [illegible], properly speaking, of the [illegible] was not worth much!

Man himself is the most perfectly constructed singing bird, and the throat of no nightingale can be compared with that of a Sontag or of a Malibran. A question of far greater importance, however, would be whether an antediluvian "Jodeler" required a "Schnaderhüpfel" on which to compose his singsong, and whether he invented the words and the tune at the same moment, or whether, like the lark, he poured forth his voice freely over hill and dale. If the last was possible (Prof. Vogt must be consulted on this point), we obtain for music an absolute basis, which no philosophy and no aesthetics can overthrow.

For Gervinus, however, "emphasis is the mother of language;" on the medieval maxim [illegible] [illegible]," reposes, he asserts, "the entire system of musical aesthetics." He proceeds to explain at length, in the most eloquent manner, how the strongly accentuated and vividly modulated delivery of a speaker contains in itself a kind of music, and, hence, that music has not really to invent anything new, but merely to master the current emotions in speech, in order to attain its ends. To meet the objection that, in this manner, musical art could attain only to recitative, but never to a rounded melody, or less to a piece of musical composition, he has first recourse to the history of national art, commencing with the music of the Greeks. The Greeks! what artist's heart does not beat more strongly on hearing that name! And what Gervinus says so beautifully about the way in which their life was permeated by art, and about the naturally perfect unity of the [illegible], [illegible] with yearning, and almost with [illegible]. Will there ever arise another public in the world such as the public of Athens probably was? Hardly, for some time—neither in Germany, France, England, or anywhere else. With regard to art, the civilized peoples of the world at present, while separated [illegible] are from each other, are united in one homogeneous nation [illegible] of [illegible].

What the learned authors say of the music of the Greeks [illegible] in reality of the least, is [illegible] to the musician, but [illegible] what we have been taught from our youth upwards, that [illegible] in [illegible] poetry, round which it twined, as the ivy twines round the oak. Who would [illegible] that the most elevated poetry, with [illegible] beautiful tones, produced the most extraordinary effect upon the [illegible]? But what [illegible] we willingly believe in it, but [illegible]. Our [illegible], which, it is true, owes its origin to the attempt to revive Greek [illegible], has, [illegible] many other [illegible], for its [illegible], [illegible] which the Ancients were not acquainted. Gervinus, who [illegible] high position to recitative, appears [illegible] the enormous importance of [illegible] in the [illegible], when he ascribes the grand [illegible] to the purely declamatory [illegible] asserts that it can attain [illegible] without extraneous means.

[illegible] new and important historical [illegible] by those of the learned Ambros, Gervinus gives us a summary of the [illegible] [illegible] in the Middle Ages, the [illegible] being interspersed with extremely clever [illegible] and delicate [illegible] of the most [illegible] to Palestrina, when he [illegible] that composer. Yet this is precisely [illegible] at which the basis of the author's system of musical aesthetics proves [illegible]. We will assume that the [illegible] in the works of the old Roman school sung [illegible] simply, nobly, and expressively, but in the closest connection with the accent of the words, yet with this their pure, grand effect had nothing to do. That effect is to be sought in the wonderful manner in which the different parts [illegible] with each other, in the mystically sublime and [illegible] harmonies which they form, in the expression of the Eternal and endless resulting from this succession of sounds without a division, and [illegible] unattainable by single strains, however full of soul and [illegible]. The words of the text, when sung, are, even for the best Latin scholars, mostly unintelligible, as each voice sings different ones. If we make ourselves acquainted with them, we [illegible] their influence only in the most general features of the composition. If Gervinus succeeded in building up dramatic music, then in course of development, entirely upon his theory of accent, he would have to leave on one side a whole separate branch of art, complete in itself, and of which Palestrina must be regarded as the highest representative. But this cannot very well be done.

We come to the folk's song, to which an interesting section is devoted. Its age, its application, and employment are discussed, the magnificence of its melody is extolled, and the author then makes the assertion: "The movement of the feelings is the generating and creative power in melody as in all music." Here then we have the confession that a musical thought can flow freely from the soul of an inspired composer; but, with an interrupted cadence, the author quickly modulates back again to the *words*, and concludes with melody that has grown out of natural emphasis" instead of the primitively generated melody. "A single strophe in a folk's song once put him on the track of the intellectual foundation of [illegible]." This is doubly interesting, for nothing is [illegible] to prove his views than this very [illegible] folk's song. The same folk's melody serves not only for the various strophes of the same [illegible] but serves in its entirety for different [illegible]. [illegible] words in the latter are [illegible] with tolerable grammatical correctness, but those most incongruent in sense have frequently the greatest stress. With the more [illegible] of feeling, such as art-music offers, [illegible] exceedingly unusual to meet. What [illegible] in beautiful [illegible] process, the fresh [illegible] of thought, that appears to have [illegible] a moment [illegible]. If not [illegible] which [illegible] is still at the [illegible] the case with the Italian [illegible], it might then serve as a kind of metrical [illegible] was [illegible] at the same [illegible], certainly in exceptional [illegible].

The course of development through which, as we know, the branches of dramatic music (opera [illegible]), and the progress of instrumental [illegible] and of instrumental music, [illegible] the matter of the following sections. As the author does not make the slightest pretension [illegible] but simply [illegible] ideas from what has [illegible], it must be my task to reproduce [illegible] these ideas of [illegible]. The perfected imitation, the [illegible] expression of feelings [illegible] by which music is enabled to perform what it [illegible], namely, to represent [illegible] world of these feelings. But it is only by words that it obtains [illegible]; separated from them, it [illegible]. Instrumental music can [illegible] the capability of expression [illegible] by words when sung—but purely instrumental music find no justification before aesthetic reason: it can, at most, only possess a technical interest for musicians and connoisseurs. Handel is the composer who has fulfilled all the requirements of musical art more completely than any other. No other has produced so much that is [illegible], beautiful, and perfect, as he. All the aesthetics of musical art may be developed from him: from him may examples be drawn of all that musical art can do, and ought to do. This, unless I am mistaken, is the quintessence of all the views propounded by Gervinus.

Many objections may, I think, be raised to this. Above all, it must again be asserted that man received from Nature the gift and the impulse to express himself musically, without being urged thereto by words, and without leaning on them for support. We sing as loudly as our throat permits, and with our whole soul, because our soul yearns, and our throat is formed to sing. Thus the first place in man's love will always be assigned to vocal music, not because, borne by the words, it creates, as it were, a body, for impalpable feelings, but because in it the beautiful world of tone is opened up to us by that organ which, being a piece of ourselves, moves us more sympathetically than any other. This joy in the shapes of the world of tone, as such, the shuddering paroxysms, perhaps never to be explained, of emotion, of lofty feeling, and of ecstasy, into which they plunge us, constitute the foundations

* Translated for the London Musical World.

of our relations to that world. The musically Beautiful affects us, as such, as that clever writer, Dr. Hanslick, has admirably put it in his much discussed work, though he has not, perhaps, done full justice to the capability of expression possessed by musical art. Let any one observe, without prejudice, himself and others. Whether we listen to the naive folk's song, or whether Handel's "Hallelujah," borne upwards on a thousand voices, greets our ears, it is, in the first place, the charm of a melodic bird, scarcely opened, and, in the latter, the power and magnificence of the united elements of the entire world of tone, that charms or inspires us. That in the one instance we have to do with a simple swain's sweetheart, and in the other with the Kingdom of Heaven, has no share in the first, immediate, impression produced on us; that impression is purely musical in its nature, and would not fail to make itself felt, even if we did not, or could not, understand the words.

(To be continued).

Christine Nilsson in Paris.

BY PARKE GODWIN.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post].

Paris, March 25, 1869.

There has been a little musical war here, not so violent as that which formerly raged between the Gluckites and the Piccinists, when the two schools of German and Italian music were struggling for the ascendency, but very much of the same nature. The French, I must premise, are not originally a musical people, that is, in the sense in which the Italians and Germans, and even the Spaniards, are musical. If they were, that most stupendous of all architectural abortions, intended as the world's consummate temple of music, the new opera house, would not be permitted to cumber the ground for a week. Mr. Hausmann, who pulls down whole blocks of buildings with the facility of a monsoon, would have demolished it long since. If they were, the lateral façades of that edifice, adorned with busts and medallions of the great composers, would not have exhibited so few French names in the midst of so many that are either German or Italian. Boieldieu, Halévy, Hérold and Auber are almost the only immortals that the French have to put beside the Pergoleses, the Cimarosas, the Rossinis, the Bellinis, the Haydns, the Bachs, the Mozarts, the Meyerbeers, the Mendelssohns and the Beethovens of other nations.

In consequence of this want of an original aptitude for music, it has become very much a matter of mere fashion. The enormous afflux of strangers in Paris, who come hither mainly to be amused, and who spend money lavishly on all forms of amusement, naturally attracts also a swarm of performers and artists, who consider a Parisian success as the final *cachet* of eminence, as a passport to success everywhere else. Jenny Lind, who had as much respect for herself as a woman as she had of veneration for her art, never would consent to submit her claims to so incompetent a tribunal. She never sang in Paris, and nevertheless managed to achieve a tolerable fame in the world. Few artists, however, can afford to be as independent as Jenny Lind was, and therefore they are compelled to go through the ordeal of a Parisian judgment. If they fail in it, they fancy themselves relegated forever to the lower ranks of the profession, if not wholly excluded from it; while success in it is regarded as the very stamp and signet of an unchallengeable excellence. Of course there is an immense strife for this so potent matriculation, and no end of rivalries and combats and intrigues among the candidates for its prizes and awards. "God grant me," says Victor Hugo, in one of his Prefaces, "proper repentance for having exposed the virgin obscurity of my name and person to the snares and squalls and tempests of the theatre, and above all to the wretched broils of the *coulisses;* for having entered into that most fitful, foggy, stormy atmosphere, where ignorance dogmatizes, where envy hisses, where cabal reigns or crawls, where the probity of talent is so often unrecognized, where the noble candor of genius is so generally displaced, where mediocrity triumphs by reducing superiority to its own level; in short, where there are so many little men for one great man, so many nullities for each Talma, so many myrmidons for each Achilles." Hugo has had no reason to be displeased with his own career as a dramatist, and his description is, on that account, all the more trustworthy and sincere.

The young Swedish singer, Miss Nilsson, has just gone through one of these periodical Parisian flurries of jealousy and intrigue, and as she proposes visiting the United States soon, it may perhaps entertain your readers to have some account of the affair. Miss Nilsson, being from the North, as you are aware, and a perfectly simple hearted and pure-minded young woman, does not so readily appeal to the French imagination, as a more sprightly, coquettish and easy going child of the South would. She is as severe in her personal deportment as she is conscientious in her practice of her art. For several years she was permitted to sing here, at the Lyrique, a minor establishment, without attracting much attention from the native public. Her exquisite and flexible voice was admired, and the genuineness of her acting admitted; but she was nevertheless kept in second parts, while Mme. Carvalho took the first. The decided success, however, she won in London last June (where, you may remember, she, our own Kellogg, and Tietjens, entered the lists against Patti and Lucca) brought her more prominently forward in Paris. She was engaged for the Grand Opera, and her performances during the summer of the part of *Ophelia*, in a very poor opera called "Hamlet," secured her the leading place for the winter. *Ophelia* was so genuine and beautiful a creation that the most cynical of the critics were compelled to confess its merits, while the public thronged the parterres and the boxes. It was an unquestionable success, but not, I think, a success which amounted to an enthusiasm. The Americans, Germans and English went a little wild perhaps; but the French admiration was rather tepid than fervent—an approval extorted by undeniable merit more than a spontaneous outbursting delight.

In this state of feeling, it was determined by the management to bring out the opera of Faust, and to assign the part of *Margaret* to Nilsson. The opera had already been performed at the Lyrique, where Mme. Carvalho had produced a very favorable impression by her rendering of the principal female figure; and Nilsson, with a delicacy and generosity that is characteristic of her, offered to leave the part to her predecessor. But this the management would not listen to, and she accordingly undertook the rather ungrateful task of appearing in a part of which another had already formed the ideal in the public mind. She undertook it, however, as she does everything, with a determination to give it her own way—after the models that her own artistic genius and instincts might dictate, and not the accepted formulas. A careful student of German literature, she strove to realize the conception which Goethe had in his own mind, that of a pure, artless, simple, unsophisticated German girl, suddenly dazzled and seduced into crime, and then abandoning herself to a remediless remorse and despair; and she has done it with a wonderful truthfulness of general form as well as of fidelity in detail. In person, expression, mien, dress, everything, she seems as if she had just stepped out of one of Ary Scheffer's pictures or of Kaulbach's drawings. She is the impersonation of unsuspecting purity—guileless, sweet, candid, modest and self-restrained—but with a tinge, perhaps, of melancholy in her face and bearing, as if the gentle mirror of her soul already reflected the dark shadows of evil gathering about her, and soon to wrap her away in storm and darkness and death.

I know not whether the French have been taught to believe that Margaret was an alert city maiden with the manners of a soubrette, or of a Parisian shop-girl; but this conception of the character did not please them. They accused Nilsson of coldness, of want of animation, of monotony of tone; in short, of nothing less than a signal failure. One of the more brutal critics went so far as to announce her *debut* in it as "a splendid triumph—for Mme. Carvalho." Another intimated that she ought to be withdrawn after so time and lifeless a performance. Even the ordinarily stately and dignified *Revue des Deux Mondes* lent itself to the task of depreciation and found fault with her voice (which is incomparably fine) as with her general realization of the *role*. But the verdict was by no means unanimous. Theophile Gautier of the *Journal Officiel*, one of the most competent judges, was extremely eulogistic, and M. Ernest Feydeau, of the *Revue Nationale*, than whom there is no more capable and independent writer, battled manfully in her behalf. The latter, indeed, has written an eloquent and discriminating appreciation of her genius, which I will translate and send you as soon as it appears. All the Germans and Americans, and many of the English—all those, indeed, of every nation who appreciate the original creation of Goethe—upheld and applauded the rendering of the young Swede. Their opinion was expressed by the critic of *Galignani*, who averred that although he had seen every prominent singer in Europe, who had essayed the part, Nilsson alone had reached the spiritual and lovely conception of the poet. This has, at length, become the settled judgment, and a consequence of the little uproar has been, that for all the remaining nights of her engagement—twenty or more—not a box, not a stall, hardly a place to stand upon, is to be had for love or money, while Nilsson is in such demand for private concerts that she has scarcely a night to herself or for rest. A completer triumph over prejudice, ignorance and rivalry has never been achieved by an artist.

While I am speaking of the subject of Art, will you allow me, by the way, to commend to your readers a new publication devoted to the general subject—*La Revue Internationale*—which promises a more intelligent, disinterested and independent consideration of the subject than is commonly found in that class of magazines.

Music in the Public Schools of Boston.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 14).

The account of the nature, manner and extent of popular musical instruction in Bavaria (the country in which Mr. Eichberg received his own early musical education) is so full and so interesting that we copy it entire:

"In no part of Germany," says Mr. Eichberg, "does music receive more attention than in Bavaria and in Bavarian schools. By Royal decree, dated 29th September, 1866, concerning the education of teachers, their musical studies are fixed as follows:

FIRST COURSE.

"(A) *Singing*—General rules for the cultivation of the voice, breathing, position of mouth and body. Practice of major and minor scales, general musical theory, practice of intervals and singing of short songs within the diatonic scale.

(B) *Piano.*—Knowledge of the key board, notes and measures, five notes finger exercises, easy major and minor scales.

Books to be used—*Piano Method*, by Wohlfahrt, Part I.; finger exercises by A. Schmitt, one hundred exercises by Czerny and Enkhausen's first Beginning.

(C) *Violin Playing.*—Position of the body. Practice of scales and intervals.

Book used.—Hohmann's Violin School, Part I.

SECOND COURSE.

"(A) *Singing*—Practice of more difficult intervals. Use of accidents. Singing of two-part songs for soprano and alto. Attention to be given to correct breathing.

(B) *Piano*—More difficult scales in two octaves, continuation of Czerny's one hundred exercises and Wohlfahrt's Piano method.—Sonatas by Mozart and Haydn.

(C) *Violin.*—All the scales in Hohmann II.

(D) *Harmony.*—Intervals. Theory of consonances and dissonances. Major and minor triads and connection of the same. Playing the perfect cadences by heart, in every way.

THIRD COURSE.

"(A) *Singing*—The preceding exercises have en-

bled the pupils (unless hindered by mutation of voice) to assist in the church choirs.

"For Catholic institutions the practice of easy Latin or German masses is required; for Protestant institutions the practice of easy motets by Rink or Drobisch, as also the chorals of moderate difficulty from the Bavarian Church Melody Book, by Zahn.

(B) *Piano.*—Practice of Bertini, op. 29. Running passages by Czerny. Sonatas by Haydn, Clementi and Mozart. Four hand exercises by Bertini.

(C) *Organ.*—Explanation of the pedals and the various stops. Practice of simple cadences.

Book used.—Rink's first three months on the organ.

(D) *Violin.*—Progressive practice of exercises and duets. Hohmann's Book III. Practice of violin-parts from works by Michael Haydn, Mozart and others.

(E) *Harmony.*—Inversion of triads and their connection with triads. Chords of Seventh. Book used, Foerster's Examples I. The conducting of church music being among the duties of school teachers, pupils of the preparing school should now get acquainted with the use and nature of the several stringed and wind instruments, as afterwards, when in the seminary, but little time can be given for this purpose. Nevertheless the study of these instruments is not obligatory on the pupils.

"The plan of lessons for the Preparing School is as follows:

COURSE I. AND II.

Religious Instruction	3 hours per week.	
German Language	6	" "
Arithmetic	4	" "
Geography	2	" "
History	2	" "
Natural History	2	" "
Calligraphy	2	" "
Drawing	2	" "
Music	6	" "
	—	
	29	

"Religious Instruction, the study of the German Language, of Arithmetic and of Music are considered the principal branches, insufficient progress in either of which entails with it the repetition of the course. But if insufficiency in music is owing to lack of talent and not of industry, no repetition of the course is necessary.

PART II.

SEMINARIES FOR TEACHERS.

Chapter 10.—M[illegible]

COURSE I.

"(A) *Singing.*—[illegible] of choral singing. Practice of Psalm melodies, antiphones, and other Church songs. Practice of [illegible] part chorals, with the organ accompaniment played by the student.

(b) *Protestant Seminaries.*—Learning by heart of chorals, from the Bavarian Choral Book for the Protestant Church. Zahn's harmonization of chorals, for male voices; also, the four part songs, by J. Rietz.

(B) *Piano.*—School of velocity, by Czerny. Organ lessons to be [illegible] on the piano.

(C) *Organ.*—Review of the lessons from the preparing school. Use of pedals. Preludes by Rink and others. Protestants to practice the whole of the Bavarian Melody-Book, as also preludes, by Herzog and Ett.

(D) *Violin.*—Hohmann, Book IV. Review of previous studies. Practice in orchestral playing.

(E) *Harmony.*—Theory of connected chords of the seventh and their inversions. Prolongations, their inversions. Organ point. Playing of figured basses. Forster's Examples B. II. and III.

COURSE II.

"(A) *Singing.*—*P*[illegible] *S*[illegible]—Church Songs of the 16th and 17th centuries by Zahn. Volks Klaenge, for male voices, by Erk. Sacred choruses, for male voices, by W. Greef.

(B) *Piano.*—To be considered as a preparatory study for the organ. The more advanced students to practice sonatas by Beethoven, and Clementi's Gradus ad Parnassum.

(C) *Organ.*—*Protestant Seminaries.*—J. S. Bach's chorals, for four mixed parts, as preparation for the more difficult preludes. Study of the larger preludes and chorals, by Herzog and Ett. Extemporaneous preludes. System of ancient tonalities.

(D) *Violin.*—Hohmann, Part V. By diligent practice the student ought to acquire the capability of playing the first violin part of orchestral works, by Haydn and Mozart, correctly.

(E) *Harmony.*—Theory of modulations, den[illegible]

sirable by the student, but [illegible] at the [illegible] ator. [illegible] harmonization of chorals [illegible] given subjects. The study of the other instruments, without being obligatory, is advised. The [illegible] advanced students are to practice orchestral playing once a week. The practice of secular dance music is forbidden.

"Religious Instruction, German Language, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Theory of Teaching and Music are to be considered the principal branches; the other branches secondary.

"The following is the division of hours in the Royal Bavarian Seminaries for Teachers, both courses being equal:

Religious Instruction	3 hours per week.	
German Language	4	" "
Arithmetic and Mathematics	[illegible]	" "
Geography	1	" "
History	2	" "
Natural History	2	" "
Science of Teaching	5	" "
Natural Philosophy	2	" "
Drawing	2	" "
Music	6	" "
	—	
Total	[illegible]	" "

"The following is a [illegible] at the annual examinations:

Natural Talent.	*Moral Conduct.*
I. Very great.	Very praiseworthy.
II. Good.	Praiseworthy.
III. Sufficient.	Satisfactory.
IV. Little.	Not [illegible]
[illegible]	*P*[illegible]
I. Very great.	Very great.
II. Good.	Good.
III. Sufficient.	Sufficient.
IV. Unsatisfactory.	Unsatisfactory.

"A [illegible] S[illegible] must have received [illegible] No. III [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] Pr[illegible] M[illegible] S[illegible] [illegible] R[illegible] M[illegible] W[illegible] [illegible] A[illegible] B[illegible] M[illegible] W[illegible] G[illegible] M[illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] D[illegible] W[illegible] [illegible] M. T. G. [illegible] is the B[illegible]

"[illegible] is not merely tolerated, [illegible] pupils with the [illegible] Rheinberger, all the [illegible] Seminary [illegible] the preparation of large works, and [illegible] Haydn's oratorio, 'Creation,' and Spohr's cantata, 'Our Saviour's Last Moments,' performed solely by the seminarists and select pupils of the public schools,—including solo parts, choruses and the full orchestra.

"Such results speak for themselves, and to the honor of the venerable music school which brought all this about.

"I was present, by invitation, at the musical examination of [illegible] to the seminary, and when it is taken into consideration that it comprised singing, organ, violin and piano, some short comings in any of these branches will not be wondered at. The choral and orchestral forces of the seminary [illegible] composed as above stated of seminarists and pupils of the public schools, meet, assisted by the music teachers, twice a week for the practice of oratorios and symphonies. The public are admitted to these

ex[illegible] M[illegible] B[illegible]

"No [illegible] the [illegible] Bavarian [illegible] the [illegible] of L. [illegible] selections from cantatas, motets or masses within their [illegible]

"The course of my investigations," adds Mr. Eichberg, "led me to visit other [illegible] cities in Germany and elsewhere, but the results of my observations are not of sufficient importance to be added to this already lengthy report."

In conclusion Mr. Eichberg calls the attention of the Committee to some points of interest, of a practical nature, suggested by his observations and experience. [illegible] of which, as [illegible] the interests of the branch of instruction under the [illegible] charge in the Girls' High and Normal School [illegible], we quote from his report [illegible]:

"[illegible] of the most experienced class [illegible] to make the lessons successful, the classes must be so limited in numbers as to [illegible] pupil's voice, ear and [illegible]. This is not possible [illegible] sixty to seventy [illegible] No music [illegible] proceed [illegible] results [illegible] more or less successful. It [illegible] classes that the pupils [illegible] musical [illegible] If [illegible] of the [illegible] Hoo[illegible] S[illegible] department which has [illegible] musical instruction, a strict [illegible] of the classes is of urgent necessity.

"[illegible] Music Committee that the [illegible] the Boston Girls' High and Normal School [illegible] schools shall [illegible] assist the special music [illegible] lessons with [illegible] the [illegible] theoretical [illegible] their voice, [illegible] It [illegible] writer's [illegible] honorable committee, yet [illegible] present [illegible] I [illegible]

"The following is a list of [illegible] selected by Mr. Eichberg, as [illegible] is added to the Appendix [illegible] Report:

1. *[illegible] F. [illegible]*—On Singing and Instruction in Schools.

2. *[illegible] L[illegible]*—D[illegible] for Instruction in Singing in the Public Schools.

3. *[illegible] G. [illegible]*—Fundamental Principles for a Method of Instruction in Singing in the Public Schools.

4. *[illegible] E[illegible] H[illegible]*—On Organs of the Human Voice[illegible] (Cultivation, etc.)

5. *[illegible] H[illegible]*—Singing Method for Male and Female Pupils.

6. *L[illegible] H[illegible]*—Preparatory Instruction in Singing; Practical Guide to Singing by Rote.

7. *L[illegible] H[illegible]*—Elementary Course of Singing after a Rational Method.

8. *Henry L[illegible]*—Rudiments of Music.

9. *C. H. [illegible]*—Popular Refrains (*[illegible]*).

10. *[illegible] H[illegible]*—Guide to Rudimentary Musical Theory.

11. *H. K. [illegible]*—Practical Singing School, in five books [illegible] Songs.

12. *[illegible] K[illegible]*—Thirty-two three part Juvenile [illegible]

13. *[illegible] T[illegible]*—Song-Book for the High Male and Female Schools [illegible]

14. *[illegible]*—[illegible] School Teachers Royal Bavarian Order, S[illegible] 24, 18[illegible]

15. *L[illegible]*—Chronological List of Musical and Literary Works.

16. *Ludwig Erk.* Hundred School Songs (*three numbers*).

17. *Ludwig Erk.* German Song Garden, collection of one, two, three and four part songs for Female Schools (*two numbers*)

18. *Erk Brothers and W. Greef.* Singers' Grove (Collection of Songs (*three numbers*)

19. *Erk Brothers and W. Greef.* Collection of one and two part songs (*three books*).

20. *Erk Brothers and W. Greef.* Liederkranz (*three books*).

21. *Erk Brothers and W. Greef.* Singing Birds (*six numbers*).

22. *Erk Brothers.* Merry Songs for mixed voices (*two books*).

23. *Ludwig Erk.* Treasure of German Song.

24 *Erk Brothers and W. Greef.* Siona, choral and other Sacred Songs (*two numbers*).

25. *Ludwig Erk.* Song Blossoms for mixed voices (*five numbers*).

26. *Cherubini.* Three-part Song, "Blanche of Provence," with accompaniment of organ.

27. *A. Rubinstein.* The Water Fairy,—Female Chorus with alto solo.

28. *Franz Liszt.* Christmas Carol, for three female voices.

29. *H. Marschner.* Five three-part Songs.

30. *Robert Schumann.* Three-part Song (No. 2).

31. *Ferd. Hiller.* Eight Songs for three female voices (No. 2).

32. *M. Hauptmann.* Twelve canons for three soprano voices (*two books*).

33. *Radecke.* Evening Bells—Duet with female chorus.

34. *Radecke.* Three Terzetts, without accompaniment.

35. *Reissiger.* Three hymns for three parts.

36. *J. Stern.* Fairy Questions.

37. *R. Eisner.* Terzett "Spring's Blue Ribbon."

38. *R. Eisner.* Sweet Airs Awakening.

39. *B. Klein.* Six Terzetts.

All the above named works, together with Mr. Eichberg's report, have been placed in the hands of the Music Committee, and are now in the custody of the City Auditor for future reference and use.

Rossini's Messe Solennelle.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

With the half-affected modesty peculiar to him, Rossini called his latest work *petite*. The term will not hold. Neither in dimensions nor in character is the *Messe Solennelle* a little thing. In sacred music it is its author's masterpiece. Written at Passy in 1863, this work was first performed on March 13, 1864, at the house of Count Pillet-Will, before an invited audience of some 250 persons. The Sisters Marchisio, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Agnesi were soloists, the Conservatoire pupils acted as chorus; MM. Mathias, Peruzzi (pianofortes) and Lavignac (harmonium) accompanied, and M. Jules Cohen conducted. A lively writer in *Le Figaro* gives us a glimpse of the banker's salon while the performance is taking place. We see Rossini turning over for M. Mathias, with Carlotta Marchisio on his right, and her sister Barbara on his left. In a corner sits Auber, calmly listening, and whenever the music ceases, chatting with Marin, who stands leaning upon the back of his chair. Meyerbeer is near Rossini, applauding with vigor, moving restlessly upon his seat, "like St. Lawrence upon his gridiron," and once jumping up to embrace the hero of the occasion; while behind him Duprez shows what are called *son torse d'Hercule et sa face Rabelaisienne*. The work, as then performed, had a success great enough to bring upon Rossini one of his rare fits of industry, and he promptly scored it for full orchestra. Why he did not publish it is hard to tell. Assuredly nobody has benefited by the delay, save, perhaps, Mme. Rossini, whose sale of the Mass to M. Strakosch quickly followed her husband's death.

From the *Stabat* to the *Messe Solennelle* is a long stride in the direction of orthodox religious music. Rossini once told Ferdinand Hiller that he wrote the former *mezzo serio*, and never intended it for public use. However this may have been, we know that just then the master had not forgotten his old vocation. There is truth in the familiar criticism that he introduced the theatre to the sanctuary. His *Mother of Sorrows* weeps in the glare of footlights before a property cross. The man must be bold who would now say a word against the *Stabat* as music, but as religious music it is safe to assert that the religious element is in great part wanting. Happily Rossini did not pass away without showing himself able to supply this lacking feature. In nothing is the *Messe Solennelle* so remarkable as in the sacred dignity of style to which it here and there attains. While permitting us to recognize the master with whom everybody is familiar, it shows him partially clad in the sober garments of a Church composer. With undoubted Rossinianism is mixed up that which we did not before know to be Rossinian at all. The latter is a genuine surprise, and almost justifies Paris for raving about one particular fugue as though no such thing had ever before been written. It is strange, indeed, to see the man whose early breaking away from contrapuntal studies foreshadowed the character of his music, and who lived to flood the world with melody, at the last producing a work rich in scientific devices. The composer of *Semiramide* and *Cenerentola* a writer of fugues and double canons!—such is the revelation of the *Messe Solennelle*. At least one good result will follow. Those who say Rossini was a mere maker of tunes from necessity rather than from choice must forever hold their peace. To such detractors *Guillaume Tell* and the *Stabat* were severe blows. The Mass completes what those works began. It proves that had Rossini chosen he might have taken his place with the greatest scholastic writers. The proof comes late, and its cogency may lie more in the advance shown than in the point reached, but the question of ability is settled. We have already intimated that a good deal of the Mass is in its composer's familiar style. Yet even here, certain exceptions apart, we recognize unusual elevation and dignity, while the entire work shows that, at seventy-two, Rossini made a serious effort to write music worthy of the highest object to which music can be applied. As now published the *Mass* consists of fourteen numbers, including an "O Salutaris" not heard at the first performance, having since been made part of the work. With the instinct of an operatic composer, Rossini has freely used the solo voices. Out of thirteen vocal numbers six are devoted exclusively to them, and they are also largely employed in conjunction with the chorus. Few will complain of this, since it answers concert-room purposes not less than it increases effect. As a work of constructive skill the Mass has at least one fault. Like Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, it begins in one key and ends in another. Apart from this, the general design is excellent, and its carrying out is marked by novel features of a special value.

The "Kyrie" (A minor), divided into two parts after a common fashion, begins with eight bars of instrumental prelude, chiefly remarkable for an agitated bass, which is a striking feature of the number. The voices enter successively in imitation, but the contrapuntal character of the opening bars is not sustained, and we soon recognize the sensuous harmonist of the *Stabat*. The movement, however, is extremely interesting, and, sung *sotto voce* nearly throughout, has an impressive effect. In the "Christe" (C minor) Rossini altogether changes his style. It is a short double canon on the octave for voices alone, such as might have been written by the most facile of early Italian masters. Noting its ingenuity and the easy flow of its parts, one would imagine the composer had devoted years to musical scholastics. This finished, the "Kyrie" is resumed in C major, with an amplification in A major, in which key it ends. The six numbers of the "Gloria" make one complete design admirable in its unity. A brief, vigorous, and broadly harmonized *allegro* (F major) proclaims "Gloria in excelsis Deo," and is followed by an *andantino* of peculiar construction, because built almost wholly upon alternate tonic and subdominant chords, which pass by abrupt modulations from key to key. The effect is strange and somewhat forced. It is such, in fact, as we should have looked for in a work by M. Gounod rather than in one by Rossini. But the master reasserts himself in the "Gratias" (A major), a trio for contralto, tenor, and bass. A melody of true Rossinian beauty is given out by the last-named voice and successively taken up by the others. Repeated in full harmony, it yields place to a second subject not less marked by elegant treatment. That this number will have an immense popularity we do not doubt, nor will we say that it does not deserve popularity even as religious music. At any rate it is the perfection of graceful and expressive writing. The "Domine Deus" is a long and ambitious tenor solo in D major, for which, effective though it be when well sung, we do not predict the triumph of "Cujus animam." It is melodious, but its themes are somewhat trite. The French critics have almost unanimously passed over this air, and we shall not accuse them of injustice. But they dwell long and lovingly upon the "Qui tollis," a duet in F minor for soprano and contralto. "*Le 'Qui tollis,'* says M. Jouvin of the *Figaro*, "*nous ouvre le monde des anges. Quelle mélodie! quelle sonorité!*" and, addressing a votary of strict church music who is supposed to ask, "*Suis-je sur terre ou dans les cieux?*" he exclaims, "*Vous êtes sur terre, mais dans cette contrée où Dieu plaça son Eden, et le pommier de notre mère Eve porte, non des pommes, mais des mélodies.*" Beneath this extravagance there is, however, not a little of truth. The "Qui tollis" is a beautiful creation. Clearly the work of him who wrote "Quis est homo," it is more elevated in style and expression than that famous duet. There are few things in music more intensely earnest than its plea for mercy, and few changes more happy than that into the tonic major, which well depicts the clearing away of doubt and fear. We might say something about the "Quoniam," an elaborate bass air in A major, were it not followed and overshadowed by the "Cum sancto." Taking thought for unity, Rossini commences the latter with the short *allegro* which opens the "Gloria." This leads to the fugue (F major) already mentioned as having set Paris by the ears. We are apt to over-estimate an unexpected good, and it was natural for the French critics to exhaust their copious vocabulary of praise in this instance. Here are some of the expressions used:—"*Page monumentale,*" "*une page Michelangelesque,*" "*une page sublime,*" "*monument colossal,*" "*quelle fugue, grand Dieu! Depuis qu'il y a sur la terre des fugues et des fuguistes, on n'en eut jamais de pareille.*" These terms are but a little too strong for what is really a great and noble effort. Truly, the "maker of melodies" was a maker of melodies and something more. He here works his subject with the ease of an accomplished fuguist and with admirable effect. Moreover, he appears thoroughly in love with his task. When a dominant pedal ushers in a long *diminuendo* and as long a succession of rich and solid harmonies, the master seems drawing to an end. Not so, however; a few bars before coming back to the tonic a *crescendo* begins, and upon a full close the fugue starts again as vigorously as ever, finishing at length with a magnificent *coda*, heralded by the voices alone repeating "Gloria in excelsis."

The "Credo" (E major) shows even greater felicity of design than its predecessor. As a rule this part of a mass consists of several movements, each distinct in itself. Rossini's "Credo" is also in several movements, but each is closely associated with the rest, and the act of faith is kept well before the mind by a frequent repetition in full chorus of the word "Credo." Nothing could be better as a matter of construction or effect. As far as "Consubstantialem Patri" passages of a dignified character are given to soli and chorus, with repetitions in various keys. A short double canon on the octave follows, after which the story of the Incarnation is grandly told, the long silence at its close, broken only by fitful chords from the orchestra, being one of the master's most impressive devices. In the air for soprano, "Crucifixus" (A flat major), a profound sensation is produced by means the most legitimate, while the choral outburst (on an enharmonic change to the dominant of E major) announcing the Resurrection is admirably effective. Thence to the fugue, "Et vitam," we meet with little save repetitions. Though not equal to its predecessor, this fugue shows some excellent points. The second theme, a complete ascending diatonic scale, has all the stately gravity of early Italian church music and well tempers the freedom of certain episodical passages. The *coda* is harmonized with considerable grandeur, and the entire fugue strengthens the impression left by its greater companion. Like the "Gloria" the "Credo" ends with a repetition of its opening words, "Credo in unum Deum." For the offertory Rossini has supplied an organ movement of extreme beauty, well suited to the instrument, and ingeniously harmonized after a scholastic fashion. The "Sanctus," coming after a brief prelude and given to voices alone, displays all its composer's charm of manner. Especially striking is the contrast between the vigorous unison delivery of "Hosanna in excelsis" by the soli, and the smoothly flowing *pianissimo* phrases in which the chorus responds "Benedictus." The movement, though short, is likely to become a public favorite. In the "O Salutaris," an air for contralto (E major), there are two widely different subjects, the first smooth and melodious, if not specially beautiful, the second (on the words "Bella premunt hostilia," &c.) declamatory, and accompanied by harmonies which pass abruptly from key to key. There is power of a certain kind in this and its contrasts are effective; nevertheless, we doubt the policy of incorporating it with the Mass. The step had not Rossini's sanction, and has brought an increase of the dramatic rather than of the religious element. In his "Agnus Dei," a contralto solo with chorus (E minor), Rossini gives himself full liberty of action. The result is charming. No music could express a more overmastering passion, and the intense feeling of the solo would be almost painful but for the unaccompanied choral phrases which now and then break in with a prayer for peace. This Mass, so full of contrasts, has none more effective than that between the agonizing "Miserere" of the former and the calm "Dona nobis" of the latter. We here recognize a stroke of genius. Working up to the *coda* by a series of bold progres-

sions, Rossini then makes a transition to the tonic major and ends with a triumphant burst of harmony.

An adequate notice of the Mass without aid from music type, is impossible, but enough has been said to convey an idea of its character. We have nothing to add save a repetition of the statement with which we set out, that, exceptions notwithstanding, the work is a masterpiece.

Bellini.

Bellini: sa Vie, ses Œuvres. Par Arthur Pougin. (Hachette & Co.)

There was not much to be told concerning Bellini as a man, beyond the facts that he was of a loving and expansive nature, one singularly clear of the bad passions and jealousies which have embittered the lives of so many artists. Although vain as a woman not deeply instructed, he was not altogether without intelligence, as his letters prove. He lived in the lap of pleasure and died of premature exhaustion—his death, in 1835, causing a sorrow only exceeded by that felt in every corner of musical Europe when that greater artist and more complete man, Mendelssohn, was prematurely taken away. These things are fairly set forth by M. Pougin with justifiable admiration, and with a reserve no less justifiable. This book, and the pamphlet by Signor Cicconetti, published at Prato some years ago, contain as much biographical matter as could probably be now collected respecting him.

M. Pougin, as we have more than once had occasion to acknowledge, is an upright and [illegible] musical critic. He has fewer [illegible] to say prejudices, less exaggeration in his praise and blame, than many of the French confraternity. He seems reasonably careful in research. His style is neither inflated nor [illegible]. His book, in short, as a readable and succinct contribution to the library of musical literature, cannot fail to [illegible] readers who may have heard "Norma" and "La Sonnambula" again and again, without having troubled themselves to consider what are the elements and qualities of universal and permanent popularity which those two operas contain. In some of his [illegible] M. Pougin may be considered extreme. He remarks on Bellini's want of constructive resource, forgetting, it may be, that Meyerbeer, the idol of Paris [illegible] bly, as having been so [illegible] the [illegible] Grand Opera), is liable to precisely the same reproach. Less Bellini, the composer of "Les Huguenots" [illegible] his greatest effects by morsels of [illegible] and [illegible] melodic phrases. Yet [illegible] Meyerbeer's operas nobler in [illegible] carried out than the [illegible] to [illegible] "La Sonnambula," than the [illegible] in the [illegible] sacred wood which opens the [illegible] of "Norma," than the daybreak prelude to "I Puritani," or than the quartet, "A te, O cara," in the same [illegible]. And if Bellini is to be accused of [illegible] in his instrumentation, can Meyerbeer [illegible] of being [illegible] [illegible] sion of weakness or [illegible]. [illegible] sedate and stately when [illegible] the introduction to "Norma" [illegible] Meyerbeer could be vulgar [illegible] of piccolo, bassoon and drum [illegible] in "Les Huguenots" [illegible]. The [illegible] masters of dramatic [illegible] (whose picturesque use of his [illegible] be overpraised), Mozart [illegible] color given to his "Entführung"), Spontini, Cherubini (who, with all his [illegible] capacity of understanding [illegible] tediousness is [illegible] element [illegible] feet), and Signor Rossini—these really [illegible] ters, it may be repeated, used the colors of [illegible] cal [illegible] richly, without extravagance [illegible] singularity. That which an opposite [illegible] has arrived at—Meyerbeer having led the way—we have lived to see, in the operas of Herr Wagner. Bellini and Meyerbeer were both [illegible] those who write for the stage should [illegible] but neither had that [illegible] which keeps the orchestra in its right place.

One characteristic of Bellini's genius has, [illegible], been overlooked by M. Pougin. It was distinctly Sicilian; akin to the genius of Meli and Palermo and Gagegini, as displayed in the arts of poetry, painting and sculpture; akin to the exquisite softness and richness of the scenery. Seen after Palermo and Monreale, and the country around Taormina and Sorrento, the surroundings of Naples even look less comparatively richly colored, and harder in their contours. Something of sostness must possibly accompany this profusion of beauty [illegible]. Even the Monte Pellegrino is not stern, commanding as are its outlines. Half the way up, the pine-trees are swathed with roses and trailing [illegible]. The cypresses even have not the dismal green of our cemetery tree; and the skies which hang over this delicious corner of the South have a luxury of color, soft and yet bright, which distances either poet or painter's art to represent in the exquisite fulness of its harmony.

But in Bellini's music, delicious as is its tone, there cannot but be felt a *morbidezza* trenching on effeminacy. A honeyed sweetness, not always clear of languor, is imparted to it by his perpetual use of the *appoggiatura*. This characteristic will be expressly felt on comparing his *cantilene* with those of Rossini, the vigor of which will make themselves doubly felt by the contrast. There is nothing in Bellini's operas so fresh (to name only one out of a hundred examples) as the opening [illegible] of "La Donna del Lago"; nothing so fearfully tragic as the last act of "Otello"; nothing so awful as the apparition scene in "Semiramide"; nothing so stirring as the martial movements in "Guillaume Tell." Then, further, to illustrate the brilliant and versatile superiority of the Pesaro master, we may point to the exquisite [illegible] and gaiety [illegible]. [illegible] vein, Bellini [illegible]. Even the [illegible] "La Sonnambula" [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Musical Correspondence.

New York, April [illegible].—On Saturday evening Mr. Thomas [illegible] Symphony Soirée with the assistance of the Mendelssohn Union and Mr. Otto Singer [illegible]

[illegible]

The opening [illegible] of the advanced German school. The Mendelssohn Psalm [illegible] that its [illegible] completeness; the [illegible] down [illegible]. I was glad to observe that the [illegible] rously left the stage, usually the vocalists remain until the end of the programme, and are neither useful nor ornamental.

Mr. Singer's Fantasia pleased me greatly. Constructed in a free style and well instrumented, it impressed the audience very favorably. The opening theme and the episodical melodies introduced afterward are firm and shapely, and many passages are extremely neat and attractive. Mr. Singer—in the piano part—displayed much dexterity of finger, a firm and precise touch, and a good command of the instrument. He seemed deficient only in delicacy of sentiment and feeling.

"Prometheus" really has something like coherence and persistency of design, and the instrumentation is of course good. Liszt's weak point is always the uncouth harmonic transitions, which disfigure nearly all his symphonic works.

Mr. Thomas's efficient orchestra has never displayed its capabilities to better advantage than in the Pastoral Symphony.

The audience was a large and seriously attentive one, and I trust that Mr. Thomas has met, this season, with sufficient pecuniary encouragement to induce him in the season of 1869–70 to give us another series of these delightful entertainments. He has brought out many new works of interest and ability which, but for his untiring energy, we should probably not have heard, and he has vastly elevated the standard of musical taste among us.

Mr. T's 11th Sunday Concert presented this among other attractions:

Symphony No. 1, D. 177	Emanuel Bach.
Fantasia, "Midsummer Night's Dream"	Mendelssohn
Overture, "Rienzi"	Wagner
Ave Maria	Bach—Gounod.
Soprano, violin, piano, organ, orchestra.	
Nightingale [illegible]	Vogt

The soloists were Miss [illegible] (soprano) and Mr. Frank Gilder (pianist). The former did not [illegible] very well [illegible] the exquisite *Ave Maria*, which requires a voice of far greater purity than hers; in her other solo she was more pleasing. Mr. Gilder played [illegible] Weber in very good style, although the [illegible] was too mechanical. In Mason's "Silver Spring" he displayed a beautifully clear touch, [illegible] with a very even manipulation. For an encore he played Gottschalk's well worn "Banjo," which has never yet been really played by anybody but the author himself.

The Emanuel Bach Symphony is a quaint little [illegible], with [illegible] together two of the three movements. Strangely the Largo is in E flat, although the other movements are in D. The Fantasia on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is too much of a hodge-podge, for [illegible] thoroughly [illegible] the Nocturne, Clown's Dance, Wedding March, Overture, &c., into one [illegible] mass.

April [illegible].—On Wednesday evening Miss Henrietta Markstein, who made her first appearance last November, gave a second concert in Steinway Hall. She was assisted in a very miscellaneous programme by Mr. Von Inten (pianist), Mr. Kopta (violin), Mr. Hill [illegible], and Mme. Lunari (soprano). Miss Markstein has much force and considerable mechanical dexterity, but her playing certainly lacks elegance, and [illegible] of manner which is characteristic of [illegible] artists; she plays with her elbows and shoulders, and her convulsive movements are anything but satisfactory to the beholder. She selected [illegible] as one of her solos Mason's Fantasia on *Mazurka*, which has several times been played by Mr. Mills. The hall was occupied by a widely scattered audience, and the pecuniary result of the concert could scarcely have been gratifying [illegible]. The assisting artists [illegible] [illegible].

At Irving Hall on the same evening, Mlle. Fleuret, the South American pianist and violinist ge-

lighted a large audience with her excellent pianism and much less excellent violin playing. Mlle. F. has a beautiful touch, much rapidity of finger, and plays with a dash and verve which recall Gottschalk. Her performance of the "Banjo" was brilliant and effective. As a violinist she is less satisfactory, for her tone is thin and sometimes scrapy. She was assisted by artists of more or less vocal reputation, and the programme was quite an enjoyable one.

On Saturday evening we had our fifth Philharmonic Concert, with Richard Hoffman and Mme. Gazzaniga as soloists. This was the programme:

"Die Ideale," Symphonic Poem.....Liszt.
Aria, "Ah mon fils," (Prophete).....Meyerbeer.
Concerto, D minor, op. 40.....Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Faust".....Wagner.
Salve Maria.....Rizzo.
1st Symphony, in C.....Beethoven

Liszt's "Poem" and Wagner's "Faust" constituted a pretty strong dose for one evening, although the latter has many fine and attractive points. As for the "poem" (which was cruelly placed at the commencement of the programme), it is simply and utterly absurd; had it been named "chaos" the nomenclature would have been accurate. As for Beethoven's earliest Symphony, its freshness and melodious phrases were positively charming after all the Wagner and Liszt brass.

Mme. Gazzaniga sang with that power and force for which she is distinguished; her artistic performance of the *Salve Maria* secured a decided encore.

Mr. Hoffman's performance of the always beautiful Concerto was simply delightful, his touch is so beautifully delicate, his manipulation so unerringly even and accurate, and he is so true in every detail to the intention of the composer; these excellencies combine to form a most artistic and enjoyable whole. The delighted audience insisted upon a recall, and Mr. Hoffman gracefully responded with Chopin's exquisite Nocturne in F-sharp minor. This latter was entitled "a simple, unpretending little melody" by the astute *Herald* critic in yesterday's issue. How encouragingly patronizing!

The 6th and last concert will occur on Saturday evening, May 8th. The programme will include "Manfred" with music by Schumann, (choruses and declamations—the latter by Edwin Booth—thrown in); Gluck's Overture to *Iphigenia*, and Hiller's 2d Concert Overture.

On Saturday evening Mme. Bertha Johannsen gave a very interesting Soirée Musicale at Steinway's Small Hall, assisted by Theo. Thomas, F. von Inten and others. Among the attractive features of the programme were a Rondo by Schubert, for piano and violin, and a Sonata by Raff, for the same instruments. These were admirably played by Messrs. Von Inten and Thomas. Mme. Johannsen sang several songs by Schumann and Reinecke, and also in a beautiful quintet by Schubert, for female voices.

At Mr. Thomas's 20th Sunday Concert, the last but two of this enjoyable series, some of the attractions were:

Overture to "Rosamunde".....Schubert.
Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn.
Träumerei.....Schumann.
Ballet, "Reine de Saba".....Gounod.

Mlle. Hofle again appeared, as also Mr. August Arnold (pianist), who played, as one of his solos, Beethoven's pianoforte Sonata in C-sharp minor, op. 27, which has been called, for some occult reason, the "*Moonlight* Sonata." F.

PARIS, MARCH 29.—The death of Hector Berlioz, which has occurred since my last letter, has of course been noticed in your Journal. Of his true position as a composer I cannot speak; indeed that is a question upon which Doctors disagree. His works, neglected in his own country, have their admirers in Germany. In reading the various notices of his life, which have appeared in the Parisian Journals, I have been struck by the extraordinary manner in which his claims to fame as a *critic* are treated, being either quietly ignored, or, at the best, merely touched upon; and yet it is in this respect that his very name is a tower of strength, as any one who reads what he has written may well know. His works, models of fine writing, keen wit and good sense, filled with learning and penetrated by the finest critical insight, are denied to the English reader, simply because of the shameful fact that a translation would not sell for enough money to pay for the paper and ink used in writing it. The laborer is worthy of his hire [or at least of something considerably higher than he would get] and so "Les Soirées de l' Orchestre" and other books of the kind will remain untranslated until some one undertakes the work from a pure love of art and usefulness, as a lady has done in the case of Liszt's Chopin.

According to the usual custom a "concert spirituel" was given at the Conservatoire, on the evening of March 26 (Vendredi Saint). This was the programme:

Symphonie Pastorale.....Beethoven.
Inflamatus du Stabat.....Rossini.
Ouverture de la Grotte de Fingal.....Mendelssohn.
Pater Noster.....Meyerbeer.
Air de Judas Machabee.....Handel.
Symphonie en si bemol.....Haydn.

It is customary to play at this concert eithe the *Eroica* or the *Pastoral* Symphony. I will not try to say how well the latter was rendered this time; however far my words might go, they would be very sure of falling short of the mark. No wonder that it is difficult to obtain admission to these concerts; and no wonder that an *abonnement* once obtained is kept religiously in the family as a kind of heir-loom.

Haydn's B-flat Symphony, with the sense of rest and content which his music always brings, was a fitting termination for such a programme; and Mendelssohn's rich and vivid tone-picture was shown in the best of lights. Mlle. Nilsson was the soloist, and in Handel's air gained for herself an encore and two recalls. In this she fully deserved the compliment, but her rendering of Rossini's *Inflammatus* was to me unsatisfactory. It was indeed the perfection of art, but the fire and passion, so necessary there, were lacking. Meyerbeer's *Pater Noster* was admirably sung by a double chorus without accompaniment.

At the 6th Popular Concert we had Beethoven's C-minor Symphony. The programme of the 7th was as follows:

Ouverture d'Oberon.....Weber.
Fantaisie sur Otello, pour violon.....Ernst
Exécutée par M. Vilhelmy.
Ave Maria.....Cherubini.
Chante par Mlle. Battu. Le solo de cor anglais par M. Castegnet.
Marche funèbre de la Symphonie héroïque....Beethoven.
L'Enfance du Christ (2e partie).....H. Berlioz.
Ouverture. Chœur des bergers. Repos de la Sainte-Famille.
Le solo par M. Bosquin.
Air pour violon.....Bach.
Exécuté par M. Vilhelmy.
Hymne.....Haydn.
Exécuté par tous les instruments à cordes.
Stabat Mater.....Rossini.
Air par M. Massy. Air par Mlle. Wertheimber. Duo par Mlles. Battu et Wertheimber. Pro peccatis par M. Bonnehee. Inflammatus par Mlle. Battu.

Rossini's "Messe" continues in favor at the Theatre Italien. Judging from one hearing, it seems to me a very beautiful and noble work, but, as an account of its prominent traits has been already published in your Journal, I will spare your readers any infliction in the way of description.

A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 24, 1869.

Music at Home.

The close of the great season, with the last Symphony Concert and the Easter Oratorios, has been followed by a short after-summer, of a very agreeable character, consisting mainly of the three Orchestral Concerts of Mr. LANG, and the four Piano Matinées of Mr. LEONHARD. Of these there yet remains for our enjoyment only one of the latter. To the list must be added several benefit concerts, pupil concerts of the Conservatories, and hours of Organ music.

Mr. LANG'S very successful experiment is over for the present. Mercantile Hall has been crowded each time, and with the best kind of audience. His programmes were as follows:

Tuesday, April 6

Overture to "Prometheus".....Beethoven.
Symphony, No. 3, in E flat major.....Mozart
Serenade and Allegro in B minor, for Pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniment.....Mendelssohn.
Miss Alice Dutton.
Symphony No. 4, in A major (Italian).....Mendelssohn.

Tuesday, April 13.

Symphony No. 8, in F major.....Beethoven.
Overture, "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn.
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in G major.....Beethoven.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.
Overture to "The Naiads".....Sterndale Bennett.

Tuesday, April 20.

Symphony No. 6, in F major, (Pastoral).....Beethoven.
Overture to "The Hebrides".....Mendelssohn.
Violin Concerto in D major.....Beethoven.
Mr. Bernhard Listemann.
Symphony No. 7, in G major.....Haydn.

The only drawback to the full enjoyment of these orchestral performances was in the character of the hall, which neither has a musical and cheerful aspect, nor very good acoustic qualities. To all but the remotest listeners the sounds were hard and dry, the *fortissimos* more striking than inspiring; the tympani, for instance, in the storm part of the Pastoral Symphony, dealt something more like blows than sounds upon our tympanum. Doubtless it would all have sounded well in a larger room; for, saving now and then a slip of some wind instrument (which every ear is quick in such a place to challenge), the various compositions were carefully read and nicely rendered. Mr. Lang is rapidly making himself at home in his new function as Conductor, and he does wisely to take a small and modest house at first,—a picked orchestra of a few more than thirty instruments (six first violins); capable and faithful with a few, he may yet be ruler over many.

He did well, too, to choose just those standard Symphonies and Overtures which are well-known, tried favorites, and which lose comparatively little with so small an orchestra. With the exception of the "Italian" and "Pastoral" Symphonies, and the Mendelssohn "Serenade and Allegro giojoso," all the pieces had been heard in the larger Symphony Concerts this past season. Nobody could ask for better. Mr. Lang showed a clear insight into the character and structure of each work, and handled his forces as if the meanings and beauties were all palpable to his own mind, even if the medium through which he conveyed them were not always quite so quickly sympathetic as a zealous interpreter could wish. But on the whole there was comparatively little to complain of. It is time, too, to have new conductors growing up; for so unexampled is the spread of interest in classical orchestral music in this whole community, not only of Boston, but the larger towns for many miles away, that the business of conductorship must soon give full employment to as many as shall show the true ability. Division of labor comes in every sphere that widens.

The solo pieces, with orchestra, were of the best and finely executed. Mr. LEONHARD'S playing of the "divine" Concerto (in G) of Beethoven brought it home to every listener more palpably and with more exquisite appreciation than ever; the piano-forte at least did not suffer from the contracted space. Mr. LISTEMANN put

his usual fire into the Violin Concerto (first movement), of which his execution was masterly; and Miss DUTTON, as a classical pianist, gains in favor by each effort.—Mr. Lang has made many thankful for this fine little after-season of symphonic life and sunshine.

MR. LEONHARD'S Matinées take, more nearly than anything else, the place held in the calendar of what may be called the inner circle of music-lovers here by the concerts of Mr. Dresel, which are so much missed during his protracted stay in Germany. Three of the four (on successive Thursday afternoons, at Chickering's Rooms) are already past; two of them before we go to press, with programmes very choice, as follows:

April 8th.

Allegro and Gavotte, from "Suite Anglaise," D minor. Bach
Adagio, A minor. .... Mozart
Lieder Cyclus, "An die ferne Geliebte" .... Beethoven
Sonate, F major, op. 10, No. 2. .... Beethoven
Scherzo, op. 54, E major .... Chopin
"Er ist's," op. 27, No. 2. Song .... Franz
"Wenn der Frühling," op. 42, No. 6. Song .... Franz
Kinderscenen, Scenes from Childhood, op. 15. Schumann
Nocturne, op. 62, No. 1 .... Chopin
Valse, E minor, posthumous .... Chopin

April 15th.

Sarabande and Burlesca, A minor .... Bach
Sonate, E minor, op. 90. .... Beethoven
Polonaise, E flat minor, op. 26, No. 2 .... Chopin
Mailied, by R. Franz, transcribed .... Liszt
Trio, B flat major, op. 100 .... Schubert
Novelette, F major .... Schumann
Scherzino, B flat major, from op. 26 .... Schumann

Mr. Leonhard was truly the interpreter in his rendering of all this variety of fine piano works; not less so in the order of their presentation, for each came fitly after and before another; bouquets arranged with tact, and each flower whole and perfect. The little pieces from the Suite of Bach, quaintly graceful, honest, hearty music, were played with evenness and clearness, and with such tender care to all the points of phrasing, light and shade, and flow of parts, as to overcome any prepossession against Bach as being merely dry and learned. It was all fresh and full of life, temperate and wholesome, good for the listener, to make him listen nicely and with keen appreciation to what followed. And what better after Bach than Mozart (first programme)! That Adagio was a piece to stir one deeply as well as to win with beauty; it was something out of the common, even with Mozart.

After Mozart, Beethoven. And first, for greater contrast, that most deep and tender and pure of his love songs, that cycle of successive moods of feeling in little fitful strains which, with their wonderful accompaniment, half whisper, half conceal, and so in the most expressive way suggest so much. It is a rare treat to hear the *Liederkreis* well sung and well accompanied. We know no singer for it here but Mr. KREISSMANN, who did it admirably, and Mr. Leonhard's accompaniment was as delicate and close to the music and the soul thereof as one could wish to hear. The Sonata, after it, is one of the earlier and lighter ones of Beethoven, rarely if ever before heard in public here, but full of charm. It is in the middle movement (the first, in F, is sunshine), that the stranger and deeper mood of Beethoven reveals itself. This Allegretto is a Scherzo in F minor, with a Trio in D flat major, a succession of mysterious chords, like cloud shadows stealing over the landscape; it is one of the most remarkable pages in all the thirty-one Sonatas. The Presto finale, again, is gay and careless enough for Haydn.

The second part, wholly of Chopin, Franz and Schumann, was a fine masterpiece to the three of the [illegible] classics. We all know how well Chopin fares in the hands of Mr. Leonhard, and that, of all the singers, Kreissmann is the one for Robert Franz. "Er ist's!" is one of the most original and happy of his little songs, which, we think, had not before found its way into the concert room. Schumann's series of little *Kinderscenen* never seemed to us so charming, and each one so characteristic and true to its title, as they did that afternoon. They were followed with unflagging interest, and more than one was most unwillingly dismissed without a repetition.

Of the second concert the great feature was, of course, the Schubert Trio, which, often as it has been heard in that room, still grows in interest and approves itself one of the *great* Trios. Messrs. EICHBERG and A. SUCK played it with Mr. Leonhard, and never did it go off more gloriously. The E minor Sonata, op. 90, of Beethoven was very [illegible] played. How fine the contrast between its two movements, the passionate and fitful first, and the broad, tranquil, even flow of the [illegible] Finale, with its [illegible]. Liszt's [illegible] the Franz [illegible] everybody. Chopin and Schumann were [illegible] represented.

MR. A. P. P[illegible]'s A[illegible] C[illegible], A[illegible], filled the Music Hall, presenting [illegible] variety of attractions [illegible]

[illegible]

Other Concert reviews [illegible]

[illegible]

rush to the [illegible] all [illegible] perance into sad dissipation. It is [illegible] may shine, that each new Paganini screws up his strings, and singers wear their voices out in [illegible] tion to produce startling high notes. [illegible] a sensation, rather than sincere [illegible] whole music, to this [illegible] singers and players in [illegible]; and the instrument makers minister in turn to them, straining the pitch up higher and higher.

But the evil has grown intolerable. Earnest efforts have been made to find the remedy. A few years since there was an Imperial Commission raised in Paris, composed of the highest musical authorities, who after long and learned discussions, taking of evidence, reports, &c., finally agreed upon a new pitch, nearly half a tone lower than that then and still prevailing, (a compromise between strict scientific requirements and the practical difficulties in the way of reform); and this pitch, by Imperial decree, was established throughout France as the "Normal Diapason." It has since been slowly, but surely, winning its way among the theatres and orchestras of Germany, though not without resistance. A Convention to consider the same subject was soon after held in England [illegible] and argument [illegible] the [illegible] result. Now, thanks to [illegible] Sims Reeves, the theme is agitated [illegible] every page of every musical paper [illegible] that the [illegible] tone, as that [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW YORK. [illegible]

1 [illegible]
2 [illegible]
3 [illegible]
4 [illegible]
5 [illegible]
6 [illegible]
7 [illegible]
8 [illegible]
9 [illegible]
10 [illegible]
11 [illegible]

[illegible]

THE OLD FRENCH SCHOOL.

1 "Le reveil Matin"..... *Couperin.* 1716.
"La fleurie"..... " "
"La tendre Musette"..... " "
2 Soyez fidéles, Air from the ballet "La Mascarade"..... *Lully.* 1660.
3 Le Tambourin..... *Rameau.* 1731.
La Musette ..... " "
4 Rossignols amoureux, Air from the Opera "Hippolite and Aricie"....*Rameau.* 1733.
5 Gigues, in E min. and in E maj. *Rameau.* 1731.
6 Une fièvre brulante, Romance from Richard Coeur de Lion..... *Gretry.* 1785.
Le Rosier, Romance...*J. J. Rousseau.* 1762.

THE CLASSIC GERMAN SCHOOL.

7 Prelude and Fugue in D major, No. 5, from the "Well tempered Clavier." *J. S. Bach.* 1722.
8 Es ist vollbracht, Air from the "Johannes Passion"..... ...*J. S. Bach.* 1720–30.
Verdi prati, Air from "Alcina". *Handel.* 1735.
9 Prelude, Fugue and Capriccio, from the Suite in D minor ..... *Handel.* 1720.
10 O del mio dolce amor, from "Paride ed Elena"..... .....*Gluck.* 1762.
An Chloe. Song.....*Mozart.* 1788.
11 Sonate in B flat major.... ...*Mozart.* 1779.

FOLK SONGS, AND PIANO-FORTE COMPOSITIONS FOUNDED ON THAT FORM.

Liszt's celebrated "Rhapsodies" on Hungarian and Gipsy popular melodies, or Folk songs, are among the most effective and imaginative compositions he has written, and abound with the brilliant difficulties of modern pianoforte technique.

12 Quando ti vedo.....Roman Serenade.
Se amor mai..... .....Italian barcarole.
Gramachree.....Irish Melody.
13 Nocturne in D flat, op. 27, and Mazurka, op 6, No. 2.....*Chopin.*
14 Why dost thou Weep?... .Hottentot Song.
Margoton va t à liau....French Dance Song.
La Colasa.... .....Spanish Popular Song.
15 Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12..... .*Liszt.*

1 François Couperin, born at Paris, 1668, died 1733. He was called "Le Grand," from his having been considered as the most distinguished of a musical family, that sustained its reputation for more than two centuries. He was not only a learned theorist, but also a great organist—perhaps the finest that France ever produced—while his clavichord pieces are tender and graceful in character; these were indeed studied and regarded as models by the clavecinists of his day.

2 Jean Baptiste Lully was born at Florence, 1633, died 1687. He was a composer of genius, but rude and eccentric in character; this is not strange, as he rose from a very low class, to become the favorite of and Court composer to Louis Quatorze. His operas and ballets kept the stage for a hundred years after his death; and, in a certain degree, he is regarded as the founder of French tragic opera.

4 Jean Philippe Rameau, born at Dijon, 1683, died 1764, was one of the greatest dramatic composers of the eighteenth century. He was also celebrated as a didactic author; wrote treatises and dissertations on music; besides composing 36 operas, some ballets, and many harpsichord pieces. "Hippolite and Aricie" was his first opera, although written after he had attained his fiftieth year.

5 This old fashioned dance form (the gigue, or jig) was not always written for dancers; it was adapted to vocal or instrumental pieces of brisk and elegant character.

6 Gretry was born at Liege, 1751, died 1813. He brought the form of French Opera Comique to perfection; and, between 1765 and 1803, composed more than fifty operas, of which, "Richard Coeur de Lion" is the most celebrated. This simple, yet vigorous romance (*Une fièvre*) is the song sung by the troubadour Blondel, under the grating of King Richard's prison. Blondel (or Blondeaux) des Nesles was no inconsiderable musician and poet; about a score of his songs, in manuscript, exist in the French Imperial Library.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, born at Geneva, 1782, died 1728, supported himself for several years in Paris as a music teacher and copyist; and his writings on music first paved the way to his subsequent extraordinary success as an author. He wrote much for the theatre, and many romances; the above romance (*Le Rosier*) is one of the few to which he did not also write the words.

10 The Chevalier Gluck was born in the Palatinate, 1714, died 1787. He was the reformer of the opera of his time. A singular mistake has been made by a European publishing house, in regard to the above air from "Paride ed Elena;" this has been lately reprinted, as by Stradella, and with sacred words! and Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble, the singer), in her novel, "A Week at a French Country House," has fallen into the same error, and alludes to the air as one of Stradella's.

12 These Italian Folk songs were taken down by Carl Banck from the singing of the peasantry, about 30 years ago. The impassioned beauty of the old Irish melody, "Gramachree," has made it a favorite subject for poets; Moore, Sheridan, Robert Gilfillan, Ogle, and hosts of others, have written words to this lovely theme.

14 The Hottentot melody is unaltered from the original, and arranged by Mme. Ritter; the words are versified from a prose translation of an African cradle song.

These unique concerts have attracted attention even in Germany. In a recent number of the Leipzig *Musical Gazette*, a leading journal in European musical matters, a learned editor, Dr. Chrysander (author of the life of Handel, &c.,) alludes to them in a long and flattering article, from which we extract the following:

"We have read these programmes and the remarks attached to them with real enjoyment. They display tact, insight and knowledge of the rich material employed; they are not put together without critical taste, as are those of the London recitals, and some others. We recommend their plan as an example to all our conductors and concert-givers in Germany." Dr. Chrysander then alludes to the concert recently given by Mr. F. L. Ritter, in which that gentleman's compositions were performed ("Othello Overture," "First Symphony," "Forty-sixth Psalm," "Hafis Songs," &c.), and concludes in these terms: "It appears to us that Mr. Ritter must be possessed of extraordinary talent, and that this, as well as his knowledge and happy union of diverse capabilities will assure to him a highly distinguished future career."

MUSIC AMONG THE BLIND. In a letter dated Boston, April 12, "Stella" writes to the Worcester *Palladium* as follows:

At the Perkins Institute for the Blind, the study of music is pursued as faithfully as in the best music schools of the land. Not that all who leave its classes are proficient. Many are satisfied with a certain skill in performance, but a large number are studying the best works, and carrying on their advanced studies with the true artist's zeal. The institution is favored in having for its instructor in music a man so gifted and earnest as Mr. Campbell, who, although blind himself, has in an unusual degree the power of inspiring his pupils with not a little of his own devotedness to art. With his musical gifts he combines so much practical sense and enterprise, that he is likely to succeed in his determination to establish a *Conservatory of Music for the Blind*, one that shall bring them from all other States and institutions of a similar character!

Naturally enough this plan seems to approach fulfilment now that the Asylum—at South Boston—is likely to undergo some important changes. It is proposed to divide the pupils into families; erect suitable boarding houses for them near by, and convert the present building into an Institute, educational and industrial. A portion of the funds for the purpose are to be raised by the efforts of the pupils themselves; and, for this reason, some of the music classes are giving concerts in the principal towns of the States. Mr. Campbell has arranged a popular programme of vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with readings and recitations by the Blind. The *sensation* of these concerts is the *band*, to which a few *young lady performers* have lately been added.

We wish that Mr. Campbell could be induced to give in Worcester one of his choice chamber concerts, in order to show how well his pupils interpret the music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schumann. We think their performances would occasion the utmost surprise, especially when it is remembered that every note of music must be committed to memory before performance is possible. We heard one of his pupils play, the other evening, the *Andante* from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It was something never to be forgotten! Wholly rapt in the music, the young man seemed stirred by the spirit of the master whose sublime harmonies he interpreted so well; and, in the gathering darkness of twilight—which was yet *day* to him, the music seemed to come from another world, as he played with all that sentiment and expression which comes in drawing from the treasures of Memory.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Passing Bell. Sacred Song. 2. F to e. *Claribel.* 30
A very pretty and pathetic story of the last hours of a dying child.

The Shepherd's lay. 3. D to e. *Mendelssohn.* 30
A charming serenade.

The News-boy. Song and Chorus. 2. C to f. *Bowdman.* 35
Quite a taking subject, and has a good chorus.

Eucre. Song and Chorus. *Coote.* 35
The words are by E. Webb, who also wrote "Tommy Dodd," and "Beautiful Bells." A genial, pleasant song, with a fine melody.

Bow down thine ear. Quartet. 3. Ab to e. *Behrens.* 40
A fine opening anthem or quartet for choirs.

The Lonely Hearth. 2. G to e. *Fernald.* 30
A touching little ballad, with sweet music.

List to the music of my Song. 6. Ab to d. *Adam.* 40
A splendid concert bravura song. With a high soprano voice it is very effective.

Love, the Pilgrim. 3. F to g. *Blumenthal.* 30
Very pleasingly written, and has an excellent "moral."

On a Velocipede. *Veazie.* 35
When a song is on a velocipede, it is sure to go. Very amusing.

May Song. (Mayenlied). 3. G to f. *Mendelssohn* 25
A beautiful tribute to the flower season.

Another May Song. (Anderes Mayenlied). 4. G minor to g. *Mendelssohn.* 40
Quite another thing from the preceding, a sort of witches' song, describing a visit to the Brockenberg. Wild and strange music.

Retrospection. Romance. 4. G minor to g. *Mendelssohn.* 25
Quite pensive in character. Like the others, shows the hand of the great master in its composition.

Good Morning. (Guten Morgen!) 3. F to f. *Abt.* 30
A cheerful musical "good morning" to the flowers.

Instrumental.

Beautiful Bells. Trans. 4. Ab. *Russell.* 50
A very pleasing arrangement of a popular air.

Souvenir des Varieties. Waltz. 3. *W. Knight.* 60
Contains quite a number of popular airs, and is well calculated to please both dancers and lovers of music.

Notturno for Piano. 5. Db. *Silas.* 75
Perhaps a little fuller and richer in harmony than the average of nocturnes. Good melody.

Genevieve Quadrille. 4 hds. 3. *Strauss.* 75
Contains some of the best airs of the opera. Brilliant.

Fairy Chorus. For beginners. *Ingraham.*
Fairy Pearl Schottisch. 2. G. 30
Fairies' Chain Polka. 2 C. 30
Children should not complain of being made to practice, when such pleasing melodies are made ready for them.

Castagnette Waltz. 3. C. *Coote.* 60
Very pretty.

Barbe-bleue Quadrille. 4 hds. 3. *Strauss.* 75
A brilliant collection of favorite airs.

Invitation au Galop. 4. Eb. *Bendel.* 75
A very graceful melody, and will probably please those who admire Weber's "Invitation."

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 733. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869. VOL. XXIX. NO. 4.

Gervinus on Handel and Shakespeare.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(Concluded from page 18).

These phenomenal effects of music are frequently disputed by men of clear intellect, who feel it a necessity to account for everything. If they once possess the foundation of words, which, in musical drama, by well defined individuality, situation, and so on, are even more significant than usual, they feel secure. The relation of the melody to the words is made the principal object of their consideration; they deduce, in the first place, from the agreement which they discover between the words and the melody the enjoyment procured them by the music, and, having once obtained a firm foundation, carry over into the music whatever feelings are excited thereby in their own mind. This is the course pursued by Gervinus. He laughs, with justice, at all the capricious and frequently contradictory explanations and interpretations put forth of Beethoven's Symphonies—and yet what meaning has he himself not imagine in the airs of Handel!

Words are connected with tone in the most various ways. From the simplest recitative, set in tones that are half spoken, to a chorus by Bach, or an operatic *finale*, what a series is there of different combinations! But it is only in recitative, whether it is presented independently, or merely interrupts a regular vocal piece by an exclamation, that the text can affect with the *same* force as the music. Immediately music appears in its full power, it leaves language, otherwise so omnipotent, far behind. The proof is—*fortunately*, we are almost tempted to say, is only too near at hand. If well set, the worst poem can scarcely diminish our delight in the music; but wearisome music cannot even prop up the greatest poetical masterpiece. What trifling interest is excited by the text of an oratorio when read! We can scarcely understand how it could supply a composer of genius with the materials for music which fills ear, heart, and soul during hours together. Nay, more; in the majority of cases, it is impossible for the hearer to grasp the words and the melody simultaneously. The conventional sounds of which a spoken sentence consists must be uttered in tolerably rapid succession, in order that, being held together by the memory, they may attain to intelligibility in the mind. Music, however, seizes the hearer with the first tone, and carries him onward with itself, without affording him the time, or even the possibility, of going over again what he has already heard. If, therefore, the words are not sung in the *tempo* of spoken language, we can scarcely get at them. It is this fact, far more than the indistinct pronunciation of so many singers, which has given rise to the custom of [illegible] the text—a surrogate in which we invoke the aid of the eye for what is intended for the ear, and which is employed only in the case of music, to which, after the sense of the words has been quietly mastered, our twofold attention is directed.

But words when combined with melody are not merely inferior to the latter in the effect produced: they have to limit and restrict their entire sphere, in order to render the union possible, besides being exposed to many a little bit of ill usage from the music. Such, for instance, is the repetition—of itself perfectly useless—of separate words and sentences, a repetition frequently indispensable, especially in the most important passages, though not so often as it actually occurs. In the same way it is of vital necessity for the development of the musical thought that the tones should dwell upon words which by their signification do not merit this stress (though accent which is *antagonistic* to the sense is not to be pardoned in a composer). I will give an illustrious example. The most celebrated air in the *Messiah* commences with the threefold repetition of the words: "Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebt, und dass Er am letzten Tage auf der Erde erscheinen wird."* The melismata which are more spun out than any others in the noble strain occur upon the words, "Tage" and "Erde." Who cares? Every one is filled with the loftiness of the melody, with its intensity and dignity, with its blessed spirit of confidence, and with the broad flow with which it rolls onwards.

It is not by following in the track of the "accent of the emotions," as conveyed in the words given to him, that the musician can succeed in musical creation; the course he has to pursue is an essentially different course. The words, if he would produce aught [illegible], must, as it were, affect him electrically, their purport must produce in him a musical picture which, for him at least, shall be homogeneous. To realize this clearly and fully he sets in action all his intellectual powers, all his artistic resources. How the musical thought grasps the words, half unconsciously, and half employing them for its own ends, is something that can no more be [illegible] clearly explained than any other act of intellectual creation. The great difference, however, existing between this musical conception of music and its literary conception, is that in vocal music, as well as any other, we do not recognize anything as a genuine piece of music unless it proves itself such even when stripped of the words. Its essential purport must lie in the value, in the beauty of the musical thoughts, in the way in which they are turned to account, and in which they mutually permeate each other. It is true that there are magnificent specimens of recitative, and there are, also, recitatives like songs, which possess great value, and do not fail to produce their effect, although they spring [illegible]. But even these, however admirably declaimed, must be capable of being fitted to other words, without suffering any very great injury musically—in the contrary case, there is not much in them.

Is this tantamount to asserting that all we praise in a piece of music, when we declare it, in relation to the [illegible], to be expressive, characteristic, picturesque, dramatic, &c., is of no importance? Of a truth, no! The task of making certain personages, in certain situations, sing certain words in such a manner that everyone shall feel convinced that they could not, and ought not, to sing in any other, is one of the highest tasks assigned to music. But the clearness, force, and variety of musical invention ought here to be taken as our guide much rather than what is called truthfulness of expression,—for, with respect to the latter, people often yield to the greatest delusions.

Numerous examples of this are to be found in Gervinus's book. Before proceeding, however, to discuss them, I will say a word or two concerning instrumental music. In corroboration of his views as to want of purport in instrumental music, Gervinus quotes a number of opinions, more or less contradictory, and sometimes very preposterous, collecting from all kinds of periodicals and books, for he is wonderfully at home in musical literature. But what is this to prove? We should soon agree on the nature of instrumental music, if we were once agreed on the nature of music generally. Music is always music—there is good and bad, empty and expressive, profound and frivolous, whether it be sung or whether it be played. It is not a harmonic body which poetry first endows with a soul; it is all soul, and assumes the words as a body by which feeble eyes may recognize it. The assertion advanced by some aestheticizing contrapuntist or other that Beethoven intended by the *finale* of the Ninth Symphony to convey that only words and song free music, is also quoted. Why did Beethoven not say as much? He sings, "Friends, not these tones; let us strike up others more agreeable and more cheerful," why not "Let us have recourse to the words of the poet?" This capricious fiction of Beethoven's denying himself should be once for all discarded. It has the less sense, from the fact that after the Ninth Symphony Beethoven wrote his last Quartets. That he entertained an idea of a tenth symphony as well as of a grand overture is not merely proved by his note-books; I heard him say so with his own lips, when I saw him lying on his last bed of sickness.

Gervinus is afraid that instrumental music, especially in Germany, fosters [illegible] of feeling. May I ask if certain love songs, which play so great a part in the world of young girls, and of Male Vocal Associations, offer better fare? That more mischief can be produced by bad texts than by musical compositions, no matter of what kind, is, however, a fact admitted by Gervinus himself. If now, on the one hand, it cannot be, and is not, denied that a highly poetical subject is capable of exalting music to the highest things, apart from the interest consequent upon its connection with the poetry, it cannot, on the other hand, be denied that vocal music possesses nothing which, looking at it as a pure and perfect work of art, is to be compared with the masterpieces of instrumental music. In this, music lives entirely according to its own laws! In the other case, it has to make many sacrifices for the poetry, while it is not at liberty to maintain its entire dignity, to display all its riches. The reproach addressed by Gervinus to "[illegible]" ("playing music") of existing only for a few, is at once refuted by every day experience; but if this were not the case, it would prove nothing. How many of the most splendid productions of human fancy and art are accessible to only a few! The receipts from a public exhibition of Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sybils would scarcely be very [illegible]. Is Goethe's *Iphigenia* a popular work? But the Sonatas and Symphonies of our great masters have entranced thousands and thousands, even though the aesthetic key to them may not yet have been found. Men have revived and invigorated themselves, ever since they have existed, with a draught of fresh water, without dreaming that the latter consisted of hydrogen and oxygen gas. We hardly know how to explain even life itself, and yet we find it sometimes a very pleasant thing.

The best and the worst part of the book which we are now considering, and which contains such a superabundance of matter, is the author's love for Handel. It is almost touching to see how he has investigated the works of this master in every possible way; it is sometimes diverting to hear what he deduces from, and what he attributes to, him; but it is depressing to mark the contempt with which he treats those composers who, in the opinion of the entire musical world, are equal, or superior, to Handel. Like the mother of a *prima donna*, he is not merely extravagant in his praise of him whose champion he is, but he omits no opportunity of attacking others possessing equal rights, and dealing them a sometimes rather insidious blow. Nothing is too trivial for him to rake up, if it can only serve to glorify Handel and weaken his rivals. The natural result is, that he excites people to oppose and to attack his hero, who always had regarded the latter with reverence, and unwillingly noticed his weaknesses, as, for instance, the writer of these lines.

In the section "Music, the Language of the

* I know that my Redeemer liveth. The writer refers, of course, to the German text.—Translator.

Feelings," which displays an astounding power of analysis and style, this sharp-sighted writer runs, with genuine virtuosity, through the scales of our sensations and affections, their modifications, and their combinations. It is a strange fact! Great and almost intoxicating as is the store of the gradations of the feelings passed in review before us, we feel that it vanishes before the treasures that music contains within itself, and we can but seldom find the most delicately-calculated combinations of descriptive language completely equal to a piece of music. They are, at one and the same time, too sharp and too weak for it. Gervinus gives, however, as it were, to every kind and description of feeling an example, an illustrated picture out of Handel's works. We cannot reason with the commentator when he reads musically from an air what is contained verbally in it, though we may feel convinced that a song which expresses to him, in the clearest possible manner, quiet love, would, with other words, convey to him a notion of humble piety. But are there sufficient grounds for the comprehensive significance which Gervinus attributes to Handel's airs, when he asserts that it would be worse for music if we lost his airs than if we lost his choruses? How few will answer this question in the affirmative!

It is superfluous to speak of the genial power, vigor, and mastery, characterizing the creator of the *Messiah*. But his art has its blemishes, and of a truth, they are not small. They may be summed up in one word. Handel was a mannerist; a magnificent, stupendous genius, but yet a mannerist. Connected for the greater part of his life with Italian opera (which he did not give up, but which left him in the lurch), he had become so identified with its standing forms, with its concessions to virtuosity, with its demands for speediness of production, that, even at the epoch when he soared highest, he could not completely shake off the habits of so many years. His choral compositions, the seeds of which were sown in the fertile soil of his German studies, profited by the Italian vocal element. But the grand air with its broad first part, and with its short second part, and with its everlasting *da capo*, with its prelude, and its interlude, and its *bravura* embellishments always similar to each other, all this was something he could not, or would not, give up—the exceptions, which are certainly brilliant, proving the rule. And his great fertility, which was aided by these permanent forms, is to be explained also by the fact that he returns more than any *very great* composer to the same figures, rhythms, melismata, cadences, and so on. I was nearly adding, to the same frame of mind, to the same character, to the same style of writing in the separate movements, but I dread being unjust.—Handel went to his work with all the abundant store of a soul overflowing with music—it is evident that he did not stand much upon trifles, especially in his airs. If the words took a firm hold of him, he could, despite all existing models, be magnificent—if they left him cold, he would, at any rate, write something with a head and a tail to it. It is always rather a ticklish matter to ascribe too subtle intentions to a fiery mind of this description, as Gervinus does. But, on the other hand, genius sometimes intuitively creates things of which, so to say, it has itself not thought. Explanations and interpretations must not, however, be pushed so far as absolutely to be contrary to what really exists. Yet to this length do the extreme Handelites go, and where the manifest, though not intentional, untruth commences, a protest must be entered against it. In the opinion of these individuals, Handel made the personages of his dramas permanent musical characters, he described musically periods and countries—there exist innumerable examples to prove that he never thought of such a thing. Where shall we find a more inviting opportunity for an attempt at characteristic description than in the meeting of individuals of opposite natures? But, in their duets, Dalilah and Samson, Juno and the God of Sleep, the Philistine Harapha and Samson sing the same things—the composer is satisfied with expressing the situation generally, and with interweaving musically the different voices. Semele manifests, according to Gervinus, her frivolous vanity by four *bravura* airs, but, in addition to these, she has three airs; which, as far as regards the sense of the words, might be sung by the most pious Jewish maidens. *Herakles*, which is supposed to approach most nearly to Greek tragedy, has polyphonic and partly fugued, choruses, which would be equally appropriate in *Saul*. Handel is one of the most subjective of all composers—he has his strains and his songs for devotion and heroism, for joy and lamentation, for flattery, and defiance, and love—but he is always the same great old master, whose individuality becomes unmistakably evident after the first few bars. He is, and always will be, greatest, most powerful, and most objective in his mighty choruses, and we may with certainty affirm that without these his oratorios would be quite as much forgotten as, despite certain splendid pieces, his operas have been and will continue to be.

In a contribution to the æsthetics of music, even though the author should assert that he has found everything in Handel, the other musical heroes of Germany would necessarily, one would think, be mentioned in a proper tone of appreciation. Not at all. Bach, who, in his solitary grandeur, displayed far higher artistic dignity than Handel, is not popular enough to please the Handel-worshippers—for a very little, they would drive him down from the musical Parnassus, to do nothing but play the organ and practice counterpoint. Of Gluck, whom Handel despised, they cannot, of course, from a mere feeling of reverence to the latter, think much. Yet Gluck raised opera to a height of which, before him, no one had an idea, and, beside his compositions of this kind, Handel's works for the stage make a very pitiful appearance. Of Mozart, Gervinus quotes a few airs—and speaks of his talent for elegiac music. For *Figaro* he has found, somewhere or other, the expression "music of intrigue" ("*Intriguenmusik*"), and employs it with great gusto. In this "music of intrigue," however, Mozart has presented the world with a work of such unexpected novelty, and such perfect beauty, as no composer either before or after him has equaled. Gervinus absolutely puts in print the monstrous question: How would Mozart, Gluck, Meyerbeer, and Wagner fare, if they were withdrawn from the stage, and presented, in the concert-room, in a dress-coat and yellow kid gloves? It is really not necessary to reply that there exists no costume in which Mozart has not been played and sung, and that Gluck still lives upon the stage, which is saying more than that he is effective in the concert-room. Meyerbeer and Wagner, however, will tell us that every work of art belongs to the place for which it was created.

The title of Gervinus's book, *Händel und Shakspere*, is only partially justified in the last chapter. Gervinus places his two favorites side by side, contemplates them with the eye of the literary historian, of the biographer, of the poetical and musical critic, and finds similarities between them in their similarities and dissimilarities. On this point, I will not presume to give an opinion—but I think, with all submission, that, had it pleased Gervinus to select some other poet, say, Schiller, for instance, his keen perception would have been quite as successful in establishing parallels.

It is, however, a gratifying fact that, in this age of rifled cannon and of plundered*—but I must not say all that I mean—there should be published books like this one by Gervinus, and that you should place at my disposal the columns of your paper, which are devoted to the pressing interests of the day, to descant upon it at such an unbecoming and extravagant length. Receive as my thanks the assurance that I have passed over in silence much more than I have uttered, without, on that account, making the least pretension to be considered "master of style."

* The original is: "*in der Zeit der gezogenen Kanonen und ungezogenen.*—" The play upon the words, "*gezogenen*" and "*ungezogenen*," it is utterly impossible to render literally. Not to lose the joke altogether I have given it another turn—for which I trust I shall not incur the censure of the genial and accomplished author.—Translator

The Lied and the Sonata.

The following instructive observations, to which we alluded in our last, are prefixed to the programme of the third "Historical Recital" of Mme. Ritter and Mr. Mills. They are plainly from the pen of Mr. Ritter.

THE GERMAN LIED.

Perhaps in no musical form do we find the individual, characteristic traits of nationality more distinctly pronounced than in the song. Melody, rhythm, harmonious treatment, tendency to the use of major or minor modes, every thing concurs to stamp the song as belonging eminently to this or that nation. Thus the modern German "Lied," so original and even peculiar in its melodious construction, so rich and characteristic in its rhythmic and harmonious treatment of the pianoforte accompaniment, occupies a unique place in the forms of modern musical culture.

German composers, until the latter part of the 18th century, published many compositions for the voice with an accompaniment for pianoforte, but being entirely under the influence of Italian music, their songs have no character whatever; they waver between the cut of the aria, of the canzonet and that of the song form. The effect produced is either heavy and dull, or empty and insignificant. It was not until the great masters, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, had unveiled the possibilities of modern German musical genius, and that the great poets Goethe and Schiller tempted composers with their immortal poems, that the German Lied received a higher poetical meaning. A modern writer says:

"*Schubert* raised the Lied to the height of a great work of art; before his time, melody alone was required of a song composer; he was the first to enter thoroughly into the meaning of the poem he intended to treat, and to hold the poet's intention as sacred. So true, so entirely original, so comprehensive was this great genius, that in the enormous number of songs he composed, we find almost every possible human emotion sketched in tone, with unrivalled beauty and power; and with what deep feeling!

"*Beethoven* gave his genius to song upon occasion; but these longing moods of mind which become tender little songs with others, he fashioned into great adagios; his songs needed the large territory of the complete orchestra.

"*Mendelssohn*, in the Lied, preferred poems of which the feeling kept within the bounds of pleasant gracefulness, to those in which the stormy waves of passion threatened danger to the fragile barque of song. He chose rather to break with the poet than to sin against lovely agreeability.

"*Schumann*, the greatest Lied composer since Schubert, is broad, impassioned, yet in the highest degree feminine in feeling,—romantic, oriental even in coloring, his wonderful imagination sometimes leads him beyond the strict outlines of legal forms; and yet a lover of this greatly gifted master can but rejoice in the luxuriant, lyrical and dramatic life that sometimes leads him to transgress the common boundaries."

The highest flower of an art like music—an ever progressive art, an art that has not yet attained its highest point of culmination, like painting and sculpture—is almost always the last flower. And as genuine originality always first develops itself from what has preceded it, so the Lied of *Robert Franz* undoubtedly sprang from that of Schubert and Schumann. As this intelligent, scholarly, gifted composer is fortunately yet living, and as there is no measure of length in art, we will avoid asking whether he has or has not equalled or surpassed those who went before him, but will be grateful that we have him also.

Many members of the school called, in the slang of the feuilleton, that of the "Music of the future," have essayed their powers in the Lied form. *Liszt* has written many songs, the majority of which are overstrained, harsh and impracticable for the singer; but a few among them are rare jewels of the purest water.

The short extract on the programme from Wagner's "Lohengrin," is given as an admirable specimen of what this composer can accomplish in a simple, melodious, pathetic vein—when he chooses.

THE SONATA.

The keyed instrument, with its different forms and names, such as Spinet, Clavichord, Virginal, Harpsichord, Clavier, Cembalo, Clavecin, Fluegel, until it became in our days, the Pianoforte, has been since the beginning of the 16th century, when it first appeared in a tolerably perfect and useful shape, the favorite instrument of composers and amateurs; and since that time it has had no small influence on the development of musical art in general. The Pianoforte (we here use the term in its general sense) possesses a technique of its own, and consequently, mu-

sic written for it must necessarily be adapted to this peculiar mechanism. In the literature of pianoforte music, from its beginning until our time, we find every form of composition assimilated to the peculiarities of this universal instrument; the Improvisation, Fantasia, Prelude, Toccata, Etude, with their loose forms; the distinct, rhythmical, measured forms of old and new dances, such as the Gavotte, Sarabande, Anglaise, Courante, Gigue, Allemande, Bourrée, Menuetto, Polonaise, Valse, Mazurka, etc; melodies with variations; the complicated contrapuntal Fugue and Canon; the Suite of Bach and Handel; the Sonata of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven, etc., etc. These constitute a store of musical treasures, which, while they show us the different changes in form and taste, the growth and richness of musical minds, also enable us to follow the composer to his own individual poetical regions. Of all the forms of pianoforte music, none is so great, so noble and in its ideal contents so rich and deep as the Sonata; it is the point of culmination of all instrumental music. It becomes the Symphony when adapted to the manifold Orchestra. The Sonata is a composition in two, three and four movements, each different in Tempo, Rhythm, Key and Melodious character, which by means of contrast, variety, etc. gives to the hearer a picture of ideal inward human life.

About the end of the 16th century, the word Sonata was first employed to designate, generally, compositions intended to be played by instruments, while canzone was applied to those intended for the human voice. Then the forms of instrumental music were entirely copied from those of vocal music; and only towards the middle of the 17th century instrumental music began to create its own peculiar forms. The first Sonatas were composed for the violin and published in 1681 by Henry Biber, chapel-master at Salzburg. In 1683 the great violinist Corelli published 12 Sonatas for the Violin, Bass and Clavichord. The first Sonata for the Clavier, however, of significance in the development of this form was composed and published in 1696, by Kuhnau the predecessor of J. S. Bach as cantor at the Leipzig Thomas School. Mattheson of Hamburg, the author of many works on the science of Music, published, in 1713, a Sonata "dedicated to the person who can play it the best." Dominico Scarlatti, 1683–1760, composed and published over 30 Sonatas, fresh, humorous, and elegant in form; this composer's Sonatas consist of one movement.

Durante, born 1693, published six Sonatas in two movements each; the first he calls *studio*, and the second *divertimento*. Though many a composer wrote and published Sonatas during the first part of the 18th century, they have all been surpassed by the works of Ph. E. Bach, 1714–1788, the son of J. S. Bach. Ph. E. Bach may be rightly considered as the composer who gave its lasting form to our modern Sonata. Haydn and Mozart, so great, so original, perfected the Sonata form of Bach, who fully acknowledged the merit of this master's works; they gave to every movement of the Sonata a deeper, ideal meaning. The charming Sonatas of Clementi must also be mentioned here. Beethoven brought the form of the Sonata to its highest perfection, as indeed every other form of instrumental music.

New Musical Books.

The *Saturday Review* gives us a glimpse, as follows, of several musical books, just published in Germany:

Ludwig Nohl's "Sketchbook" consists of various essays on music, giving a general survey of the present state of musical matters at Munich, now one of the European centres of the art, in virtue of the King of Bavaria's patronage and amateurship. As all the world knows, the royal taste is the reverse of orthodox, which may or may not be a deplorable circumstance in itself, but has at all events the advantage of securing new ideas a fair chance for existence. Few innovators in art or any other department of human activity have propounded their views under such favorable circumstances as Herr Wagner. If not an entire convert to Wagner's theories Nohl is a decided admirer of his practice. His elaborate essay on the composer's last work, "The Mastersingers," is the most interesting part of his volume, the rather as it will probably be a very long time before this opera is performed out of Germany.

"Reminiscences of Mendelssohn," by the celebrated actor Devrient, form an acceptable supplement to the volumes of correspondence published by the family, but go only a very little way towards supplying the desideratum of a complete biography. The period of Devrient's chief intimacy with Mendelssohn was that of Mendelssohn's youth, when he was between thirteen and twenty-one, and consequently that when information respecting him is of least importance. Much that naturally appears delightful in the biographer's recollection seems trivial in his narrative; we are, however, indebted to him for some really interesting glimpses of the interior of the Mendelssohn household, and of the method pursued with Felix's education. Some casual sketches of other notabilities are graphic; Zelter's ruggedness is well portrayed, and so is the languid conceit which Heine affected in society. There is an amusing picture of Varnhagen—his wife's Boswell—hovering at a respectful distance around that intellectual queen of Berlin society, and eagerly inquiring after any remark of hers which had failed to reach him. After Mendelssohn's departure from Berlin, his intercourse with Devrient was of necessity only epistolary, and his few letters, though interesting, cannot be compared with those addressed to his own family. There is no stronger symptom of the goodness of Mendelssohn's heart than the inspiration which always came over him when his powers were invoked for the entertainment of his own circle. After several years Mendelssohn returned to Berlin at the invitation of Frederick William IV, who expected the regeneration of Prussian music at his hands. With an instinctive perception of the situation, Mendelssohn wished to abandon this ill-starred project from the first, and it was chiefly in deference to Devrient's advice that he persisted in the undertaking which eventually occasioned him so much chagrin. His resignation again interrupted his personal relations with his biographer. It should be added that the irritable as well as the amiable side of Mendelssohn's nature is brought out in this sketch, but that the portrait gains thereby more in vividness, than it loses in attractiveness.

Wasielewski, the meritorious biographer of Schumann, has produced another work which will be highly appreciated by musicians. The first part contains a history of violins and violin makers, the second and more extensive is devoted to composers and performers on the instrument. Violinists have in general been the most erratic of the musical fraternity, and the romantic incidents of their lives will be found such as to repay others besides strictly musical readers for perusing Wasielewski's biography.

Albert Hahn's edition of Mozart's "Requiem" comprises a commentary, a comparison of variations between the standard edition and the original manuscript, a new German translation, and a very disparaging criticism of the old one, which certainly appear[illegible] exception to the usual fidelity and spirit of versions in this language.

"Musical Character Portraits," by Otto Gumprecht, are a series of essays on Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer. They are very pleasant reading, and the criticism is genial and liberal, but seems to embody the floating mass of popular opinion with little pretension to originality.

A new edition of Wasielewski's "Life of Schumann" is enriched with some letters not previously published. The work in its present form is hardly adapted for the American public, but now that Schumann's music is beginning to be known amongst us, we apprehend that an abridgment of it might be attempted with success. It is a far more interesting book than Von Hellborn's "Life of Schubert," which has been translated twice over. Schubert's existence was so retired, and his intimacies were of so commonplace a nature, that his biography hardly discloses a trace of the opulence of fancy and feeling which he must certainly have possessed. Schumann was himself the most reserved of men, but his circle of acquaintance was wide, his biography has been undertaken while his memory is still fresh, an extensive correspondence has been preserved, many incidents in his life were peculiarly adapted to elicit traits of character, and from all these circumstances combined we obtain a vivid and tolerably complete portrait. As a psychological study, his ostentatious figures more interesting than the fascinating personality of Mendelssohn, or the adventurous career of Weber. There is not in the whole range of biography an instance of an artist's life more purely and simply consecrated to art.

Herr C. H. Bitter has supplemented his valuable biography of Sebastian Bach by an account of that great musician's hardly less famous son Emanuel, and the brothers of the latter. The work is partly biographical, partly musical, but technical details preponderate, and it is not likely to be much referred to except by musical readers. The penury of biographical details is the sufficient apology for this method of treatment. Emanuel Bach's life was tranquil and uneventful; the nature of the compositions to which he devoted himself precluded his becoming a conspicuous public character like Gluck, or a popular idol like Weber or Rossini; and although his contemporaries rendered the fullest homage to his genius, they have preserved hardly any particulars of his life. His reputation has considerably declined since his death, and Herr Bitter appears to a certain extent in the character of a vindicator and apologist. At the same time he does not spare what he regards as the shortcomings of his hero, whose great service, according to him, is to have adapted his father's style of composition to the technical improvements effected in his own days. The elder brother, Friedemann Bach, adhered obstinately to the manner of his father, whose genius he was unable to rival. He thus fell behind the world in every sense, and died in distress, partly occasioned by his own impracticable temper and dissipated habits. Johann Christian, the younger brother, followed an opposite course. Greedy of gain and careless of renown, he devoted his fine talents to the gratification of the frivolous taste of his day, and has been requited by the total oblivion of posterity. The wide diffusion and long persistence of musical talent in the race of Bach is a most curious phenomenon, and justifies the elaborate research which Herr Bitter has bestowed upon the family genealogy.

Music Abroad.

London.

PASSION WEEK ORATORIOS.—The *Messiah* was performed in London every night during Passion-week, Saturday excepted. On Monday it was given at Exeter Hall by the National Choral Society, under Mr. G. W. Martin's direction. The soloists were Miss Arabella Smythe, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lander. Mr. Reeves's appearance in the hall for the first time this season was heartily welcomed by a crowded audience. He sang as grandly as ever, and made the customary profound impression in the "Passion" music and "Thou shalt dash them." The audience would have had the latter again, but Mr. Reeves was true to his laudable principle and declined. Pitch half a tone lower.

On Tuesday Mr. Barnby gave the "Sacred Oratorio" in St. James's Hall, with Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Lewis Thomas as principals. [illegible]

On Wednesday the Sacred Harmonic Society gave the work in Exeter Hall, with Mme. Sherrington, Miss Sainton Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli, as soloists. Mr. Costa being absent from England, the oratorio was well sustained by his *locum tenens*, Mr. Sainton.

On Thursday Exeter Hall was again thrown open to a *Messiah* audience, the performers being the choir of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, conducted by Mr. T. Gardner, with Mme. Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Signor Foli as chief singers.

On Friday performances took place at the Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn, the artists announced being Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Palmer, Mr. Larwill, Mr. Maybrick, and Herr Formes, whose farewell performance it was stated to be. We understand, however, that the great German basso did not appear. Mr. C. J. Hargitt conducted, and Mr. Carrodus led the orchestra.—At the Standard Theatre selections from the *Messiah*, *Stabat Mater*, and *Judas Maccabæus* [illegible]. Among those who took part were Mme. Bodda Pyne, Mme Rudersdorff, Mme. Patey Whytock, Mme. Zaliani, Mr. G. Patey, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The band was a large one, and Herr Meyer Lutz was conductor.—At the Britannia a sacred performance was given, consisting of the *Messiah*. Mr. Kingsbury was the conductor, and Mlle. Liebhart, Miss Jessie Derby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Thomas were the principal singers. The band was composed of well known musicians.—Selections from *Elijah*, the *Messiah*, and *Stabat Mater* were given at the New East London, in which Mme. Florence Lancia, Miss Zerbini, Elliot Galer, and Mr. A. Cook took part.—On Friday also the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini was given in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Jennings, who had for principals Mmes. Banks, Cole, Franklein, and Wynne, Messrs. Carl Stepan, Mason, and George Perren.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The Opera season commenced on Tuesday night with Bellini's *Norma*, which, though very nearly forty years old, is still one of the most popular of lyric tragedies.

All the world, or, at least, all the musical world, knows that Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have gone into partnership; and it might have been anticipated that the opening night would be used as an occasion for exhibiting, at any rate to a certain extent, the united strength of the two companies. This, however, was not the case. . . . .

The chief parts of the opera were thus distributed

Norma, Mlle. Tietjens; Adalgisa, Mlle. Sinico; Pollio, Signor Mongini; Oroveso, Signor Foli. That since Mme. Grisi has left the stage Mlle. Tietjens, though a German, is now the only absolutely acceptable Norma can hardly be denied. Her voice appeared very much fatigued, but her performance generally exhibited those qualities for which it has long been favorably noted. . . .

On Thursday night, there was a very effective performance of *Rigoletto*, with Mme. Vanzini, Signor Mongini, Mr. Santley, Mlle. Scalchi, and Signor Foli in the principal characters.—*Mus. World, Apr 3.*

Fidelio, on Saturday night, drew an audience which, to judge by the look of the house, outnumbered the audiences brought by *Norma* and *Rigoletto* put together. Signor Arditi was once more at the head of the orchestra, and the execution of the overture (the magnificent *Leonora* No. 3) was so fine that the audience called for it again, with such unmistakable enthusiasm that, long as it is, it had to be repeated from the first note of the introduction to the end of the *allegro*. The entire performance, however, instrumental and vocal, was of the very best, the value of the newly-organized chorus being convincingly demonstrated in the wonderful episode of the temporarily enfranchised prisoners (which, by the way, did not get "a hand" of applause), and the prodigious *finale* of the second act, nothing less grand and inspiriting than which could possibly have prevented the unequalled scene of the dungeon, immediately preceding it, from being other than an anti-climax, seeing that the dramatic interest culminates with the duet between Florestan and Leonora-Fidelio—at once his deliverer and faithful wife. Mlle. Tietjens, having completely recovered from her indisposition, gave one of her noblest representations of Fidelio, her performance of which sublime character, however, is too well known to make it necessary that we should dwell in detail upon any part of it. Enough that the lady to whom for years we are exclusively indebted for occasional representations of Beethoven's one dramatic work (to say nothing of Cherubini's *Medea*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauride*, and other masterpieces), has rarely done more to prove that, while she is in possession of her exceptional means, *Fidelio* must still, of necessity, form part of the operatic repertory. The Florestan of the evening was Signor Bulterini (one of Mr. Mapleson's most recent importations), a gentleman who owns a powerful tenor voice, which by husbanding a little more carefully he might use to much better purpose. He sang too loudly from first to last, and thus missed an opportunity of impressing the audience with Florestan's impassioned soliloquy in the dungeon scene. Otherwise he was correct enough and had fairly acquainted himself with the music. A more satisfactory Don Pizarro than Mr. Santley, as we have had frequent occasions of declaring, is not now to be named. No one since the late Staudigl in his prime has sung the music so well, and even Staudigl in his prime did not sing it better. In the small but by no means unimportant character of Marcellina Mlle. Sinico was, as she never fails to be, perfect; and in Mr. Charles Lyall she enjoyed the co operation of a Jacquino, who not only knows the music thoroughly, but gives significance to the part by acting alike unobtrusive and sensible. Signor Foli, as times go, is perhaps as good a Rocco as could be chosen, and Signor Campi is more than respectable as the Minister, who does not appear until the last *finale*. Besides the overture, the exquisite quartet in the first scene (Mlles. Tietjen and Sinico, Signor Foli, and Mr. Lyall) was encored and repeated, while after the great scene of the dungeon—the quartet, the deliverance of Florestan by the intervention of Leonora with a loaded pistol, and the rapturous duet between the devoted pair, once more united—Mlle. Tietjens, Signor Bulterini, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley had to appear before the lamps to be newly and warmly applauded. The opera was listened to throughout with an interest that could not be misunderstood. It was wise on the part of the management to produce it thus early, inasmuch as when the wandering stars who are the chief attractions of the "fashionable" season have arrived, Beethoven and his *Fidelio* must perforce be laid aside.

The opera on Monday was *Il Trovatore*. What about *Il Trovatore?* Thus much and no more:—Mlle. Tietjens played Leonora, Mlle. Scalchi played Azucena, Signor Mongini played Manrico, Signor Foli played Ferrando, and Mr Santley played Count di Luna; Mr. Santley was compelled to repeat "Il balen;" Signor Mongini was compelled to repeat "Ah si, ben mio;" Mlle Tietjens, Signor Mongini, and the chorus and the orchestra, were compelled to repeat the "Miserere;" there was a full house, and there was a great deal of applause. *Voilà tout.* Those who want any more about *Il Trovatore* may refer to divers precious volumes of the *Musical World*, wherein they will find enough and to spare.

On Tuesday Mlle. Ilma de Murska made her first appearance for the season as Linda, in *Linda di Chamouni*. Her reception was highly flattering, and deservedly so, for she is singing even better than when she was last among us. Signor Naudin (*his* first appearance) was Carlo; Signor Campi (his also), the Marchese; Signor Bagagiolo (his), the Prefetto; Mlle. Scalchi, Pierotto; and Mr. Santley, Antonio. —*Times, April 7.*

On Thursday evening the "*Huguenots*" was given with a very strong cast, as it included the three *prime donne* at present in London. The exacting demands on Mlle. Tietjens's voice in this opera showed more strongly than ever how much she needs repose, as at times her fatigue was painfully apparent, notably so in the duet with *Marcel* in the third act, or the second as it was made last evening. Clever as Mlle. de Murska is in executing such music as that allotted to *Margarita di Valois*, we prefer Mlle. Sinico's bright metallic voice in this character Of course her singing lent an importance to the part, which forced a recognition from a very apathetic audience, who never appear to recognize how beautiful is the music written for the *Queen*. The music allotted to *Urbain* being too low for Mlle. Vanzini's voice, was raised, a very questionable proceeding. In the air, "*Nobil Donna*," Mlle. Vanzini was very successful, but in the interpolated cavatina, "*No non giammai scommetto*," her singing left much to be desired. Signor Mongini was in magnificent voice, and, as *Raoul*, showed clearly that he has succeeded in checking his exuberant style. At times, of course, a *tenore robusto* is absolutely necessary in this opera, and here of course this artist has no living rival, but we were much gratified to find the great progress he has made in the delivery of the passages requiring more expression than strength. Mr. Santley has exchanged his part of *Nevers* for that of *San Bris*, by which the former is left in the hands of Sig. Tagliafico, who, though a conscientious artist, has not now the power to sing exactly the notes set down for him by the composer. *De Nevers* has not much to do, but Mr. Santley has made the part peculiarly his own, and therefore any other artist is heard at a disadvantage. Signor Bagagiolo's voice is not sufficiently powerful for the music of *Marcel*, but nevertheless he did his best, and that successfully. The choruses were given with much precision, and with the exception of the grand chorus of the "*Benediction des Poignards*," faultlessly sung. In the earlier part of this chorus there was a want of decision which was apparent to all. The Guards band also at the end of the second act were rather at fault in the opening of the instrumental portion of the bridal chorus. Taken however as a whole, the performance was satisfactory.

"*Linda*" is to be repeated to-morrow, the "*Huguenots*" on Monday, "*Fidelio*" on Tuesday, and we are promised "*Il Flauto Magico*" on Thursday.—*Orchestra, April 9.*

The Monday Popular Concerts were concluded for the season by an entertainment that was advertised to be for the "Director's benefit." The three principal pianists—Mme. Arabella Goddard, Mme. Schumann and Mr. Halle—all took part in it, playing together Bach's Concerto in D minor, with quintet accompaniment. Herr Joachim (who played superbly), Signor Piatti, Master Arthur Le Jeune and Miss Edith Wynne, all appeared, and the programme was made up of masterpieces. The list of works performed during the past season, the eleventh, shows how wide is the field explored in these valuable concerts. Beethoven has been most frequently performed, next in order comes Mendelssohn, and then Mozart; while Bach, by reason of his green old age, and Schubert, for his fresh youthfulness, follow at a dead heat. Boccherini, Cherubini, Corelli, Dussek, Handel, Haydn, Hummel, Marcello, Molique, Porpora, Schumann, Tartini, Weber and Wölfl, have all been represented As if to atone for the absence of Spohr from this goodly catalogue, Herr Joachim brought forward at the last concert, not included in the list, two movements by the great violin composer. The increasing popularity of these concerts is the most hopeful sign of the times for English music. We cannot praise too highly the instrumental portions, but we should like to see more variety in the vocal music. Not a word can be said against Schubert's songs, for which the Director shows a laudable partiality. But Schubert wrote some 900; why do we not hear more than about nine! It is true that the vocal music is only intended as a relief to the instrumental. But as the audience is composed to a great extent of the same individuals at every concert, it is a questionable relief to always hear the same song. It is a reproach to singers that their *repertoire* is so much more limited than that of players. A few years ago, a lady, who used constantly to appear at the Monday Popular Concerts, was in the habit of always begging her hearers to "Name the glad day," and in the season that has just closed another lady has been asking as perseveringly, "Ah! why do we love?"—*Athenæum, March 27.*

The Philharmonic Society, which has given its concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms since the year 1833, gave its first concert of the present season on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall. The reason for the change in the locale cannot be given in better words than in those of the historical and analytical programme written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren for the society. "The time has come when the oldest of the musical societies of London must no longer address its efforts to the gratification of any circle less than that of the whole round of music lovers in the city where its concerts are held. It has therefore once more changed its locality to meet that demand of the time which itself has prompted." On the other hand there are some who think that the removal of these entertainments from Hanover Square Rooms, the best in London for sonority, and, in our opinion, sufficiently large for the enjoyment of a refined and finished orchestral performance, is a perilous experiment. It is to be hoped that the pecuniary results may realize the sanguine expectations of the society, but that art will be a gainer by the effects of an orchestral performance in St. James's Hall is questionable. "In the attempt to popularize art," said Holmes, the biographer of Mozart, there is "danger of vulgarizing it; for, in a large assembly of persons in London, attracted by rival star singers and soloists, the sensual will always prevail over the intellectual." At all the monster classical orchestral concerts given in Exeter Hall and at the Crystal Palace, before a mixed audience, there is less discrimination than wisdom in the applause, and we have more than once witnessed a very mediocre singer carry away the honors of the concert, in which a very creditable performance of a classical orchestral composition was comparatively unnoticed. Then, too, in a very large audience of various tastes, partizans of vocalists and soloists frequently persist in recalls and encores, and thus outrage the feelings of the cultivated amateur and the professional auditor. Let us hope that no such results may arise from the change that has taken place, in the removal of the society's concerts from Hanover Square to St. James's Hall. Indeed that the directors have shown their wisdom in the change would seem to be proved by the increase in the number of subscribers, and by the crowded and fashionable audience. Mr. G. W. Cusins, the conductor, was warmly greeted on his entering the orchestra. The programme was rich and varied.

Symphony in G minor.....Woelfl.
Scena ed Aria. "Crudele! ah no mio bene," "Non mi dir." (Il Don Giovanni).....Mozart.
Mlle Anna Regan (her first appearance in England).
Concerto for Violin.....Beethoven.
Violin, Herr Joachim.
Scena e Cavatsna. "Salve! dimora casta e pura" (Faust). Gounod.
Mr. Vernon Rigby. Violin Obbligato, Mr. V. Collins.
Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber.
Symphony in A minor, (Scotch).....Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Pur dicesti, o bocca bella".....Lotti
Mlle. Anna Regan.
Solos for Violin, a, Abendlied ..... Schumann.
b, Loure. } ..... Seb. Bach.
Allegro in E, }
Violin, Herr Joachim.
Overture, "Lodoiska".....Cherubini.

Each movement of the symphony by Woelfl, a composer well known by pianoforte players, particularly for his celebrated sonata, the "Ne plus Ultra," is replete with melody, and beautifully rhythmical. We were particularly pleased with the minuet, which, however, seems to be taken from the canon of Haydn's Oxford Symphony, in E minor. The above symphony and the remainder of the orchestral pieces were carefully conducted by Mr. Cusins. The band, with a few additional stringed instruments, is still too weak for St James's Hall. The brass wind instruments, generally, are too powerful. The *chiaro-scuro* of concert orchestral performances is of a more refined and delicate nature than that required in the performance of dramatic music in a large theatre, and this distinction so strictly observed on the continent, seems to have escaped the attention of our best conductors of London bands. Beethoven's concerto for violin was magnificently rendered by Herr Joachim. Of his performance of a concerto with which he made his *debut* in 1844 it is almost unnecessary now to remark that he played it in a splendid style; his cadenzas were admirably constructed and marvellously executed. The first part closed with Weber's overture to "*Euryanthe*," given with immense spirit by the band. Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor (the Scotch) was the great feature of the Second part. All its marvellous beauties were fully developed under Mr. Cusins's careful guidance. A dreamy morceau by Schumann (the Abendlied) and a Loure and Prelude in E by Bach were the pieces assigned to Herr Joachim in this part, and the concert closed with Cherubini's overture to "*Lodoiska*." The novelty of

the concert was the lady vocalist. Her voice is a pure soprano, and though not powerful, it is pleasing in quality. Mlle. Regan, we presume, is a German lady; she has been well instructed, sings with feeling and taste, with a modest shake, and perfect intonation. Her singing of Mozart's aria, though deficient in dramatic expression, was a very conscientious interpretation of the author. In the simple aria of Lotti, accompanied by Mr. Cusins at the pianoforte, she was equally successful. Altogether this *débutante* made a favorable impression. Mr. Rigby is rising, deservedly, into public favor.—*Orchestra, March* 13.

Subjoined is the programme of the second concert:

Symphony, No. 2, in C	Schumann.
Recit. e Aria, "Che faro senza Eurydice"	Gluck.
Concerto in G minor	Mendelssohn.
Recit. e Aria, "Mi tradì quell'alma ingrata"	Mozart.
Overture, "The Wedding of Camacho"	Mendelssohn.
Symphony, No. 8, in F	Beethoven.
Song, "Marguerite"	Schubert.
Overture, "Zauberflöte"	Mozart

Schumann's symphony (perhaps his best) was admirably played, and both more liked and more applauded than on the occasion of its first production by the Philharmonic Society, five years since. Mme. Schumann played Mendelssohn's concerto, on a Broadwood pianoforte, and was "recalled" at the conclusion of her very energetic performance. The early overture of Mendelssohn was not, by any means, so well played as the symphony; but its spirit and beauty shone out, nevertheless.

At the third concert, Herr Reinecke is to play Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D, and an overture from his pen, entitled *König Manfred*, will be given. The symphonies at this concert are to be Schubert's in B minor (unfinished), and Beethoven's in C minor.—*Mus. World, April* 10.

Crystal Palace. The finest of Schubert's Symphonies, the ninth, and Mozart's exquisite "Zauberflöte" Overture were both rendered with noteworthy perfection at last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert. But the accompaniments to Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto were played with an amount of careless coarseness that reminded the hearer how difficult it is for a conductor to excel in more than one branch of his art. The man who directs to admiration the interpretation of a purely orchestral work rarely pays sufficient attention to the requirements of a singer or solo-player. The piano part of Mendelssohn's Concerto was confided to Mme. Arabella Goddard's unerring fingers. Wagner's unjust opinion of Mendelssohn, that "he was a man who, having nothing to say, said it well," applies more fitly to Mendelssohn's admirer Gade, whose overture, "Im Hochland," made no effect despite all the cleverness which has gone to its composition. The vocal music contributed to this concert by Mlle. Regan, whose bright voice gains on the ear, and by Mr. G. F. Jefferys, a basso, who has come out too soon, had no special interest. To-day's programme includes the whole of Beethoven's "Prometheus" music. The advertisement states that it will be heard in its entirety "probably for the first time in England."—*Athen., Apr.* 3.

Leipsic.—The programme of the twentieth and last Gewandhaus Concert consisted exclusively of works by Beethoven, namely, the "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Sanctus," and "Benedictus," from the Mass in C major, and the Ninth Symphony. The solo singers were Mlles. Strauss, Borée, Herren Rebling and Ehrke.

Koenigsberg.—According to annual custom, a performance of Graun's *Tod Jesu* was given by the Musical Society on Good Friday.

Mannheim.—*Die Meistersinger* was tolerably successful in its first production, but in consequence of the indignation created by Herr R. Wagner's pamphlet, entitled *Ueber das Judenthum in der Musik* (*On the Jewish Element in Music*), the opera was violently hissed at the fourth performance. The majority of the local papers are exceedingly wroth against the champion of the Future.

St. Petersburg.—Mme. Adelina Patti selected *Don Pasquale* for her benefit. Bouquets of incredible size were presented her in the course of the evening, bouquets as big round as tables, at each of which half a dozen persons might easily sit. In addition to these monster specimens of the florist's art, there was an absolute deluge of smaller nosegays, separate flowers, and wreaths, from the side boxes. The value of these floral tributes of homage at this time of the year could not be less than 4000 roubles! The fair artist's admirers offered her also a pair of ear rings and a brooch, in the shape of a butterfly. Some say these objects are worth 40,000 roubles; others put them down at the more modest sum of 12,000. The correct amount lies probably somewhere between the two sums. Of course, Mme. Patti accepted these substantial tokens of her high popularity in this capital. But it appears that there are some ladies who are made of sterner stuff, and possess sufficient strength of mind to refuse a present of jewelry. Such a fair phenomenon is Mlle. Lawrowski. She was singing in Glinka's opera, *Life for the Czar*, when the conductor handed her first a bouquet and then a bracelet. The bouquet she took; the bracelet she declined. She said that it would be far better to "give it to the poor; as far as she herself was concerned, it went against her feelings to accept a present." If Mlle. Lawrowski thought to make capital out of this act of self abnegation, she missed her mark, for the audience did not at all appear to appreciate it as deserving admiration; quite the contrary.

On the eve of her departure from St. Petersburg Mme. Patti signed an engagement to return there, from the 15th of November to the 15th of March, "for the consideration," it is said, of 200,000 francs.

Weimar.—Mme. Viardot has completed an operetta, "Le Dernier des Sorciers," which has been orchestrated by Liszt, and which is to be played at Weimar on the approaching fête-day of the Grand Duke.

Vienna.—It is now definitely settled that the magnificent new Opera house will open on the 15th May, with Gluck's *Armide*. A new ballet, *Sardanapal*, is to be produced in the course of the season. The author, Herr Paul Taglioni, will come from Berlin to superintend the rehearsals.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller has recently left, after being the object of all sorts of ovations. The Abbate Franz Liszt, on the other hand, has recently arrived. He intends stopping only a short time.

The Lower Rhine Festival, at Whitsuntide, is to be held this year at Düsseldorf. The programme announces for the first day, Handel's *Joshua*. Second day, Bach's *Matthew Passion*; "Spring" and "Autumn," from Haydn's *Seasons*; Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*. The third day is the so-called Artists' Concert. The soloists of the first two days will be Frau Soltans of Cassel (soprano), Frau Joachim (alto), Herr Vogel of Munich (tenor), Scaria of Dresden (bass), and Joseph Joachim (violin).

Musical Correspondence.

New York, April 26.—At Mr. Thomas's 21st Sunday Concert, April 18, Mme. [illegible] and Herr Bassmeyer were the soloists, and the orchestral programme included Beethoven's *Coriolanus* Overture, and two little gems by Schumann and Vogt.

I find that your printers have made me say that Mr. Hoffman played Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp *minor* at the Philharmonic; this is a mistake, it should have read "F sharp *major*."

These Philharmonic people have again changed the programme for the next concert; for some reason the Hiller Overture has been withdrawn, and the "Oberon" substituted, while in addition to this we are to have Mendelssohn's A major (Italian) Symphony, which was played by the Society at one of its concerts last season.

Mr. Bergner—our admirable violoncellist—gave a most enjoyable concert on Tuesday evening at Irving Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Von Inten, S. B. Mills, Theo. Thomas, Otto Singer, Matzka, Hess, Eller, and Miss Josey Hedtle. I quote the special attractions:

Piano Trio, D minor, op. 49	Mendelssohn.
Von Inten, Thomas, Bergner.	
Theme and Variations from Quartet, op. 18	Beethoven.
2 Romances, Oboe and Piano	Schumann.
Messrs. Eller and Singer.	
Ungarische Zigeunerweisen	Tausig
S. B. Mills.	

The beautiful Trio, with the delightful Scherzo, was capitally played, as were also the Theme and Variations from one of Beethoven's early Quartets. The Romances for oboe and piano were thoroughly Schumann-like, and consequently enjoyable. Mr. Mills played Tausig's "Gipsy-music" in a style that was wonderful in its force and decision. He received a merited encore and responded thereto with Schumann's delicious "Des Abends" (from op. 12). Of Mr. Bergner's own playing there is but little to be said; his rare merits as an artist are so well known and appreciated that one hesitates to repeat stereotyped words of praise; suffice it to say, then, that his performance (both in his solos and in the Trio and Quartet) fully justified his well established reputation, and that he was greeted with much enthusiasm by a disgracefully small audience.

On Wednesday evening Mme. Parepa-Rosa made her re-appearance (after her long illness) in a miscellaneous concert at Steinway Hall; she was assisted by A. H. Pease (pianist), Carl Rosa, Mr. Nordblom (a new Swedish tenor), and Messrs. Ferranti and Colby. Mme. P. was warmly welcomed and sang excellently well, barring a slight tendency to sharpness in the upper notes. Mr. Nordblom made a favorable impression by his rendering of "Adelaide;" his voice is clear, pure, and strong, besides being well cultivated. The artists whom I have named constitute the "Parepa Rosa Concert Troupe," which is very soon to start for the Western States on a tour of some five or six weeks.

On Thursday evening we had Haydn's "Creation" with Mme. Parepa, Messrs. Simpson and Thomas as soloists, and with the assistance of the Mendelssohn Union and Theo. Thomas's orchestra. The whole performance was under the direction of the latter gentleman. Mme. P. was in better voice than on the previous evening, but for some reason she excited very little enthusiasm and received (comparatively) little applause. As for Mr. J. R. Thomas, it would be better for himself and the public if he should discontinue singing in oratorios; his voice is not clear and sweet, and he is apt to drawl alarmingly. Mr. Simpson did far better and needs only to pronounce his words in order to be a most acceptable artist.

On Thursday evening, May 6th, we are to have the "Messiah" given by the Harmonic Society under the direction of F. L. Ritter; the solos will be taken by Mme. Parepa, Miss C. V. Hutchings, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Whitney (of your city).

On Saturday evening the Liederkranz Society gave a capital concert in Steinway Hall. I quote a portion of the programme:

Overture, "Jessonda"	Spohr.
"Le Trille du Diable," for Piano and Violin Sonata	Tartini.
Messrs. Von Inten and Kopta.	
"Walpurgisnacht"	Mendelssohn.

The soloists were Mr. Von Inten (piano), Mr. Kopta (violin), Mr. Steins (basso), Mme. Frederici (mezzo); also there was an orchestra of 50, a male chorus of about seventy, and a female chorus of nearly the same number. The *Walpurgisnacht*, which was naturally the feature of the evening, was rendered in truly admirable style, although the solos might have been more carefully sung; the male chorus, however, was simply perfect.

Messrs. Von Inten and Kopta played Tartini's quaint Sonata capitally and narrowly escaped an encore. Mr. Von Inten played as his solos a Chopin Nocturne in E flat, and ["there is but one step," &c., &c.] a *Faust* Caprice by Bassmeyer; this latter is simply idiotic, and Mr. Von Inten was most injudicious in coupling such trash with the exquisite Nocturne, which he played with great neatness and delicacy. Mme. Frederici sang Schubert's "Wanderer" and, being encored, Schumann's wonderful "*Frühlingsnacht*;" the accompaniment of the latter was simply butchered by the person to whom it was entrusted. I should recommend him to practice occasionally in reading.

I omitted to mention that on Wednesday evening Mr. Hugo Bassmeyer gave an "Historical Soirée Musicale" in Steinway's ware-rooms. He was assisted by Mr. Kopta, Mr. Von Inten, Mlle. Orloff, and Mme. Werner. There were Sonatas by Corelli, Scarlatti, and Tartini, and other morceaux by

Mozart, Handel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Liszt, and Gounod. Mr. Bussmeyer played, among other things, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" and a *Jagdlied* by Mendelssohn (Lieder ohne worte, Bk. 1, No. 3); the former he did tolerably, but the latter was inconceivably bad; he hammers and pounds the keys and uses the loud pedal "with perfect looseness."

Mr. Theo. Thomas's series of Sunday Concerts closed with the 22d, last evening. These were some of the good things:

Overture, "King Stephan".....Beethoven.
Scherzo, Reformation Symphony.....Mendelssohn.
Träumerei.....Schumann.
Turkish March.....Mozart.

Mlle. Josey Hofle and Mr. Wenzel Kopta were the soloists. F.

NEW YORK, MAY 3.—Rossini's extensively advertised and much landed "Messe Solennelle" was produced for the first time on Thursday evening at the Academy of Music, was repeated on Friday evening, and at Steinway Hall on Sunday evening. The solos were taken by Miss Kellogg, Mme. Testa, Sigs. Boetti and Antonucci; the orchestra numbered about fifty, and the chorus forty-five (with only *ten* sopranos).

There is nothing *solemn* about the work with the exception of its name; written in a florid, highly colored style, it is essentially operatic, any thing but sacred. The finest number in it is the "O Salutaris," in which the harmonic changes in the orchestral accompaniment are extremely beautiful and quite fresh. This solo was sung in an exceedingly effective way by Mme. Testa, who has but little voice, but uses that little with great skill. She received a very decided encore [at the Friday evening's performance] and was the only artist who was so honored.

Miss Kellogg's voice is too slender for much except light operas; her singing of the "Crucifixus" (which she curiously pronounces cru-che-fixus) was but little above mediocrity and elicited very little applause. In the "Sanctus" she attempted to touch high C, and the result was a facial contortion and a positive screech, which was most unmusical.

The chorus singing was tolerably good, but the vocal force was entirely inadequate for the demands of the work, the size of the orchestra, and the dimensions of the building. As regards the instruments, the trombones and other brass were too blatant and obtrusive, and needed toning down, and the whole force—vocal, instrumental—seemed a little out of the control of Mr. Maretzek, who conducted the performance.

The "Mass" is to be given in Brooklyn on Thursday evening of this week, and again at the Academy as a matinée performance on Saturday.

At the last Philharmonic, on Saturday evening—Mr. Charles Jarvis, of Philadelphia, will be the pianist. F.

PARIS, APRIL 20.—The 14th and last of the Conservatoire concerts took place on the 18th inst., with the following programme:

Symphonie en si bémol.....Beethoven.
Ouverture d'Oberon.....Weber.
Œdipe de Colone: double choeur.....Mendelssohn.
O perfido sperguiro.....Beethoven.
Psaume.....Marcello.
Hymne.....Haydn.

The soli were sung by Mme. Gueymard. I can give no account of the performance, as I was absent from Paris at the time. The season is coming to its close. Our charming Swedish song-bird, Christine Nilsson, will soon take flight for northern skies. Previous to her departure, however, she will sing at the Salle Herz for the benefit of the sufferers from a disaster in the province of Smoland.

The engagement of la Patti at the Theatre Italien terminated on the evening of Saturday the 17th. She sang in Rigoletto and, were there degrees of perfection, I might say that she seemed to surpass herself. In the third Act she was recalled again and again—not as the celebrated Prima Donna, the idol of Europe, but as the Gilda, whose song was more than Verdi's music, and whose voice revealed the divine depth of that magnificent passion, which might be—and is not.

To-day we have a supplementary performance of *Linda*, and then adieu to la Patti until next season. At the Grand Opera *Faust* still continues *en scene*. Yesterday at the Theatre Lyrique Wagner's *Rienzi* was represented for the 7th time. People do not know exactly what to think of this opera, so they give it the benefit of the doubt and call it "*splendide*." Rossini's "Messe Solennelle" is gaining golden opinions from critics and from the public. On the 30th inst. it will be performed at the Church of the Trinity and Mme. Alboni will sing the contralto soli.

During the winter we have had much good chamber music, and the *seances* of the "Quatuor Florentine" may be cited as among the best of their kind. The last took place April 12. Among the selections performed were Mozart's *quatuor en ut* (No. 6), Mendelssohn's *in mi bémol*, and a Serenade by Haydn.

A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 8, 1869.

Concert Review.—The Season Over.

What remains to complete the record is only gleaning after a long, rich harvest. The field was not empty; some of the best yield was left behind, worthy to be gathered up with care. For example:

MR. HUGO LEONHARD'S Piano-forte Matinées. A pleasanter task we could not wish than to recall the last two, which took place on the last two Thursdays of April, filling the Chickering Hall better than before. The first of these (third of the series, April 22) was after this programme:

Siciliano and Gavotte, B minor.....Bach.
Aria, "My Heart ever faithful,".....Bach
Sonate, E flat major, op. 7.....Beethoven.
Capricio, E major, op. 33. No. 2.....Mendelssohn.
{ Scherzo, C sharp minor, op. 39.....Chopin }
{ Song without words, A major, No. 48..Mendelssohn. }
Songs.....R. Franz.
Auf dem Meer, op. 11
"Wandl'ich in dem Wald," op. 39.
"Zwischen Weizen und Korn," op. 33
{ Andante from op. 17.....Schumann.
{ Schlummerlied.....O. Dresel.
{ Intermezzo from op. 26.....Schumann.
{ Etude, A flat major.....Chopin.

Mr. L. deserves especial thanks for the wholesome and yet exquisite beginnings of his concerts,—each time with a couple of the quaint little movements from the *Suites* and *Partitas* of Sebastian Bach. He plays them honestly and lets them show their poetry. Nothing sounds so new and fresh just now, for pampered appetite is glad to get back to sweet, unpretending truth. The interpreter was equally at home and happy in the Beethoven Sonata, one of the most perfect of the fresher period, with its eager, adventurous Allegro, consistently and vigorously developed, its grand, deeply meditative (*largo* in the sense of large) slow movement, its genial, sunshiny Minuet crossed by mysterious shadow in the Trio, and the gliding grace and beauty of its finale; in the brilliant Caprice and naive Song without Words (last of the posthumous set) by Mendelssohn; the fiery, impassioned Scherzo and charming *Etude* of Chopin; in the Schumann pieces, and that Slumber Song, which was a feeling reminder of the absent:—only his grouping of these things was better than we have made here in this awkward sentence. Equally happy, too, in accompanying the songs which Mrs. BARRY sang so well. Indeed she was in uncommonly good voice, and though Bach's "*Frohlocke mein Herz*" had to be set down from its bright key for her, it was given with great spirit. Her tones were large and thrilling in that wild first part of the Franz song "On the sea:" the dream of lying buried under snow on a dreary heath; and sweet and full of comfort in the second part, where the dream is chased away by the stars shining down with "their sweet eyes." Beautifully suited to her was the second song of the group, the quaint, tender "When I wander in the wood at night;" but less so the arch and airy "*Wo geht's Liebchen?*" of Goethe, though she sang it well.

Here is the fourth and last programme:

Air and Gavotte.....Bach.
Lieder Cyclus, ("An die ferne Geliebte").....Beethoven
Sonate, A minor, op. 47.....Beethoven.
Andante Spianato and Polonaise.....Chopin.
Dichterliebe.....Schumann
Frühlingsnacht.....
Rondeau brillant, op. 70.....Schu t
Andante and Finale, from Concerto in G. (By request).
Beethoven.

The vocal pieces, on account of Mr. KREISSMANN'S illness, were omitted; it would have been interesting to hear Schumann's *Liederkreis* ("Dichterliebe") after that of Beethoven, who set the high example. The Sonata was of course the "Kreutzer," with violin, and it was admirably played by Mr. LISTEMANN and Mr. Leonhard. The Schubert Rondo is also for the two instruments, and was a splendid contribution. By way of compensation for the omitted pieces, Mr. L. treated us again to that impressive *Novelette* by Schumann. We need not tell how finely he played the two movements of the Beethoven Concerto, with which he has so well identified himself in the Symphony Concerts, nor how suggestively Mr. LANG sketched in the orchestral parts upon a second piano. One may realize a great picture even in an engraving.

MR. M. W. WHITNEY, the bass singer well known in our Oratorios, who returned a few weeks since from Europe, has certainly made the most of his short period of study in Milan and London. In the Complimentary Concert given to him in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening, April 21, a large audience listened with rare satisfaction to his greatly improved voice, as well as large and even delivery. His tones, always grand and manly, have grown more round and musical throughout their compass, especially in the upper range, and he does all with more artistic certainty and ease. We would fain have heard him in music of a more important character; but his selections: "*Il Monaco*," by Meyerbeer, and a spirited song by the London Randegger, served well to show his vocal qualities and execution. The common trick of basses, of making a point of a very low bass note, because exceptional, may be pardoned to the occasion.

The assistant artists rallied round him with a good will apparently, and did their best. There was an average excellence throughout the performances. Miss PHILLIPPS sang "*L'Addio*" by Mozart, and the light and florid "*Son leggiero*" of Donizetti, each in its way admirably. Miss GATES's rich soprano revelled freely and brilliantly enough in the clap-trap "ecstacies" of the Arditi Waltz. Miss GRANGER sang "*O luce di quest anima*" honestly and well, with bird-like purity and fluency. The brothers WINCH contributed a duet: "I Pescatori;" Miss ALICE DUTTON, Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody," which she played even better than before, and on the "New Orchestral Grand" of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., which is certainly an instrument of great power and richness;

Mr. LISTEMANN, a couple of fantastic violin solos: one from a Paganini Concerto, the other a Scherzo (*Rondo des lutins*) by Bazzini. But the most remarkable thing in its perfection, and the most enjoyable, was the male part-singing of the "Chickering Club," who came out from their privacy in compliment to Mr. Whitney, who is a fellow member. Nothing so good of its kind has been heard in our concert rooms before. We must not forget Mr. WHITING's opening of the concert with a firm, clear rendering of Bach's Toccata in F, besides his own effective Concert Piece for the Organ.

MADAME NINA PIZZOTTI's Benefit Concert showed this young and earnest pianist to much better advantage than one or two public efforts which she made while out of health last year. This time she played Thalberg's *L'Elisire* fantasia and the Rondo Cappriccioso of Mendelssohn in very good, effective style—besides something else for an encore. She is pleasing in appearance, unaffected, evidently well taught and zealous in the direction of good music. She also showed no little cleverness in the not too common art of accompanying the voice. The singers, new to us, were Mrs. WITHINGTON and Mr. CHARLES HOWARD, who opened and closed the concert with a Duet: "*La ci darem*," and Donizetti's "*L'Addio*. The lady, with a bright little voice trained to considerable execution, sang rather out of tune in her first solo, "Angels' Serenade;" but was more successful in two characteristic pieces: "Le Secret" (*Geheimes*), by Schubert, and a sort of Mazourka melody by Chopin. Mr. HOWARD, who has a baritone rich and sweet in some tones, dry and hard in others, sang "Stigelli's "Tear" and an air by Balfe: "Let all obey" in an intelligent and manly way. The Mouth Harmonica performances of Professor WALLACH are curious, to say the least, and full of pretty effects, which he manages with great skill. The March from Spontini's "Fernando Cortez" he had arranged for the little instrument so as to give the impression of a full band, approaching and receding, and, by alternating with a second little set of reeds, he gave a new tone coloring to the Trio portion of the March. In mountain echoes, Jodels, &c., like his "Styrienne," the instrument seems most in its element.—A goodly audience staid to the end of the concert well pleased.

MR. EUGENE THAYER is giving some excellent programmes of Organ Music in his "Organ Recitals" at Hollis Street Church, on alternate Saturdays at 4½ P.M. We have not yet been able to hear them, but they are worthy to be recorded. Here is the first (of April 10):

Toccata in F	Bach.
Aria "With verdure clad"	Haydn
Choral Variations	Bach.
a. Ich ruf' zu Dir.	
b. Gottes Sohn ist kommen.	
Adagio and Allegro from 2d Sonata	Mendelssohn
Spring Song	Robert Franz
Variations in A flat	Thiele

The vocal pieces were sung by Miss ELLA L. WOODMAN, a pupil of the Boston Conservatory. The second programme we have mislaid. The third (for this afternoon) is as follows (Miss GATES, of St. Paul's Church, and Mr. E. C. FISHER, pupil of the Boston Conservatory, assisting):

Fantasie and Fugue in G minor	Bach.
Vorspiel: An Wasserflussen Babylons	Bach.
Aria: Jerusalem, thou that killest	Mendelssohn.
Fugue in G minor, No. 2	Bach.
Vorspiel: Liebster Jesu	Bach.
Abendlied	Schumann
Variations in A, Op. 47	Hesse.

The two Conservatories have closed their terms with interesting pupil concerts in the Music Hall. In that of the NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY, April 17, not the least noteworthy feature was the violin-playing, under the direction of the older SECK, showing careful and efficient teaching, as well as promising capacity in the pupils. A study had played with much *aplomb* and true intonation a simple Sonata of Haydn, a delicate and modest looking young girl of color winning equal credit in the piano part. A Trio by Dancla was well played by three violins on each part, one of the violins by a colored girl again, the others by young men. These are good fruits for a school of music.

There were also some fair specimens of piano playing, particularly the *Marcia Funebre* of Chopin and the Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony, Mr. PETERSILEA presiding; singing, both of solo and chorus; organ music, &c.,—leaving on the whole a good impression.

The BOSTON CONSERVATORY had its concert on the 23d ult. We were able to hear only the last four pieces, but that little good, of a programme creditable in itself:

Organ. Prelude in G major	Bach
Chorus for Female voices	Abt
Trio in C minor, Violin, Piano and 'Cello	Beethoven
Organ. Pastorale in G major	Mendelssohn.
Aria "Voi che sapete"	Mozart
Overture "Egmont" (Duets)	Beethoven
Romance, from "Don Sebastian"	Donizetti
Sonata in F minor	Beethoven.
Tenor Song "Good night, beloved!"	Balfe.
Organ. Variations Op. 47	Hesse.
Song. "The Skylark"	Hatton
Easter Hymn for Female Chorus	Abt
Organ. Chromatic Fantasie	Thiele.

Two Concerts, so far as yet announced, are all we have in prospect—until the Deluge!

1. MADAME PARTTA-ROSA, in whose recovery from her severe illness all musical souls rejoice, and who will be chiefly occupied with English Opera next season, is announced for her "last grand concert," in the Boston Music Hall next Monday evening, May 10. CARL ROSA of course will let us hear his violin. The other assistants are Mme. DE PONTI, from La Scala; Mr. J. NORDBLOM, a young Swedish tenor, of whom report speaks well; FERRANTI, the genial buffo, Mr. ALFRED PEASE, pianist; and Mr. G. W. COLBY, accompanist.

2. The "NORMAL DIAPASON" Concert—to call it so for short—of which we made mention in our last, is of necessity postponed to Thursday the 20th, at 3½ P.M. Its object, it will be remembered is, to raise the means for furnishing our Symphony and Oratorio Orchestras with suitable wind instruments, tuned to the lower or French pitch, which is already that of the Great Organ, making it impossible for orchestras at the prevailing pitch, so distressingly high for singing voices, to play in perfect tune with it. Such instruments (flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons especially, will have to be made expressly for the purpose, and at a cost too great to be required of the musicians who will be expected to conform to the new pitch.

The arrangements are in the hands of a Joint Committee representing the Handel and Haydn Society, the Harvard Musical Association, and the Boston Music Hall Association. The first part will be essentially a Symphony Concert, beginning with Beethoven's fresh and happy Symphony, No. 8, one of the shortest of the tribe; followed by an Aria (probably of Mozart) by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, then (if found practicable) a concerted piece employing the very instruments in question which have got to be reformed,—perhaps a movement from a Serenade by Mozart; and then Cherubini's noble Overture to "The Water Carrier." The Orchestra will be that of the Symphony Concerts in full force, Mr. ZERRAHN conducting. The Handel and Haydn Society with their grand chorus, furnish the second part: Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Cantata, with the introductory Symphony; the solos by Miss HOUSTON, Miss PHILLIPPS and Mr. W. J. WINCH, who, as well as the conductor, volunteer their services.—Every friend of singers, at all sensitive to the wrong done to that delicate organ, the voice, by the continual straining up of concert pitch, should rally to the protection of the sufferer and attend this concert.

ROME.—Miss Brewster, in her letters to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, writes:

It is said that the Pope is about to give cause for domestic scandal to the stiff occupants of the pontifical antechambers. There is an old custom that no preceding Pope has ever infringed upon, that imposes upon him never to be present at a public amusement. The oratorio of the *Creation*, by Haydn, has been sung at the Campidoglio during Lent with much success. The Pope expressed a desire to hear it, and the surrounding prelates said, "It can be executed here at the Vatican for your Holiness."

"Not at all," replied his Holiness gayly; "we will go ourselves to the Capitol to hear it."

And in spite of all the consecrated rubrics of court etiquette, the Musical Academy will repeat the oratorio, expressly for his Holiness, in the grand hall of the Capitol, and in his presence, next Tuesday evening.

Thomaschek's Eclogues.

An old friend translates and sends us the following from Tomaschek's Autobiography:

1807. "An incomprehensible indifference to the Pianoforte Sonata and the Symphony for orchestra had for a long time been noticeable. Endless variations were made to indemnify the pianist for the Sonata, and overtures the orchestra for Symphonies. This incipient shallow taste of the time forced me to seek a refuge in poetic forms, to see whether some of them might not be transplanted in the field of tones, and thus the still too narrow circle of musical poesy be enlarged. My first essay was 6 *Eclogues* for the pianoforte, which were published as op. 35, by Kühnel in Leipzig. These tone poems, which very soon became popular, are in fact a sort of pastoral, they are, however, too different from the old pastorals in the melody, harmony and rhythm, to allow me to omit here a remark or two upon their meaning and especially upon their execution.

"I imagined a pastoral people, whose mode of life was indeed simple, but who were subjected to the ordinary vicissitudes of life just like all other men. Their emotions as awakened by the various events of life—these to express in tones was then the difficult task which I proposed to myself, and which, judging from the general sympathy in my work, I happily accomplished. That the composition of Eclogues is by no means easy, is proved by the many unsuccessful attempts made by others. These Eclogues demand a simple, but very tender and sympathetic style of playing, in order to transport the listener into that idyl-like life; therefore, the easily discovered piquant passages, scattered here and there, must not be neglected; above all the tempos and directions to the performer, which are everywhere given with great exactness, must be observed with extreme care. Hence, it may be that through a careless execution that which is peculiar to this style of music is often utterly lost. I, at least, have never been so happy as to hear the Eclogues played by any one, except my own pupils, with due expression."

Tomaschek's further compositions in this form were:

1810.	Book II (op. 39) of the Eclogues.
	Six Rhapsodies for the P.F., op. 40, in which the form of the Eclogues is retained.
	Six Rhapsodies, op. 41.
1813.	Six Eclogues (op. 47) Book III.
1815	Six Eclogues (op. 51) " IV.
1818	Six Eclogues (op. 63).
1819	Six Eclogues (op. 65).

A. W. T.

ROSSINI'S MASS (*Messa Solemnelle*, or, as he called it, "*petite Messe*") will be published here in book form, octavo, by Messrs. Ditson & Co., about the first of June. They have already issued many of the more interesting numbers singly, as sheet music. So the many music lovers who can now study such a work from notes will be able to judge it for themselves, more satisfactorily than by reading criticisms. Meanwhile it has been thrice performed this past week in New York, twice at the Academy, once at Steinway Hall, under the auspices of Max Strakosch, with Max Maretzek for Conductor, and solo artists, chorus, &c., from the Italian Opera. Of course there were large and fashionable audiences. Here is the *Tribune's* article after the first performance, April 30.

The opinions expressed among the audience last night were of a singularly various character. From the select few nothing was heard but admiration; but the multitude, who had expected a sort of glorified "Stabat Mater," even more melodious and more dramatic than that most beautiful but most unecclesiastical work, came away bewildered, and apparently

uncertain whether to be rapturous or disappointed. It is a Mass, not a Cantata, and it is decidedly a solemn Mass, breathing devotion and reverence and elevation of the soul, and irradiated by gleams of that peculiar glory which belongs to the highest kind of religious music, and to it alone. At the same time, we confess that we cannot fully share the ecstacies of the French critics There are many commonplace passages in the composition to remind us that Rossini was only a man, after all, not an angel; and the most elaborate of the solo melodies indicate the decline of that prolific genius which so long entranced the world.

The *Kyrie* opens with great solemnity and impressive effect, the male chorus leading with a movement in a minor key. A freer melody is soon taken up by the female voices, and joined in by the whole chorus, beginning *sotto voce*, and rising to a splendid fortissimo. The admirable suspensions in this movement will be generally admired. The *Christe eleison* is a genuine old-fashioned canon, and then the *Kyrie* is repeated, but in a major key. The effect of the whole number is that of calm and solemn beauty. The *Gloria* is ushered in by a bold choral outburst, of a more joyous character, and this is followed by a quartet and chorus, the bass solo leading with a good piece of declamation on the *Laudamus*. A more charming number than this, however, is the *Gratias agimus*, which comes immediately after—a trio for contralto, tenor, and bass, in which the bass again has the lead. The melody is delightful, and the religious sentiment very plainly marked. The one tenor solo of the Mass is the *Domine Deus*. It presents in the first few bars, and in one or two subsequent portions, as well as in its general structure, a startling likeness to the *Cujus animam* of the "*Stabat Mater*," but it is vastly inferior to that popular air, and too long-drawn-out for a piece of such thin texture. Too long and too thin we may also say is the one bass solo, the *Quoniam tu solus*. Between these two meagre numbers occurs, however, one of the gems of the *Gloria*, the *Qui tollis*, a duet for soprano and contralto, with harp accompaniment. It lacks the sensuous melody of the famous duet in the *Stabat*, with which everybody is naturally impelled to compare it; but it is pathetic and delicate. The conclusion of the *Gloria* is the grand fugue which has created such a profound impression wherever the Mass has been performed. It richly merits the praises that have been lavished upon it. Here we find the grandeur of the old scholastic musicians, the mighty roll of harmonies, the stately onward movement of chorus following chorus, and breaking through it all the sunshine of true Rossinian melody. The fugue is majestic but not sombre, grand yet cheerful, one in design and compact in treatment, but varied in the most surprising and agreeable manner. An audience not much addicted, we should fancy, to fugues, heard it with almost universal delight.

The *Credo* is still more religious in its tone than the *Gloria*, and more homogeneous in treatment. It is nearly all chorus. The first few measures are especially beautiful. The chorus and quartet together carry on the story as far as the *Crucifixus*, the *Incarnatus* not being, as it usually is, a separate number. The *Crucifixus* is a delicious soprano solo, well suited to the solemnity of the words, and would probably have left a deeper impression last night had not some inconceivable donkey in the midst of it sent the singer a basket of flowers. We are delighted to say that he was well hissed for his pains, and the basket was ignominiously left at the feet of the chorus. The conclusion of the *Credo* is mainly a repetition of the first part as far as the *Et vitam*, where another fugue is introduced, not so grand as that of the *Gloria*, but well written and effective.

The *Offertory* is an organ solo, which we prefer not to criticize until we have heard it. The liberal directors of the Academy of Music not having supplied that establishment with an organ, much as such a thing is needed in every large opera-house, the organist was reduced last night to an instrument of the melodeon species, and the performance was consequently very ridiculous. It had better be omitted to-night.

The *Sanctus* is a chorus and quartet, without accompaniment, and secured last night one of the only two encores. This movement is destined to become one of the most popular portions of the Mass. The *Salutaris*, a contralto solo, we believe was not originally written as a part of this work, nor is its introduction an improvement. It is the only theatrical effect in the whole performance, and beautiful as it is by itself, we do not think it leaves an agreeable impression, though it was last night encored. The *Agnus Dei*, a contralto solo with chorus is a fitting conclusion to the work. It is pathetic and impassioned beyond description, ending with a grand choral outburst, in which divine hope seems to reach its triumph and heaven to open its gates to prayer.

In the manner of the performance there was a great deal to praise. The due effect of the Mass depends in great degree upon the chorus. This was well drilled and only once went much astray, which was in the fugue of the *Credo*. It numbered however only fifty voices. About two hundred are really needed, not only to give proper expression to the music, but to balance the orchestra, which comprised at least 50 pieces. This was none too many for the size of the house and the work they had to do, but the disproportion between instruments and voices was ridiculous. The principal solo part is the contralto. This was taken by Mme. Testa. If we say that she was hardly equal to it, we say only what everybody knows, for the part is one which the best artists in the world might be proud to fill. Last night, however, she agreeably surprised even those who knew her best, and in the concluding part of the *Agnus Dei* especially she was admirable. She sings conscientiously, intelligently, and with reverence for the music, and for this she deserves thanks. Miss Kellogg, on the contrary, seemed to be oppressed with the comparative insignificance of her position, and treated the music and the audience with impolite indifference. There is, to be sure, a depth in this composition which she cannot sound; she is safest in shallow waters; but she ought always to do her best, and she certainly failed to do that last night. Her voice was weak and languishing.

Rossini's Mass Travelling with Mr. Ullman.

The *Weekly Review* (New York) translates the following letter from the Leipzig *Signale:*

"I am just going to Milan. I have bought Rossini's 'Mass,' *after I have heard it*, for fifty thousand francs. I say *fifty thousand francs*. Believe me, it is the most brilliant and complete work which Rossini has written, much more beautiful and grand than his 'Stabat Mater.' I do not write this as a puff.

"I engaged four star singers, and give the Mass in the large cities of Italy with one hundred musicians and two hundred chorus; in the cities of medium size with sixty in the orchestra and sixty in the chorus; in the small cities with thirty men in the orchestra and sixty in the chorus. These sixty choristers are always travelling with me as a nucleus. I have four *chanteurs-supplementaires* on hand in case one or the other star falls sick. I shall give twenty-six performances per month: six in the large, four in the medium-sized, and from one to two in the small cities. I have about seventy thousand francs expenses per month. But the business is grander and safer than that of the Patti concerts, for if Patti got sick I got a good thrashing. In France I lost in one week eighteen thousand francs through her illness. With the Mass and the four supplementary singers I cannot get stuck.

"I calculate my profit in Italy to be one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and I seldom make a mistake in my calculations. There are fifty-two cities with large theatres. I hope to give about one hundred and twenty performances with an average receipt of six thousand francs for each.

"Now I beg for the following favors:—

"First: You and others have announced that I go to Italy commissioned by Mr. Strakosch. I never go, and have never gone, anywhere on commission by anybody. I have bought the mass for fifty thousand francs, twenty-five thousand of which I have paid cash, and the other twenty-five thousand francs will be due January 1, 1870. But I am negotiating with Strakosch to associate with him for his business in Germany and Holland.

"*Germany will consequently have the pleasure of seeing me next winter.*

"Second: Since the first of January, and before I had concluded the Mass-business, I have parted with Carlotta. First, because the Patti business got to be ridiculous, and second, because it was not she who drew, *but my colossal ensemble*. Why, therefore, pay her sums for which I can have far new and better and more legitimate singers?

"Carlotta goes on her own hook to Germany, Austria and Moldau. She says she draws, and she does not need celebrities. She takes the pianist Ritter, the violinist Sarasato, and the baritone, Marochetti, and preserves my title, "Patti Concerts"—which I could give, but she, as the singer, could not give—keeps my prizes and intends to be economical. I wish, therefore, to be clearly understood, that I have neither directly nor indirectly anything to do with these concerts. With best thanks,

"Your quite obedient,

"B ULLMAN."

Paris, Feb 20, 1869.

P S.—I forgot to tell you that I sent yesterday the Mass to the Pope for its performance in Rome on the 11th of next April. The least I expect is to be canonized.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Gratias. From *Rossini's* "Messe Solennelle." 60
Domine Deus. Tenor Solo. " " 70
Crucifixus. Air for Soprano. " " 40
Quoniam. Air for Bass. " " 75
Sanctus. Cho. and Solo. " " 40
Qui Tollis. Duet. " " 1.00
O Salutaris. Alto Solo. " " 60
Agnus Dei. " " 1.00

From Rossini's celebrated mass, which is praised so highly, and seems to deserve it all. Were it for nothing else, it would be worth while to possess them, as from the last and most recent work of any "great" master. Generally of the 4th degree of difficulty.

The Young Widow. *Lingard.* 40
The Pet of the Girls am I. *Wellman.* 30
I'm the Chap that's Nobby. " 30
The Tin-pot Band. *Davies.* 30
The Dutch Onion Vender. *Lingard.* 40

Five new comic songs, full of nonsense, but pretty for all that.

Ye Banks and Braes. (Ihr Hügel. 4. E minor to *g*. *Franz.* 30
While Larks with little Wings. (Liebliche Magd). 4. C to *g*. *Franz.* 30
On the Ocean. (Auf dem Meer). 4. E to c. " 30
Within thine Eyes. (Ich hab in deinem Auge). 4. A*b* to f. *Franz.* 30
Maiden with thy Mouth of Roses. (Mädchen mit). 4. D*b* to *g*. *Franz.* 30
Rosy Spring. (Rosenzeit). 4. E to f. " 30
Love's Presence. (Gegenwart). 4. B*b* to f. " 30
Comes my Love to-day. (Kommt feins Liebchen). 4. E to f. *Franz.* 30
It was the pleasant month. (Im wunderschönen. " 30

A diadem of gems from Franz's "Second Series" of songs. While all are first class, we may notice the "Banks and Braes," as being a Scotch song rendered into German, "On the Ocean," which is, however all about the dry land, and "Comes my love to-day," as a sweet, peasant love-song.

Parting. (Scheiden) 3. E to e. *Mendelssohn.* 30
Welcome to Spring. (Im Grünen) 3. E to *g*. " 30

Two more of this excellent series of songs.

O Happy Remembrance. 3. E*b* to f. *Lortzing* 30

Very beautiful. Melody from "Czar and Zimmermann."

The Love Test. 2. E*b* to e. *Claribel.* 30

Capital test, and fine Scotch song.

Golden Sunshine. (Goldne Sonnenschein). 3. F to d. *Abt.* 30

Unusually attractive.

Tripping lightly in the Garden. (Tritt mein Liebchen.) 3. C to f. *Abt.* 30

A flower and love song.

Over Land and Sea. 3. F to f. *Abt.* 40

Apostrophe to a guiding star.

Instrumental.

Tinkling Sleigh-bells. Waltz. 3. E*b*. *Gowen.* 30

Very merry and taking.

Pluto Quad. 3. *Lingard.* 40

A sparkling collection of popular airs.

The Young Widow Waltz. 3. B*b*. *Lingard.* 30

A "gushing" melody with a captivating name.

Smiles. "Summer Reveries." 3. A. *Wilson.* 50

A pleasing graceful piece.

He loves me. (Er liebt mich.) 4. A*b*. *Jungman.* 35

A charming piece, in the pretty series of "Maiden Dreams."

Carrie's Waltz. "Silver Sounds." 2. G. *Mack.* 30
Meditation " " " 2. G. " 30
Geranium Polacca " " 2. F. " 30
Happy Galop. " " 2. D. " 30

Very pleasing and useful pieces. Among the best of their class

Prelude Religieux. From *Rossini's* "Messe Solennelle. 4. 40

A fine organ piece of considerable variety.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music) Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 731. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 5.

(From our Correspondent).

Wagner Versus Judaism in Music.

Berlin, April 25.

DEAR JOURNAL,—Perhaps you have seen and read "*Das Judenthum in der Musik*" (Judaism in music), lately published by Richard Wagner. At any rate the book has attracted much attention, not only for the boldness of its ultra views, but for the harshness and severity, nay, absolute meanness with which Wagner treats the Jews; and this not only in music, as the title of the book declares, but generally, in relation to society and the world.

How such a man as Richard Wagner, who has certainly won laurels many and great, could condescend to such a step of retaliation upon those who in his opinion have done so much to increase the tide of abuse heaped upon him and his works, is best explained in the hate and enmity which are only too apparently the under-current of the whole book. As the writer himself tells us, "*Das Judenthum*" was first published in 1850, by Franz Brendel, editor of the musical *Zeitschrift* in Leipsic, who assumed all responsibility for the same. Meanwhile it was rumored that Wagner was the writer. "I had no thought of denying it, in case I was challenged as the author of the article," "but," as he says in another place, "I had published books on art, and written operas, which last I wished of all things to have performed." Having thus so much at stake, and not caring to be drawn into any personal conflict about a "question treated in so earnest and objective a manner," Wagner communicated his purpose to his honest friend Brendel, who "was courageous enough to let the storm vent its fury upon himself, instead of directing it against me," says Wagner, with delicious coolness. This was in 1850, and although circumstances pointed to him as the author, it was not till nineteen years had passed, and his friend Brendel had gone to his last rest, that Wagner declared himself the writer. In spite of the attempts at palliation, in spite of the oft repeated assertion that Jews as well as Gentiles have heaped him with abuse, no candid minded reader can sympathize with Richard Wagner's ignoble and unmanly statements, whatever may have been or may be his grievance against the Jewish nation.

Before touching upon the position of the Jews in music and art in general, the writer first describes their influence in the domains of religion and politics. In regard to their religion the Jews have ceased to be enemies worthy of hate, thanks to those within the pale of the Christian religion, who have drawn the hate of the people upon themselves. It is rather in his relation to Society that the Jew stands alone by himself as Jew. From being the creditor of kings he has imperceptibly become the "King of Creditors," and his prayer for emancipation is, to say the least, naive, seeing how we are ourselves compelled to fight for our own emancipation from the Jew, who now rules and will continue to rule so long as money is power. Not only in the drivelling business of every-day life does the Jew hold the helm, but he has managed to get the public taste in art, particularly in music, between his busy fingers. This is the substance of Wagner's introduction. Finally, to free ourselves from this pressure of Judaism, we must prove ourselves, not through any abstract deduction, "but by learning to know exactly the nature of the involuntary feeling of aversion in us, which constantly manifests itself against that Jewish being." We must be able to recognize distinctly, "what it is in that nature that we have to expose in its true light, and drive the demon from the field which he knows so well how to keep, under cover of a haze which [illegible] throw over him, that the sight of him may be less repulsive."

Wagner begins his attack on the Jews: "The Jew, who, it is well known, has a Gott entirely for himself, next attracts our attention by his outer appearance, which, whoever may be our nationality, always has something strange, odd and foreign to this nationality. This is the Jew's misfortune, the writer tells us, but he feels perfectly at home in it. Particularly noticeable is the Jew's pronunciation. Modern culture has not succeeded in breaking up the peculiarity of the Shemitic mode of pronunciation. This chirping, shrill, buzzing, grunting sound of a Jew speaking, is to our ear entirely foreign and disagreeable. An ordinary mouth and lips [illegible] words and consonants only remain to give the sound the character of an unbearable and [illegible] chirping clatter." "This circumstance of itself, it need hardly be added, is highly important in explaining the impression which a Jewish composition makes upon us," adds Wagner. "But so should make the exterior of the Jew a standard of mental ability is unfair; and this attempt to prejudice the reader at the outset by so contemptible a piece of logic, is only a forerunner of the whole pamphlet and its arguments. This disagreeable [illegible] is inseparable in connection with representative art. If a Jew is to be represented, the model is always drawn from plenty, the ugly features either toned down or left out entirely. Wagner says this of a Jew. The remark however is just as applicable to any other character. We never look for bare reality in representative art, but rather, [illegible]. As Wagner's object is the moral murder of the Jew, he makes his application an entirely possible and natural one.

"Upon the stage we cannot possibly conceive of a representation by a Jew, of either modern or antique character, hero or lover, without involuntarily feeling how ridiculously unfit such a representation is." Not only has the Jew of our time succeeded in getting possession of the stage, but he has rolled the very poets of their creations and substituted those of his own conception. This gives us about the same impression we should have, "if in a painting of the crucifixion the Holy one were cut out, and a demagogue of a Jew sunk in (Christ's place)!" Wagner's contempt finds a vivid expression here, to say nothing more. But he seems to have forgotten that the very best players of Shakespeare, in Germany, were without exception Jews, namely: Doerr, Devrient, Löwe. No, not even here does Wagner do the Jew justice. He is not satisfied with caricaturing the Jew in music, which, we must not forget, is the main object of the book; he purposely avoids touching even one good point of the poor object of his malice, however true or evident it may be. He tells us, of whatever nation a Jew may be, he always speaks the language of that nation as if it were an acquired one, and not like a language he has spoken from infancy. The greatest gainsayer cannot poetize in a foreign language, hence the Jews have no poet. Wagner thus disposes of Heine: "In Goethe's and Schiller's time we know of no Jewish poet. At the time when poetry had become a lie and our whole unpoetical life element could produce nothing like a true poet, then was it the office of a very gifted poetical Jew to expose those lies, this horrified hypocrisy," &c. "Also Mendelssohn, musical brother Jew he lashes unmercifully for their artistic pretensions. Hurried on by the inapplicable demon of gainsaying what seemed worth gainsaying, he was swept through all the delusions of modern self-deception up to the point where he in turn [illegible] himself into a poet and as a reward had his poetic lies set to music by our composers."

Having shown to his own apparent satisfaction how impossible it is for the Jew to speak correctly, Wagner makes an application of the same to song. "Here the pronunciation must be not only correct but cultivated. Song is the expression of feeling, of passion; and who could imagine a Jew singing with feeling or passion? Absurdity of absurdities! For a Jew to intensify his mode of speaking into song, in which he knows how to express himself only with a ridiculous pathos, but [illegible] with any sympathetic emotion, is to make himself just unbearable." We should run from the opera were it not that we might be chained there by the very absurdity of the thing, adds Wagner.

Having now shown how incapable the Jew is of proving himself an artist, either in his speech, or least of all his song, the writer says: "Notwithstanding this, the Jew has been able to make himself ruler of the public taste in the most widely diffused of all the modern arts, namely, music." It must be confessed, Wagner gives the Christian credit for no capacity whatever. Surely he must know it is but a short time the Jew has been his own master. Whom have the Jews to thank for their pitiful history, their centuries of suffering, the calamities of the middle ages? Whom but the Christians? At whose door lie the horrors of the Spanish Jews? At the door of those who called themselves Christians. England and Germany are not far behind. Indeed scarcely a century has gone by since Jews were burned at the stake here in Berlin, in the Neuer Markt. Even the great Frederic imposed heavy fines upon ev-

ery Jew coming to Berlin, with the permission to *rise in rank as high as old clothes render*. When we look back at the history of the Jews, and see how for thousands of years they have been trodden underfoot, made the slaves of the Christians, denied all rights of citizenship, treated worse than dogs, and then hear from Wagner that the Jew not only rules in art but rules all modern civilization,—and this has been effected within the last century—it cannot be denied he contradicts himself, and unwittingly gives the Jew credit for greater capacity than the Christian himself. If the Jew has made himself ruler of modern civilization in the last one hundred years, what will happen in the next century. A question of political economy which can well be a bitter pill for Wagner's rumination! The Jew can have neither style nor feeling. "The inner emotion, the real passion finds its peculiar language in the moment when, struggling for meaning, it gives itself expression. The Jew, whose character in this respect we have already noticed, has no real passion, least of all a passion which leads him to an expression in art. Hence, what so corresponds to the Jew's eminence in making art must of necessity have the property of coldness, indifference, even to very triviality and absurdity." "The real poet, in whatever branch of art, always wins his inspiration from a truthful and loving view of unrestrained life, that life which we can find only among the common people! Where can the Jew find this people? The Jew has never had an art, and hence never a life that could supply talent for fine art."

Wagner not only denies the modern Jew poetic feeling, but tells us he never had any. Let him read again the book of Job and the Psalms. Where in the whole range of literature can be found poetry more highly ideal and elevating? Does the Sermon on the Mount, in the 5th chapter of Matthew, fail in poetry of the soul? *Does not the whole poetry of the Christian religion emanate from a Jew?* Is not the Bible the greatest poetical work of history? Was it not written by Jews? And yet Wagner tells us the Jew's history contains no poetry. It is too much to presume that Richard Wagner, who calls himself a Christian in contradistinction to a Jew, doesn't even know the history of his own religion, which naturally includes that of the Jew. He purposely lets prejudice blind him. After centuries have gone by in striving to smother what noble germs there were in the Jews, the writer says, "There are no noble germs in them."

Having demolished all their pretensions to emotion, poetic feeling, and art in general, Wagner now comes to his main point: "The Jew in musical composition." Here, he tells us, the Jew has done nothing and can do nothing but imitate. Even this imitation is at the most superficial. His whole life is superficial and without depth; hence "his compositions are heterogeneous, cold, indifferent, unnatural, distorted, so that they often give us the same impression as the recitation of a poem of Goethe in the Jewish jargon. Just as in this jargon the words and constructions go tumbling over each other in amazing confusion, just so does the Jewish composer tumble together all the different forms and styles of all masters and periods. We find the peculiarities of form of all the schools heaped up in the liveliest chaos. As the object in these productions is merely that something shall be said, but not about the subjects, which would repay the trouble of talking, so this *clatter* can be made to excite the ear only by a change every moment in the mode of expression, which is to charm anew the attention."

To make this clearer to the reader Wagner makes use of an example which is to combine all he has said. How can we make this clearer, the writer says, than by taking the works of "a musician of Jewish descent, who was endowed by nature with a musical gift, as few musicians before him. Everything which presented itself for consideration in investigating our antipathy to the Jewish nature, all our aversion to this nature in itself and in its relation to us, all its incapability, standing upon another basis from ourselves, but wishing to have intercourse with us on this basis, wishing even to develop further the vain images of his fancy, all these rise to a complete tragical conflict in the nature, the life and works of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. This person has shown that a Jew can have the richest abundance of specific musical talent, can possess the finest and most liberal education, as well as the finest sense of honor, without being able to move us, no not *even once*, with that deep heart and soul stirring emotion which we expect of the art, and which we know it to be capable of: an emotion we have felt times without number, when a hero of our art—so to speak—has opened his mouth to talk to us."

If Wagner had chosen Meyerbeer instead of Mendelssohn, on whom to vent his enmity, he might have said with some truth: "he has not been able to move us, no, not even once," with a heart-stirring emotion; but the writer of "Midsummernight's Dream," "Elijah," "St. Paul," can certainly claim a niche in the temple of public taste. Just as Mendelssohn was overrated during his lifetime, he is now underrated after his death. This is the case in Germany at least. I do not wish to write a panegyric on Mendelssohn, to call him a genius, nor anything higher than a composer of wonderful talent, but I do wish to defend him against this overwhelming assault by Wagner. After having wrought himself and the reader up to an excited pitch by enumerating all the bad points of the Jews as a race, raking into broad daylight all their disagreeable and repulsive qualities, he suddenly pounces upon Mendelssohn, whose great reputation he so envies, and tells us: here is the consummation of all this "coldness, indifference, triviality, absurdity." If Wagner would only treat the subject calmly and with candor, as we should expect from one composer towards another, he might show to better satisfaction, and with a nearer approach to truth, what the influence of the Jew in music is. But to work himself into a frenzy over the meanness of the Jew from thousands of years back up to the present time, and then let loose the vials of his hate upon the head of Mendelssohn, is evidence of a deeper purpose than merely exposing the position of the Jew in general in music. He could not have chosen worse than in charging Mendelssohn with *want of style*. Of all composers he at least is easily recognized. Of all composers he is oftenest quoted by critics as the model for young beginners. The "Songs without Words" not only refute this bold assumption of Wagner's, but make an era in music and belong to its history. All that is Jewish is despicable. Mendelssohn's music is Jewish and therefore despicable, is the logic of the writer. Why a long argument for the sake of such a *reductio ad absurdum?* Why not say in so many words: "I detest the Jew and all he has done, and therefore detest his music, and *will not* find any good in it?" This is the spirit of the entire pamphlet. How can we expect to get at the truth of the matter by such a process?

The few remaining pages are devoted to telling the reader how Mendelssohn stole his oratorio style from Bach. That here, where the feeling had to come from a deeper source than mere sentimentality, Mendelssohn's "musical productive power ceased." "The dissolution and capriciousness of our musical style, though perhaps not introduced by him, have yet been raised through Mendelssohn's means to the highest point of unmeaning and empty purport." The best answer to this sweeping statement is this composer's immense popularity. We do not claim him as an equal of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel; nor do we believe him to be a musical cipher because not their equal, and a Jew.

What Wagner says of Meyerbeer is too good to be lost. Having first relieved his mind by calling the reader's attention to the fact of his being "The Jewish composer of our day, renowned far and wide," he says, Meyerbeer's life has been wasted in catering to a paying but second-class public. "The opera-going public of to-day has since a long period back been gradually brought to give up entirely the demands to be made not only on a dramatic work of art, but in general on any work of good taste. These places of intercourse are filled mostly with that portion of our society whose sole reason for going is *ennui*. The disease of ennui, however, cannot be cured by any artistic enjoyment, for it cannot be designedly dissipated, but only *deceived* by another kind of *ennui*. It is the preparing of such a deception as this, that the noted opera composer has made his life mission in art. It is needless to point out more definitely the means he made use of to reach this desired object of his life. Enough that he understood completely how to deceive, as we see from the result he accomplished by imposing upon his wearied audience (*seiner gelangweilten Zuhörerschaft*) the jargon we have already characterized, as modern piquante expression of all that is trivial, and which had already been heard in all its natural absurdity." "This deceitful composer goes so far as to deceive himself, and this perhaps just as designedly as he deceives his wearied audience. We really believe that he would like to create a work of art, and yet is conscious at the same time that he cannot. To draw himself out of this painful conflict between the desire to do and the ability to do, he writes operas for Paris, and then finds an easy road to their performance elsewhere,—to-day the surest means of *obtaining an artist reputation without being an artist.*" Thus, says Wagner, has Mendelssohn shown how meaningless music can be made; Meyerbeer, on the other hand, how empty and trivial the public taste. "So long as music, a distinct art, was a necessity of life, up to the time of Beethoven and Mozart, so long was a Jewish composer unknown."

Out of a pamphlet of fifty pages the reader naturally expects to find at least one good trait, one redeeming feature; at least one characteristic of the Jew and his relation to art, which Wagner need not place in so despicable a light. But no, he gathers together his remaining forces for a

final effort, and gives us a closing dose, the very quintessence of his contempt for the poor Jew. Hear what he says: "Only when the inner death of the body is apparent, do the outer elements win the necessary strength to overpower it, but only to decompose it; then does the flesh of this body dissolve into a multiplicity of crawling worms. But who in glancing at it would regard the body as alive? *The spirit is.* The life has flown from this body to other relations, and this latter only is the life itself. Only in real life can we also find the spirit of the art again, and not in its worm-eaten corpse."

Thus closes a precious contribution to musical literature, a disgrace to the writer, and unworthy of one who follows the high calling of composer. Is it not shameful enough already that the very faults of which the Jews are accused are the direct offspring of Christian oppression? That, if they have had no art, it was because the Christian prevented it? The past history of the Jews Wagner, studiously, or out of ignorance, leaves untouched. If the latter, which is hardly possible, his argument is imperfect and so unjust. If the former, his argument is just as imperfect, infinitely more unjust, and shows a contemptible, weak-minded prejudice. It is a fact that the Jew has had an immense influence in music, but does it help the matter any to put it in a distorted light? If, as Wagner has it, this Judaism holds sway, the only road out of the difficulty is to overcome it in fair fight, not by an argument set on by hate and prejudice. If there are few or no "blond musicians" in Leipsic, as Wagner tells us, whose fault pray is it, the blond musician's or his oriental rival's? I do not believe, with Wagner, that public taste has fallen. Where was the audience forty years ago which appreciated Bach? It is not longer than thirty years that Beethoven has been so popular. The public taste, on the contrary, is improving every hour. Can it be that the public taste has fallen because it does not snap at every new operatic sweetmeat of Wagner? He even blames Robert Franz because he praised him once and then not again. The Jewish element is immense, but the Christian element far greater. Nevertheless we cannot expect to find the equilibrium by this constant see-sawing of individual prejudices; the two must come together and will come together, and each will find its level in the regular order of things. If the Jew is a discordant string, he must rise or fall to the pitch of the world's orchestra. Most of all, give every nation free scope for the exercise of its natural functions, and let not prejudice and oppression disturb the harmony of general progress! O.

[From the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna.

Richard Wagner's "Judaism in Music."

Motto: "*Der Jude wird verbrannt!*"—Lessing.

Richard Wagner, who, for some time past, has again been working at his own self-glorification, so indispensable to him, by the industrious production of pamphlets, has just published another pamphlet under the title of *Das Judenthum in der Musik*, Leipsic, J. J. Weber. The most abominable part of creation are the *Jews*, and all those are *Jews* who do not worship Herr Richard Wagner: this is about the leading thought of the pamphlet, which, though thin, is running over with venom. It is dedicated to Mme. Marie Muchanoff, *née* Countess Nesselrode, and commences with the complaint "that every one of Wagner's artistic productions always meets, in the daily press, not only of Germany, but also of France and England, with a spirit of hostility exerted for his disparagement." The source of such wide-spreading enmity Wagner has discovered to be a general and regularly organized conspiracy of the *Jews* against him. We are told that, in consequence of an article ("Das Judenthum in der Musik"), which he published, in 1850, in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*, all the enemies of swine's flesh have become his enemies also, and have ever since striven, in every possible manner, to be revenged upon him. According to his assertion, the article created an immense sensation, though, strange to say, not R. Wagner but "K. Freigedank" was the signature appended to it, and the editor, F. Brendel, never condescended to reveal the real author! It indeed requires all Wagner's self-complacency to believe that the entire world of art, and journalism, is still thinking of a pseudonymous article that appeared in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*, nineteen years ago, and that every annoyance since suffered by him is nothing more nor less than the vengeance of the Jews on his *Judenthum*. I confess that it is only now, through Wagner's own pamphlet, that I knew anything of the article and of its illustrious parentage. The same is probably the case with the majority of my colleagues. But this is what Wagner will never believe; he is convinced, or at least, pretends that he is (for one really often hesitates considering him so limited in intelligence, as in his pamphlet, he represents himself to be), that all his opponents are merely the sworn instruments bent upon carrying out the behests of a Jewish association formed to be revenged upon him. Though, from these fabulous results, we ought to conclude that the article of "K. Freigedank" is as universally known as Meyerbeer's "*Torchlight* March," which appeared soon afterwards, Wagner considers it advisable to reprint the said article, a resolution for which we feel sincerely grateful.

He commences by attacking the Jews generally. As his object is "the justification of his *instinctive repugnance* to everything Jewish," he of course paints without any light. The outward appearance of the Jew is a "disagreeable whim of Nature"—"at [illegible] way, no misfortune for the Jew, because [illegible] very comfortable under this misfortune." On the stage it is impossible "to imagine any character, ancient or modern, represented by a Jew, without involuntarily feeling the absolutely laughable inappropriateness of such an impersonation." (I wonder whether Wagner's Christian mind would really revolt at a moving [illegible] through the talent of Bogumil Dawison, or Sonnenthal?)

The cultivated Jew is "the most heartless of men, and has relations only with those who need his money." It is from such relations that Wagner appears to have derived his knowledge of the cultivated Jew. Finally the author enters upon the relations of the Jews to art. "What the educated Jew had to say, when he wished to indulge in artistic utterance, could of course be only that which was [illegible], since his whole intellectual career had [illegible] been [illegible] and unprogressive." According to Wagner, everything a Jew does, in the way of art, "must necessarily have inherent to it the qualities of coldness, of indifference, even to triviality and ridiculousness." And what [illegible] immediately after this thesis? No less a one than that of Mendelssohn, *Barthol[dy]*, or as he, with feigned sensibility says, "Mendelssohn Bartholdy, so soon taken from us." He asserts that Mendelssohn, despite his talent, could never succeed in [illegible] "that deep, heart-searching impression upon us [illegible] and unconsciously moving [illegible] heart and soul, which we expect from art." I think thousands of my readers will agree with me when I assure Herr Wagner that the simplest of Mendelssohn's songs (not to speak of his great oratorios) makes its way more surely to "the heart and soul" than ten operas *à la* "*Tristan und Isolde*." The reader may easily imagine how loud and vehement Wagner's shouts are after Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer's art, Herr Wagner asserts, consisted only in "*deceiving*," a feat he accomplished by palming off upon his wearied audience the Jewish jargon, which we have already minutely characterized as the modern and piquant expression of all the trivialities which, in their naked stupidity, had been so often presented to them." For Wagner who never "deceived" the public for quite forty years with operas like *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer is a "tragico-comic phenomenon, as, indeed, generally, that which leaves us cold, that which is laughable" constitutes "the distinguishing feature of Judaism." It would be only when music had fallen into a state of utter coma that Jews could enter into it. "It is not until the inward death of a body becomes manifest that the elements lying outside it gain the power of being their own masters, but merely to decompose the body; thus the flesh of the latter is resolved into a seething many-lived mass of worms." After Heine has been hissed off for his "poetic lies," and Börne applauded, because he worked at the "self annihilation of Judaism," Wagner returns to the terrible results of his pseudonymous article of the year 1850. He tells us that, owing to the many years [illegible] Mendelssohn so [illegible] there, "Leipsic received the real musical *Jewish* baptism. Leipsic is exclusively the *Jewish musical metropolis*," etc. In this disgusting, low strain [illegible] do honor to a fanatic mendicant friar, does the entire pamphlet continue. It is in the Jewish musical capital, therefore, that the conspiracy was then organized, "always to ignore Wagner as the author of the article," but, on the other hand, "by systematic calumny and persecution" to punish him in his literary and musical efforts. The first calumniator to come forward, in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, was, we are informed, Professor Bischoff, "a friend and admirer of Herr Ferdinand Hiller." (Strange to say, Hiller is not further ill treated in the pamphlet, although he has published several admirable and crushing articles on Wagner's theories.) Then the Undersigned appeared with his "Libel" *On the Musically Beautiful.* Against this denomination I must protest. My essay upon the *Musically Beautiful* (the value of which Herr Wagner is, of course, at liberty to fix as he pleases) is a thoroughly serious theoretical investigation, a strictly scientific endeavor to test anew and to explain the fundamental notions of musical æsthetics. It has never been regarded as aught else, though the merits of Wagner, as well as those of other composers, are discussed therein. Had I desired to write a libel against Wagner I should have been able to find another and a more piquant title, in the style of his last production, as, for instance, *Das Gaunerthum in der Musik*. That, among the representatives of genuine musical beauty, I mentioned, after Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, the Jewish Mendelssohn, so excites Herr Wagner's bile that he is seduced into making the stupid assertion that merely to raise Mendelssohn in a certain manner upon the throne, I placed a few specimens of Christian nobility, such as Robert Schumann, by his side." It is from the essay, *On the Musically Beautiful*, that we are told, the whole armament of subsequent misfortune resulted. "The author had attained universal respect, and [illegible] the position which gave him importance, when he, an [illegible]ian whom people wonderingly admired, now appeared as critic in the most widely read political press, and declared my artistic efforts null and void." My "troubles," he says, also, is the reason that, wherever newspapers are read in the world, a peculiar tone has become the rule in speaking of him, a tone which Mme. Muchanoff, *née* Countess Nesselrode, has been so astonished to meet with everywhere. I must in return, inform Herr Wagner that he estimates far too highly the influence of my criticisms, and assigns me an amount of importance that I am very far from possessing. Mine is merely one voice amongst many voices, but, be it observed, voices which are independent and the exponents of sincere convictions. Why does not Herr Wagner name our most celebrated musical writer, Otto Jahn, whose criticisms on *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* surpass, in crushing power, all I ever wrote about him? Why does he not name Speidel and Schelle of Vienna, who—though as little Jews as I am myself—have not treated him in a manner one iota more Christian-like than I have? Very recently, Herr Lübke, the art-historian, spoke with charming humor, in a similar strain of him, being naturally in Stuttgardt immediately matriculated a Jew for so doing. Why does not Wagner remember that clever writer, Hinrichs, who, at first, advanced to meet him with warm sympathy, but the longer he wrote and the more carefully he studied Wagner's operas, became colder and colder, so that the "loyal Hinrichs" wrote [illegible] his last articles? But Wagner expressly exempts as of Adolphe Stahr, and Robert Franz, who, in the summer of 1850, once, "though exactly *only once*," espoused his cause! I, too, am reproached with the "almost enthusiastic partiality" which I at first felt for him, but which I now feel no longer. My worthy Herr Wagner, the same thing has happened to a great many others. I never denied the strong impression, nor have I ever been ashamed of it, which was produced upon me, when a young student in Dresden, by the dazzling performance of *Tannhäuser*. I sent a notice of it to the *Wiener Musikzeitung*, and, though rather lavish in its praise, that notice exhibited anything but blindness to the numerous weak points in the opera. That, at a period when the name of Richard Wagner was not known in Austria, I happened to be the first who spoke publicly in terms of warm admiration of *Tannhäuser*, is a fact that gives me satisfaction even now.* My mistake consisted merely in the sanguine belief that, in his subsequent operas, Wagner would raise and refine to clearer and clearer beauty those elements

* I pleaded also for the performance of "Die Meistersinger" in Vienna, not that I considered it a masterpiece, but because of all the German operas which have been produced for some time past, it is the most interesting and most original, and, therefore the public ought not to be deprived of the chance of becoming acquainted with it.

which are full of charm and put [illegible] *Tannhäuser*, and that, at the same time, he would reject what was unmusical, unhealthy, and trivial, though cleverly disguised. The reverse has come to pass; every succeeding opera has become more unmelodious, more wearisome, more noisy and abstruse. Just in the same way, his pamphlet grows more passionate, more spiteful, and more mendacious at every page. The one lie, my pretended "Judaism," I will overlook, in consideration of the blind rage of a man, who, like the Rabbin in Heine's *Disputation*, always goes about with a small naked knife, in order murderously to hack harmless Christians who may pass him. The second lie does not concern me alone. Wagner asserts, the reader must know, that Theodor Vischer (whom he has the impertinence to dub "an amiable and perfectly blond German Æsthetician"), confided to me the execution of the musical part of his *Æsthetik*, and deduces from this relation of ours to each other fresh conclusions in explanation of my "rapid celebrity," &c. As we must in justice assume that Herr Wagner has had in his hands at least once this *Æsthetik* of Vischer's since he so depreciates it, it cannot possibly have escaped his notice that the whole of the musical portion (with the exception of a few paragraphs written by Vischer himself), is due to Professor Karl Köstlin, of Tübingen, a man known as a thorough musician and philosopher, and not only no Jew, but actually a Protestant clergyman.

According to Wagner, it is impossible to estimate too highly the incalculable influence, still at work, of the pseudonymous Jew-Article of 1850; he assures us: "What Liszt, too, had to undergo, was attributable to this article!" The reader perceives that Wagner is becoming a perfect child. The "defection" of Joachim (whose truthful, artistic nature could no longer put up with the humbug of the Music of the Future), Wagner also explains as a consequence of the influence exerted by his Jewish shield of Medusa. In Paris and London, moreover, the same "organized conspiracy" existed against him (of course, people there had nothing more pressing to do than to read the *Leipziger Musikzeitung* of 1850). He accounts for the universal antipathy with which he met in London, "by the peculiar character of the English religion, which is based more upon the Old than upon the New Testament." After having thus waged war with the papers, Wagner, not abandoning his fixed idea for a single moment, proceeds to attack theatrical managers. "You already perceive," he says, apostrophizing Mme. Muchanoff, *née* Countess Nesselrode, "that, while my former operas made their way into all German theatres, each of my most recent works meets with a sluggish, nay, hostilely rejectful behavior in the self-same theatres; the fact is, my earlier works had forced their way upon the stage before the *Jewish agitation*, and their success could not be greatly affected."* Such an explanation can emanate only from a person completely blinded by vanity, who never seeks in himself the cause of a failure, but always solely in the intrigues of others. Every theatrical manager who understands his business (leaving out of consideration the fact of his possessing any especial feeling for art) will be eager to produce novelties by a composer who has already written two or three operas which have successfully kept their places on the stage. In consequence of the unusual dearth of new German operas, a theatrical manager will even make many a sacrifice to secure such novelties. If, in spite of this, he does *not* venture on them, he must have come to the conviction that they do not hold out the promise of success, or, at least, not of such a success as will repay him for his trouble and expense. When warm advocates of *Tannhäuser* protest against music like that in *Tristan und Isolde*, the reason of their so doing exists wholly and solely in *Tristan und Isolde* itself; and when a theatrical manager asserts he can cast and get up *Der fliegende Holländer* and *Lohengrin* tolerably well, but could never manage *Die Meistersinger* or *Die Nibelungen*, here again the blame rests solely and wholly with *Die Nibelungen* and *Die Meistersinger*. It is not every theatre which, like the Royal Operahouse, Munich, can maintain an expensive clinical staff of accoucheurs simply for Richard Wagner. Wagner allows himself to be so carried away by his passion as to make the exceedingly impertinent assertion that he perceived, in his correspondence with the persons at the head of the Court Operahouses in Vienna and Berlin, "from the *dodges* employed by them, that it was not merely their wish not to be under the necessity of producing the *Meistersinger*, but, moreover, to hinder its being given at other theatres." As regards the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, I am in a position to assure Herr Wagner of the contrary. The management was only waiting for permission to make the most necessary *cuts*, and very rightly, for no [illegible] the manager would ever inflict upon his public an opera of such preposterous and somniferous length. Wagner, however, takes some credit to himself for the fact "that he has now made certain stipulations never previously considered necessary for his permission to produce a new work." The "mingling of the Jewish element in our artistic affairs" appears in this case, therefore, to emanate from himself, I think.—After giving Fröbel (who has broken so many lances in his defence) a kick, as he goes by, Wagner suddenly stumbles over the name of Robert Schumann. Of course, something injurious must be said of him—but it is not so easy to do so. . . . All right! Wagner has hit upon it. "Compare," he says to Mme. Muchanoff, *née* Countess von Nesselrode, "the Robert Schumann of the first half of his productivity with the Robert Schumann of the second: there, plastic fashioning impulse; here, a subsiding into bombastic flatness." And what is the reason of this? Was not it, as we previously thought, Schumann's nervous illness and the overclouding of his mind, which soon met with so fearful a conclusion in his tragic end? Not a bit of it! Wagner assures us that the reason of the decline in Schumann's productive power must be sought in the influence exerted "by the mingling of the Jewish element." Up to this point the predominant feeling excited by the pamphlet is one of ridiculousness, but this feeling is now converted into absolute disgust. We shut the repulsive book, which will hardly gain its author many friends, or create many enemies for the Jews. As a guide to Wagner's character, it possesses only a psychological interest. In it unbounded self-adoration has attained a height, on which a man with his brains in healthy working order could never breathe. We are involuntarily compelled to think of R. Wagner's predecessor in the Old Testament,—King Nabuchodonezzar, who believed so long that he was a god, that he turned himself into a mere ordinary ox, eat hay, and was set to music by Verdi.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

* This Jewish chronological calculation is not applicable to Vienna. "Tannhäuser" was not given at the Imperial Operahouse before 1859, and "Lohengrin" not before 1858.

Musical Pitch.

To the Editor of the "Musical World," London.

Since writing my former letter, it has occurred to me that it might aid in the discussion of this question to give some definite information as to the varieties of pitch actually used at present in London. I have taken some trouble to ascertain this, by personal observations and calculations, and have embodied the results in the following table. The numbers are given for the C on the third space in the treble, in double vibrations per second; and to estimate the value of the variation, it must be recollected that, at this part of the scale, a difference of about thirty vibrations per second represents a semitone.

Table of Varieties of Pitch.

	Vibrations.
Italian Opera in 1859 (as quoted in the Society of Arts Report), A=455	541
Sacred Harmonic Society ("Samson," Feb. 12)	
Crystal Palace Orchestra (Feb. 13)	
Monday Popular Concerts (Feb. 15)	
Drury Lane (Feb. 29)	538
Covent Garden (March 1)	
Erard's general pitch, to which they send out all their pianofortes	
Broadwood's "Concert" Pitch	533
Crystal Palace great organ (Feb. 13)	531
Society of Arts C fork*	531
German Standard	528
Broadwood's "Medium" Pitch, to which their new pianofortes are tuned for general sale	526
Westminster Abbey (Feb. 23)	
St. Paul's Cathedral (Feb. 16)	
Hill & Son's standard for all new church organs	
Broadwood's "Vocal" Pitch, used for all pianos sent out for vocal concerts without orchestra	518
French Standard (A=435)	
Philharmonic, 1813 to 1833 (A=433)	515
PHILOSOPHICAL OR NATURAL STANDARD	512
Big Ben (F=170)	510
Pitch recommended by Mr. Manns (a semitone below 538)	508
Church organs, various	518 to 500
Handel's fork, 1740 (A=416)	495

Some of these numbers differ from those usually given, for the following reason:—In comparing a pitch regulated by A, with one regulated by C, the *temperament* must be taken into account. For example, if an organ, or other keyed instrument, be tuned to the French standard A, the C on that instrument will be the tempered C (518) and not the true C (522.) I have, therefore, in all cases where A is the standard note, given the vibrations for the tempered C.

We learn two important things from this table. In the first place the concert orchestral pitch is well defined and remarkably uniform in the different orchestras, so that we know exactly what we are dealing with. In the [illegible] years, being, if anything, a shade lower. But it is still three fourths of a semitone [illegible] than the Philharmonic pitch maintained from 1813 to 1833.

Secondly, we find that singers, when untrammelled by orchestral accompaniments, have, by a sort of common consent, adopted a pitch about *two thirds* of a semitone lower than that at present used in the orchestras, and which lower pitch, therefore, we may assume to be generally considered most suitable for vocal purposes in this country.

Thus we seem to have drifted insensibly into the establishment of two well defined pitches—one orchestral, the other vocal.

It is almost wasting words to argue for the lowering of the orchestral pitch. Independently of the anomaly of retaining two definitions of the same musical note, and of differing so materially from other nations with whom we are in constant musical communication, the orchestral pitch is much higher than any classical composer ever wrote for; it gives a false rendering of the music, and sometimes makes it impracticable; it strains the voice, disturbs the temper, and damages the performance of the singers; and it is inconvenient for many of the instruments, or for the players upon them.† No musical advantage has ever been proved to balance these evils; the objections to change are entirely personal or commercial ones, which we need not discuss here, further than to say it is a pity such reasons should be allowed to stand in the way of a measure that would be so advantageous in every musical point of view.

Neither is it necessary to insist on the desirability of having some one fixed standard. The idea that the pitch of musical notes should be incapable of correct definition, or that where many have to work together this pitch should be variable at anybody's pleasure, without any standard of comparison, is opposed to common sense. The only argument to the contrary ever used is the difficulty of getting the standard generally adhered to; but this is of no more force than it would be to argue against a standard of length, because all the yard measures in the country did not correspond. No one pretends that a standard of pitch should or could, in this country, be made compulsory; but the very existence of such a standard would have the effect of producing a constant *tendency* to uniformity, which would ultimately bring about all the beneficial results desired.

What then ought this standard to be? There are three to choose from, which I have put prominently in the table.

The Congress of British Musicians, who considered the subject in 1859, evinced a strong leaning towards the lowest of these; but as it was thought by many practical musicians that the time was not ripe for so great a change, the Congress recommended the German standard as a more moderate measure. If this recommendation had been adopted in the musical world, we should have heard nothing of the present agitation; and as, singularly enough, the German is exactly a mean between the two English pitches, if we wanted, even now, to strike a balance between them, the German would be the obvious standard to take.

But circumstances are now changed. The call for lowering is much louder than it was ten years ago, and singers would not now be satisfied with the relief of one-third of a semitone. And (although it certainly seems odd, in a musical question, to ignore the practice of the most musical part of the Continent, from which nearly all our music comes) we must take it, I think, that the general sense of the English musical world is in favor of a standard more nearly approaching that of our neighbors across the Channel.

The question lies, therefore, between the other two, the French and the natural standards. Now, it must be observed that when practical musicians advocate the "French pitch," they merely mean that or *something near it*. None of them would venture to say there was any appreciable advantage, in a musical point of view, in 435 vibrations per second over 430 or 440; they name the French standard simply because it is the one that comes most practically before them; but if it happened to be a fifth of a semitone sharper or flatter it would be just as acceptable. It ought to be known that the actual French number is entirely empirical; it has no sort of justification in a natural or philosophical point of view. It is singular that the French, who took so much trouble to derive their standards of measure and weight from a great natural and philosophical analogy, should have been so remiss in this instance; but so it is.

* This is intended to correspond with the German standard; but on comparing it with a "regulation" A fork of 435, brought from France, it comes out slightly sharp, as given in the table.

† I calculate that the difference between the orchestral and vocal pitch adds about 8 per cent. to the strain on stringed instruments, if the same-sized strings be used. In the pianoforte this extra strain on the framing amounts to no less than *a ton and a quarter*, thereby much increasing the cost, and diminishing the power of standing in tune.

There does, however, exist a great philosophical and natural analogy which might serve to fix a standard of pitch worthy of a scientific nation; and which standard, moreover, is *practically [illegible]* with the pitch the English musical world are now crying out for. The simple fundamental datum of one vibration per second gives the simplest note in music, C, at a pitch differing only by a practically inappreciable quantity from that of the vocal pitch already adopted in this country. The difference is in the right direction, one-fifth of a semitone lower. It could only be detected by good ears and with careful attention; it is only what is constantly introduced by equal temperament (the tempered C sharp on the natural scale coincides with the true C sharp on the French), and it is much less than the change induced by alteration, during a concert, by change of temperature. Wind instruments tuned to the natural pitch would be far above the French before an evening performance was over.

There is another argument in favor of the natural standard. Some years ago I was commissioned by the Government (through the Astronomer Royal) to report on the notes actually sounded by the great Westminster bells, and a set of careful experiments were tried by myself and Mr. J. H. Griesbach, to determine the number of vibrations. Referring to the calculations I then made, and introducing some slight corrections, I make the key note of the chimes, E, given by Big Ben, to be about 170 double vibrations per second. This gives a C of 510, differing inappreciably from the natural standard.

So that by adopting this standard we should have the advantage of *a huge Government tuning fork, distributing the standard [illegible] all London, every hour of the day!*

By this measure, while we should adopt almost implicitly the judgment of practical musicians, we should escape the charge of servilely copying the empirical formulæ of our neighbors, and should put the matter on a truly philosophical and reasonable basis, worthy of the country of Newton and Herschel.

WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S., Mus. Doc., Oxon.

Athenæum Club.

Crystal Palace Concerts. London.

The series of concerts for 1868–9, just come to an end, has fully maintained the reputation of the Crystal Palace. Since our notice of the excellent performance of Professor Bennett's [illegible] many interesting things have been heard, some new to the audience, none unwelcome. At the [illegible] concert, Schubert's great symphony in C [illegible] was given for the most part just as well and created just the same lively sensation as on previous occasions. Another feature was the second pianoforte concerto of Mendelssohn, played by Madame Arabella Goddard as she invariably plays Mendelssohn's music—*con amore.* The first overture [illegible] was *Die Zauberflöte*, about which it would be superfluous to say a word; the last was Herr Niels Gade's concert overture *The [illegible]*, which, like other efforts by the Danish composer, partakes more of the manner than of the spirit of his great prototype, Mendelssohn, and yet compared with [illegible] orchestral prelude to Shakspeare's *Tempest* [illegible] tion of Herr Johannes Hager, [illegible] her in the season, is [illegible] a masterpiece. At the 21st concert we had, once again, the overture and [illegible] (excepted) the whole of the incidental music [illegible] by Beethoven, in the year 1810, for Salvatore Vigano's [illegible] *Geschöpfe des P[illegible]*, which [illegible] it has at the best a faint resemblance to the Beethoven whom musicians revere [illegible] composers, must always be heard with [illegible] curiosity and [illegible] attention. The [illegible] novelty at this concert, [illegible] from Schubert's [illegible] *schöne [illegible]*—[illegible] charmingly sung by Mlle. Regan. [illegible] ture of the programme was Mendelssohn's violin concerto, [illegible] artist by Mr. Henry Holmes, an English violinist who shines equally as leader of quartets and performer of concertos, a composer of distinguished [illegible] varied and remarkable [illegible]. At the [illegible] concert, Mr. A. S. Sullivan's symphony (No. 1, in E minor), written expressly for the Crystal Palace, and first performed in 1866, was [illegible] and heard with increased interest. Since the symphony was last performed, Mr. Sullivan [illegible] entered [illegible] a decided [illegible]; and so attractive is the work [illegible] though the [illegible] symphony (in D) from the same pen, "No. 2," which we hope to get next season) [illegible] few [illegible] to listen once more to "No. 1." Herr Manns took every pains with the performance, and the symphony of our young and promising composer was received with every mark of favor. At the same concert one of the later inspirations of Robert Schumann—the overture to a drama founded upon Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, sixth and last of Schumann's "concert-overtures," and first of what are styled his "posthumous works," composed in 1851, not long before he died—was heard for the first time. This overture, we are reminded by the enthusiastic author of the analytical programmes, which tell us so much and in such glowing terms of Schumann and Schubert, "has only to be known to become a favorite with all who love refined sentiment, beautiful forms, and tender treatment." And yet another great authority—Herr Richard Wagner, in his singularly preposterous pamphlet called *Judenthum in Musik*—instructs us that the overture to *Hermann and Dorothea* belongs to a period when Schumann's "productivity," compared with the "plastic fashioning impulse" of an earlier time, had "subsided into bombastic flatness." We would rather not adjudicate in the matter. All we shall suggest is that while incorporating the tune of the "Marseillaise" into his overture, Schumann might have done something more than limit his employment to bare quotation. Another noticeable experiment in the 15th concert—which began, by the way, with Cherubini's noble overture to *[illegible]* [illegible] that speaks convincingly for itself—was Mr. Hallé's performance of Beethoven's [illegible] pianoforte concerto (in G), with Beethoven's own [illegible]. These "cadences" we cannot think [illegible] work of such perfect beauty, [illegible] Beethoven himself is the author of them.

Th[illegible] was rendered [illegible] Beethoven's [illegible] Symphony No. [illegible] for [illegible] the Crystal Palace is famous. As [illegible] the [illegible] orchestral movements were [illegible] confess that, [illegible] of their character, each of them [illegible] for the effect intended by the composer. The vocal parts, both choral and [illegible], Mme. Regan, Miss Julia [illegible], Mr. [illegible] [illegible]

"[illegible] in this. I [illegible] it is impossible [illegible] performance of the vocal [illegible] [illegible]"

Does Mr. Manns [illegible] "Choral Symphony" [illegible] the Crystal Palace [illegible] Herr Carl [illegible] Mr. Oscar B[illegible], [illegible] Herr Rubinstein's [illegible] Herr Rubinstein [illegible] rate movement, [illegible] at the conclusion. The [illegible] concerto, a favorable specimen of Herr Rubinstein's purely orchestral writing, in the shape of a prelude to the fifth act of his own opera, *Der König Manfred*—a melodious and expressive slow movement, which derives peculiar character from the sustained employment of the muted [illegible] instruments. This, too, was already known to the Crystal Palace audience, who, however, were evidently pleased to hear it again, if we may judge by the hearty encore that compelled Mr. Manns to repeat it.

The concert on Saturday, "for the benefit" of Mr. Manns, the able and indefatigable conductor, was a fitting climax to a series of entertainments almost unexampled in variety of interest. The attendance was enormous. The concert began with Beethoven's *Leonore* overture, No. 3, and ended with Schumann's *Manfred.* Both of these original and remarkable compositions—the one as exciting and brilliant as the other is gloomy and monotonous, each as thoroughly characteristic of its author as anything either has given to the art—are familiar to the musical frequenters of the Crystal Palace. The symphony was Schubert's unfinished B minor, what is wanting to which is as much to be regretted as what is wanting to Mendelssohn's *[illegible]*, inasmuch as, had it been completed, we cannot but think, judging by the two existing movements, that the symphony in B would have been Schubert's masterpiece. This, too, for which, with so many other beautiful things from the same fertile source, we are indebted to the enterprise of the Crystal Palace directors and their untiring secretary, Mr. G. Grove, is well known to all who attend the concerts. We shall, therefore, merely add that symphony and overtures were all alike played with [illegible] we have been taught to expect [illegible] from the Sydenham [illegible] and its [illegible]. The playing of the wind instruments [illegible] Schubert could not [illegible] have been surpassed; [illegible] in the overture of Schumann [illegible] more difficult than effective, were scarcely less deserving notice. As for the *Leonore*, we verily believe that "wind" and "strings" could play it [illegible] off without book. There was no concerto, but [illegible] vigorous *Rondo [illegible]* for pianoforte and orchestra, written by Mendelssohn and dedicated to his friend Moscheles, [illegible] 1834, which the composer [illegible] to a London audience [illegible]. The pianist on Saturday being Mr. Charles Hallé, it may be easily [illegible] that the execution of the principal part in the [illegible] was [illegible]. It is long indeed since we have heard a more finished mechanical display. Later in the day Mr. Hallé gave two solos—Schubert's "[illegible]" in F minor (encored), and the [illegible] in C, No. 4, from Book [illegible] of Mendelssohn's [illegible] which, as Mendelssohn [illegible] not be [illegible] under any circumstances. In [illegible] Mr. Manns brought forth [illegible] composed by M. Gounod for [illegible] which has been [illegible] at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, and the Paris Académie Impériale de Musique. The subject of the ballet is derived from [illegible] of Goethe's great poem; and the characters are [illegible], Helen, Astasia, [illegible] Nubian Slaves and [illegible]. The music comprises [illegible] of M. Gounod [illegible] *Faust*. The vocal [illegible]

[illegible]

strumental pieces by Beethoven (two), Sterndale Bennett, Mozart, Schumann, Weber, Mendelssohn (seven), and Reinecke; besides the *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day* (Handel), *Mount of Olives* (Beethoven), music to *Loreley* (Mendelssohn), music to *Egmont* (Beethoven), *Woman of Samaria* (Bennett), "Song of Miriam" (Schubert, first time), and a quantity of miscellaneous vocal pieces and instrumental solos (including organ music, &c.) unnecessary to mention in detail. The Saturday Concerts will be resumed in October. Meanwhile we are to have the usual summer music on Saturdays, in the Handel orchestra, commencing on May-day with a grand performance in honor of Rossini, organized by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to be conducted by Sir Michael Costa. The programme on this occasion is to comprise the *Stabat Mater*, a grand *finale* from *Le Siège de Corinthe*, the overtures to *Semiramide*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Guillaume Tell*, &c., with a chorus and orchestra 3,000 in number.—*Times*.

NEW YORK, MAY 10.—The musical season has virtually ended with the 6th Philharmonic Concert, which occurred on Saturday evening. I append the programme:

Overture, "Iphigenia".....Gluck.
4th P.F. Concerto, G major.....Beethoven.
Mr. Jarvis (of Philadelphia).
Manfred. (1st time in America).....Schumann.
Declamations and Prologue by Edwin Booth.
Choruses by the Liederkranz Society.
Overture, "Oberon".....Von Weber.

[Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony had been performed at two rehearsals, and it was the general impression that it would be one of the attractions of the concert. It did not appear upon Saturday evening's programme].

The opening Overture, solid and firm, took us back to the old "square-toed," bewigged and bepowdered days when musical ideas were the main points, and orchestral effects were merely subordinate; we moderns "have changed all that," but scarcely for the better.

Beethoven's dreamy, romantic Concerto received full justice at the hands of Mr. Jarvis, who played the piano part with great smoothness and elegance, and with noteworthy attention to shading and phrasing. His *crescendos* were peculiarly excellent.

Schumann's "Manfred" was necessarily, by its magnitude, the feature of the evening, and was quite creditably done, considering that the rehearsals had been far too few for the preparation of such a work. The Overture has been played a few times in this country, but the incidental music has never before been heard by an American audience. The entire work bears the mark of Schumann's wonderful genius; for unity of design and felicitous adaptation of music to the text, it can scarcely be equalled. The text is of course adapted from Byron's fragmentary drama, and the soliloques—with connecting prologue—were superbly recited by Edwin Booth. Every tone and inflection of his rich and musical voice could be distinctly heard in every part of the immense building. As to the music itself, the Overture is a complete tone picture of the craggy solitudes and mental desolation in which Manfred is found by the prologue. The incidental music is also most admirable, especially the little gem which separates the first from the second act, and more especially the exquisite and aerial bit which symbolizes the "apparition of the Witch of the Alps." There is also a magnificent chorus of "Infernal Spirits," which was well done by the Liederkranz. The whole work was most carefully conducted by Carl Bergmann, to whom too much praise cannot be accorded for his promptitude and care in every detail.

I should like to give a word of praise to the orchestra, but my regard for truth forbids me, for I have never known this efficient organization to play so poorly. In the Gluck Overture the violins were uncertain and shaky, and in the Concerto more so.

The concert closed with an orthodox Von Weber Overture, and thus ended the 20th season of the New York Philharmonic Society.

I regret to announce the death—on Sunday last—of C. B. Seymour, for many years the able and conscientious musical and dramatic critic of the *N. Y. Times*. The immediate cause of his decease was congestion of the brain, which followed immediately upon a severe attack of rheumatism, and proved fatal after an illness of only three or four days. As a critic, he was fearless, capable, and independent; as a man, genial, courteous and refined. His early death (at 40 years of age) has created a vacancy in the critical, musical, and journalistic world which it will be difficult to fill; while by an unusually large circle of personal friends he will be most sincerely mourned.

The *Messiah*, which had been originally advertised for Thursday evening, May 6, has been postponed to Friday evening, May 14. F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 22, 1869.

Concert Review.

Last week brought Mme. PAREPA-ROSA'S concert, of which we had to deprive ourselves, but which by all accounts was a success, the great songstress being cordially welcomed back after her long illness, and showing that she had lost none of the power and splendor of her voice or skill, nor of the spirit with which she always enters into things.

MR. PARKER'S VOCAL CLUB of amateurs sang another exquisite programme on the evenings of May 1st and 8th. The severe bereavement which had befallen Mr. Parker deprived them of his presence; but the Club, having so carefully prepared the music (of which, by what might seem a providential significance, a principal feature was a requiem for a child), were moved to give the concert, making it an expression of their respect and tender sympathy for their leader. Mr. LANG kindly took his place for the occasion.

The selections were, first, a Prayer (*Da nobis pacem*) by Mendelssohn; then a singularly refined and beautiful *Benedictus* and *Agnus Dei*, for Quartet and Chorus, from the fourth Mass of Haydn;—the Duet of Soprani from Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm; and a Cantata: "Easter Morning," by Ferdinand Hiller, a novelty of considerable length and variety, and full of interest; it is for a Soprano Solo with male chorus.—Selections from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music followed, the fairy Overture and Scherzo being finely played with four hands by a lady amateur with Mr. Lang, and the choruses most delicately and sweetly sung. After a couple of part-songs ("Morning Prayer," Mendelssohn, and "Hunting Song," Schumann), came Schumann's "Requiem for Mignon." The subject, from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" (Book vii., Chap. 8), is one of the most beautiful that could be found for music. The imaginary scene is thus described:

[The Abbé called them, in the evening, to attend the exequies of Mignon. The company proceeded to the Hall of the Past; they found it magnificently ornamented and illuminated. The walls were hung with azure tapestry almost from ceiling to floor, so that nothing but the friezes and socles, above and below, were visible. On the four candelabras in the corners large wax lights were burning; smaller lights were in the four smaller candelabras placed by the sarcophagus in the middle. Near this stood four boys, dressed in azure, with silver; they had broad fans of ostrich-feathers, which they waved above a figure that was resting upon the sarcophagus. The company sat down; two invisible choruses began, in a soft, musical recitative to ask: "Whom bring ye us to the still dwelling?" The four boys replied, with lovely voices: "'Tis a tired playmate whom we bring you: let her rest in your still dwelling till the songs of her heavenly sisters once more awaken her."

In alternate strains of chorus and quartet of boys Schumann has with a true instinct caught the spirit and expression of the whole; the opening, so mournful yet resigned; then the awakening of hope: "Yet look at the strong wings; look at the light, clear robe! How glitters the golden band upon the head! Look at the beautiful, the noble repose!"—Then the sad answer of the Boys: "Ah! the wings do not raise her." Then the steadily rising strain of faith and exhortation: "Cast forward the eye of the spirit;" "Children, turn back into life!" "Hasten into life! In the pure garments of beauty may Love meet you with heavenly looks and with the wreath of immortality!" We wish we could give all the words (Carlyle's translation), or describe the singular beauty of the music, with its mingled pathos and uplifting inspiration, or do justice to the admirable manner in which this and all the pieces were sung.

The Annual School Festival.

The Musical Exhibition of the Public Schools of Boston, on Wednesday of this week, was in some respects even more interesting and more satisfactory than usual. The exercises of the *twelve hundred pupils* from the High and Grammar Schools, in the afternoon, were of the same character as last year, purely musical, without the tedious superfluity of speeches, presentations, &c., which are wisely left to a separate occasion. But this week, for the first time, the Primary Schools were represented in a special exhibition in the morning. There was a choir of about *one thousand* little singers, under the direction of the admirable teacher, whose whole heart is in his work, and who seems to have a genius for it, having proved effectually that children at the tender age of from five to seven can be taught to sing, and even to read notes,—Mr. LUTHER W. MASON.

It was simply and truly a children's concert. The music sung (of course in unison), the cheerful, wholesome words, the whole spirit of the scene and the arrangements, were childlike without being silly. The restless little beings all seemed happy in harmonious discipline, learning the love of order, enjoying the sense of progress, and tasting a new freedom in these carefully taught songs and rhythmic movements. In this sense the scene was charming, and the programme very fitly chosen.

First was played an Overture, to *Zampa*, by a small orchestra (many of our musicians being absent from the city); but it was not badly done, and the best of it was, to see how attentively the children listened. Three school songs, which followed, were from sound and earnest German composers who have been foremost in the humble, noble work of giving the resource of song to all the children: a "Song of Praise" by Nägeli (1773–1836); "The Child's Angel," by Glaser (1784–1829); and "Praise of Singing" by old John Adam Hiller, Cantor in the Thomas-Schule at Leipzig (1728–1804). These are pleasant, simple tunes, with nothing strained or namby-pamby about them; and the thousand little voices came out openly and promptly, in good tune, and with as musical a volume of sound as could be expected from such young organs. Of course, the quality of tone must be a little crude and blatant. But the effect, upon the whole, was charming; they really were united, heart and soul, making a cheerful and a tuneful noise, and happy in it.

Then came Physical Exercises by the whole little army of them, timed by the Orchestra, who played a pretty "Cuckoo Gallop," with slow introduction; and all moved as regularly and rhythmically as the

choregraphic manœuvres of the ballet on the stage; their little figures straightening up at once, with faces beaming; the hands going up by even stages and arching over their heads, like a thousand wreaths, and down again; then, as the dance rhythm set in, quicker and more strenuous play of hands and arms, each period wound up with clapping of the hands, the quick, simultaneous crack whereof was of course as amusing to the performers as the audience. Here was the philosophy and educational economy of the Kinder-garten system well illustrated.

The fourth and last part of the little concert was called a Recreation for the Children, and consisted of a merry Christmas-Eve Song: "Santa Claus is on the way;" Romberg's "Child Symphony," played by the orchestra, with reinforcement of toy instruments, cuckoos, trumpets, &c.;—pretty and droll enough, delighting the little folks, (though it would be better if it were possible to have such little instruments in tune); the steady violins, however, kept the outline in the several quaint movements. Finally a very pretty effect of semi-chorus, answered in full chorus, "What say all?" which perhaps made the pleasantest impression of all the singing: it was after this fashion:

Semi-Chorus. What song doth the cricket sing?
What news doth the swallow bring?
What doth laughing child tell?
What calls out the marriage bell?
Chorus. What say all? Love and mirth, in the air and in the earth.
Very, very soft and merry is the natural song of earth.

Naturally there was now and then a little unsteadiness among so many voices, with the wings so widely separated on the great stage, the orchestra being in the middle; but it was remarkable that such good time, for the most part, was kept, considering that they had never been upon that stage before, and sang without rehearsal there. The concert was just long enough—hardly an hour; all was pretty, innocent and cheerful, with no sentimentality, no nonsense, yet plenty to make one laugh and bring tears to old eyes at the same time.

The Exhibition of the High and Grammar Schools took place at four o'clock, and was conducted by JULIUS EICHBERG, teacher in the Girls' High and Normal School, with J. B. SHARLAND, teacher in the Grammar Schools, at the great Organ. The military precision with which the lines of well-dressed maidens, from many directions, filed so quietly into their seats upon the sloping sides and front of the great stage and the side galleries above, followed by the round faced boys, who looked all alike in their grey dresses, like the seeds of a sunflower packed close in the centre,—was the first and not the least point of interest in the programme. Meanwhile the Organ played an animated, florid Voluntary. The Orchestra, now enlarged to about forty, by sending for musicians to New York, played the Overture to *Oberon*, and then the scholars, rising on the instant at the Conductor's sign, sang, in unison, Luther's Choral: "A sure stronghold our God is He," the organ supplying harmony. All that we said in praise of the choral singing last year could be repeated more emphatically now.

A more flowing and melodious chorus followed, sung in harmony: "Now the twilight softly stealing," by Mercadante;—this too by the whole twelve hundred, and with euphonious ensemble of tone and perfect evenness of movement. Next came a Glee: "So merrily over the ocean spray," by Brinley Richards, introduced by two short stanzas of solo, sung one by the Sopranos the other by the Altos of the Girls' High and Normal Schools. This was so pleasing that it had to be repeated. Still more interesting, and truly musical, was the Lullaby composed by Mr. Eichberg, in which the pupils of the High and Normal Schools, with their more refined, pure, even voices, sang the melody, while the "muted" voices of all the rest hummed a "sweet and low" accompaniment.

Not the least gratifying and instructive portion of the exhibition was what followed in the way of *entr'actes*: the vocal and physical exercises, technically known as "Vocal Gymnastics," under the direction of Mr. LEWIS B. MONROE, who has wrought such wonders in the schools, teaching the free, graceful, strengthening play of limbs and muscles, the expansion of the chest and art of breathing, and the production of pure tones both of the singing and the speaking voice,—in short the formation of wholesome habits whereby the sonorous organ, in acquiring beauty, strength and flexibility, does not wear out. From the first movements for acquiring an erect well poised and free position of the body, through exercises of the head and arms for opening and strengthening the chest, to loud breathing from full lungs; then, as by degrees the breathing becomes humming, and finally out leaps a full, round, strong, sonorous tone, perfectly musical, upon a given pitch, which is long and well sustained, repeated with a laudable *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, then through the scale intervals, to the giving out the common chord in perfectly blended harmony,—all was followed with breathless interest and wonder, several times breaking out into vehement applause. The simultaneous recital by hundreds of voices, like one voice, of sentences from the Bible, showed how well the ear and sense of rhythm had been trained, and what heed given to distinct and nice articulation. These exercises told the secret of the improved quality and power of tone, produced by the 1200 singing voices, year by year.

After the Orchestra had played the brilliant Overture to *William Tell*, the most important vocal selection of the day was sung, in four-part harmony, with orchestral accompaniment by the young ladies of the High and Normal School. This was Schubert's beautiful setting of the 23d Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd." As an artistic aspiration, it was the most ambitious thus far in the music of our schools, and it was in the right direction, for this music was written for such voices, and by a man of genius. The effort was in every way creditable to Mr. Eichberg and his pupils, and we shall hope to hear more such music. A Chorus: "Sweet Convent bells," by Benedict, with [illegible] accompaniment, and with alto solo by the older girls, was very sweetly sung. Then came two pieces, which gave great pleasure last year, and more this: Hatton's "Wood Thrush," sung in responsive chorus of Grammar Schools and Normal School; and "Wake, gentle zephyr," in full chorus, by Rossini, rich and full and flowing. The exercises were concluded with "Old Hundred," the audience rising, and in a feeble, fragmentary manner joining in the strain.

The result was eminently satisfactory. There was no mistaking the improvement both in the general quality of voices and in the purity, precision and expression of the singing. What is chiefly wanting is more light and shade, less of the uniform *forte* or [illegible]. Surely [illegible] of this festival of youth and [illegible] in this apple-blossom month of May [illegible] of the efficient manner in which vocal music is taught in our public schools, and of its wholesome influence now, its [illegible] preparation of fine "well tempered" material for our artistic chorus and oratorio societies in future. The musical branch of our School Committee are earning a deep debt of gratitude.

FLORENCE, ITALY. We have the programme of the "Società [illegible]" [illegible] Concert of the 8th year for April [illegible], 1869, of that earnest classical society of amateurs, of which we have spoken several times before, under the intelligent direction of a lady, Madame LAUSSOT, and of which our friend [illegible] is secretary, and who do [illegible] musically. [illegible] Such programmes show what German music, and of the best, is making its way [illegible] Italian [illegible], is a [illegible] and zealous cultivators in Italy. It was as follows:

Schumann.—Andante et Variations pour deux Pianos, [illegible].
[illegible]
Mendelssohn.—Air [illegible] St. Paul [illegible].
Pergolese.—[illegible].
Beethoven.—Andante [illegible] Op. [illegible].
[illegible]
Schumann.—Le [illegible] avec accompagnement de Piano, [illegible].
Mozart.—Duo, [illegible] de Figaro [illegible] Mme. [illegible] et M. [illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible]
Liszt.—[illegible].
[illegible]

The Motet [illegible] German [illegible], is here for once [illegible] to the great Bach, John Christoph [illegible].

PLAYING WITHOUT NOTES. The London *Musical World*, [illegible] remarks upon the [illegible] of Miss [illegible]'s performance at the [illegible] Concerts, [illegible]:

"[illegible] quarter [illegible] compositions [illegible] part from memory. [illegible] doubtless, Herr Joachim, who, like Mendelssohn before him, plays his concertos invariably without book, could accomplish one feat just as easily as the other. Mme. Goddard, when Miss Arabella Goddard, used always to trust to memory in her public performances of pieces with which she was more or less familiar. On one occasion, however, at the rehearsal for a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, she was about to begin the second concerto of Mendelssohn. The conductor was Molique. No sooner had she played the first few bars, than Molique, wanting as usual, [illegible] exclaimed:—'Madame, [illegible] the music?' 'I have no music,' was the reply. 'Then do I not conduct'—retorted the great musician—'until you have found it.' And as good as his word, Molique postponed the rehearsal of the concerto in favor of something else.

As a matter of plain justice, no artist who takes part in a concerted piece of music has a right to dispense with the printed notes, inasmuch as, should memory fail him, he brings his associates equally into trouble, and the fault is as likely to be charged upon them as upon him. Exceptions may be made on behalf of a virtuoso who brings forward his own composition, and, again, of players (and there are many such) who, throughout their career have at the most four or five pieces in their heads and in their fingers. It was only the other day that an artist no less experienced and ready than Mr. Hallé made a slip in the first movement of Beethoven's G major concerto, which he has for years been in the habit of executing publicly without the notes before him. But who is infallible? The critic who would take umbrage at such a mere accident in the midst of so generally finished a performance as that of Mr. Hallé must be a churl at the best.

In all this argument we take no account of such exceptional *phenomena* as Joachim, Liszt, and two or three others. And yet we remember Joachim once played a wrong note, in the slow movement of Mendelssohn's E flat quartet (No. 3, Op. 44), being absorbed and having his eyes off the book, and at another concert coming in half a bar too soon in the [illegible] of the same composer's D minor trio, for a similar reason. As for Liszt, we have heard *him* make more false notes than we can count; while on one occasion, with the cool effrontery of a self-satisfied man of genius, he absolutely undertook to read Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor *a prima vista*, at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, succeeding so well that the composer was observed abruptly to leave the room in the middle of the first movement. Herr Rubinstein almost invariably plays without book, and with what result we need scarcely remind anybody who has ears sufficiently acute to detect false notes from true."

Music in Philadelphia.

THE SEASON OF 1868 AND 1869.

In looking over the record of the music given in this city the past season, we feel that we have a right to claim for it a very creditable degree of prosperity and success.

We certainly need not be ashamed of the character of the music given. All that has been performed by our resident musicians is not only good, but first-class. In regard the [illegible] are more firmly established [illegible], and exhibit a healthful degree of vigor, promising well for the future. Our Chamber music has been uncommonly good, and we have had the usual amount of [illegible] by the performers "[illegible]" and "Robert, [illegible]" from visiting musicians. The Opera has been well attended, some of the weekly concerts crowded at every performance. The constant rehearsal together of the Orchestras has not been without its effect in a much more satisfactory method of performance, although there is certainly still a great way to go before they bring themselves up to the standard of orchestral perfection.

One of the most important events of the season was the establishment of the "Philharmonic Society," comprising a membership of sixty nominally active members, under Wm. G. Dietrich, as conductor. The importance of [illegible] is to be estimated, not by what they have done, but what they have in their power to do. [illegible] of the best talent in the city, [illegible] artistic purpose, and making the highest development of their art their first [illegible], regarding the [illegible] of their individual [illegible] as subservient, although involved, cannot fail to exert a controlling influence over the future of music and musicians in our city.

This season they have given twelve public rehearsals at Horticultural Hall, and four concerts at the Academy of Music. Their programmes have comprised the following symphonies:

Beethoven, No. 7, A major.
Mendelssohn, "Scotch" Symphony.
Beethoven, [illegible].
Mozart, [illegible] E flat major.

In addition, they have had several concertos performed by prominent artists.

FOR PIANO.

Chopin, op. 21, F minor	C. H. Jarvis
Beethoven, op. 73, E flat major	Carl Wolfsohn
Chopin, op. 11, E minor	S. B. Mills
Von Weber, op. 79, F minor	Adele Topp

FOR VIOLIN.

Mendelssohn, op. 64, E minor	Camilla Urso

FOR VIOLONCELLO.

Goltermann, A minor	[illegible]

In [illegible] concerts they have had the assistance of the "Young Männerchor Society."

One of the principal successes of the season was achieved by the Orchestra of Messrs. Sentz and Hassler, who have always drawn full and very often crowded houses. They have given twenty-nine of their series of thirty concerts; the last is to be given May 8. These have all been marked by the production of first-class orchestral music, with a judicious selection of novelties and of solo performances. In all, they have given twelve different symphonies, performing:

Beethoven's No. 1, C major, four times.
Beethoven's No 6, "Pastorale," twice.
Beethoven's No. 8, F major, twice.
Mozart's "Jupiter," three times.
Mozart's No 5, D major, twice.
Mozart's No. 2, G minor, once.
Mozart's No. 3, E flat major, once.
Haydn's "Surprise," three times.
Haydn's No. 2, D major, twice
Romberg's "Children's Symphony," twice.
Mendelssohn's "Reformation," three times.
Schubert's "Unfinished," four times.

The last concert is to be distinguished by the fifth performance of the "Unfinished Symphony."

The "*Germania Orchestra*," under the leadership of W. G Dietrich, have confined themselves to their standard programmes, consisting of overtures—good if not new—movements from symphonies, operatic selections, waltzes and occasional solos, by members of the Orchestra. The season closed April 28, with a stronger programme, and, consequently, better house than usual, no small attraction being Beethoven's Concerto, in G, op. 55, for piano, played by Charles H. Jarvis. Their performances have been given this year at Horticultural Hall, Wednesday afternoons.

The Handel and Haydn Society have given their regular series of three concerts, performing Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," and Rossini's "Moses in Egypt."

The Mendelssohn Society, Jean Louis conductor, have also given three concerts, with good programmes of miscellaneous music.

We have not before us the single programmes of Mr. Jarvis's six concerts, given at Natatorium Hall, but, if we are not mistaken, he made but few alterations in the one published for the whole series. According to this he gave trios by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart and Schubert, a quartet and quintet by Schumann, duets for piano and violoncello by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and one for piano and violin by Beethoven. Added to these were solos for piano, violin and violoncello from Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Henselt, Hummel, Viotti, David, Spohr, Bach, Hauser, Schubert, Goltermann, Franchomme, Bazzini, Linder and Molique. Associated with Mr. Jarvis were the artists G. Guhlemann and R Hennig.

The distinctive feature of Carl Wolfsohn's concerts was music from what is very inexpressively called the "Romantic school." He was admirably assisted in the production of his programmes by Edouard Colonne and Rudolph Hennig, performing trios by Beethoven, Bargiel, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann; duets for piano and violin by Beethoven, Schumann, Raff, and Rubinstein; for piano and violoncello by Beethoven and Mendelssohn; piano solos from Beethoven, Schubert, Liszt, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Wolfsohn; for the violin, by Beriot, Viotti, Robenechts, and Vieuxtemps; for the violoncello, by Bazzini, Goltermann, Raff, Molique, Schumann, Wolfsohn, and Offenbach.

Series of concerts were also given by the West Philadelphia Choral Society, Carl Gaertner, Miss Jackson and the Conservatory of Music, as well as a number of miscellaneous ones by Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Miss Kellogg and Miss Topp, Ole Bull, Blind Tom, Mr. Kennedy, the Young Männerchor, Miss McCaffrey, Miss Markstein, the Misses Durang, Mme. Schimpf, Mr. Harkins, Mr. Hetz, Mr. Tiedemann, the Hess Children, and others.

In Opera we have had seven seasons: one of Max Maretzek's Italian and German troupe, one of the "Kellogg," two of English, three of French, the Fisk and the Grau troupes, each giving a season. Miss Susan Galton has had her little performances, and several amateur companies have also had theirs.

In the following analysis of the music performed, several societies whose programmes seem to be lost to all historical uses are unrepresented. Nor do we give but one or two of the operas, as every one knows the good old repertoire, and it would occupy more space than we could spare:

MOZART.

Symphonies..No. 2, G minor, once.
No. 3, E flat, twice.
No. 5, D major, twice.
The Jupiter, 3 times.
Quintet. No 3, G minor.
No 5, E flat.
A. (Clarinet).
Twelfth Mass.
Don Giovanni.

BEETHOVEN.

Symphonies..No. 1, C major, 4 times.
No. 6, "Pastorale," 3 times.
No. 7, A major, once.
No 8, F major, twice.
Concertos for piano..E flat, op. 73.
G major, op 55.
Trios, piano, violin and 'cello..B flat major, op. 97
G major, op. 70, No. 1.
Piano and violin, C minor, op 30.
A major, op 23, "Kreutzer."
Piano and violoncello..A, op. 69.
G minor, op. 5.
Violin solo..Romance, op. 50, F major.
Piano Sonatas..C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2.
C major, op. 53.
Quintet..C major, op. 29.
Fidelio.
Egmont Overture.

MENDELSSOHN.

Symphonies..."Reformation," three times.
"Scotch," once.
Concerto for violin..Op 64, E minor.
Duet, piano and violoncello. Op. 45, B flat major.
Trio. D minor, op. 49.
"Variations Serieuses". For piano.
Quintet..B.
Quintet Op. 18
Quartet. B flat.
March Op. 108.
Elijah.
Overtures..."Meerestille."
"Melusine."

HAYDN.

Symphonies..."Surprise," three times.
No. 2, D major, twice.

SCHUBERT.

Symphony..."Unfinished," five times.
Trio, piano, violin and violoncello. Op 99, B flat.
Shakspeare Serenade, transcribed by Liszt.
Serenade, for Orchestra.

SCHUMANN.

Quartet..Op. 47, Piano and instruments.
Quintet..Op. 44, Piano and instruments.
Trio..D minor, piano, violin, and violoncello.
Concerto..A minor.
Piano Solos..."In der nacht."
Traumes Wirren.
Sonata, op 22, G minor.
Violoncello Solo..Abendslied.

CHOPIN.

Concertos for Piano..Op. 21, F minor.
Op 11, E minor.
Piano Solos..Fantasie, op. 49, F minor.
Ballade, op. 23, G minor.
Scherzo, B flat minor.
Nocturne. D flat.
Etude, C sharp minor, op. 25, No. 7.
Etude, A minor, op. 25, No. 11.

WAGNER.

Rienzi..Overture.
Lohengrin..First Finale.

RAFF.

Sonata..Piano and violin, A major.
Cavatina..Violoncello.
Cachuca Capriccio. Piano solo.
From RUBINSTEIN, Sonata, A minor, piano and violin.
From BARGIEL, Trio, F major, op. 6.

ROSSINI.

"Moses in Egypt"
Overtures. Semiramide.
Siege of Corinth.
William Tell.
La Gazza Ladra.
Barber of Seville.
Cendrillon.
Italiana in Algieri.

WEBER.

Overtures..Der Freischütz.
Jubilee.
Oberon.

AUBER.

Overtures..Fra Diavolo.
Les Diamants de la Courrone.
Le Sirene.
Le Part du Diable.
Masaniello.
Zanetta.
Le Lac des Fees.

ADAM.

A Queen for a Day.
Le Roi d'Yvetot.

MEYERBEER.

Struensee Overture.
Dinorah "

WALLACE.

Loreley Overture.

KALIWODA.

Concert Overture.
Op 44 "

In addition to these overtures was given that of Boieldieu to "La Dame Blanche," Flotow's *Rubezahl* and *Stradella*, Mehul's *Joseph*, Halevy's "*Le Val d' Andorre*," Offenbach's "Orphee aux Enfers," Spohr's *Macbeth*, Littolf's *Robespierre*, Verdi's Sicilian Vespers, Bennett's *Najaden*, Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Berlioz's *Francs Juges*, Harold's *Zampa*, Hohnestock's "Fest," and many others.

As we before stated, this list does not do complete justice to the music given, but it does comprise the most important and really representative programmes of the season, and will furnish an idea of what our musicians have done this past season.—*Philad. Morning Post, May 7.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Call her back, and kiss her. *C. Minosi.* 30
Very sweet semi-comic song, with good chorus.

There's nothing like a fresh'ning breeze. C to f. *Randegger.* 35
Fine, fresh, sea-breezy song for Bass or Alto Sung with great success by Mr. W. Whitney.

Passing away into sunlight. 3. G to e. *Smith.* 30
Beautiful sentiment and pretty chorus.

Te'l rammenti. Dost thou remember. Duet. 3. F to f. *Campanet.* 40
A very fine duet, with Italian and English words.

The Last Greeting. 4. G♭ to *g*. *E. Pitt.* 30
Affecting tribute to the memory of Nelly Moore.

Where is my Nancy? *Hunt.* 35
Very good. Nancy was not at church where the bridegroom awaited her, which naturally suggested the above inquiry.

Am I remembered in Erin. 2. F to f. *M. Gourly.* 30
Words by D'Arcy M'Gee, and is a taking Irish song.

A day too late. 3. B♭ to e. *Hersee.* 30
Very instructive to those who are too slow in love matters.

In thy Beauty. Mi Guarda. 4. D♭ to f. *Gordigiani.* 40
Expressive of deep emotion, and very melodious.

There's no one there. 2. F to e. *Grand.* 30
Answer to "Who's that tapping at the gate." Capital music, and pretty ballad.

Are the Children at Home. 3. E♭ to e. *Gabriel.* 30
Beautiful. An old couple waiting and wishing to go home to the children who have "passed on before."

Ocean, thou Mighty Monster. 5. E♭ to a or c. "*Oberon.*" 75
Magnificent scena from Oberon, and, by substituting lower notes for two or three of the highest ones, it is not out of the reach of a common singer.

Why delay? 2. E♭ to e. *J. P. Knight.* 30
A very earnest and very musical remonstrance with a young lady, who would not "name the happy day."

All among the Summer Roses. 2. G to *g*. *Gabriel.* 40
Pleasing ballad.

Yes, I'll meet thee, dearest. 2. D to a. *Blamphin.* 30
Very appropriate answer to "I'll meet thee in the lane."

I am waiting for you, Nell. Song and Chorus. *Porter.* 35
Nell was worth waiting for, and it was fortunate that such a good song could charm the moments of delay.

Instrumental.

Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," (Hymn of Praise). 4. Paraphrased by *Sydney Smith.* 75
Magnificent music, and well arranged.

Royal Greek March. 2. C. *Glover.* 40
Simple and pretty. Something in the style of the "Spanish Retreat."

Farewell, we meet again. "Girlish Dreams." 3. *Jungman.* 30

Does he think of me? " 3. " 30
Sweet "Girlish Dreams," in fine taste.

Potpouri. "Lucrezia Borgia." *Wels.* 75

Books.

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD FOR REED ORGANS. $2.50

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 735. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 6.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

Edward Devrient's Recollections of Mendelssohn.

IV.

"THE SON AND STRANGER."

Meanwhile (during M.'s visit to England, summer of 1859) we (the Devrients) had taken lodgings in the garden building attached to the Mendelssohn house, next to the drawing room. Hensel, who had returned from Italy and married Fanny Mendelssohn that autumn, occupied the rooms beyond the drawing room. So Felix, to his great joy, when he came home in November, found us quite domesticated. He was still somewhat nervously affected, kept his chamber, and had to submit himself for some time longer to medical treatment.

He had now to set to work in earnest with the instrumentation of the operetta (*Liederspiel, vaudeville*) which he had brought with him; while Fanny took in hand the composition of a little festival play, written by Hensel, rehearsing the music with us at the piano. It gave us the greatest delight, and the genuine dramatic calling of the composer rang to me in every note.

The characters in the operetta were mainly cast among the members of the family: Fanny took that of the wife of the Mayor; Hensel was the Mayor; Rebecca, Lisbeth; and I, the pedlar Kanz. We were furthermore so fortunate as to gain the student Mantius, whose small but very beautiful tenor voice excelled in Berlin social parties, for the Hermann; he quietly saw his own account in it as a possible stepping stone to the theatre, and was therefore full of zeal. For the utterly unmusical Hensel, Felix had contrived the joke of setting his part in a Trio upon a single note, but we had all sorts of difficulty and of fun in giving him the pitch. As it was too early to turn the old people out of their saloon, in which the piece was to be represented, the theatrical rehearsals had to be made partly in Hensel's, partly in our rooms, upon the flat chamber floor; but it was carried through, with much bother of directorship for me, and with all the enjoyment and the laughter which amateur comedy brings with it, and in which Felix always went beyond us all. Stage-building, decoration and orchestral arrangement had to be ingeniously managed within narrow limits.

At last the full rehearsals on the stage, with orchestra, were successfully got through with, lighting and costumes provided for, and all seemed to go on swimmingly, when a sudden hindrance interposed: I was commanded to a concert at the Crown Prince's on the evening of our festival! These concerts usually began late and lasted through the supper; indeed right after supper the Crown Prince was in the habit of calling on me for German songs. This made it impossible for me to take part in the *Liederspiel*, and so the festival seemed likely to be defeated; and that too on the evening before, when everything was thoroughly prepared and all the guests invited.

Felix received this Job's post with consternation, and with a chagrin amounting almost to anger. Unaccustomed to seeing himself crossed in his undertakings, he entirely lost, in his perplexity, his usual consideration for the position of others. He wanted me to get myself released from the court concert, which he thought really was no part of my duty, &c., &c. In short, the performance of the operetta seemed to him for the time being the absolutely most important matter in the world. I tried to console him by suggesting, that I would make the attempt to induce the General-Intendent to let me off earlier than usual from the concert; and, if that were not practicable, that then, after the performance of Fanny's little play, they should delay the Operetta perhaps till after supper—until I came back from the palace. That seemed to him an interruption and confusion of the whole festival, and his excitement grew upon him so that in the evening, in the family circle, he began to talk wildly, spoke English incessantly, till all about him were in a state of terror. The decided tone of the father finally arrested the wild stream of talk, they got him off to bed, and a twelve hours' sound sleep restored him to his normal condition.

On the 22nd of December the "Silver Wedding" was joyfully celebrated on the part of a great circle of friends; to be sure, the anxiety as to how the evening would pass off was a damper on the pleasure of the children; but in the end all turned out well. Count von Redern in a friendly manner furthered my desire and, actually upon his own responsibility, shortened my function in the court concert, so that I came home right after the little play, and the operetta could follow it immediately, according to the original design. It went correctly and with spirit, in the fresh, free humor of the day, until it came to Hensel's part in the Trio, where of course he did not hit the tone again, although it was breathed and whispered to him on all sides. For Felix that was perhaps the greatest pleasure of the evening; he had to bend down over the score to hide his laughter.

The performance made a great sensation in society, not only through the charm of the melodies, their thoughtful and sincere expression, but still more through the humor and the characteristic treatment of the persons and the situations, through the live dramatic progress of the action at the same time with the freshest musical beauty. This new proof of Felix's prominent dramatic talent struck people universally.

They urged him to allow a public performance of the operetta; his mother especially clung to the wish long and earnestly. Felix, out of filial piety in the first place, was quite averse to letting the work, which he had conceived purely for the family festival so sacred to him, become a prey to publicity. There was so much in the music which he had meant altogether personally. When I spoke of the beauty of the theme with which the Overture begins, he said: that was his act of homage, of reverence, with which he came before his parents and handed them his work. He did not wish the sincerity of this expression to go beyond the intimate circle. Then he had written the violoncello solo, in the song No. 3, for his brother; and the passage on one tone for his brother-in-law; the compass of voice, which he had given to the part of Kanz, was a bit of private raillery with me:—all this he was unwilling to have brought before a public who might misunderstand it. He dwelt particularly on the objection, that the composition was not at all adapted to the great space of a theatre, and that the orchestral parts especially, being only calculated for a parlor, would have to be entirely recast. To this I added, that the poem, in its loose connection, with its lack of much exciting interest, was not capable of enchaining a spoiled public. Moreover I held that it would be exceedingly unwise to follow up the failure of "Camacho's Wedding" with this tender little work.

And so the *Liederspiel* was not performed again in Felix's lifetime; after his death it could not be prevented; and moreover I could lend a hand to it, to make the poem better adapted to the stage; and if Felix could do nothing more for his orchestra, we have not missed it.

Music in Austria.—Liszt's "St. Elizabeth."

(Correspondence of the London "Daily Telegraph.")

The last great event of the Vienna musical season for 1868–9 came off yesterday at the Imperial Redouten Saal, in the presence of such an audience as it would be difficult to gather together in any other European capital. Even London, with five times Vienna's population, would, I imagine, be put to sore straits were it called upon to assemble in a public concert-room between two and three thousand persons of both sexes, amongst whom scarcely a dozen outsiders, so far as music is concerned, are to be detected, and of whom more than two thirds are professional musicians, composers, executants, or critics. The last rehearsal of the important work performed on this occasion by the "Society of the Friends of Music," which I attended, and to which the inner circle of our musical world was invited by special ticket, presented a spectacle at once remarkable and gladdening to the heart of a true philharmonist. Besides the powerful orchestra and chorus, in all some four hundred strong, there were at least seven hundred ladies and gentlemen distributed over the galleries and body of the hall when I entered it, eagerly waiting for the first wave of Herbeck's baton. I may safely assert that they were all, *sans exception*, sisters and brethren of the craft. Threading his way restlessly backwards and forwards in and out amongst the thronged benches, upon each of which he found some musical acquaintance anxious to press his hand, was to be seen a tall, spare figure, clad in priestly garments and bareheaded—the hero of the day, now a meek and pious servant of Holy Mother Church, once the wildest of enthusiasts in "life," the adored of princesses, countesses, and duchesses, with a head, they say, that would have matched Horne Tooke in the capacity for after-dinner victories. These long, nervous, eager fingers that used to sweep the keys with a tempest of chords, and wrest forth handfuls of harmonies from the vibrating strings, are now-a-days—at least, so says holy report—chiefly occupied in telling rosaries and turning over the leaves of Church breviaries; that wild, eccentric genius that was wont to sport with the gravest theories and to astound the world with surely the strangest freaks that ever tone-poet indulged in, has bowed itself humbly before a solemn and pedantic corporation, consenting to wear the fetters of a code, and to devote his pinioned powers to the illustration of one single conventional subject. Bondage, of whatever kind, is sure to tell fatally upon inspiration. I have heard the two grand

masses which constitute the chief compositions of the Abbé Liszt since his assumption of holy orders, and must unwillingly confess them to be dull, labored, and arid productions, relieved but rarely by a flash of the old fire that used to sparkle from every feature and joint of the master's creations. Moreover, loss of liberty has beaten down the fierce spirit of the great Hungarian, and induced him to undergo the humiliation of plagiarism, or at least of imitation. He has shrouded the beauties of his fitful genius in the dark and gloomy mantle of Wagnerism—whole pages of his later works are mere paraphrases of *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and the *Flying Dutchman*. No one could recognize the genial author of the "*Transcriptions*" in the mournful mysticist who penned the Hungarian Coronation Mass, or *St. Elizabeth*. There is little more of common between the Liszt of former days and the Reverend Father Francis than there is between Ariel and a hooded familiar of the Holy Inquisition. Where is all the airy lightness of manner, the dainty fretwork of ornamentation, delight of the ear and despair of the fingers, the magical modulations that glowed like an aurora borealis of sound over his exuberant effusions; where the elfish and yet touching fragments of melody that were ever strewn with no stinting hand over the wildest wastes of his musical dreamland? All vanished and gone—replaced by a system of enharmonic self-maceration, by a torture-chamber full of musical racks and thumb-screws, by a method of jolting, painful, and unnatural transitions that wound the senses and distress the reason of those to whom they are imparted. All color and tenderness, curve and suavity, fled forever; nothing remaining but the crooked, deformed skeleton of sound—the dainty flowers and burnished leaves quite withered up and dead, and the gnarled, sapless branches creaking grimly and inharmoniously. No longer the lighthearted "czikos" sporting on the broad green "Puszta," rejoicing in the birds, the blossoms, the fresh, free wind cooled by the Carpathian snows, but a rheumatic grave-digger, sorting a heap of decaying bones in a dismal churchyard, by the pale light of a lantern. Such are the impressions left upon even his fervent admirers by Liszt's recent compositions, of which, undoubtedly, *St. Elizabeth* is the most important in dimensions as well as design.

Die heilige Elizabeth, or *St. Elizabeth*, is neither an opera, an oratorio, nor a cantata, but a mixture of all three. It might, perhaps, be more fitly called a miracle set to music; for the point upon which the whole signification of its plot turns is the celebrated conversion by special Divine interposition of a pannier full of eatables and drinkables into a basketful of roses, in order to redeem Elizabeth's word, or, in fact to save her from being detected by her husband in a falsehood. The tradition is pretty enough, although the moral which it conveys is, to say the least of it, somewhat shady—*e.g.*, "Be good, virtuous, charitable, and regular in your devotions; and some day, when it suits your purpose to tell a lie, heaven will step in with a miracle to get you out of your scrape by proving that you told the truth." Thus runs the story.

Elizabeth, daughter of King Andrew II. of Hungary, married Louis, Landgraf of Thüringen, and by him had two children. She was a very pious and amiable person, earnestly given to doing good by stealth, and the most eminent cottage visitant of her period. Her husband was a Prince of the good old middle-aged pattern, reasonably fond of his wife, more so of his flagon, and immoderately so of his hawks, hounds, and all other accessories of the chase. One day, as the Landgräfin was dragging a heavy hamper, filled with good things, from the Wartburg pantry, up the side of a hill near her castle, she was suddenly encountered by her husband, who happened to be following the roe in that direction, and who, having for some time entertained the suspicion that her frequent solitary excursions were made for no good purpose, asked her whither she was going and what she had got in the big basket that she vainly endeavored to conceal from him. Terrified lest he might disapprove her for disposing of his property in a furtive manner, she replied that she had been gathering roses by the way-side, and had strayed beyond the usual limits of her daily walk—moreover, that her basket contained the roses she had plucked, and nothing more. Upon this, the Landgraf reproved her for making such a fuss about a few trumpery flowers, and asked to see the roses. She fell at his feet, imploring pardon for the deception she had tried to practise upon him, and confessed that she had viands for a poor sick man in the basket, but had been afraid to confess her pious pillage of the larder. "See!" said she, lifting the white cloth she had cast over the comestibles; and lo! the basket was full of freshly-plucked roses, whilst, at the same moment, a small glory or *auréole* descended from the skies, and lighted on her brow. "Roses!" exclaimed the Landgraf; "roses, after all! why, then, you must be a saint, and I must give up the fallacious joys of field-sports for some other recreation more suitable to the husband of so remarkable a personage!" No sooner said than done; in those days, from slaying partridges to slaughtering Paynims was an easy step, and one highly respectable to boot—so Lord Louis started forthwith for the Crusades, maugre the entreaties of his saintly lady, who was enabled, in virtue of her newly acquired powers, to forsee confidently that he would never return from the Holy Land. Nor did he; for some months after his departure came the news that the "turbaned Turk" had been too many for him, and that he had succumbed to the scimitar without having had time to make any testamentary dispositions whatever. The laws of succession must have been in a pretty state about that time, for, on learning the sad intelligence of her son's death, the old Landgräfin, Sophia, who, not being a pious person herself, and therefore wholly incapable of performing miracles, had always hated her daughter-in-law for her goodness and her "gift," incontinently turned St. Elizabeth and her two children out of the Wartburg, in as nasty a night—judging from Liszt's music, at least—as could have been selected for so cruel a proceeding by the hardest of hearts. The seneschal, a good-natured, weak-minded tool of the old lady, ventures to say a word or two in mitigation of the stern sentence, but is promptly sent to the rightabout with such vigor that he subsides into obedience, and thrusts Elizabeth out of the castle gates. She takes refuge in a lonely mountain hut, where she continues for some time to perform more miracles, and ultimately, her children having been taken away from her to be brought up in a manner befitting their birth, dies, lamented by all the poor of the neighborhood and a special choir of angels, detached from the celestial host for that purpose. Presently, Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the German and Holy Roman Empire, sends for her body, which he, in the presence of all his lords and palatines, buries solemnly with great pomp and ceremony.

This story, clumsily and harshly told in halting verse by Otto Roquette, has Franz Liszt overlaid with the grimmest musical garments ever worn by simple legend. In the introductory episode, the betrothal of Elizabeth, he gives a song to a Hungarian magnate, who accompanies the youthful princess to her new home, and consigns her to the arms of her bridegroom—a song that might appropriately be christened "the stomach-ache of sound." This unfortune magnate is made to utter sentiments of the most pleasing and congratulatory nature in strains that are even physically painful. Each complimentary phrase commences with a contortion and finishes in a groan, varied by a yell. Close upon the heels of this tortured melody, comes a chorus of children offering flowers and playthings to the baby bride. Were it not for the words, "Fröhliche Spiele, sannen wir aus, bringen Dir viele Blumen zum Strauss," &c., you would fancy you heard the vociferations of a band of imps at play with red-hot coals, sulphur marbles, miniature pitchforks, and other such devilish toys; whilst every now and then Cerberus barks with delight at their ghastly gambols.

The second part opens with a stirring hunting song, one of the best numbers in the whole Mystery. It is not particularly original or melodious, for that matter—but it is fresh, sylvan, and admirably scored for the orchestra—the voice playing quite a subordinate part (*à la Wagner*) to the instruments. French horns, ophicleids, and trombones, have here a brilliant opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and are so admirably sustained and thrown into relief by the strings that the effect of the *ensemble* is exceedingly agreeable to the ear. Then follows the meeting on the hill-side, and the conversation between the suspicious husband and the charitable wife, culminating in the miracle. The whole of this episode reminds one vividly of the colloquy taking place between Knight Walter and Eva Pogner in the first act of the *Meistersinger*. Nothing can be more dry and labored, or less emotional, not to say natural. The Landgraf's astonishment upon discovering that the remains of his dinner have been changed into roses, is expressed in much the sort of musical phrase that might be uttered by a *flâneur* if he trod upon a toad, or by a *bon vivant* detecting a spider in his soup. A chorus, which happens to be at hand, why or how nobody knows, expatiates upon the miracle just achieved in a manner sufficiently unpleasant, one would think, thoroughly to disgust St. Elizabeth with her feat, and to make her vow that she would never do so any more, if such are the musical results accruing from her magical performances.

The third part, although defaced by sadly tedious recitatives, emanating from the Landgraf—turned Crusader—and his distressed consort, is undoubtedly the most powerful and striking composition of the whole work, by reason of a bright and passionate choral *motivo* with which it commences, concludes, and is flavored throughout. This *motivo* strongly resembles the phrase with which Mendelssohn opened his *Lobgesang*, to be used afterwards as the leading subject of the chorus, "All that have life and breath, praise ye the Lord!" and the trombones are employed for its introduction by Liszt, as they were by the great Felix in his symphony to the *Hymn of Praise*: but it is nobly worked out by the voices, and the orchestration is something so rich and complete as to be only comparable, for grandeur of conception and exquisite finish of detail, to poor Hector Berlioz's arrangement of the "Rakoczy" march, probably the finest development of a full orchestra's resources extant. The refrain, "Gott will es!" (God wills it) occurring at the end of every stanza, is put into soul-stirring notes, and vociferated with a devotional emphasis in the highest degree impressive. I cannot but think that Liszt has committed an error in æsthetics by not limiting the execution of this chorus to male voices. The men engaged in the Crusade would naturally be full of religious enthusiasm and warlike aspirations; but the women would be likely to be lamenting the departure on so perilous an adventure of their husbands, brothers, and lovers. To make women loudly exclaim a sentence like the following,

> Es folge, *uns*, wer sein Christenschwert
> Im heil'gen Krieg zu weih'n begehrt!

is, to say the least of it, to perpetrate an anachronism.

The following episode (No. 4), in which Elizabeth, the old Landgräfin, and the well-meaning but feeble seneschal, are engaged, is, without exception, the most dreary piece of business I have listened to, excelling far in hideousness Berlioz's music to *Faust*, Wagner's street row in the *Meistersinger*, Brahm's Chamber Music, or any and every tone-abomination with which we have been afflicted during the last twenty years. True, the storm rages as though Hell were let loose outside the castle walls, and the Landgräfin's utterances are as full of venom as Medusa's; but not a single feature of beauty or grandeur redeems the utter ugliness of the whole part. The seneschal croaks, the Countess screams, and St. Elizabeth whimpers like a beaten school-boy; while all the time there is the very devil to pay in the orchestra. It is a lengthy part, too—linked bitterness long drawn out. I pray that I may never be condemned to hear it again.

Number 5 describes the Euthanasia of St. Elizabeth, dying in her sordid hut, but surrounded by a grateful and worshipping crowd of the poor whose sufferings she has relieved. It contains one or two meritorious chorales, and a movement—supposed to be performed by angels—which is, unfortunately, irresistibly provocative of laughter, for it has evidently been taken from the four chords emitted by the double-mouth harmonica, a child's toy, generally arranged to produce, when blown, the full harmonies of the tonic and subdominant chords in two keys. This curious and *naïve* sequence of sounds has been adopted by the Abbé Liszt as the subject of his celestial movement; and his treatment of it consists in dragging it *ad nauseam* through all the keys of the gamut. Elizabeth's solos are replete with melancholy of the unhealthy sort, and fatigue the ear with incessant enharmonic transitions, too startling to be in the least gratifying. At length she dies, and while regretting her misfortunes, one cannot help feeling that it is for the best, as well for herself as for the audience, that she should be at rest and sing no more. This feeling has evidently been shared by the composer; for, in Number 6, devoted to her gorgeous interment, he introduces a funeral march far more jocund and cheerful than anything we have yet heard throughout the work, although the betrothal act should have suggested joyous strains. It may, perhaps, be said to be the most astounding feature of this extraordinary composition that the wedding music is perfectly suitable to a funeral, and that the "Dirge," "March," &c., illustrative of the burial ceremony would have made up a very tidy Epithalamium. Assuredly, Liszt must have felt heartily relieved when he had finally disposed of his heroine, and, unable to restrain the expression of his satisfaction, broke out in semi-lively measures—deadly lively, I ought, perhaps, to say.

As to the execution of the whole work—occupying nearly three hours!—by soloists, band, and chorus, I can only speak in terms of unreserved praise. Although but two rehearsals had taken place before the "*grande répétition*" to which I was invited, scarcely a hitch occurred during the whole performance: and Liszt confessed himself both surprised and delighted at the masterly rendering of his most difficult composition. Even to such a magnificent *matériel*, swayed by so accomplished a leader as Herbeck, *St. Eliza-*

beth presented a terrible enigma for solution; and what human intelligence, aided by the highest class of executive ability, could achieve was achieved by the "Society of *Musikfreunde*." But I feel convinced that, despite all this best of musical bodies, or any other in Europe, can effect in the way of thoughtful interpretation, Liszt's *oratorio-cantata* will remain to the majority of mankind what it was to Saturday and Sunday's audiences—a mystery, not worth the trouble of unravelling.

Vienna, April 5th.

A Jew Across Wagner.

To the Editor of the "Musical World" (London).

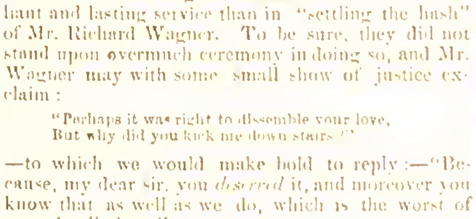
SIR,—Those German critics who have had sense enough to oppose the mischievous career of Herr R. Wagner, have committed, all along, one great error, viz., that of treating that egregious boaster and pretender with far too much lenity, and giving him far too much serious attention, whereas they ought to have known that he was in reality quite undeserving of any grave criticism and might be "very easily disposed of," as Sam Weller says—*i. e.*, dismissed with a few words of derision. I will therefore endeavor not to fall into a similar mistake, although it is now less easy to be brief than it would have been before the evil had gathered strength.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been hissed and derided by the Parisian public. A book or a picture, says Mr Lewis (in that pretty novel of his, *Ranthorpe*) is said to be condemned or blamed, but a play or an opera is emphatically said to be "*damned*." Very true, and *Tannhäuser* has been most emphatically damned in Paris—*i. e.*, by an audience fully and indisputably competent to judge of the merits of any operatic work. I feel myself justified in asserting that since the time when the Parisians enabled Gluck to triumph over Lulli, Rameau, and Piccini, they have never done the great cause of Art a more brilliant and lasting service than in "settling the hash" of Mr. Richard Wagner. To be sure, they did not stand upon overmuch ceremony in doing so, and Mr. Wagner may with some small show of justice exclaim:

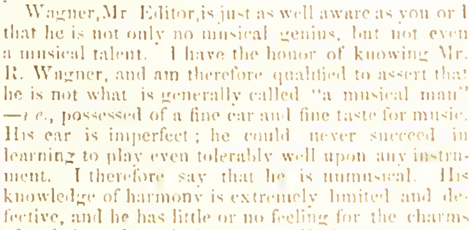
> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me down stairs?"

—to which we would make bold to reply:—"Because, my dear sir, you *deserved* it, and moreover you know that as well as we do, which is the worst of your derelictions."

Wagner, Mr Editor, is just as well aware as you or I that he is not only no musical genius, but not even a musical talent. I have the honor of knowing Mr. R. Wagner, and am therefore qualified to assert that he is not what is generally called "a musical man"—*i. e.*, possessed of a fine ear and fine taste for music. His ear is imperfect; he could never succeed in learning to play even tolerably well upon any instrument. I therefore say that he is unmusical. His knowledge of harmony is extremely limited and defective, and he has little or no feeling for the charms of melody and musical rhythm. He is in fact an unmusical man—"the gods have not made him poetical," or musical either. The composer of "Jim Crow" has (or had) a more correct idea of melody than Herr Wagner. And yet Herr W. has a sort of inward persuasion that a distinct melody now and then is a *sine quâ non* in an opera; therefore, being utterly incapable of imagining one himself, he took like many a man whose purse is empty) to *borrowing*. I will here only mention one glaring instance of this, viz., the principal melodic theme of the March in *Tannhäuser*.



with which we need only compare the concluding *stretto* of Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* to expose the barefaced theft:—



This is not the kind of musical thought which would be likely to occur to two men *at the same time*, and, as it happens, it occurred to Weber first! Take away this passage (which is repeatedly brought forward in the march) and there remains nothing but a most harmless arrangement of commonplaces, although the general style, construction, and instrumentation of the whole piece is grossly imitated from Spontini and Meyerbeer. As for the song (in the third act) about the evening star, it may not be out of place to observe that it has the peculiarity of being *in no key at all*; it is, I believe, *intended* to be in G major, but is in fact, from beginning to end, in G minor, B flat, and D flat major. The absurdity of such modulation in a little song is too obvious to need comment; equally so the poverty of the composer's fancy, who could produce no effect at all but by such extravagant means and unnatural harmonization.

But why enumerate all these striking beauties and excellences? It were pity of your good paper, Mr. Editor, to cover it with anything like detailed criticisms upon such a monstrous piece of imposture and imbecility as *Tannhäuser*. Let me only remark that this opera, which so delighted the refined Parisians, is beyond all comparison Wagner's *best*; his *Rienzi* is a perfect incubus, a noisy "blatant beast;" more by token, after the rehearsal of it at Dresden, the horn and trumpet players generally left the orchestra with *bloody lips!* His *Flying Dutchman* is just as abominable; some Italians, staying at Wiesbaden, went to hear it, and when the overture was ended I overheard one of them say to the others, "When will this confounded (*maledetta*) *tuning of the instruments* be over?" His *Lohengrin* has a certain passage in it where *four trumpets* have to play *fortissimo* the following delicious harmony:—

which so painfully affected the ear and mind of a gentleman at Hamburgh that when he left the theatre he was seized with a brain fever, and his life was long despaired of. Such is the genial and exhilarating effect of Herr Wagner's *music*, as it is facetiously termed in Germany.

And now, Sir, permit me to explain to your readers, as briefly as possible, how it came to pass that Herr Wagner attained a high degree of celebrity in his native country. The Germans invariably[?] prefer the obscure and involved to the transparent and simple. Upon his ultimate knowledge of this fact Herr W. went to work, secure of success. He wrote countless articles in newspapers and magazines; he wrote pamphlets, and treatises, and "elucidations," and essays—all upon the inexhaustible and refreshing subject of his own music. This mode of attack was, of course, successful with the more gullible and ignorant portion of the public. But his main battery was concealed—Herr Wagner is brother in law to the wealthy and influential bookseller, Brockhaus of Leipsic, who is proprietor and publisher of eight newspapers, all of which were pressed into the service. Yet even this was not sufficient; Herr W. suddenly turned Republican (though living on the bounty and liberality of the late amiable King of Saxony), and was a prime mover in the tragical revolution at Dresden in May 1849. By this means (at once honorable and artistic!) he secured the friendship and favor of the entire revolutionary party in Germany, which, though compelled to hide its operations, is still flourishing and powerful. Then came, to adjust Herr Wagner's manœuvres, the very natural and very ardent wish of the Germans to possess another great musical hero, the last of that race, which had given them so fair a claim to boast, having apparently (as far as the younger generation is concerned) died with Mendelssohn. They saw little could be made of poor Schumann, whose talent was very equivocal[?] and was soon clouded over altogether, and so they took to crowning Mr. Richard Wagner, upon whose head the laurel wreath sate about as well as a diadem would have suited Mr. Swiveller's "Marchioness" when she was "airing her eye at the keyhole."

Herr Wagner and his comrades hit upon a cleverish trick to aid their plans, viz., the invention of a new generic appellation, *Zukunftsmusiker*—*i. e.*, Musicians of the Future! This was a capital "cry," and succeeded, for a time, beyond their expectations. It should be premised that Herr Wagner had already announced to the world (in his modest, self-magnifying pamphlets, &c.) that the operas of Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, &c., were mere "unsuccessful attempts," and that *his* (Mr. Wagner's) operas had opened a new and magnificent epoch of dramatic music. He was so obliging as to inform us that all rhythmical, flowing, and agreeable melody is not only superfluous but a thing of no value [illegible] ever, trivial and vulgar, fit for nothing but to tickle the ears of children and their nurses. Truly, Mr. Editor, the Germans are a simple, credulous, most amiable people, most primitive and innocent of all suspicion; they positively received this atrocious piece of humbug with low bows and reverential observance, instead of saying as any other civilized nation would have said, "Good Mr. Wagner, good Mr. Renard, the grapes are sour!" Thus encouraged, he went on presenting his gullible compatriots with one piece of fustian and bombast after the other, till at last he reached his climax in the MS. opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, which Carl Banck, at Dresden, characterized in a very able article, as the final cessation of all music, and the domain of dissonance and tonal hideousness. This classical production was, however, incredible as it must appear, actually put in rehearsal at the Grand-Ducal Theatre at Carlsruhe; the result was that the entire operatic corps unanimously declared it unworthy of representation, and refused to sing or play it. *Tristan und Isolde*, was accordingly consigned to the lumber-room—to a select audience of spiders and blue-bottle flies, which, doubtless hum and buzz Wagnerian tunes (or would-be tunes) all day long.

Really, Sir, it is difficult to avoid a tone of raillery when speaking of this *soi-disant* composer, who, for a quarter of a century, has carried on a system of intimidation which has no parallel in the annals of art. Yet the matter is no joke, but a most serious and deplorable evil. For even the total rout and defeat of *Tannhäuser* at Paris will scarcely silence the "New German School," as the Clique is now called, having been too mercilessly ridiculed on the score of their *Zukunftsmusik*. It is true that Herr Wagner will find it impossible to cajole the director of the Grand Opera into performing another of his monstrous productions, but in Germany the system of puffing has been pursued upon so gigantic a scale that the eyes of the deluded public are not to be opened all at once. When musicians and critics like J. C. Lobe (*vide* his *Treatise on Composition*) are *bullied* into concealing their real opinion of such stuff as Wagner's operas, and only dare to express it in a carefully veiled and guarded form, you may have some idea of the fearful extent to which the disease has spread. The adherents of Wagner, not content with "writing him up" in the most fulsome terms of panegyric, organized so strong and resolute a *claque* in every theatre where *Tannhäuser*, &c., were performed, that the true verdict of the audience was completely overpowered and could not be delivered. They went to still greater lengths—they abused, reviled, and personally insulted any who had the courage to speak against Herr Wagner and call his powers in question; take an instance: in 1856, a member of the Ducal orchestra, at Wiesbaden, made bold to express his contempt for Wagner's music, in the *foyer* of the theatre; Herr Joachim Raff, a sworn functionary of Wagner's (and Liszt's) overheard him, went up to him and called him a stupid blockhead, an ox, an ass, &c., &c., and termed the whole orchestra a set of ignoramuses and blunderers. Whereupon Herr Raff had the honor of receiving a hearty drubbing with an umbrella; the members of the *claque* threatened him with prosecution, and he was fain to sneak away from Wiesbaden like a ducked poodle. This is the sort of way in which Herr Wagner's operas have been forced upon the German public. Herr Franz Liszt also wrote some extravagant *brochures* in favor of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, &c., of which he is now, I believe, sincerely ashamed[?]; but it suited Herr Liszt's own plans to cry up Wagner, for the renowned pianist has for some years past been laboring hard to convince the Germans that he is a great composer, and has let loose upon the world a number of *Sinfonische Dichtungen*, or symphonic poems, all of which would make an excellent programme for a musical festival in Bedlam or St. Luke's, but which, I am happy to say, have been scornfully rejected by the ungrateful German public—witness the late concerts of the Euterpe Society at Leipsic under the direction of Herr Bronsart, a sworn ally of Liszt's, as also a similar series of ignominious defeats at the concerts of Herr Tausig in Vienna. Herr von Bülow, Liszt's son in law, has in like manner favored the world with "transcriptions" from Wagner's operas, terrific to listen to. Wagner wrote an overture to Goethe's *Faust*, which has been performed all over Germany, and been *damned* all over Germany [illegible] tell us, Herr Wagner is a mighty [illegible] genius, a [illegible] that he is a "[illegible]" for Germany, and has already brought down the once proud and [illegible] of that country into [illegible] tion for the Germans is that such [illegible] as Wagner, Liszt, and a number of [illegible] of the [illegible] activity, even the slightest distinction, [illegible]

I cannot but fully agree with Professor [illegible] of Breslau, who in his University lectures [illegible] his

conviction that the bright days of German music are gone forever, and that no great German composer can be hoped for in future. This is the fate of nations: Greece and Italy could once boast of possessing the greatest poets, painters, and sculptors, England the most illustrious dramatic poets;—where are they now?" "For, well-a-day! their date is fled."

But, to bring this letter to a conclusion (and I would it had been on a pleasanter subject), let me just add that Wagner prided himself wondrously upon his *literary* talent in having written the libretti of his operas. Here, too, his flank has been turned; the Parisians have given it as their opinion that the libretto of *Tannhäuser* is a failure only ten degrees less decided than the music. It is in fact an essentially weak, undramatic fable, little more than a narrative, and little less tedious and monotonous than the music. Still, a good composer, even one of mediocre talent, would have made something more tolerable of it. As to the performances here, I can only say that they were, as usual, excellent; the disgust of the musicians at having to play such poor stuff was indeed now and then apparent in a slight want of their accustomed energy and brilliant execution, but on the whole one could only feel unfeigned compassion for the executants, vocal and instrumental, and give them the highest praise for their patience and good humor under so wearisome and thankless a task. The curtailings and alterations made by Wagner in his score (after the opera has been performed in every theatre in Germany), with the vain hope of appeasing the angry Parisian public, offer a *testimonium paupertatis* such as never yet came to my knowledge, and is, I believe, unique. The universal judgment of Paris against the opera, and a repetition of it is impossible. Its damnation is a *fait accompli*. There is but one point on which I can accuse the French of a partial inconsistency—viz., in not having treated the operas of M. Halévy with a nearly equal severity; it is, however, true that the latter have a good deal more melody, though of a sort but little better than Wagner's; and we must, too, consider that Wagner's enormous arrogance and conceit had put the Parisians on their mettle and indisposed them to clemency. As for M. Berlioz, I imagine that even the qualified approbation he has bestowed upon Wagner is merely the result of a kind of fellow-feeling "which makes us wondrous kind." Had not M. Berlioz ventured to produce long symphonies, &c., in which the main faults and defects of Wagner are exemplified, being shapeless, *idealess*, involved, surcharged with noisy instrumentation, *trying to express what the author has not the genius to express*—Wagner would scarcely have had the hardihood to produce one of his operas at Paris. I grant that the music of M. Berlioz is superior to Herr Wagner's as far as there is a more and a less in what is essentially bad; but so portentous a mooncalf as the overture to *Tannhauser* would never have ventured into daylight without the precedents of M. Berlioz's overtures to the *Francs Juges* and *King Lear*, nor would Herr Wagner have risked the performance of his entire opera had he not been emboldened by the *lamentable success* (though it was no great one) of M. Halévy's *Juive*, *Les Mousquetaires*, *Guido et Ginèvra*, and the like.—I am, Sir, a discountenancer of disordinate disingenuousness—and A JEW.

Paris, March 30, 1861.

[This letter was mislaid, but it has turned up at an opportune moment. "A Jew" might have heard *Tristan und Isolde* some years later at Munich, and, some years later still, *Rienzi* in Paris.—A. S. S.]

Sir Michael Costa.

(From the "Daily News.")

Our nearest neighbors over the water, whose language is the mint of European thought, have so clamorously and persistently assured the world that the English are "not a musical people," that such is now the almost universal fallacy, and we English ourselves are half disposed to acquiesce in it. Let us frankly own that there is at least a semblance of correctness in the assertion, but it would come with better grace from a nation more musical than the French. What are the facts of the case? In the whole range of musical history there is scarcely to be found an English composer of European reputation: our numerous anthem, and glee and madrigal, and ballad writers hold high rank among the illustrious obscure; but their names are unknown out of these islands, and are very seldom mentioned in the land of their birth. We have had many excellent native instrumentalists, and some few indigenous singers with splendid voices, but their reputation, like their style, has been insular. While forgetting the Royal Academy of Music, we must admit that there has been nothing to be called a great school of music whether vocal or instrumental in the United Kingdom. There are probably as many fine vocal organizations in these islands as anywhere in the world, but little or no serious and systematic cultivation of the art of singing; and with a few very striking exceptions our most popular public performers have exhibited a deplorable vulgarity of style, or more often an utter want of style. On the other hand, England since the accession of the House of Hanover (who have been to the art of music what the House of Stuart were to the art of painting), has really become the adopted country of some of the greatest musicians the world has ever known, and of the grandest musical performances which have marked the progress of the art towards perfection. In the sense of adoption, at any rate, England may be called a musical country since the days of Handel, the works of whose colossal genius are at this day as familiar as nursery ballads among us; while in France the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Judas Maccabæus*, &c., are still almost unknown even to the majority of native musicians. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were accustomed to speak of the musical public of England with respect. It was but the other day that Mendelssohn was composing his masterpieces for England, and conducting them in person in London and Birmingham. All these immortal Germans of the last century and a half—and to name them is to name the Homer, the Dante, the Shakspeare, the Michael Angelo, and Raphael of Music—had a peculiar sympathy for England, if they did not look to England for what a Parisian would call the "consecration" of their genius. In France, also, if we except the illustrious Auber and his delightful predecessors who wrote for the Opera Comique, the composers of really European reputation have been foreigners. Gluck, Meyerbeer and Rossini have lived in Paris and written for the French public, and the French public have come to regard them as compatriots. What our neighbors have undoubtedly the merit of possessing and the right to call their own is a *school* of orchestral and vocal music. Thirty years ago there was no orchestra in Europe comparable to that of the French Conservatoire, and there is probably none superior to it now. In England we have made astonishing progress in musical taste and knowledge within the last quarter of a century. Mendelssohn discovered it with generous delight; Hector Berlioz remarked it with rapturous surprise. The large and increasing body of foreign musical professors and executants who have made England their second country, and have had no reason to complain of their choice, bear cheerful witness to the ample, if not always discerning, patronage which the honest British barbarian dispenses with the most unaffected indulgence. Poor Berlioz fancied himself in the seventh heaven when he listened to the children's voices at the Festival in St. Paul's. Yet this was an annual performance, and since then the Handel Festival, which was announced as an almost miraculous combination of disciplined musical forces, has settled down to the rank and dignity of an ordinary triennial celebration. That colossal orchestra and that multitudinous chorus over which Sir Michael Costa presides with all the calm and decisive mastery attributed by painters to his patron saint, are mainly composed of national elements; the orchestra of mixed native or naturalized instrumentalists; the chorus, of English voices pure and unalloyed. Music is becoming more and more every year a manly as well as a womanly accomplishment in this country; it is beginning to be taught in our great public schools. At the Monday Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall, at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, so admirably conducted by Mr. Manns (who was once a "Herr," as Sir Michael Costa was a "Signor" before he was a "Mr."), it is most interesting to observe the number of ladies who bring their "score" with them, and follow the performance of a work by Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, or Schumann, book in hand. No doubt if we descend a little lower in the social scale, we find little to boast of in the popular musical taste. But here we are about on a level with our neighbors, who have naturalized Offenbach, after adopting Gluck, and who worship Mlle. Theresa as a tenth muse.

Among the many eminent musicians who have come to live among us, and who are Englishmen by adoption, none has attained a more deserved distinction, or won deeper and wider respect in his profession, and among the public, than the Italian gentleman upon whom her Majesty was pleased to bestow the honor of knighthood on Wednesday fortnight. His career in this country is a model and example of those qualities which are not always found in company with great talents, but which in all countries and in all careers deserve success, and nowhere more than in this practical country of ours are calculated to command it. How many years ago we know not, Signor Michael Costa arrived in London from Naples in the capacity of a tenor singer, with a pleasing but somewhat small and ineffectual voice. By what process the Neapolitan *tenorino* became transformed into the chief of the orchestra at Her Majesty's Theatre, and subsequently the director, composer, and conductor at the Royal Italian Opera, and the presiding accompanist of the Court concerts; how the composer of occasional operas and of showy ballet music at the old Operahouse developed into the composer of oratorios of European celebrity, the famous orchestral chief of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Handel Festivals, would perhaps be as interesting a chapter of biography for the pen of the author of *Self-Help*, as the story of one of those great captains of labor and industrial capitalists, who started with the proverbial wheelbarrow and half-a-crown.

Rare capacities and extraordinary natural gifts account for much, but not for all. There must have been many obscure and patient years of indefatigable labor and devotion to his art; above all, there must have been rare force of character, rare consistency and integrity of conduct, and that undeviating and unfailing self-respect which is the secret of true dignity of labor and of life, and which compels the esteem of social aristocracies and of the multitude alike. Such force of character is something more and better than that supple genius for intrigue, and that dexterity in "getting on," which so often makes the most marvellous success morally contemptible. Whether the honor which Sir Michael Costa has received at the hands of the Queen will be acknowledged with equal pride and satisfaction by the profession he adorns, we cannot pretend to say. Professional bodies are not always absolutely content with vicarious honors, and, unless the musical profession is wonderfully changed in these latter days, its harmony is made up of many discords. The majority of the profession, however, and especially the orchestral branch of it, whose interests he has always so vigorously defended, will, we doubt not, join with the general public in cordial congratulations to Sir Michael, and will wish him many years' enjoyment of the honor which only crowns with the grace of a Royal recognition a dignified public and private life, and many years' laborious dedication of rare talents to the interests of the highest order of musical art.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS. The matter presented in the twenty subscription and two benefit concerts of the past season sums up as follows:

Symphonies. Beethoven: No. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9; Schumann: No. 1, 2, 4; Mozart: in C, with fugue ("Jupiter"); Mendelssohn: Reformation and No. 3 (Scotch); Max Bruch: in E flat; Haydn: in E flat; Gade, No. 4; Raff: No. 2; Spohr: "*Weihe der Töne.*"

Overtures. Beethoven. *Leonore* (No. 3) and Op. 124 ("*Weihe des Hauses*"); Mendelssohn: Hebrides, Meeresstille, Melusina; Weber: Euryanthe, Frei-

schütz, Oberon; Cherubini: Anacreon, Les Abencerages; Rietz: Festival Overture; Reinecke: King Manfred; Rossini: Tell; Spontini: Vestalin; Gluck: Iphigenia in Aulis; Schumann: Genoveva; Spohr: Alchymist; Gade: "In the Highlands;" Holstein: "*Der Haideschacht.*"

Other Orchestral Works. Schubert: Entr' acte and Ballet music from "Rosamunde;" J. O. Grimm: Suite in Canon form; Richard Wagner: Prelude to Lohengrin; Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream music; Schumann: Overture, Scherzo and Finale; Reinecke: Entr' acte from "King Manfred"; Gluck: Dance of Furies and of Blessed Spirits from *Orpheus*; Mozart: Masonic funeral music; Lachner: Suite No. 5; Rheinberger; Scherzo from the Wallenstein Symphony.

Concertos for Violin: by Spohr (No. 6, 7, 8); Bruch; Rubinstein (one movement); Saint-Saëns; Paganini (one movement); Joachim (Hungarian, 1st movement); Beethoven.—*For Piano:* Beethoven (C minor, E flat, G); Weber; Saint Saëns; Brüll; Mozart (D major, and Conc. for 2 pianos).—*For Violoncello:* Schumann, op. 129.—*Flute:* one by Demersseman.—*For several instruments:* Concertstück (Idyllic Scenes) for flute, oboe, clarinet, fagotto and horn, by Rietz; *Phantasie-stücke* for clarinet and piano (op. 73), by Schumann.

Smaller Solo Pieces. 1.) *For Piano.* Beethoven: Polonaise; Chopin: Barcarole, Polonaise, Andante spianato, Waltzes, Prelude; Mendelssohn: Presto from Fantasia, op. 28, Scherzo à capriccio; Moscheles: Concert etude; Schumann: Presto appassionato, Phantasie-stück; Henselt: Cradle Song; Liszt: Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2; Heller: Serenade; Schubert: *Moment musical*; Raff: Waltzes.—2). *Violin.* Bach: Adagio and Fugue; Besekirski: Polonaise; Ernst: Othello fantasia; Beethoven: Romanzas in F and G.—3). *Violoncello.* Bach: Prelude and Fugue, Allemande, Gavotte.—4). *Flute.* Spohr: Larghetto.

Choruses and Ensemble Pieces. Beethoven: Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Benedictus from the Mass in C; Mendelssohn: Hymn for soprano solo and chorus, Chorus of Vintagers, Ave Maria and Finale from the unfinished opera "Loreley"; Rossini: *La Carità* and Stabat Mater; Weber: Finale of 1st act of "Euryanthe;" Cherubini; Female chorus from "Blanche de Provence;" Brahms: a German Requiem; Bruch: "Schön Ellen;" Lachner: Sturmesmythe;" Schubert: Serenade for female chorus and alto solo; Gernsheim: "Salamis."

Arias: Spohr: from *Faust*, and Concert Aria; Weber: from *Silvana* and *Freyschütz*; Mozart: two from *Titus*, one from *Figaro*; Rossini; from "Tell" and "Semiramide;" Rossi: from "Mitrane;" Schubert: from "The Resurrection of Lazarus;" Spontini: from *La Vestale*; Haydn: "Ariadne at Naxos," and from the Creation; Handel: from "Julius Cæsar;" Beethoven: "*Ah perfido;*" Gluck: from Orpheus; Randegger: *Medea-scena*; Meyerbeer: from *Vulka*; Halevy: from *Les Monsquetaires.*

Songs. Of Schumann: five, besides the Cyclus "Frauenliebe und Leben;" Mendelssohn, two; one each by Brahms, Scarlatti, Moscheles, Gluck, Rossini (two-part), Taubert, Randegger, Rubinstein, Goltermann, Reinecke, Schubert.

Twenty two of the above works were heard in the Gewandhaus for the first time. The soloists who took part were as follows: *Singers:* Frau Peschka-Leutner, Fräulein Ritter, Frau Joachim, Sophie Förster, Bellingrath-Wagner, Frl. Hänisch, Frau Rudersdorff, Frl. Bórs, Scherbel, Anna Strauss, Nanitz, Borré; Herren Wallenreiter, Rebling, Bletzzacher, Ehrke, Dr. Krückl.—*Pianists:* Messrs. Saint-Saëns (French), Cowen (English), Brüll, Reinecke; Mlles. Joel, Holländer, Scherbel, Dittrich.—*Violinists:* David, Röntgen, Joachim, Besekirski, Wilhelmi, De Ahna, Deeke, de Graan.—*Violoncellist:* H. Grutzmacher.—*Flutists:* De Broye (French, a rare artist), Barge, Klausnitz.—*Oboe:* Linke.—*Clarinet:* Landgraf.—*Bassoon:* Weissenhorn.—*Horn:* Gumpert.

Conservatorium. Among the new pupils admitted to this famous school at Easter was a young South Australian, from Swansea in Van Diemen's Land; after an 86 days passage from his home he was duly inscribed on the 2nd of April as the first pupil from that quarter of the world. The other four continents are already represented: Europe, by all its States, with the exception of Belgium, Spain and Portugal; America, by 22 States of the Union, besides Canada; Nova Scotia, several of the West India islands, Rio Janeiro, and Colombia; Asia, by Tiflis in further Caucasia and Batavia in Java; Africa, by Enon in the eastern province of Capeland. So that the Leipzig Conservatory now counts its pupils from all the *five* quarters of the globe.

A new *Tonkünstler-Verein*, or Association of Musicians, has just been formed. Its object is to introduce to the public new and unknown compositions, printed or unprinted. The committee consists of Herren Reinecke, Von Radecki, Treffitz, Fritzsch; Drs. Zopff, and Abraham. The first performance took place on the 31st March, when the programme contained: *Christnacht*, a Cantata for Women's Voices, Herr Triest; Pianoforte Quintet in D major, Herr Thieriot; two Choral Songs, Herr Rheinberger; Violin Sonata, Op. 13 (G minor), Herr Grieg; and "An die Musik," Herr Grimm.

Herr Müller v. d. Werra has been entrusted with the task of selling some highly valuable autographs, formerly belonging to a celebrated composer, who was the friend of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. They are the manuscripts of complete works, and comprise a short stringed quartet by Mozart, some pianoforte pieces by Beethoven, and several of the most beautiful songs—such as "Die Forelle" for instance—by Franz Schubert. What renders the pieces particularly interesting is the fact of their varying in different places from the known editions, and having marginal observations, as well as a dedication. An unpublished song by Franz Schubert, to words taken from Holy Writ, is included among the collection.

London.

New Philharmonic: Oratorio, &c. The *Athenæum*, of May 1, tells us:

Mendelssohn's "Reformation" was the Symphony of the second New Philharmonic Concert, and it was for the most part well played. The opening movement, indeed, and the *allegro vivace*, which does duty for a *scherzo*, were more spiritedly and brightly rendered than anything we remember to have heard Dr. Wylde conduct; but the final *allegro maestoso* was taken somewhat too fast, and the *choral* thus lost much of its impressiveness. The Overtures were "Die Weihe des Hauses" and "The Ruler of the Spirits"; the vocalists, Mlle. Scalchi—who gave the *rondo finale* from "Cenerentola" with remarkable volubility—and Signor Naudin. Mme. Trautmann and Herr Jaell played Bach's Concerto in C for two pianos and orchestra, and the gentleman brought forward a Concerto, written for him by Herr Ferdinand Hiller. On this we hesitate to offer any remarks, as we have been anticipated by the writer of the annotated programme. But we must take leave to ask if the system now in vogue among concert-givers of telling the audience what to admire is permissible? Brief remarks on the works to be performed, with illustrations in musical type of the principal themes, are acceptable and useful enough. Anything more than this is unnecessary, and there is danger of its being impertinent. We have nothing to say about the assertion that "with the exception perhaps of Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' one of those isolated *points* of beauty which scarcely admits [*sic*] of any comparison, there is not a finer overture in existence than 'Die Weihe des Hauses,'"—except that it will not be shared by many musicians. Nor is it worth while to criticize such an expression as a "*thread* of melody *opening* up a *wave* of darkness." But we are bound to protest against the bad taste of heaping extravagant praise, as ridiculous as it is fulsome, on anybody engaged for the concert. Such barefaced puffing must be distressing to a true artist, and it certainly has a tendency to lower him in the opinion of the public.

Mr. Barnby's fourth Concert was given to "The Creation." Mr. Sims Reeves sang his finest, and the choruses were unusually well done. The lowered pitch has a distinctly appreciable effect on the quality of the choristers' voices. Mr. Leslie's penultimate Concert was devoted to part-songs, two or three solo singers of course assisting.

[From the *Orchestra*, May 14].

On Wednesday "*Israel in Egypt*" was given by the National Choral Society: principal singers Miss Arabella Smyth, Mme. Raby Barrett, Miss Palmer, and Mr. R. Mason. The sublime choruses were well taken: in fact the general efficiency led Mr. Martin into heresy, for he altered the celebrated duet for basses, "The Lord is a Man of War," and made a choral number of it. The artistic effect was not such as to justify a repetition of the interference with the composer's intention; but the audience lacked judgment and encored the trick.

Mr. Barnby's fifth oratorio concert on Wednesday at St. James's Hall, again suffered from the absence of the undeniable and unreliable great tenor, who was assigned a place in the "*Lobgesang*" and "*Stabat Mater.*" Mr. Cummings filled Mr. Reeves's place, and achieved markworthy effect in both works. A second substitution was that of Mlle. Scalchi for Mlle. Drasdil, also indisposed. These concerts are generally marked by the defection of a couple of principal singers at each performance. Mme. Rudersdorff, as soprano, sang with her accustomed power and dramaticism. Herr Stepan in the "*Stabat*" was forcible. The choruses were excellently given, and not less to be applauded was the performance of the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Barnby as before.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave its annual performance of the "*Messiah*" on Friday night. The principal singers were Mmes. Lemmens-Sherrington and Sainton-Dolby, Miss Edith Wynne (in lieu of Mme. Bodda-Pyne, indisposed), Miss Anna Jewell, Mme. O. Williams; Messrs Cummings, L. Thomas, and Winn. Professor Bennett was to have conducted, but being ill, was replaced by Mr. Cusins. The orchestra, chiefly composed of members of the society, was headed by one of our most experienced violinists, Mr. J. T. Willy.

Mr. Charles Hallé recommenced on Friday a series of pianoforte recitals. Mr. Hallé intends to play the whole of Beethoven's Miscellaneous compositions for the pianoforte, together with all Schubert's published works for the same instrument. The first recital included Schubert's first grand sonata in A minor, Beethoven's Andante in F, written for the Waldstein sonata, Schubert's impromptu in E flat, and his fantasia in C. Two of Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin" Lieder, were well sung by Mlle. Regan.

Frl. Mehlig's performance of chamber-music at Hanover Square on Monday may be mentioned for the excellent execution of Schubert's Duo in B minor, in which the *bénéficiaire* took the piano and Herr Straus the violin; and no less for the rendering of Liszt's transcription of Bach's Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor by Frl. Mehlig herself.—The concert of Miss Agnes Zimmermann on Tuesday was the last of these soirées, distinguished like the foregoing two by Miss Zimmermann's mastery over every detail of piano forte playing. These concerts are noteworthy for the successful interpretation of chamber music of the best schools, a task in which the assistance of Herr Joachim and Sig. Piatti has been successfully sought, to the great benefit of Miss Zimmermann's audiences.

The concert given by M. Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist and brother of the more famous violinist merits record. M. Wieniawski played some of his own compositions, and works by Rubinstein and the Abbé Liszt, displaying considerable proficiency as an executant, combined with correct taste.

The Tonic Sol fa Association, under the direction of Mr. Thos Gardner, gave a very successful performance of Handel's "*Israel in Egypt.*" The choruses were very finely given. The duet of "The Lord is a Man of War," sung by Messrs. Renwick and Theodore Distin, met with a rapturous encore. The other solo parts were sustained by Miss Blanche Reeves, Miss Simester, and Marie Gondie. The room was crowded.

Rossini Festival. The inauguration of the new season at the Crystal Palace could hardly have been more brilliant or more successful, whether as regards the delight of the twenty thousand visitors, or the financial results to the directors. The music performed was selected from Rossini's most popular works, and included the whole of the "*Stabat Mater*," the overtures to "*Semiramide*," "*La Gazza Ladra*," and "*William Tell*," the celebrated "Benediction of the Banners" from the "*Siege of Corinth*," and the familiar Prayer from "*Mosè in Egitto.*" This opening festival was intended to be a kind of commemoration of Rossini, and such it eminently was; and

we cannot but think that the severe strictures which have been passed upon the introduction of the March and Chorus from Costa's "*Naaman*" ungenerous and uncalled for. We admit, however, that the position of the "*Naaman*" March was injudicious; and that it was a pity to separate Rossini's music by its introduction after the *Stabat Mater*. But an acknowledgment of the services of our great conductor, on his first appearance at the Crystal Palace after his severe illness, and his decoration by Her Majesty, was both graceful and appropriate; and if Costa's composition had opened the festival, we believe as little exception could have been taken as to its being closed with "God save the Queen." The immense orchestra of the Handel Festival Choir was used on this occasion, and the same arrangements were made to convert the centre transept into a concert-room as at the last Handel Festival. On each side of the organ were inscriptions, recording the date of Rossini's birth and death, together with the names of the various operas composed by him. The effect of the arrangements was very striking and impressive. The band was composed of eighty-two first violins, eighty-two second, forty-one violoncellos, forty-one contrabassi, a proportionate number of violas, three times the usual number of wood instruments, and double the number of brass. The chorus consisted of above two thousand persons. The solo singers were Mmes. Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, and Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Santley.—*Ibid, May 7.*

In a notice of the fourth Philharmonic Concert, the *Daily News* speaks of Mr. Cipriani Potter's symphony in D as follows:

"The commencing symphony was the work of one of the most highly esteemed and respected of English musicians—a veteran artist, whose age is made continuous youth by his ceaseless and ever fresh love and pursuit of an art in which he has earned an honorable renown as well as personally the golden opinions of all who value worth and integrity. Mr. Cipriani Potter is one of the few surviving disciples and friends of Beethoven, whose vast genius, developed far in advance of public recognition, was at once appreciated by the young English student, who hastened abroad to place himself within that high and noble influence by which he has so largely and permanently benefited. One of the earliest promoters of the Philharmonic Society, and for twenty-seven years (until his retirement in favor of Professor Bennett), Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Cipriani Potter, by his refined performances of classical pianoforte music (especially that of Mozart and Beethoven, much of which he introduced for the first time in this country); by his own sterling works for that instrument, and for the orchestra; by his excellent example and instruction both in pianoforte playing and in composition, has exercised the soundest and most wholesome influence on English musical art, and has trained some of its best living professors. His works, although not very numerous, comprise almost all forms of instrumental music, among them being several grand symphonies for full orchestra, that performed on Monday (in D major), being the fourth of the series. In this, as in his other productions, the influence of his early study of the highest models is largely apparent The symphony now referred to contains some masterly writing, especially in the first *allegro* and in the *andante*.

SALZBURG. At the last concert of the Mozarteum, the programme included a completely new work, namely, *Symphonie Concertante* (Triple Concerto in one movement), for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, with orchestral accompaniments, by Mozart. Herr Bach discovered the interesting relic hidden amid a number of archives covered with the dust of years. Mozart had written down with his own hand the sketch which Herr Bach carried out, scored and supplied, moreover, with a grand three-part cadence.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 5, 1869.

The Past Two Musical Years in Boston.

We copied in our last a summary of the Philadelphia programmes for the past season, showing that the Quaker City has taken great strides in the classical direction. To-day we translate an abstract of the matter that has been presented in the twenty and more famous concerts at the Gewandhaus in Leipsic. And the thought naturally recurs: What have we done ourselves? Let us take up the thread again, then, where we left it about two years ago, and let the procession pass before us of the noble or fine works of masters (of course mere titles, but not altogether empty ones to those blessed with opportunities and memories) which have "come to hearing," more or less public, during the last two musical seasons here in Boston. For "*Brag* is a good dog," and just now leader of the fashion, dog-star of the "heated period" beginning, triumphantly in the ascendant—in local patriotism, music, business, we might almost say religion; in sooth we are nothing if we are not (nothing, those of us who are not) *loud*;—so say all the trumpets of the Press; so all the advertising agencies of Business, whose ways of saying it are curious as well as loud; so countless hammers rearing the colossal building like a mushroom in a night (a very solid one); and so soon shall echo thunder clouds of singers, hundreds of anvils, mammoth drums, and guns and bells, and all the brazen throats of glory, in such a Jubilee as the world never heard, pressing into the sweet tuneful service all the arts of symphony and song, and all their mighty masters, from Handel to Spread-Eagle Smith or Jones,—all to magnify the praise of Peace (nobody else, oh no!) and to bring crowds and bustling business to Boston,—for without crowd and bustle how can there be peace! or how any glory without the modest knighthood of the noble order of Spread Eagles?—But do not think we mean to be satirical; if there is any irony here it is only what a distinguished learned friend would call the irony of Fate. Besides, you may turn it upon ourselves, for we too are about to brag. By the very humble and dry process of mere mechanical enumeration we propose to show, that though the musical enthusiasm of our Jubilating friends be taxable with more or less extravagance and claptrap, as all popular demonstrative enthusiasms perhaps always must be, still, as a musical festival, it has a pretty solid basis to rest upon in the actual sincere taste that has been lately developed in this community of late years for music of the highest order. And we adduce it as a striking proof of the growing strength of the classical element among the thousands and tens of thousands who love and learn and practise music here, that the projectors of such a Jubilee have felt it indispensable to recognize, conciliate, and minister quite largely in their programmes to this element. In this light, if no other, the most sincere, earnest, quiet friend of Music, in the purest sense of Art, may find encouragement, at least some comfort, in this colossal piling of Ossa upon Pelion of monster concerts, the steady approach and looming up of which has certainly something of the grandeur of those mountainous electric clouds which rear themselves and cast their shadow over all the green and smiling landscape of this blessed summer season of long days.

Our *brag*, however, is to be of quality, and not so much of quantity. Others may prostrate themselves or dance and shout before their colossal idol Big Thing, as their natures or their interests oblige them. but our fond enumeration will include little things as well as big things, if they be only good. Our record of Boston music for the two years shall begin with

I. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

This consisted, mainly, last year (season of 1867–8) in the ten "Symphony Concerts" (8 subscription, and 2 benefit) of the Harvard Musical Association, with an orchestra of about 55 instruments, and an audience of from 1500 to 1800 persons; the 8 Afternoon Concerts, half classical, half popular, of the Orchestral Union, small orchestra of about 30; and 4 grand instrumental concerts given in the course of the Handel and Haydn Society's Triennial Festival, with over a hundred in the orchestra;—Carl Zerrahn being Conductor on all these occasions. *This* year (1868–9), the Orchestral Union have not seen fit to enter the field at all,—which has been really a public loss; the subscription series of the "Symphony Concerts" (with orchestra of 62, and audiences of at least 2,000) has been increased to *ten*, besides one benefit, and one given by the Conductor in his own name; and these have been succeeded by three purely classical matinées with a select orchestra and audience, in a small hall, given and conducted by Mr. B. J. Lang, and one in aid of the "Normal Diapason." Thus, in all, we have had in the two years 38 concerts, in every one of which Symphony music gave the tone at least, while in many instances two Symphonies were given in a single concert. These were the works performed (in the Harvard Concerts when not otherwise designated):

SYMPHONIES.

HAYDN. (Breitkopf & Härtel ed.) No. 2 (in D), 4 (D), 8 (B flat), 11 (Military, G), 13 (G, 4 times, once by Lang), and short one in B (*H dur*).

MOZART. In C ("Jupiter"); E flat (3 times, Harv., Orch. Un., Lang); D (No. 1), twice; G minor (Fest.)

BEETHOVEN. No. 2 (Harv. and O. U.); 3, "Eroica," twice; 4, twice (Harv. and Zerrahn); 5, twice 6, "Pastoral" twice (Lang once); 7, twice; 8 thrice (Harv., Lang, Diapason); 9, "Choral," (Fest).

MENDELSSOHN. In A minor, "Scotch"; A major, "Ital." (Lang); "Reformation," twice (Fest. and Harv.); "Hymn of Praise" Sinf., twice, (H. & H.)

SCHUBERT. No. 9, in C, 4 times (Harv., O. U., twice, Fest.); Unfinished in B minor, 5 times (O. U. twice, Harv., Fest., Zerrahn).

SCHUMANN. No. 1, B flat; 3, E flat, twice; 4, D minor.

GADE. No. 1, C minor (O. U.); 2, E; 4, B flat.

Concertos.

MOZART. In E flat, for 2 Pianos, twice.

BEETHOVEN. *For Piano:* No. 1, in C; 4, in G, twice (Harv., & Lang); 5, in E flat, twice.—*For Violin* (1st movement), twice; Triple C, *for piano, violin and 'cello*, twice. (The other Piano Concertos had been played in the Harv. Concs. of the preceding year).

MENDELSSOHN. *For Violin:* E minor.—*For Piano:* in G minor, twice (Harv., and O.U.); in D minor.

CHOPIN. *For Piano:* in E minor, 4 times; in F minor (by F. Petersilea).

SCHUMANN. *For Piano:* in A minor, twice (Fest., and Zerrahn).

JOACHIM. "Hungarian" C. *for Violin* (1st movement), twice (Harv. and Mme. Urso's Benefit).

LISZT. *For Piano:* in E flat (Fest.)

SPOHR. *For Violin:* in G, (Fest.)

WEBER. Concert-stück *for Piano*, twice (O. U. & Harv.)

Overtures.

GLUCK. Iphigenia in Aulis.

BEETHOVEN. "Men of Prometheus," 3 times (Harv., Lang, Benefit); Egmont; Coriolan, twice; Leonore, No. 3, four times (Harv. & Fest.); in C, op. 124, three times.

MENDELSSOHN. Midsummer Night's Dream, twice (O. U. & Harv.); Melusina, 3 times (Harv. 2, Lang); Hebrides, twice (Lang 1); Ruy Blas, 3 times (O. U. 2); Meeresstille, 3 times (Fest. 1); Trumpet Ov. in C (posth.)

SCHUBERT. Fierabras, twice.

SPOHR. Jessonda (Fest.)

SCHUMANN. Genoveva, twice.

WEBER. Oberon, twice; Euryanthe, twice (Fest. 1); Jubilee, twice; Preciosa (Ben.); Freyschütz (*ad lib.* in miscellaneous concerts).

WAGNER. Tannhäuser, 3 times (Fest., Z. & Harv.)

BENNETT. Naiads, 4 times (O. U. 1, and Lang 1); Waldnymphe.

CHERUBINI. Water-Carrier, twice; Anacreon; Medea, twice.

GADE. "Nachklänge aus Ossian," twice; "In the Highlands," twice.

RIETZ. Fest. Ov., in A, (O. U.)

ROSSINI. Tell, twice (Fest. 1); Semiramide (O. U.); La Gazza Ladra (do.); Siege of Corinth, (do).

REISSIGER. La Sirène, *et al*, in various concerts.

NICOLAI. Fest. Overture: "Ein feste Burg," with chorus, (Fest).

Miscellaneous with Orchestra.

J. S. BACH. Organ Toccata in F, arr. for orch. by Esser.

BEETHOVEN. Turkish March, *ad lib.*

LACHNER, FRANZ. Orch. Suite, No. 2, twice (O.U).

MENDELSSOHN. Serenade and Allegro giojoso (Lang); Rondo for piano and orch., (O. U.); Capriccio in B minor (do); Wedding March, *ad lib.*

WAGNER. Bridal Procession in Lohengrin (O. U.)

Arias sung with Orchestra.

BACH. "Well done, ye good and faithful servants," Alto, from a Cantata; Cradle Song, from Christmas Oratorio, twice; "Erbarme dich," alto, from the Matthew Passion, twice; "Mein gläubiges Herze."

HANDEL. "Angels ever bright and fair." (Parepa-Rosa); Duet: "Oh lovely Peace;" "Lascia ch' io pianga" (Miss Phillips), &c., &c.

HAYDN. "With verdure clad," &c.

MOZART. "Deh vieni" (*Figaro*), 3 times; "Dove sono" (do.); "Voi che sapete," (do); Duet: "Crudel, perchè," (do.); "Non più di fiori (*Tito*), 3 times; "Constanze" (*Seraglio*), tenor; "Non più andrai," (Ferranti).

BEETHOVEN. "Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin" (*Fidelio*); "Ah, perfido," (Mme. Rosa).

MENDELSSOHN: "But the Lord is mindful;" "O rest in the Lord;" "Jerusalem," &c., from the Oratorios.

WEBER. Soprano Scena from *Oberon*, (Mme. Rosa); from *Freyschütz*.

ROSSINI, MEYERBEER, &c., &c., (in miscellaneous concerts).

(To be Continued).

Concerts.

"NORMAL DIAPASON." The concert given by the three Societies (Handel & Haydn, Harvard Musical and Boston Music Hall), on Thursday Afternoon, May 20, in aid of the efforts of their Joint Committee "*to establish here the Normal Diapason, or French Pitch, for all Orchestral or Choral performances.*" drew a goodly audience to the Music Hall, although, what with the lateness of the season and the multitude of distractions, it did not fill it. The Concert was, however, an encouraging success. Musically, at least, it was full of life and charm. The first part, after the model of a Symphony Concert, consisted of a Symphony, an Aria, and an Overture. Beethoven's cheerfulest and shortest Symphony, in F, the eighth, began it,—one of his perfect inspirations. This and the Overture, the beautiful and noble one by Cherubini to "The Water-Carrier" (or *Les Deux Journées*), were played with spirit and listened to with zest, although the orchestra, owing to engagements of many of the musicians (especially the Quintette Club) at a distance, was considerably reduced in numbers. This must not be taken as evidence of any want of interest in the good cause on the part of the musicians. On the contrary, many of them, who had been absent from the city all the week on a profitable engagement, felt bound to decline the offer of a renewal, in order to return in season for the concert. Considering, also, that these absences put all rehearsal out of the question, the music all went better than could have been expected.

Between Symphony and Overture came the Recitative and Aria: "*Non più di fiori,*" from Mozart's *Tito*. Never have we heard that noble aria sung so well, or the Recitative so impressively delivered, as it was that day by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS. And never have we enjoyed her noble voice and singing quite so much as in this aria. It seemed just the music for her peculiar, her best power, and might have been composed for her.

The chorus of the Handel & Haydn Society, in amply sufficient force, furnished the second part of the concert, in an excellent performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise. The three movements of the introductory Symphony were played through by the orchestra at the usual concert pitch; but before the voices with the Organ came in, the instruments had to be tuned down (by such imperfect means as were available) to the Organ or French pitch; nor was there much attempt to hide the awkward process either from sight or hearing. Such a tuning up as there was! prolonged and mystifying; one might have fancied it some Lisztian or Wagnerian poem of the Future suddenly interpolated. Some one behind us, plainly from the "rural districts," asked his companion: "What is all this?" "O," replied he, "this is where the Normal Diapason comes in." The scene was a good practical demonstration of the need of the reform. The solo parts were finely sung by Miss HOPSTON, Miss PHILLIPPS and Mr. WM J. WINCH, tenor. Mr. ZERRAHN, of course, conducted the whole concert, and Mr. LANG was in his accustomed place at the Great Organ. All these artists, as well as the Orchestra, gave their best efforts freely, with their hearts, to the occasion; so that of course, with whatsoever accidental imperfections in details, the spirit and impression of the concert as a whole was fine. As to its practical result, it is told, as nearly as it now can be, in a communication from the Secretary of the Committee to the *Sunday Times*, as follows:

That interested parties may know something of the result of the concert recently given for the purpose of procuring instruments tuned in accordance with the Great Organ, it may be well to state that the receipts were something less than six hundred dollars. From the sum must be deducted some items of expense; though as all the vocal and orchestral assistance, as well as the use of the hall, was entirely gratuitous, the amount realized is sufficient to enable the committee to procure a portion of the instruments at least, and by making another effort the next season, no doubt the much needed reform may be accomplished.

One of the most gratifying features connected with the movement is the fact that it meets with the nearly unanimous approval of all classes who feel in the least interested in musical culture and progress among us. * * *

It has already been stated that the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have decided to adopt the new pitch, and it may now be said, with almost as much certainty, that the leading pianoforte makers will also fall into the ranks, though the labor and expense in drafting new scales for their instruments would be great. The movement now bids fair to become popular, and to be adopted without much unnecessary delay. n.

FAREWELL to ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS. This was one of the heartiest and most enthusiastic testimonials we have seen for many a day. To hold such a place, as an artist and as a woman, in the esteem and confidence of such a community as this, is a lot that any woman might covet. The concert took place in the Music Hall on Friday evening, May 21. The Handel & Haydn Society had proffered their services, making, with Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra and a good array of solo artists, a strong attraction apart from the sentiment of the occasion.

First came the overture to *Egmont*. Then Miss PHILLIPPS, overwhelmed with welcome, sang Rossini's *Una voce*, embellishing the florid melody as all the prima donnas have felt free to do in this most brilliant *quasi* impromptu of irrepressible musical high spirits, and executing all with wonderfully fine verve and finish. It electrified the public. Yet we cannot think her best power lies in music of this frolic, ornamental kind; but rather in more serious, large and sustained melody, where there is dignity and grandeur,—in oratorio, or music like the Mozart scene above referred to. The brilliant young pianist, Miss ALIDA TOPP, played the *Concert-stück* of Weber in a most admirable manner, only marred by some slips in the orchestra; it was with extreme reluctance that the audience spared her from a further exhibition of her talent. That lovely florid melody from the "Somnambula," *Come per me sereno*, showed the clear, bird like voice, the sure, clean, fluent, brilliant execution, and the simple, honest way of singing, the freedom from all nonsense, all sentimental straining for effect, of Miss ANNA GRANGER, to the best advantage.

Rossini's *Stabat Mater* formed the second part. The solo singers were: Miss WHITTEN, who, though her voice has not quite the telling strength for the high notes of the *Inflammatus*, charmed by her pure and beautiful expression; Miss PHILLIPPS herself of course for the Contralto, in which she is inimitable; Mr. JAMES WHITNEY, tenor, and Mr. M WHITNEY, bass. The grand rich tones of the latter, much improved by culture abroad, were welcome in the *Pro peccatis*. Choruses and accompaniments went almost as well as could be wished.

Miss Phillipps will soon leave us to fulfil a long engagement at the Italian Opera in Paris, and music and society will miss her greatly here.

BOSTON AS A MUSICAL PLACE is beginning to be recognized by European journals. For a long time they could see nothing this side of the Atlantic but New York. The London *Athenæum* has the following:

Sir Michael Costa's "*Naaman*" was given in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society for one of their Easter oratorios, the other being St. Paul. The work, which appears to have pleased, is described with much acuteness and perfect fairness in *Dwight's Journal of Music*—an excellent paper. Boston has been very active lately in classical music. A a quartet matinée given by the Listemann party the programme included Schubert's posthumous quartet in D minor, and Paganini's first Concerto; at a concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, a "Suite in Canon form," by Julius Grimm, one of the younger generation of living German composers, was brought forward; Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony" was one of the quasi novelties of the Harvard Musical Association's Extra Concert, the programme of which was rightly arranged in chronological order; and a rich selection of the best orchestral classical music was made for Mr. Lang's Symphony Concert given at the Mercantile Hall in the afternoon. This list does not by any means exhaust all the good concerts that took place within a fortnight in Boston. London could seldom show so much.

In this connection we may remark that our Harvard Symphony Concerts have attracted the attention of one of the leading musical journals in Germany, the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, of Leipzig, which, after copying all the ten programmes of the season, adds: "The simple fact that such a programme could be projected and laid before the public some time before the beginning of the concerts, shows in what an assured position musical affairs stand in Boston, or in other words, how carefully and from a good artistic point of view the leaders of these con-

certs have laid out their plan. Not only are the orchestral works, as the main matter, placed throughout where they belong, but the solo pieces are arranged in due accordance therewith, and everywhere regard is had to alternation and variety. The fact also that Boston can rely upon itself almost entirely for soloists, contributes greatly to its concert strength; but the main thing and the beginning of all good is evermore the thoughtful and well-planned direction shown; and in this respect the Boston Concert Society could serve for a model to many a German one. What one sees still further, by the above list, is this: that, in this regard, between America (*i.e.* particularly Boston) and middle Europe no distinction any more exists." The article concludes with a brief allusion to the doings of our Handel and Haydn Society and the South Boston Choral Union.

"Simple Mozart!" There is a half-truth in the following, which we find in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. One has so often cause to sympathize with it, that he wishes it contained the other half. Mozart, for instance, besides being a genius, and "simple" in the sense of *true* to himself, was also one of the most learned of musicians. But the little poem in the main justifies itself.

The Mavis.

The mavis sings his glorious roundelay
The thrush, in yonder bush will have his say—
In spite of critics wise and doctors deep,
Who prate for canons till we fain would sleep.

The merry songsters, void of doubt or care,
Blithe as the sunlight and as free as air,
Sing all unsought, because they needs must sing,
In joy and love, until the heavens ring.

And is true genius not akin to these?
Did simple Mozart merely write to please
Those critics who, to show their wit, must needs
Seek reasons strange to him who wrought the deeds?

To one such critic,—'twas this very day—
Methought I heard the wond'ring mavis say:
"You find too many thoughts in song so small—
An' were they mine, I could not sing at all."

Felix Sterndale.

Orpheon Festival in New York. The *World*, May 23, winds up its musical report with the following:

It is a relief to know that June winds up the grand concerts of the profession, and that the stereotyped phrases about the "well-rendered" aria and the "depth of feeling" of the fiddler, and the technical facility of the pianist will disappear for a while. One concert there was during the week, called the "Springtide Festival of the Free Choir Boy and Choral Schools of the Orpheon Society," which merits some notice, as it falls outside of the weak category we have alluded to. This annual festival is pretty generally known as Mr. Jerome Hopkins's concert, though it is also well known that he never receives any pecuniary benefit from it. This is the fourth year of these festivals, and they have steadily grown in excellence and in the esteem of a large number of church patrons, despite the sneers of the critics and the contempt of the few who regard the attempt to teach music to the young as a belittling occupation for an artist. On Tuesday night the Academy was entirely filled by a very brilliant audience. There were four hundred performers seated on the stage, a large portion of which was occupied by an efficient orchestra from the Philharmonic Society, conducted by Carl Bergmann. The solo performers were Mme. Dargou, a cultivated soprano and pupil of M. E. Mulet; Mme. Frankow Hess, soprano, a pupil of Mme. De Lussan; Miss Louise Livingston, a careful and generally excellent contralto; Mr. Rockwood, the well known tenor; and Mr Jerome Hopkins himself. All these artists distinguished themselves by their earnest and painstaking efforts. Mrs. Hess, in a difficult aria from "Robert le Diable," displayed her culture and ability in an unforced manner, and was warmly applauded. The choruses were especially improved since the last festival. The superb chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," from "The Creation," and a stirring glee of Von Weber's were most effectively given.

A *Te Deum Laudamus* (part chant, part anthem and part solo) was performed antiphonally and accompanied by the orchestra. This was a novelty, it being the first instance of antiphonal chanting with orchestra that we know of in this country. The two choir boys (Masters Ottiwell and Seyroux), who sang the solos in this *Te Deum*, elicited a great deal of enthusiasm. The soprano, a bell-like voice, ran up without any effort to a clear, high A, and both sang their parts with more than the usual sweetness and charm which belong to boys' voices. Mr. Hopkins figured somewhat prominently throughout. He performed an original concert waltz on the Weber grand, conducted the *Te Deum*, re-appeared in his "Sepoy March," and finally read a paper to the audience explanatory of the design of these free schools and their relationship to church choirs. In the course of his remarks, he animadverted strongly upon the Common Council, the churches, the Board of Education, and especially the directors of the Academies of Music in New York and Brooklyn, for their total neglect to fulfil the requisitions of their charters, which made obligatory the supplying of musical instruction and the awarding of prizes to musical composers. The speech was an injudicious one, and, when the speaker proceeded to take the directresses of the orphan asylums to task for refusing to admit regular vocal instruction into the establishments with a view to some kind of a yearly singing exhibition such as takes place at St. Paul's in London, his audience objected strongly. A great deal more was said, which may have been true enough, but was out of place, and was, moreover, tinctured with a certain bitterness that was unpalatable. Mr. Hopkins is engaged in a most creditable work. He is really making his profession a positive benefit to the community by laying it at the feet of those young people who are unable to command this kind of instruction with money; and, whatever may be his personal fitness, the endeavor is worthy of praise and emulation, but he seems to be aware that enthusiasm, and particularly musical enthusiasm, in its moments of elation, is indistinguishable to the average mind from lunacy itself. As Mr. Hopkins depends upon the average many for support, or at least is continually complaining of their treatment, something should be conceded to them. Let it be moderation. Zeal in good works is sure to bring its own fruition, and no man can enter so praiseworthy but thankless a field as that of gratuitous public instruction without becoming aware, sooner or later, that perseverance, like virtue, is its own reward. But zeal in words is dangerous and inconsistent with that humility that ought to characterize all apostles, whether of ideas or of sound.

Falsetto Voice.

Dr. Marcet, of the Brompton Consumption-Hospital, has been looking down the throat of one of the Tyrolese singers who have lately been warbling at St. James's Hall, the object of the inspection being to ascertain the physiological conditions which produce the beautiful falsetto notes for which the Swiss artists are celebrated. The observations were made by means of a laryngoscope, a little instrument whereof the principal member is a mirror placed at the back of the patient's mouth. It is pretty generally known that the human vocal apparatus consists of a pair of membranes, situated horizontally in the throat, and just touching at their edges. A drumhead, with a slit across it, may convey a popular idea of them. In the act of singing the lips of these cords, as they are called, are brought into contact, and they approach each other throughout their whole length, and remain parallel. When they are set in vibration, by the passage of air through them, under these conditions, a full-chest note is emitted; but if they do not meet in their entire length, either a posterior or anterior portion of them remaining apart, the sound is no longer full, but feeble and shrill; the note emitted is what the stringed instrument player calls a harmonic, and what a singer calls a falsetto, or head note. The violinist who would bring out a harmonic so touches a string that, instead of making it vibrate as a whole, he divides it into segments, each of which vibrates by itself, and emits the note due to its short length, instead of that which the full length of the string would yield. The same sort of thing appears to be done by the falsetto singer; the adept can at will shorten his vocal cords so as to pass instantly from one to his harmonic. The muscular process by which this transaction is effected is not clearly made out, so that it cannot be determined whether all singers are alike gifted with powers of head singing equal to the Tyrolese, or whether Alpine melody grew out of peculiar capabilities of Alpine throats.—*Once a Week.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Last Fond Look. 2. B*b* to f. *Hatton.* 30
The last look of the sailor, as his ship turns her prow to the ocean. On his return, his beloved's house is vacant, and she is dead. Pathetic and beautiful song.

Kind words can cheer the heart. 3. A*b* to e. *Barker.* 30
One of the songs it is good for every one to sing. Excellent sentiment, and fine melody.

Many happy returns of the day. 2. D to f. *Blockley.* 30
A very "warm-hearted" and appropriate thing to sing at social meetings, weddings, birth-day parties, and all occasions of congratulation. Kind wishes will weigh more, when included in a song.

Do as you would be done by. 3. C to e. *Gordon.* 30
A good maxim or precept does not always make a good song, but this is an exception, being a good, wholesome piece to sing, with pleasing music.

Whip-poor-will's Song. Guitar. *Hayden.* 30
I cannot sing the old songs. Guitar. " 30
Two favorite songs, all ready for guitar players.

Beautiful Flowers. (Nani na pua). *L. P. K.* 30
A song worthy of special notice, from the fact that it was composed in the Sandwich Islands, and has printed upon it the Hawaiian, as well as the English words. The former are so smooth in construction, as to suggest a thought, that they may be equal to Italian as a basis for vocalization. The poetry is very pretty, and the music sweet.

Love thee. 3. D to *g*. *Schoeller.* 30
A love song, with a beautiful melody.

The Day when you'll forget me. 3. E*b* to c. *Thomas.* 40
A first-class song, pathetic, earnest, tender, graceful and musical, and, as will be seen above, of easy compass.

Parting. (Scheidend). 4. E*b* to e. *Mendelssohn.* 30
Similar to other songs of the same composer, and, course, good.

Instrumental.

Damascus. Triumphal March. 4 hds. 3. E*b*. *Gurney.* 75
Mr. Gurney has arranged from "Naaman" a very powerful and brilliant march. It is commended to those who wish a good show piece for exhibitions, and to all players of duets.

Te'l rammenti. (Do you remember). Fantasia. *Sumner.* 60
A sort of Italian song-melody, arranged and varied in a pleasing manner.

Concert des Oiseaux. Caprice. *Boscowitz.* 50
Just the season for a bird concert! So hear this one among the others.

Mocking Bird Quickstep. For Brass Band. 1.00
A popular Quickstep, of the kind that is apt to be very successful when played in-doors.

Two Nocturnes. By *Heyner.* each. 40
No. 1. Happy Memories. 4. E*b*.
" 2. Laughing Eyes. 8. B*b*.
These are Nocturnes in form, but not in quality, as "Happy Memories" was evidently written in a joyful mood, and the memory of "Brightest Eyes" is one of the last things to quiet the nerves, which is the legitimate end of a Nocturne. Both are very pleasing pieces.

Sea-Shell Schottisch. 3. F. *Hobson.* 45
"Hobson's choice" of a melody was a most fortunate one. He could not well have found a prettier

Fra Diavolo. 4. B*b*. *S. Smith.* 1.00
The well known airs of Auber's opera, capitally arranged.

Books.

Rossini's Messe Solennelle. (Solemn Mass). Cloth, $2 50; Boards, $2.00; Paper, $1.60
This the last work (of any length at least) of the great composer, was in manuscript in 1863, and was first "brought out" at the house, or "hotel" of Count Pillet-Will, in 1865. It was not, however, heard by the general public till last winter, when in February, it was given at the Italian opera in Paris It is commended to musical societies. There is a piano accompaniment, and also one for the Reed Organ, which may be added or omitted at will.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 736. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 7.

Rossini.

THE LIFE OF ROSSINI. By H. Sutherland Edwards. In one volume. Hurst & Blackett. 1869.

In this handsome volume we have the first of several promised biographies of the illustrious Italian musician. Time will show whether we have also the best; but it is certain now that Mr. Edwards has written an eminently readable, interesting, and trustworthy book. Few were better qualified for the task. The author of a standard *History of the Opera*, and the most brilliant writer upon current operatic topics, was instinctively looked to for a life of Rossini. He has done what was expected of him, and the result—a very satisfactory one—is before us.

Nobody will look for an exhaustive biography of the great Italian in a volume of 3[illegible] pages. The reason is to be found in our author's first sentence:—"Although Rossini's active life did number precisely the 'threescore years and ten' allotted to man, we must go back a full seventy years from the date of his last work to the first incident in his musical career." All the story of those seventy years will take a long and patient telling, and will require the plodding, untiring energy of a Jahn or a Thayer for its elaboration. Such a work Mr. Edwards has not attempted. He has not written exclusively for the reference library of the few, but also for the pleasure and instruction of the many. No end can [illegible] completely attained. The salient features of Rossini's life and labors are grouped in admirable order, and the book, while it conveys every [illegible] necessary to an accurate idea of its subject, is as interesting as a novel. To this result pure and graceful English in no slight degree contributes.

In fixing the main divisions of his work Mr. Edwards submitted to the dictation of circumstances. The "acts" in the master's life were as well defined as those in one of his own operas; hence Act I., "Rossini and his early works;" Act II., "Rossini at Naples;" and Act III., "Rossini's French career," is an arrangement which might have been predicated before opening the book. In our present notice we shall limit ourselves exclusively to the first of these epochs; not, however, neglecting the brief "introduction," which contains some sensible remarks of a general character. Thus early we meet with specimen of the thoughtful, or happily expressed ideas, which abound in the work. One or two quotations (the italics are ours) must be given. Speaking of Rossini's temperament, Mr. Edwards says: "every one has heard that when, writing in bed, he let fall the piece he was just finishing, he did not rise to pick it up, *as a man of slighter musical invention would have done*, but at once, with true musical activity, wrote another." The skill with which what seems the result of consummate laziness is here made into the reverse, savors of real literary legerdemain. Again we are told "*he did not like the half mechanical labor of setting to work*, but he was full of ideas, and when he did begin, melody flowed from him as from an eternal spring." Further, "he was too delicately organized and had too much sense to love labor for the sake of labor;" and, again, "his success was immediate, like that of a beautiful woman whose beauty every one can appreciate." We like to meet with passages such as these on the very threshold of a book. They entice us onward by showing that our guide is a pleasant fellow, who will not bore us with routine orations.

The space covered by our author's first division begins in 1799 (the printer has made it 1709), when the Rossini of seven years old took the part of the child in Paer's *Camilla* at the Bologna Theatre, and ends in 1814, when Rossini established himself in Naples. Mr. Edwards takes us agreeably over the interval between Rossini's first appearance on the stage and his first musical work (written nine years after), by chatting about his master's ancestors and family arms. The latter, adopted by one Giovanni Rossini, *circa* 1550, are described, in language which would be the death of Garter, King at Arms, as "three stars in the upper part of the escutcheon, and a hand holding a rose, surmounted by a nightingale in the lower part." Mr. Edwards takes care to point out that the bird establishes Giovanni's credit as a far seer. We need not dwell upon the story of Rossini's early operas here detailed, farther than to note one or two amusing points. Prinetti, the young musician's pianoforte master, "never went to bed, and he taught his pupils to play the scales with two fingers, the first finger and thumb." These peculiarities are very well put together, because the first [illegible] as [illegible] to the [illegible]. A man who never [illegible] may be expected to do anything. [illegible] Rossini [illegible] The poor woman had [illegible] voice, and he [illegible] ingly [illegible] [illegible] was played by [illegible] But the best story of all tells how [illegible] Rossini [illegible] [illegible] and gave him a [illegible] The [illegible] was [illegible] the bass rear at [illegible] register, and [illegible] more than [illegible] notes. To a comic artist he gave [illegible] and the most difficult air, accompanied [illegible] to another who could not sing at all. He went further, and [illegible] the [illegible] which were [illegible] by the musicians. [illegible] and Rossini was [illegible] to go, without [illegible] upon the order of his going. Mr. Edwards [illegible] very neatly, saying, "Rossini had to choose between a bad joke and a bad opera, and he preferred the former."

The production of *Tancredi* in 1813 [illegible] to a very valuable feature in this biography—a clear description and estimate of the reforms made by Rossini in Italian opera. At the outset, Mr. Edwards rapidly sketches the History of Italian opera down to the time of his hero, choosing as representative works Pergolesi's *Serva Padrona*, Gluck's *Orfeo*, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, and Paesiello's *Barbiere*, arriving, in the end, at the complete development which a German composer, Mozart, attained in his *Don Giovanni*. This development, as every musical reader knows, preceded the changes Rossini was the first among Italian musicians to make, and our author clearly leans to the assumption that the latter were independent of the former. The case, however, is not very clear, and no authoritative evidence is produced from which anything positive can be inferred. After describing the production of *Tancredi* at Venice, Mr. Edwards goes on to tell of Rossini's improvements in the construction of comic opera, which began thus early (1813) with *L'Italiana in Algeri*. For information as to what these were, as also for particulars of the corresponding changes made in *opera seria* (*Tancredi*) we must refer to the book itself. But we cannot so pass over the master's quarrel with Velluti, the male soprano, and its consequences to music for the voice. Our author's account of these matters is prefaced by some remarks upon the want of dramatic interest in Rossini's life, at which we must for a moment pause. They are very tersely put, as witness the following:—"In his numerous affairs of the heart he seems always to have been met half way; nor did his works ever remain unappreciated for more than about twenty-four hours at a time." He was a "practical philosopher," and "if, as occasionally happened, an opera of his fell to the ground, he literally picked up the pieces." In illustration, Mr. Edwards cites the overture to *Aureliano*, "which a year afterwards was taken to Naples, to serve as an introduction to *Elisabetta*, and a year after that (*Elisabetta* having perished) to Rome, where it got prefixed to the immortal *Barber*, from whom may it never be separated." Imitating Handel in this respect, he imitated him also in [illegible] and [illegible] with the whims of vocalists. The gist of his quarrel with Velluti amounts to this: The sopranist had a part written for him in [illegible], which he wanted to embroider according to the then detestable fashion (a fashion not wholly extinct unhappily); which he did embroider, in point of fact, so much that Rossini could not recognize his own handiwork. The composer, who knew that it was not his part to [illegible] these acrobats with [illegible] carpet on which to perform their extraordinary feats," objected, and a row ensued, ending in a resolve to write for the future exactly what was to be sung, neither less nor more. Rossini was the man of the time, and his declaration of war against the domination of singers was enough. "To be sure," says [illegible], "these giants of sopranists, with their vocal [illegible], their shouting from the summits of mountains, and their plumes five feet high, were already approaching their last days. Still the great Velluti was in his vigor in 1814, and it was in that year that the young Rossini declared war against these Philistines, and succeeded in liberating vocal music from the tyranny of vocalists." The eighteen months' interval between [illegible] and *Elisabetta* (first of the Neapolitan operas) occupies the last chapter of the division now under notice. In that interval, Rossini produced *Il Turco in Italia* and *Sigismondo*, which [illegible] but little matter. Here, Mr. Edwards gives us an interesting discussion upon Italian theatres, from which, wanting space, we cannot quote. If anybody desires to be [illegible] upon this point, the book itself [illegible].

In a future article we shall accompany Mr. Edwards through the second period of his hero's career. It is our fault if any reader feels reluctant to go with us.—*London Mus. World.*

Musical Instruments.

[To the Editor of the London Athenæum.]

[illegible] Road, March 27, 1869.

I submit to you a short account of my collection of antiquated musical instruments, since I have reason to believe that such a collection may be of some interest to others besides musical readers.

Among the lutes there is one resembling the figure of the "old English lute," given by Thomas Mace in his "Musick's Monument," London, 1676. It has a double neck, and only thirteen strings. Thomas Mace says, "The theorbo is no other than that which we call'd the old English lute." On the theorbo used on the Continent, however, the neck for the bass strings was much longer than it is on the present specimen. Still more interesting is another lute, which has attained the venerable age of 450 years. It is the work of Laux Maler, a German, who lived in Bologna about 1415, and who may be considered as the Amati of the old lute-makers. At the time when Thomas Mace wrote his book before mentioned, the lutes of Laux Maler were in high repute, and "pittifull old, batter'd, crack'd things" as they

were, they fetched as much as 100*l.* a piece. My specimen is in a sound state of preservation; nothing has been altered on it, except the tuning pegs—brass and ivory screws having been substituted for the original pegs. This contrivance, as well as a painting of flowers on the sound board, is probably not older than about a hundred years. The cracks on its pear-shaped body have been carefully mended, and, in my opinion, rather contribute to its dignity, like the wrinkles of a venerable grandsire. Its tone is remarkably fine.

One of the most popular instruments in domestic circles about three hundred years ago was the cithera, also mentioned by the old writers as *citteru* and *cythern*. It must be remembered that the name of cither was formerly applied to various stringed instruments, but especially to such as had wire strings which were twanged with a *plectrum*, usually made of a quill or a piece of whalebone. My collection contains several of these instruments. One is a fine specimen of the cither which was commonly found in barbers' shops and in gay houses. It is ornamented with inlaid ivory, mother-of-pearl, colored woods, &c. Another, the *cithara bijuga*, has, as its name implies, a double neck. It evidently dates from the sixteenth century, and belonged formerly to a museum of antiquities at Vienna. There are on it seventeen wire strings, eight of which are placed near the finger board; and the others, which extend to the longer neck, serving for the bass notes, run at the side of the finger-board. I know of only one other specimen of this instrument equally well preserved, which is in the museum of the Germanic Society at Nürnberg. A third cither in the collection I would notice, because I think it likely that it represents the "poliphant" of Queen Elizabeth. Playford, in his "Introduction to the Art of Descant," London, 1683, while extolling the musical accomplishments of Queen Elizabeth, remarks, "I have been informed by an ancient musician and her servant that she did often recreate herself on an excellent instrument called the poliphant, not much unlike a lute, but strung with wire." I have not succeeded in finding trustworthy information respecting this poliphant, (polyphon?) but I should not be surprised to learn that it was the kind of cither just noticed. Another curious instrument with wire strings admired by our ancestors was the pandore. The name is probably known to many of your readers, but the construction of the instrument seems to be now scarcely clear to musicians. As far as I have been able to ascertain, there were three differently shaped instruments in use in England called by very much the same name, viz., the Italian pandura, the English pandore (both of which are represented in my collection), and the bandoer, which is recorded to have been invented about the year 1560 by one John Rose, a citizen of London, "living in Bridewell," but which is, in reality, only a pandura with some modifications in shape. The gittern, which by recent musicians has not unfrequently been mistaken for the cittern, had catgut strings like a guitar. Mine has ten strings, which produce five different tones, as each tone has two strings in unison. The mandoline, one of the handsomest instruments of the collection, is not very scarce, neither can I assign to it a high age. On the other hand, my mandola, exactly like the mandoline in shape, but of the size of a large lute, I consider an especially interesting acquisition, on account of its scarcity. My dulcimer, mounted with wire strings, which are struck with two little hammers, cannot claim a high age; but it is of the old stamp, and may be regarded as a faithful representation of the dulcimer mentioned in the Bible. I need hardly add, that the translators of the Bible, unacquainted with the musical instruments mentioned in the original text, adopted for them the names of those in use at their time which appeared to them to correspond most nearly with those of the Hebrews and Greeks.

I pass over my viola da gamba ("viol-de-gamboys," as Sir Toby Belch calls it), and several others musically not less interesting, to my clavichord. This instrument, the precursor of the pianoforte, has not the "jacks and crowquills" of the harpsichord, spinet, and virginal, but it is provided instead with so-called *tangents*, *i. e.*, little iron pins, which press under its brass strings when the keys are struck. It is well-known that Sebastian Bach, and other great composers who lived before the invention of the pianoforte, wrote for the clavichord many of their admirable fugues, gigues and sarabandes. Its tone, though but weak, is impressive, and really very pleasant and soothing; at least, I must say that I have often thoroughly enjoyed playing in the evening on the clavichord the old precious "Suites" by Bach and other great masters of the periwig age as they were intended to be played. The pitch of this instrument is more than a "whole tone" below that of our present pianoforte; and this reminds me to moot a question which, considering that the pianoforte has now-a-days become a necessary article of household furniture, may not be inopportune. One of the principal causes of the high price of a good pianoforte is said to be the power required for resisting the enormous tension of the strings, which on the largest instruments amounts to about sixteen tons. Now, if the recently proposed lower pitch should be adopted, we ought to buy our pianofortes cheaper than hitherto; and this is a by no means unimportant recommendation, in addition to others often advanced and very manifest, for the adoption of a lower pitch. But to return to the old instruments.

The musical reader will naturally ask, "How do they sound? Might they still be made effective in our present state of the art?" Allow me, therefore, to say a few words on these musically important questions. It is generally, and in my opinion very justly, admitted that in no other branch of the art of music has greater progress been made during the last century than in the construction of musical instruments. Nevertheless I cannot help thinking that we have also lost something here which might with advantage be restored. Our various instruments, by being more and more perfected, are becoming too much alike in quality of sound, or in that character o f tone which Prof. Tyndall, in his "Lectures on Sound," calls "clang-tint." Every musical composer knows how much more suitable one *clang-tint* is for the expression of a certain emotion than another. The old instruments, imperfect though they were in many respects possessed this variety of *clang-tint* to a high degree. Neither were they on this account less capable of expression than our modern ones. As regards beauty in appearance, they were superior. Indeed, we have now scarcely a musical instrument which can be called beautiful. The old lutes and cithers are not only elegant in shape, but are also often very tastefully ornamented with carvings and with designs in marqueterie and painting. In confirmation of this opinion, I may also point to the musical instruments exhibited in the South Kensington Museum. There are at present about 150 instruments in the Museum, most of which are still in use; but there are also some fine specimens of antiquated ones among them, and several of these are of high interest—as, for instance, the precious Italian spinet, ornamented with jewels, of the year 1577, and Handel's harpsichord, recently presented by Messrs. Broadwood. A descriptive catalogue of this collection will shortly be published as well as photographs of the most interesting instruments in the Museum.

Most kinds of the musical instruments in use at the time of Queen Elizabeth were evidently introduced into Northern Europe from Italy and Spain. It would, however, now be futile to search in these countries for fine specimens; they are more likely to be met with in Paris and London. Signor Mario has procured several in London for his Museum of Antiquities at Florence. I have purchased most of mine from M. Chanot, in Wardour Street. It gives me pleasure to mention his name here, especially as my acknowledgment of his assistance may be useful to other collectors as well as to M. Chanot. Unimpaired specimens of these antiquated instruments are, indeed, now rarely met with; as a rule, they have been altered in the course of time to fit them to modern requirements. I should think, however, that well-preserved relics of this kind may still be stowed away in the lumber-rooms of old mansions. Perhaps this letter may have the effect of rescuing a few from oblivion. Are there not in some of the cathedrals store-rooms containing relics of articles which were used in religious performances before the time of the Reformation? Surely some such objects must have escaped demolition by religious enthusiasts. Among these relics may possibly be found the *regals*—a portable organ, which was used by the Roman Catholics in religious processions. There could be now no better place for the preservation of any such antiquities than the South Kensington Museum.

CARL ENGEL.

A Letter from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to Goethe.

(From the "Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.")

A wish has been expressed in many quarters that the letters written, with youthful reverence to Goethe, by Mendelssohn, in his long travels through Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France, during the period from 1830 to 1832, should find their way before the public. The following letter written on the 28th August, 1831, at Lucerne, to Goethe, after Mendelssohn's return from Italy, will, therefore, as the first characteristic specimen of the youthful letters in question, which have as yet remained unknown, doubtless excite universal interest, though it can be given merely in a somewhat imperfect state. In the manuscript, as it fell, quite accidentally, into our hands, neither the name of the writer nor that of the person addressed, is given; and the same is true of the date. The object for which the letter was written, however, points pretty directly to Goethe. No wonder, consequently, that the name of Mendelssohn suggested itself, when a combination of names, so well-known to us from the *Reisebriefe*, as that of Engelberg, Sebastian Bach, and *Wilhelm Tell*, with the address: Lucerne, and the date, August, 1831, caught our attention. It is evident that the letter must have been written on some festival and holiday. Now the 28th was the only Sunday Mendelssohn spent in Lucerne. We may remark, moreover, that the 24th, which, from the letter of that day (*Reisebriefe*, I., 266), written at Engelberg, might be supposed to be Sunday, fell on a Wednesday, and that the service described in it was in honor of St. Bartholomew. On Thursday, the 25th, Mendelssohn went from Engelberg to Lucerne, saw there, on Friday, Weigl's *Schweizerfamilie* (Devrient, *Reminiscences*, p. 130), and, on the day following, wrote the letters to Devrient (*Ibid*, p. 122), and to Taubert *Reisebriefe*, I., 267), in which there was consequently no mention of the performance of *Tell* at Lucerne. Mendelssohn must have witnessed it on the Sunday afterwards. The annexed letter was written on this Sunday, the conclusion being added after the performance. Mendelssohn's stay at Lucerne terminated on Monday, the 29th. It is probable that the present letter was the only one which Mendelssohn addressed to Goethe from Switzerland. The fact of Goethe's having had several copies made—but for which we should not have been able to lay the letter before our readers—proves that he attached a peculiar value to the descriptions it contains of the deluge-like rain, and of the performance of *Tell*. The parallel passages under the text are intended to direct attention to Mendelssohn's scrupulous exactness and truthfulness in the descriptions. The tone adopted towards Goethe is, it is true, a little more staid, but no less fresh than that of the *Reisebriefe*, though the exclusively subjective touches, which impart so much grace to the latter, are wanting.

Berlin, 6th Feb., 1869. VON LOEPER.

Lucerne (the 28th), August, 1831.

As I am to send you an account of all the principal features of my journey,* I must not neglect Switzerland, which was always the country of my predilection. I shall never forget the time I have spent wandering about the mountains on foot, all

* Reisebriefe, I., p. 13. "Then he" (Goethe) said to me I must sometimes write to him."

alone, without knowing anyone, and without thinking of anything, except the new and magnificent things I beheld every moment.

I came from the land of clear skies, and of warm climate; Switzerland soon announced itself very differently; I had rain, storm, and mist; I had even to submit to be snowed up frequently in the mountains.† I do not know how it was, however, but even that pleased me, and when, at times a few black rocks reared their summits out of the clouds, or a whole tract of country rose up in the sunshine from out the mist, it was something magnificent.‡ I did not, therefore, allow any storms to prevent me from clambering about, as well as I could; sometimes the guide would not accompany me; I frequently saw nothing at all, but I made the attempt notwithstanding, and then, when a fine day did come, my delight was doubled.§ It seems to me as though I felt more respect for Nature, and yet were nearer to her here than elsewhere; but the country and the people are dependent entirely upon her.

You will have heard of the fearful inundations and tremendous downfalls of rain that have devastated the Bernese Oberland;‖ I was there at the time, and it was terrible to see how everything due to man, even those objects which were most solid, disappeared without resistance and in a moment, leaving no trace behind, just as if it had never been; roads, bridges, meadows, and houses; at the expiration of three days, all nature was again quiet and smiling, as if nothing had occurred, and the people set about restoring their works which had been destroyed, as well as they could.

I happened just at that very time to be alone, without a guide, journeying along by the Lake of Thun. Now, ever since the day that you told me about your observations on the weather, and the clouds,* I have taken a particular interest in the subject, and remarked more than once before what is going on overhead; on the present occasion, I was enabled to see exactly how the storm gradually formed. For two days clouds had been collecting, when, at length, on the evening of the 7th there was a heavy storm, which lasted, with continuous rain, all through the night; in the morning, it seemed, however, as if not rain, but clouds had come down. I had never seen clouds lying so low;† they had settled, far and near, round the foot of the mountain, in the valley, quite white and thick, while the heavens above were full of black fog. For a time it did not rain, until the clouds underneath began moving, and shifting backwards and forwards; the rain then recommenced, lasting the whole day and the whole night, but it was not until the third morning, the 9th,‡ that the masses, properly so called, had collected, the entire extent of the horizon and of the heavens being filled by them. As you generally see a storm rise in a clear sky, so, on the present occasion, one host of clouds was piled on the other, and passed over the country from the flat land in the northwest into the mountains on the south east. It was utterly impossible to distinguish the opposite shores of the Lake;§ in the interval that one layer of clouds had passed, it did not rain, but it began then from the next, in a moment, and with indescribable fury. All the footpaths were now under water; the springs ran in all directions over the road,‖ and the mountain streams foamed madly down; they were quite dark brown; it seemed as if various kinds of dark earth were leaping over each other in the bed of the flood, and dashing into the Lake; you could see the dark streaks for a long distance in the clear waters of the latter. The smaller bridges were all carried away in the morning; the piers and arches of the larger stone ones were torn asunder; and a stream from the woods bore objects for household use and furniture into the Lake,* but it was not then known where the houses had been destroyed. The following day, when it left off raining, on my entering the valley of Lauterbrunn, the broad carriage-road had disappeared; a confused heap of stones, sand, and blocks of rock† covered for a quarter of a mile the ground it once occupied. The same misfortune visited on that day nearly the whole country, the Gotthard, Unterwalden, Glarus, etc. It was sometimes difficult to go forward; and I had to walk over the mountains because the water had not left a dry spot in the valley; but it was, for this reason, all the more beautiful in the mountains.

I spent the last week in an Unterwald monastery, Engelberg,‡ many thousand feet above the sea, in a perfect solitude. I found there a fine organ, and some friendly monks. They had never heard of Sebastian Bach, and it struck them as something quite strange when I played them two or three of his fugues; they were pleased, moreover, to say that I must perform the duties of organist on the festival,§ accompany the mass, and execute the responsories; it was the first respectable organ that I had had under my hands for some time, for in Italy I did not meet with one in anything like decent condition. The monks possess, also, a fine library; politics, strangers, and newspapers never penetrate into that part of the valley, so I spent a pleasant time there. The weather, too, has cleared up, and, at present, especially, it seems as though nature wished to celebrate the day and rejoice. There is the brightest blue sky, the mountains have decked themselves out in the lightest colors, and the landscape has put on a joyous holiday look, as though they knew what festival it was.‖

I have just returned from the theatre, the only one in all Switzerland, where they performed Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*; as the Diet is holding its sittings here, the Swiss make an exception to their custom, rather to have no theatre at all than a bad one. As it is the only one in the country, allow me to say a few words about the patriotic performance. There are only about ten persons in the entire company, and the stage is as large and high as a middle-sized room; still they were anxious to give the grand folk's scenes. So two men in peaked hats represented Gessler's host, and two others, in red hair, the Swiss country people; none of the subordinate personages made their appearance at all. Whatever they had to say of importance they omitted without ceremony, and quietly went on with the next words of their part, without any connection, a circumstance sometimes producing comic results. Some of the actors had learnt only the sense, which they turned, on the spur of the moment, into verse themselves; Gessler's crier tore the drum from his buttonhole the first time he gave the instrument a blow, so that it fell to the ground and could not be made fast again, to the great delight of the liberty-loving public, who laughed heartily at the slave of the tyrant; yet with all this, the piece was not badly killed, and produced its effect. When the well known names and places which one had seen the day previous came under their notice, all the audience were delighted, nudging each other, and pointing to the pasteboard lake, although they could see the real one, which was far better, by going out of the theatre. The person who afforded the greatest satisfaction, however, was Gessler, because he behaved very rudely, ranting and raving furiously; he looked like a drunken mechanic, with his tangled beard, red nose, and cap on one side; the whole affair was exceedingly American and primitive, like the infancy of the drama.

† Ibid, p. 253. On the Faulhorn, the 15th, and p. 257, in the Hospital, the 19th August.

‡ Ibid, p. 274.

§ For instance on the 4th.

‖ Reisebriefe, I., p. 238, et seq.

* Goethe's interest in meteorical observations is well known.

† Reisebriefe, I., 231. Wimmis, the 8th. "For four hours, the storm has been coming down, as though the clouds were being squeezed." and p. 277. "The rain-clouds are hanging to-day lower down in the valley than I ever saw them before."

‡ Ibid. p. 238.

§ Ibid, p. 239. "You could see absolutely nothing; not a mountain—rarely the outlines of the opposite shore."

‖ P. 239, at the bottom.

* P. 241. "Information has been received that the Kander has brought down a quantity of household utensils and furniture, no one yet knows whence."

† P. 257, the 13th August. "Where, six days ago, there was a most splendid highway, there is a wild and confused heap of rocks."

‡ P. 263. Engelberg, the 23rd August.

§ St. Bartholomew, the 24th, pp. 264 and 267.

‖ Goethe's birthday.

The Lower Rhenish Festival of 1869.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

The forty-sixth "Niederrheinisches Musikfest" took place at the Festival of Whitsuntide at Dusseldorf. As a sketch of the foundation and progress of these meetings has been on more than one occasion given in these columns, it is hardly necessary again to enter into historical details as to their origin and their gradual development into the most interesting triennial cyclus of musical festivals in Europe. Suffice it to say that they were instituted in 1818, since which year they have been held at Elberfeld, Dusseldorf, Aix la Chapelle, or Cologne, and that since 1830 they have occurred in unbroken triennial alternation at the last three places. Of these, Dusseldorf, whether considered historically, artistically, or locally, claims precedence in interest and association. For, in the first respect, it is at Dusseldorf where these meetings have most frequently been held, and where the first one, in 1818, took place. It was at Dusseldorf where the most important works were produced; for instance, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* in 1836, and Schumann's D minor and B flat symphonies, respectively in 1853 and 1839. And with this town are the names of these two greatest composers since Beethoven closely associated, both masters, as well as Rietz and Hiller, having here been music-directors. Four of the Dusseldorf festivals were conducted by Mendelssohn, who also directed at Cologne in 1835 and 1838, and at Aix la Chapelle in 1846. In the second place Dusseldorf is the centre of a district in which perhaps a stronger artistic feeling prevails than in any part of Northern Europe, and shares with Munich, whither its famed collection of pictures was removed in 1805, the honor of possessing the best school of modern painting in Germany. During the present month no less than five exhibitions of native talent are open in this comparatively small town—namely, one at the Tonhalle, another the "annual exhibition of the Art Union of Rhineland and Westphalia," a third, to which the pictures are all presented by the exhibitors, for a bazaar in aid of the funds of the Roman Catholic hospital, and also two permanent exhibitions. So that the attractions to those who visit this place at the time of "Pfingsten, das liebliche Frühlingsfest," are on this account alone in no slight degree enhanced. But independently of these advantages Dusseldorf is a far more suitable and pleasant *locale* than either Cologne or Aix for these delightful musical congresses, for in consequence of its beautiful environs and famed public gardens—in which, inspired perhaps by the frequent visits here of Jenny Lind, the nightingales take up the song when it ceases at the evening concerts, and continue it the whole night long—and on account also of other attractions here at springtide, Dusseldorf is always at this season thronged with holiday folk who come in from the neighborhood to keep joyously and religiously the three days of the great Whitsuntide Festival. Again, Dusseldorf has for the last three years possessed a "Tonhalle" accommodating 4,000 persons, and a humble as to a constructed one, with its adjacent rooms and spacious garden, is superior to most buildings of the kind, and considerably so to the "Kurhaus" at Aix, or the "Gürzenich" at Cologne. In this splendid new building, which was last week brilliantly illuminated and tastefully decorated with festoons and evergreens, a fine organ has recently been erected by Schulze, which contains three manuals and forty stops, and is worthy of the first builder in Germany.

This year's Festival has been a brilliant one; the selection and performance of the music as worthy as usual of the occasion, and the receipts, a secondary matter with the Germans, have been about 15,000 thalers, a large figure considering the reasonable price of tickets for the best places—namely, six shillings for each concert, a sum which cannot fail to remind an Englishman of the exorbitant price in his own country for hearing music less artistic, less rehearsed, and less well performed. The admission to the three preliminary rehearsals was one shilling, and to the three close rehearsals two shillings. As has been stated on former occasions, the "Proben" conduce very much to the interest of a German festival, allowing one to note the process of hearing how the most effective renderings of great works are brought out and soon adapted to band and chorus by a first-rate musician, such as Dr. Julius Rietz, *Hofkapellmeister* of Dresden, who, on this occasion as well as at several previous Rhine Festivals, was commander-in-chief. The local conductor was Herr Tausch, a composer and pianist of much ability, and music director at Dusseldorf. The orchestra, selected from some of the chief towns in Prussia, numbered 174 players—viz., 50 violins, 20 violas, 19 violoncellos, 13 double basses, 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 4 clarinets, 4 bassoons, 6 horns, 4 trumpets, 4 trombones, 1 ophicleide, 1 drum, 1 triangle. The chorus, supplied from Dusseldorf, Elberfeld, Cologne, Aix, Bonn, Essen, Crefeld, Gladbach, Dortmund, Wesel, Rotterdam, Mulheim, Emden, Dessau, Barmen, Cleve, Erkelenz, Carlsruhe, Detmold, &c., consisted of 220 sopranos, 175 altos, 123 tenors, and 192 basses—in all 710 voices. The total number of performers was 884. The soloists were Mme. Bellingrath (*née* Wagner), soprano, of Dresden; Mme. Jenny Soltans, soprano, of Cassel; Mme. Joachim, contralto, of Berlin; Herr Vogl, tenor, of Munich; Herr Carl Hill, bass, of Schwerin; Herr Grützmacher, violoncellist, of Dresden; and Herr Joachim, violin. At the organ Herr Kuppe, of Dusseldorf, presided with great ability; his accompaniments were never intrusive, and instead of merely doubling or overloading the orchestral parts, as is too often done in England, he played an independent part, and gave to the general tone of the orchestra a new and mellow tint, often producing novel and charming effects of combination, and proving that "Pope and Emperor" (as Hector Berlioz aptly calls organ and orchestra) may be on friendly terms, especially if the former be subservient to the latter. Throughout the performances the organ was, if the expression be admissible, not heard, but felt. Much tact in handling the instrument having also been noticed at the Rhenish Festival at Cologne, last year, when Herr Weber was the accompanist, and at Aix in 1867, when Herr Breuning presided, special reference is here made to the fact, as it must be confessed that in respect to use of the organ at English

festivals there is often considerable room for improvement, and that on this point, as well as in many other matters musical, we might take a hint from our Teutonic neighbors.

The band, led by Japha of Cologne and Röntgen of Leipsic, was magnificent. Such orchestral playing is not attained *chez nous*. It may have been approached at Birmingham festivals, on which occasions the strings are so numerous and so efficient, and in some respects by the orchestra under Herr Manns' admirable direction at the Crystal Palace Saturday Winter Concerts, or by Herr Hallé's justly famed band at Manchester. But, when considered as a whole, the performances at Düsseldorf appeared to us far in advance of those realized by our three best orchestras, and quite up to the standard of excellence attained at Berlin, Leipsic, or Vienna. The chorus was in its way as efficient as the splendid band which supported it. "Never," said Charles Klingemann, writing to England of the seventh Düsseldorf festival—"never did I hear such chorus singing. All the singers, with the exception of the soloists, were amateurs, as also the greater number of the instrumental performers. It is this circumstance which gives to this festival its peculiar excellence and beauty. From all the neighboring towns, and the whole country round, the *dilettanti* were gathering, arriving in steamboats and *eilwagen*—not to toil at an irksome, ill-paid task, but for a great musical field-day, full of soul and song. All ranks and ages uniting for the one harmonious end. . . . Add to this love of the art, the good training, a well-cultivated taste, and general knowledge of music, and it is explained how they produce such an effect. You felt the life, the pulsation of this music; for their hearts and understandings were in it. It was here, in this chorus, and in this band, that public opinion resided; the audience listened and enjoyed, but the amateur performers really constituted the festival." These remarks by Mendelssohn's intimate friend concerning the meeting of 1836 apply with no less force to that of 1869.

The programme of the first evening was the oratorio, *Joshua*, by Handel, and symphony, No. 7 (A major), by Beethoven. The first of these works, which was composed in the year 1747, has received a fair share of the neglect and indifference shown to many of the master's oratorios in the country where they were produced. It seems to have been performed four times in London in the following year, 1748, and three times in 1752, after which we can find no record concerning it until 1839, when it was given twice, and again twice in 1842, under Mr. Surman's direction, who has done so much for the promulgation of Handel's less known oratorios, at Exeter Hall. For the latter performances, Mr. G. Perry wrote additional accompaniments. The oratorio was also given in 1846, under the same direction, and again in 1849 and in 1854, the number of times of its performances thus being fourteen during 122 years. It has been selected at four of the Rhenish Festivals—in 1838, 1845, 1861, and 1869. On the first of these occasions, it was performed under Mendelssohn's direction, according to the original score, with organ accompaniment; in 1845, it was conducted by Rietz, who added additional accompaniments, which were used in 1861, and at the Festival under notice. It is unnecessary here to give a detailed account of a work which probably has not been heard, nor, it is to be feared, is likely to be heard by our readers. Should it be revived, and should it be our lot to notice the occasion, the acquaintance made last week with its many beauties will be serviceable, and experience gained by hearing it so carefully rehearsed will be recorded. It is enough now to say that the oratorio is one of Handel's great works, although, as in *Samson* some recitatives and duets might be omitted without disadvantage; that the performance was superb and excited great enthusiasm, and that Mme. Joachim, as Othniel, and Herr Carl Hill, as Caleb, were all that could be wished. These two artists, respectively, contralto and bass, are great in oratorio. Mme. Joachim is now considered one of the first oratorio singers in Germany, and at the Festival she certainly bore away the palm. Her voice is of excellent quality, and throughout its entire register is equally good, and her style is pure and broad, as might be expected from the illustrious name she bears. Although his voice is lower and less flexible than that of our great baritone, in style and appearance, Herr Hill resembles Mr. Sandley, and is a thorough artist. His singing of Schumann's songs is second only to that of Stockhausen, and has been recorded by us as admirable at previous Rhine Festivals. The other soloists, Mme. Soltans (Othniel) and Herr Vogl (Joshua), were hardly up to the mark in oratorio singing, their style, especially that of the Munich tenor, being tinged with an operatic flavor. Beethoven's glorious symphony, No. 7, which has been given at eight of these festivals since 1823, should have been played the next day; as such a symphony after a long oratorio, even with an hour's interval in the enjoyable garden adjoining the "Tonhalle," is almost too much for mortal ears. This concert lasted altogether nearly five hours, and the heat in the hall was excessive. The performance, however, of Beethoven's grand music was, with the exception of that at the rehearsal the previous day, the finest we have heard. The three first movements were as near perfection as could be imagined, but Rietz, probably feeling the concert to be far too long, took the *finale* at such tremendous speed that, although no want of clearness in the most rapid passages was noticed as played by that marvellous orchestra, it was felt that this extraordinary movement was being played quicker than the composer intended.

The programme of the concert on Whit-Monday was as follows:

Overture to "Euryanthe" ..... Weber.
"Magnificat" ..... Bach.
"Spring," and "Autumn," Nos 1 and 3 from the Seasons ..... Haydn.
"Lobgesang," Sinfonia cantata ..... Mendelssohn

Weber's greatest overture was played *à merveille*, and almost encored. The most important and interesting selection on this or any of the festival days was Bach's glorious setting of the Song of the Blessed Virgin. This work, which is in the loftiest regions of choral music, was last given at Aix in 1864. Why, as we have asked on previous occasions, are these grand choral works of Sebastian Bach systematically ignored in England? As regards some of his cantatas, of which there are said to be some 400, there might be a difficulty as to translation of the German text, and as to additional orchestral parts; but in the case of this superb *Magnificat*, neither of these difficulties exist, as the original Latin words could be sung, and additional accompaniments, which were used on this occasion, have been ably added by Robert Franz. If such a work as this were in the programme of the Worcester or Norwich Festivals which are to be held in September, special interest would at once attach itself to those two meetings. Much might be written concerning the six sublime choruses in this noble composition, and it seems useless to attempt to convey to those wholly unacquainted with the majesty of Bach as a choral writer any adequate idea of the effect he produces. It must suffice to mention the stupendous choral following the "Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent"—when the whole choir burst in with the nominative case, "Omnes, omnes, generationes," on which words alone a masterly fugal chorus is constructed, and also to specify the force of the treatment of the passage, "et dispersit superbos," with which the next chorus with a "diminished seventh" on the dominant of F sharp minor so suddenly concludes, and the subsequent magnificent *adagio* at "Mente cordis sui," in which the modulations and progressions in sustained harmony equal in sublimity anything—not forgetting instances in *Israel in Egypt*—which can be called to mind. The six solos were well given, and the chorus, "Suscepit Israel puerum suum," which is indicated to be sung by all the *soprani* and *alti*, was, probably on account of its difficulty, assigned to Mmes. Bellingrath, Soltans, and Joachim. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested, especially after the choruses above specified, and after an admirable rendering of the fine fugue *a 5 voci*, "Sicut locutus est." Little need be added as to the rest of the second's day's programme, as the two lighter works which followed—viz., Haydn's genial *Seasons* and Mendelssohn's popular *Hymn of Praise*—are stock favorites with us. Both of these were performed far better than on any previous occasion in our recollection, and it was particularly interesting to hear the *Lobgesang* in the place where Mendelssohn himself so carefully rehearsed and conducted it in 1842, when his intimate friend Rietz was also, as last week, conductor.

The following was the selection at the "artists' concert," originated by Mendelssohn as a supplementary performance on the third day of the Feast:

Overture, "Anacreon" ..... Cherubini.
Air from "Euryanthe," Herr Vogl ..... Weber.
Violin Concerto, Herr Joachim ..... Beethoven.
Recitative and air from "Iphigenia," Herr Hill ... Gluck.
Songs, Mme Joachim, { "To the Lyre" ... Schubert. / "Ewige Liebe" ..... Brahms.
Choruses from the "Seasons" ..... Haydn.

Overture, "Egmont" ..... Beethoven.
Air from "Elijah," Mme. Bellingrath ..... Mendelssohn.
Violoncello concerto, Herr Grützmacher .... Schumann.
Scene and air from "Freischütz," Mme. Soltans .. Weber.
Barcarole and scherzo for violin, Herr Joachim ... Spohr.
Songs, Mme. Bellingrath, { "Im Wald" ..... Hiller. / "Ich wandre nicht" . Schumann.
Bass air, Herr Hill, and Choruses from "Joshua." Handel.

Here was a superb selection. Herr Vogl received an ovation—as, indeed, did each artist. On the appearance of Joachim there was a flourish of drums and trumpets, and flowers were thrown by the chorus singers, which the great player—to the delight of the audience—handed to Mme. Joachim, who happened to be within reach. On the conclusion of the concerto, which he never played better, and which we never heard so well accompanied, another demonstration took place, and a wreath was amongst the offerings to the shrine of his genius. Hardly less enthusiasm was elicited on the appearance of Mme. Joachim, who sang Schubert's setting of the translation from *Anacreon* and Brahm's new song so well as to be encored, when she gave Schumann's exquisite "Ich grolle nicht." Hill's singing of the very trying recitative, &c., of Gluck evinced high dramatic power, and his delivery of "Shall I Mamre's fertile plain" was in a different way as admirable. The concerto of Schumann was wonderfully played by the great Dresden violoncellist, and after more ovations to Soltans and Bellingrath and to Joachim, and the coronation of Rietz with a large laurel wreath, the Festival came to a worthy conclusion with a repetition of the two finest choruses in *Joshua*, "Hail, mighty Joshua," and—

"For all these mercies we will sing
Eternal praise to Heaven's high King."

The performances were honored with the presence of her Royal Highness the Princess of Hohen-Zollern, her Royal Highness the Princess (jun.) of Hohen Zollern, his Royal Highness Prince Frederick of Russia, and the Prince of Holstein. Amongst musical celebrities were observed Ferdinand Hiller, and Franz Weber of Cologne, Samuel of Brussels, Schornstein of Elberfield, Grimm of Munster, Verhulst of Amsterdam, Lindhult of Stockholm, Reinthaler of Bremen, Brennung of Aix-la-Chapelle, &c.

One of the most interesting features in connection with this Festival was an invitation from Joachim to hear the performance and the composition of a youth of fourteen of extraordinary promise—Julius Röntgen, son of Röntgen of Leipsic who led the first violins. This talented boy played on the pianoforte three preludes and fugues for organ by himself, in F minor, E flat major, and E minor, each of which exhibits a rare knowledge of counterpoint and an intimate acquaintance with the best models of ancient and modern art. He also performed some variations on an original theme in A flat, of remarkable excellence, and as the composition of a mere child almost magical. But the most astonishing effort of this precocious, though at the same time entirely childlike and unsophisticated young genius, is a *Duo* for violin and viola in three movements, which was performed by Joachim and Röntgen senior, the interesting young composer, whose head did not reach the top of the desks, standing by these two great artists, and turning over for them, in entire oblivion of the audience present, and evidently wrapped up heart and soul in his new work. The boy's face and his inspired look as if he had caught a ray of the *afflatus divinus*, and indeed the whole scene (which would be an apt subject for a painter) is not likely to be forgotten by those present, especially if Julius Röntgen should one day become, as Joachim thinks not unlikely, one of the great masters.

The Whitsuntide weather was propitious, but when the last note of Tuesday's performance had ceased, Nature put off her festive appearance, and wept at the conclusion of the Festival; and the nightingales followed suit and were mute that night. No one, we think, who "assisted" on this memorable occasion could leave Düsseldorf and its artistic atmosphere without regret, and without re-echoing the hearty greeting which musicians gave on parting—*Auf Wiedersehen im nächsten Jahre in Aachen.*

H. S. O.

Handel and Haydn Society.—President's Report.

At the annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society, on Monday evening, May 31, the following report was made by Dr. J. Baxter Upham, the President:

Gentlemen: As is my custom, and in compliance with the requirements of the By-Laws of the Society, I respectfully submit my

ANNUAL REPORT.

Prominent among the great choral societies of the world stand the Sing-akademie of Berlin, the Sacred Harmonic Society of London, and the Handel and Haydn Society of our own city. In naming them I ought more properly to place *this* association second in the list, since it belongs there in precedence of time, and, I may add, in its influence on the musical taste and culture of a populous community. Adopting this order, then, they were founded, respectively, in 1791, 1815, and 1832.

Some curious coincidences appear in the early history and subsequent career of these widely separated

but kindred associations; and these points of resemblance or parallelism (they may perhaps be called) between this society and its German prototype are especially noticeable. Both had their origin in the felt need of some organized association for the promotion of a higher and better taste in music by the practice of the great masterpieces of choral song. That, like ours, sprang from a smaller society of similar nature which preceded it by only a few years, and died away. The number of its original members was twenty eight—ours was thirty-one. Its growth for the first half century of its existence wa. precisely after the manner of our own At the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, which took place with great pomp in the month of May, 1841, two or three of its original subscribers still lived; the number of its active associates (choristers of both sexes included) was 618, and its roll of membership, from the founding of the society to that date, comprised about 2000 names. At *our* fiftieth anniversary, twenty four years later, the facts and statistics presented, it will be remembered, were singularly identical. Such and in so far, indeed, it is our own record, almost line for line and word for word.

Our London contemporary had a similar origin "It rose into existence (says its historian, Mr. Bowley) to satisfy a public want." "The low state of choral music in London at that time," he continues, "would hardly be believed by the young amateur of the present day: one small but venerable institution, the Cecilian Society—if a few half private associations be excepted—was all that could be found." In the first year of its existence the financial means of the Sacred Harmonic Society were so limited that for a time, says Mr. Bowley, its dissolution appeared to be inevitable. Singularly enough, the number of its subscribing members at the first, like our own, was just thirty one. But here the parallel ceases. It is not to be wondered at, that in the literary and commercial metropolis of the world, with a population ten times larger, this London society, once upon its legs, should soon outstrip both its Berlin and Boston competitors in the race; and that, in the 37th year of its life, it numbers its more than 700 active members and subscribers, and boasts of its 500 public performances; of its gigantic fêtes and festivals, attended by an aggregate of a million and a half of auditors; of its fund of £5600; its orchestral library and library of reference, the revised catalogue of which latter covers 320 pages 8vo; its rare manuscripts, its musical instruments, its paintings and its statuary All honor to the devotion and energy and enterprise of the founders and managers of this noble institution! We rejoice in its well earned prosperity and success.

Turning again for a moment to the Singakademie of Berlin, it is interesting to notice how wide-spread and democratic a hold it has upon the affections of the whole community.

I find on its catalogue of members representatives of every profession and honorable occupation and calling—divines, philosophers, diplomatists, lawyers, physicians, professors in the universities and schools of art and technology, kapellmeisters and concertmeisters, —the élite of the social circle of Berlin,—staid citizens, young men and maidens, students, tradesmen, artisans,—in amicable and harmonious union The honored name of Felix Mendelssohn appears for nine years on the list of tenors, at the same time with that of his distinguished father Abraham Mendelssohn, who for forty years sang among the basses. Otto Nicolai, the composer, was likewise included with the bassi profundi; and Henrietta Sontag and her sister lifted up their angelic voices with the soprano. Here, also, in the ranks of the chorus, were Meyerbeer and Grell and Reissiger and Schneider and Seidel and a host of others known to fame—examples worthy of imitation to any who may deem the sphere of chorus singing below the level of their superior powers—inconsistent with their aspirations for a great renown.

But I must not dwell on these attractive themes. My duty is rather to review with you the practical operations of the year in connection with our own domestic circle, and present in brief an abstract of the doings of the Society for the past season, with such suggestions and recommendations as seem applicable to the occasion

As appears from the Secretary's records, the government have been fourteen times called together during the year to attend to the artistic and business interests of the corporation. During the same period the Society have been three times summoned for the admission of members and the transaction of other business. Thirty-nine gentlemen have been admitted to membership, sixteen have been discharged, five have resigned, and none, so far as I am aware, have [illegible]

The regular rehearsals were commenced in Bumstead Hall on the 4th day of October, and have continued weekly on Sundays, until the 16th of the present month The number of these rehearsals, thirty-nine in all, if we except the Festival seasons, is greater than for any previous year since my connection with the Society; and, on the whole, the attendance has been better than ever before. How much of this is due to the practice recommended a year since, of indicating the rehearsals attended upon the cards of the members at the door I shall not now stop to inquire. The plan has certainly operated well and deserves to be permanently established. Whether, in addition, some means of registering the particular rehearsal attended should not be adopted I leave it to your good judgment to decide. Surely any means which can add to the efficiency of our regular rehearsals merits your careful consideration.

Seven public performances have been given in the Music Hall during the season, of which the following is the programme:

November 28th—Handel's "Judas Maccabæus."
November 29th—Mendelssohn's "Elijah."
December 26th—Handel's "Messiah."
December 27th—Mendelssohn's "Elijah."
March 27th—Costa's "Naaman."
March 28th—Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."
May 20th—Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

This last in connection with the Harvard Musical and Boston Music Hall Associations in [illegible] of the fund for the establishment of the [illegible] French diapason.

To these should be added the very interesting and satisfactory programme of the Stabat Mater on the evening of May 21st, by the full chorus of the Society, [illegible] the [illegible] of Miss Adelaide Phillipps, in praise of whose [illegible] hardly be said.

The [illegible] the [illegible] vocalists who have given [illegible] performances, all of whom [illegible] be said were taken from the ranks of our [illegible]:

Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Mrs. J. H. Houston, Miss Lizzie M. Gates, Miss A. S. Whitten, Mrs. Flora Barry, Mrs. D. C. Hall, Mr. Jas. Whitney, Messrs. W. J. and J. F. Winch, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Mr. H. Wilde, Mr. M. W. Whitney.

The works above enumerated have received much and careful preparation on the part of the society, and have been presented with the usual liberal expenditure of means, without regard to the pecuniary results.

If I were to particularize the performances which seem to me to demand especial praise, I should mention the repetition of "Elijah" at Christmas, and the "St. Paul" at Easter, on both of which occasions a crowded audience testified their high appreciation of the more than usual excellence with which these great works were performed. [illegible] ing of "Judas Maccabæus,"—the first in the series of the winter concerts,—[illegible] for many years; and the November performance of "St. Paul," three years since, fell somewhat [illegible] [illegible]. Is this a [illegible] or is it a natural consequence of the reaction which follows upon the excitement and unusual effort of the great festival week of the preceding spring? The latter, to some degree at any rate, may be the true explanation.

The interest which centres upon such special occasions, and the extra effort of an enlarged chorus and orchestra to give them éclat and a brilliant success would naturally dispose to subsequent inaction and indifference, and so these festivals, much as they are sought after and enjoyed by the public, and greatly as they have contributed to the reputation of the society, may retard for a time our steady every-day progress. A conscientious determination on the part of every member to resist such influence is therefore necessary, or an apparent benefit may be turned into a real detriment. This leads me to refer again to a subject before mentioned in my annual reports, viz.: the expediency, on future occasions of this sort, of relying more exclusively upon the materials we may possess within our limits This will be possible now more than ever before, so far as choral ability is concerned.

I wish our orchestral resources were such as to warrant my saying as much for that department of a great festival occasion.

The [illegible] plan, adopted for the first time at the Triennial Festival last May, has now become a feature of our public performances, although as yet, in some respects, faulty. I doubt not, with due attention, it can be made a success. A decided improvement is also to be recorded in the order and discipline of the Society in passing to their places in the choir in the large hall. This is mainly to be attributed to the present practice of numbering the seats of the chorus in both the upper and the lower halls, so that each member may at all times know and occupy his own appropriate place. Our thanks are due to the gentlemanly corps of superintendents who have so efficiently carried out the details of this system and have so satisfactorily marshalled the several departments of the choir.

The financial results of the operations of the Society for the year, I regret to add, show a balance on the wrong side. The funds, however, in the treasury at the beginning of the season, added to the receipts for the year, have so far made up the deficiency as to obviate the necessity of calling for either a loan or an assessment.

The library, as appears from the report of our excellent Librarian, is in good condition. The number of volumes has been increased by the addition of the required quota for the new oratorio "Naaman," which has been added to our repertoire during the year.

The library room, adjoining this hall, has proved to us a great comfort and convenience. But we still miss upon the catalogue many of the works of the great composer from whom this society takes its name. I could wish that ere long a complete collection of Handel's oratorios could be added to the list we already possess. For the first time our shelves now show a nucleus of the choral compositions of Seb. Bach. It is to be hoped that this also will be extended till it comprises at least the Passionsmusik and the Magnificat in G of this great author. Of the mass music of Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart and the additional Psalms of Mendelssohn I will not speak. All this, we confidently believe, will come in good time.

I am happy to announce that the task of preparing the [illegible] of the Society for publication has been committed to competent hands, and is now in process of [illegible]. I have in times past pointed out freely, and as I hope, candidly and impartially, such faults and shortcomings of the Society as have come to my notice. That these defects have been entirely overcome, I do not presume to assert. The standard of excellence for choral performances in our community is advancing year by year, and that degree of excellence which, a few years since, might have been looked upon with complacency, would by no means be deemed satisfactory by us now. Other choral organizations are springing up in this community and in neighboring cities, which, in their public performances of the same great works, challenge a near comparison with our own, and the increased attention given to musical education, as shown in the recent remarkable exhibition of that department of our Public School system, as well as in the occasional concerts of the two great Conservatories of Music, warn us to be yet more critical in our judgment of ourselves.

Something more can be done for the better balancing of the chorus, and in adding to the numerical force of our association especial care in this particular should hereafter be taken I have previously ventured the assertion that the limit of our active members ought, for the present, be properly fixed at 600. And by this I mean that number of really competent, possessing good well trained voices. It would be much better, in my opinion, to add to the efficiency and excellence of our numbers within that limit than to attempt to go beyond. How this can best be done is a problem I will leave to the incoming Board to solve. Better by far eliminate, if need be, existing incompetent material by rigidly enforcing the exactions of our by laws as to punctuality and regularity of attendance at rehearsals, and by raising at once and decidedly the standard of requirements in the examination of new candidates, than to court an extension of our forces at the risk of the dilution of their efficiency and power.

With this anniversary closes the eighth year of my official connection with our venerable association. In this term of eight years the society has gone through some of its most trying experiences, and it has known some of the most joyous and triumphant eras of its history. It has seen the last of its original members, the remnant of that heroic band who upheld the honor and bore the burden of its struggling infancy, descend into the tomb It has passed into and out of the cloud of rebellious war, the like of which the world had never known before, and in which it bore its share of the general doubt and uncertainty and gloom.

On the other hand it has seen the creation of a fund upon a secure and substantial basis, with encouraging prospects of its continued increase. It has established a series of triennial festivals with a success so signal and unqualified as to give assurance of their permanency as an institution. It has but recently, as has been said, joined with our sister associations in art to [illegible] back to a [illegible] the musical pitch, which in these latter years of storm and excitement had drifted so wide of its moorings. It has crossed the boundary line of its first half century of life, and is now in the maturity

of its strength, never before so conscious of its own power, never so honored and so loved, never so ready and so able to do battle for the noble cause to whose interests it stands pledged.

For myself I deem it most fortunate,—providential indeed,—that, in all this term of service, so little change has occurred in the organization of the Society. Our conductor and organist, both without their superior, have manfully stood by us. The Executive of the Board of Government, with the exception of the treasuryship—made vacant by the death of our esteemed associate, Mr. Matthew Parker—has remained unbroken. Our beloved vice-president, so suddenly stricken down in the prime and vigor of his useful life, will now, we venture to hope, ere long be restored to us again in the fulness of health. And in all these years, with no reservation that deserves a second thought, harmony and good feeling have prevailed,—almost an identity in matters of taste and of judgement, and the same kindness and courtesy and good will on your part, gentlemen, command my grateful appreciation.

In conclusion, will you accept once more for yourselves individually, and for the Society whose honor you have done so much to uphold, my earnest wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1869.

Musical Festivals—Their Rise in England.

Musical Festivals, upon a grand scale, with Oratorio, may properly be said to have begun with the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784. Dr. Burney, who chronicles the events of those five days (May 26th, 27th, 29th, and June 3d and 5th) in a sumptuous quarto volume, with all his glowing enthusiasm, and his elegant and scholarly garrulity, (the book is now rare,) took great pains to ascertain if there were any record of an earlier musical feast in any country in which as many as 500 performers were united, and could discover none. A few instances are named of gatherings of two or three hundred singers and musicians on some royal or national occasions in Paris, Rome, or Venice, but the elements of a grand organic musical festival scarcely existed before Handel. There was no *orchestra*, upon which all must centre; and even Handel's orchestra, and such as they had at that centennial of his birth, was but a rude and imperfect agglomeration compared with the grand orchestra of our day. Several of the periodical Festivals, now celebrated on so vast a scale in England, had their small beginnings earlier than the Handel Commemoration. The Annual Meetings of the three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, commenced in 1724; the Birmingham Triennial Festival (now the most famous), in 1778. But the Commemoration of Handel brought together 525 musicians—a moderate number for our day.

Nothing but the influence of Handel's music, and the general love and reverence especially for his "Messiah," made such an occasion possible. "Handel's Church music had been kept alive, and had supported life in thousands, by its performance for charitable purposes." The hospitals and infirmaries throughout the kingdom were "indebted to the art of music, and to Handel's works in particular, for their support. His "Messiah" alone, as performed under his own direction in the last ten years of his life, (1749–59.) yielded about £7,000 to the Foundling Hospital, which was increased by subsequent performances until the year 1777 to over £10,000. That very Westminster Abbey Festival gave £1,000 to the Westminster Hospital, and £6,000 to the Society for Decayed Musicians, to which Handel had already bequeathed £1,000 at his death. Thus, besides its direct influence on the hearts and minds of men, the music of Handel has been one of the world's great charities; for charity is still the end of all the great festivals, at Birmingham and elsewhere, into which his music breathed the breath of life.

From Burney's book we glean some curious particulars about the Commemoration in Westminster Abbey. The proportions of choir and orchestra were singular; there were 250 instruments to 275 singers.

The orchestra itself was strangely composed; he gives a list of 26 players of the hautboy, and 26 bassoons and one *double bassoon!* These instruments were much cultivated in Handel's time. There were no clarinets. The other elements were: 48 first violins, 47 second violins, 26 tenors, 21 violoncellos, 15 double basses, 6 flutes, 12 trumpets, 6 "trombones or sacbuts," 12 horns, 3 kettle-drums, 1 double kettle-drum.

The Choir consisted of 60 *Trebles*, most of whom were boys, (thus the list includes "three Master Ashleys," "ten Chapel boys," "Master Latter," "Master Loader," "Mrs. Love," "ten St. Paul's boys," "Master Piper," &c., &c.); 48 *Counter Tenors* (men), instead of our contralti; 83 *Tenors*; 84 *Basses*. The famous German prima donna, Mme. Mara, sang the great soprano airs in the "Messiah." The conductor was Joah Bates, Esq., who played the organ, seated at a keyboard nineteen feet in front of the organ itself, in the middle, and in full view of the performers; he he was aided by two violin "leaders," but there was *no beating of time*; the whole "moved like clock-work," without such aid. The scene, as described by Burney, must have been magnificent.

The music performed was all by Handel, and consisted, besides the "Messiah" twice, of the "Dettingen Te Deum," and miscellaneous selections from his vocal and instrumental works, arias from his operas, hautboy concertos, organ fugues, overtures to other oratorios, &c. This so set the example of all miscellaneous programmes, that we find in all the English festivals from that time until the Sacred Harmonic Society was established in 1832, scarcely an instance of a complete oratorio of Handel being given, with the exception of the "Messiah."

The influence of such festivals in England may be judged by the following table of all that were held, down to the time of the first great Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace, 1857, with estimates of the aggregate attendance upon each.

6	Westminster Abbey	1784 to 1791	60,000
1	ditto	1834	20,000
4	York Minster	1823 to 1835	90,000
4	Edinburgh	1813 to 1843	32,000
11	Norwich	1824 to 1854	88,000
17	Birmingham	1769 to 1829	180,000
8	ditto in Town Hall	1834 to 1855	
4	Chester	1806 to 1829	160,000
7	Derby	1810 to 1831	
1	Dublin	1831	
8	Liverpool	1813 to 1848	
2	Manchester	1828 & 1829	
2	Bradford	1853 & 1856	
132	Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, &c.	1724 to 1855	370,000

This makes a total of 1,000,000 persons as the entire number presents upon all these occasions. The Sacred Harmonic Society in 1832, originated a regular series of performances of Handel's Oratorios in London, on a scale equal to that of the Festivals of former years. Between June 1836 and June 1856 this Society had given 344 performances in Exeter Hall, which, it is estimated, were attended in the aggregate by 650,000 persons. One half of these 344 performances consisted of entire Oratorios of Handel, embracing the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Judas Maccabæus," "Samson," "Solomon," "Joshua," "Saul," "Jephtha," "Deborah," "Athaliah" and "Belshazzar."

Thus England has been the cradle and the chief seat of these monster musical Festivals, and Handel's music has been as the breath of life to them.

Next to Handel's oratorios, there have figured at the festivals such works of course as Haydn's "Creation," Mozart's "Requiem," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and only recently the "Passion" of Bach, Handel's great contemporary, who never went abroad from his own Germany. Then came the day of Mendelssohn; a great day was that for England's music when the composer himself conducted the first performance of "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival, on the 26th of August. The influence of his music upon English writers soon became as visible as Handel's had been, and a large crop of English oratorios soon sprang up, plainly inspired at second hand by Mendelssohn. The most successful of these imitations, several of which have had their turn at festivals, have been Mr. Costa's "Eli" and "Naaman," the filial relationship of which to the "Elijah," those who have heard them performed here by the Handel and Haydn Society, can hardly fail to recognize.

(To be continued).

The Past Two Musical Years in Boston.

(Continued).

We have given the list of the principal Orchestral music which has been performed here in the last two seasons; from which it appears that in 38 Concerts we have had 30 *different Symphonies*, some of them repeatedly (namely 6 by Haydn, 4 by Mozart, 8 by Beethoven, 4 by Mendelssohn, 2 by Schubert, 3 by Schumann, 3 by Gade); 14 *different Concertos* (Mozart 1, Beethoven 5, Mendelssohn 3, Chopin 2, Schumann, Joachim, Liszt, Spohr, Weber, 1 each); and at least 35 *different Overtures* (Gluck 1, Beethoven 5, Mendelssohn 6, Cherubini 3, Weber 5, Bennett 2, Gade 2, Rossini 4, Schubert, Schumann Spohr, Wagner, Rietz, &c., 1 each); besides works in other forms.

The Symphonies heard here for the first time were: Haydn in G (No. 13), in B flat, and the short one in B major (*H dur*); Schubert in B minor, Schumann in E flat (the "Rhenish," or "Cologne" Symph.); Gade in E; and Mendelssohn's "Reformation." The Concertos new to us were: Joachim's for violin; Beethoven's Triple Concerto, and the No. 1 for the Piano; Liszt's in E flat; Mozart, for 2 pianos. The Overtures heard here for the first time were: Beethoven's "*Weihe des Hauses*" (op. 124); Mendelssohn's "Trumpet" Ov.; Bennett's "*Waldnymphe*;" Cherubini's to "Medea." We should have mentioned that the Violin Concertos were played by Mme. Camilla Urso and Mr. Listemann; the Piano Concertos by Messrs. Dresel, Leonhard, Lang, Parker, Perabo, Petersilea, Miss Topp and Miss Dutton; the "Triple Concerto" by Messrs. Lang, Eichberg and Fries, and again by Perabo, Listemann and Fries.—So much of the properly Orchestral Concerts. We come now to

II. Chamber Music.

Our summary will embrace two seasons of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of four concerts each; the four Quartet Matinées of Mr. Listemann, instituted this last winter; Otto Dresel's Piano Readings (Spring of '68); Hugo Leonhard's four Piano Matinees in April last; J. C. D. Parker's three Trio Soirées, this past Spring; besides various scattering

chamber concerts given by Miss Alide Topp, Mr. Perabo, Petersilea, and others. Unfortunately, as we have not the data at hand, it cannot include the numerous programmes of classical chamber music given by the teachers and pupils of the New England and the Boston Conservatories, which would swell the account considerably. So far as we are able to recall, the different composers have been represented as follows:

J. S. BACH. *Piano-forte pieces*, from Suites, Partitas, Well-tempered Clavichord, &c. (mostly played by Mr. Dresel or Mr. Leonhard); of Sarabandes, Gavottes, Minuets, Airs, Passepieds, &c., &c., say 16 performances; of Preludes and Fugues 6 or 8; also Concerto in D minor, for three pianos.

HANDEL. Variations in D minor, piano, (Miss Topp).

HAYDN. *String Quartets:* No 69, in B flat; No. 75, in G, twice.—*Trios for Piano, Violin & 'Cello:* in G, No. 1; in B flat; in A.

BOCCHERINI. *Quintet* in G, No 62.

MOZART. *Quintet (strings)*, in B flat—*Quartets:* No. 2, D minor; 4, E flat; 6, C (twice); No. —? *'Cello Solo:* Adagio (W. Fries).—*Piano Solos:* Sonata, No. 5, in A minor (Perabo); Adagio in B minor; &c.

DUSSEK. Sonata for Piano and Violin.

BEETHOVEN. *Quartets:* in F, op. 18; A, op. 18; F, op. 59; E minor, do. (twice); A minor, do.; C-sharp minor, op 131; F, op. 135 (twice)—*Trios:* No. 2, in G; 3, C minor (twice); in B flat, op. 97 (3 times)—*Sonatas for Piano and Violin:* in F, op. 24 (4 times); in C minor, op. 30; in A, op. 47 (4 times).—*For Piano and 'Cello:* in G minor, op. 5 (twice); in A, op. 69 (twice).—*For Piano Solo.* in F minor, op. 2; C, op. 2; E flat, op. 7; C minor, op. 10; F, op. 10; B flat, op. 22; A flat, op. 26; C-sharp minor, op. 27; D minor, op. 31; E flat, op. 31; C, op. 53; E minor, op. 90; A flat, op. 110.—*Variations:* in F, op. 34 (Miss Topp); 15 do., with Fugue, in E flat, op. 35, (Perabo).

HUMMEL: *Septet* in D minor.

MOSCHELES: Sonata for 4 hands; "Homage à Händel," do.; Etude in A flat.

SCHUBERT. *Quintet* in C (with 2 'cellos)—*Quartet*, in D minor.—*Trio* (piano and strings), in E flat, op. 100 (5 times).—*Piano and Violin:* Rondo brillant, op. 70.—*Piano Sonata*, F minor, op. 142; Ländlers, Marches, &c.

MENDELSSOHN. *Ottetto*, op. 20.—*Quintet* in B flat, op. 87.—*Quartets:* in B minor, op. 3; E minor, op. 44.—*Trio*, in C minor, op. 66 (3 times)—*Sonata* for Piano and 'Cello, in D, op 58 (5 times).—*Piano Solo:* Songs without Words, 8th Book, (Lang); others, too many to count; Andante con Variazioni (Parker); Caprices, op 16; op 33, No. 2; in E minor; Rondo Capriccioso, E minor (twice); Fantaisies in A minor, and E minor; Scherzo, arr from Reformation Symphony; Presto scherzando; Scherzino; &c, &c.

SCHUMANN. *Quintet* (piano and strings), op. 44.—*Trios:* No. 1, in D minor; in F, op 80.—*Piano:* Arabeske, op. 18; Scherzino in B flat; Toccata, op. 7; Scherzo; Novelettes; Intermezzo; Romanza; 2 Allegros from op 58; "Grillen," "Fabel," op. 12 (twice); "Evening," from Phantasiestucke; Andante, op. 17; Theme and Variations in B flat, for 2 pianos; Slumber Song; Allegro in Canon form; &c.

SPOHR. *Nonetto*, op. 31.—*Violin Concerto*, ("Gesang-Scene") arranged for Flute.

TOMASCHEK. Three *Eclogues* for Piano.

WEBER. *Piano:* Polonaise in E flat Scherzo from a Sonata; Adagio and Rondo presto, do.

CHOPIN. *For Piano:* Impromptus in A flat and C-sharp minor; Fantaisie in F minor, op. 49; Andante Spianato, op. 22 (twice); Rondo in E flat, op. 16; Mazourkas, 10 or more; Polonaises: op. 22; op. 26 (twice); Etudes, 4 at least; Scherzo, from Sonata, op. 31 (twice); do in E, op. 54, and others; Ballades: in G minor (twice); in A flat; Berceuse; Nocturnes, Valses, Preludes, &c. &c.

F. HILLER. *Piano:* Caprice; Valse.

LISZT. Rhapsodies Hongroises, Nos. 1 and 2; "Gnomenreigen"; Valse Caprice, after Schubert; Gondoliera and Tarantella; Songs of Franz, transcribed; &c.

RAFF. Valse Caprice.

A. RUBINSTEIN. *Quintet* in F, op. 59; Etude for piano, in C

STEPHEN HELLER. *Piano:* Etude in D flat, &c.

THALBERG. Cradle Song; Etude; Fantasias, &c.

J. O. GRIMM. Suite in Canon form (for string quintet).

SCHAEFFER, SARAN, DRESEL. Phantasiestucke, &c. for Piano.

Most of the Chamber Concert programmes have been relieved by one or two vocal solos, and it is creditable to our singers, as well as to the public taste to which the singer keeps instinctively quite close, that their selections have been of so high an order. Airs and Cavatinas from Italian and French opera, namby-pamby sentimental ballads, &c., visit the concert room with much less frequency than formerly; ears once so pertinaciously bored by that tribe, are now wooed and won by strains of finer influence. For instance—though we cannot be exact—the nobler masters of song have ministered to us through their sincere melodies, somewhat as follows:

BACH, in several Arias, (as well as Chorals),—not, we are sorry to say, so often as in some previous years.

HANDEL. Dozens of times, in half a dozen airs: familiar ones of old.

GLUCK. Two airs.

MOZART. We count 12 various airs from operas, and songs, several of them sung frequently.

BEETHOVEN. The Liederkreis "*An die ferne Geliebte*," "Ah Perfido;" "Adelaide;" Quartet and Scena, from *Fidelio*.

SCHUBERT. 10 Songs, including (besides the well-worn ones) "Kolma's Klage," "Du bist die Ruh," "Geheimes" (*Lo Secret*), &c. Also several Hymns and Choruses for male voices.

MENDELSSOHN. 14 Songs, besides Arias from Oratorios and Psalms.

SCHUMANN. 9 Songs, including part of the cycle "Dichterliebe," the Duet "Unter'm Fenster," &c.

ROBERT FRANZ. Some 15 Songs, some of which have figured in a good many programmes.

FERD. HILLER, GADE, DESSAUER, &c., in a few instances.

ROSSINI, of course, often.

We have yet to sum up the Oratorio and Choral performances, the Organ music, &c., &c.

Concerts.

THE CHICKERING CLUB invited their friends to the pleasant Hall that bears that name a few weeks ago, and gave them a delightful feast of their singularly refined and perfect male Part Singing. The selections were all choice and seasonable, the words beautiful, mostly little poems of Nature, about "Night," "Early Morning," "Winter," "The Mountains," "The Woodland Rose," "On the Water," &c.; or patriotic; or, as in the case of "Vineta," the sunken city, mystical-romantic; and the English translations had been made with great felicity and tact by a poetic member of the Club. The compositions were by Schubert, Gade, Abt, Fischer, Marschner, Kucken; and for a finale, best of all, and in a grander strain, [illegible] they sang Mendelssohn's [illegible] music to Schiller's Ode "To the Artists."

The Peace Jubilee.

Having to go to press this week on Wednesday morning, we have hardly a column left in which to make a few notes on the performance of the first day. The scene on entering the huge Coliseum was indeed most imposing. The sight of all those faces turned toward you from the vast amphitheatre filled by ten thousand singers and a thousand instrumentalists, all full of glowing expectation, and of the audience of more than twelve thousand, covering floor and balconies, was inspiring. The building, too, with its strong, light framework, however plain without, is beautiful within, and the decoration with flags and banners excellent in color and design. Much as we disliked the extravagance of the plan originally, and shrank from the boastful style of the announcement of this "greatest musical festival ever held in any part of the world," (as if *greatness* were to be measured by mere magnitude and numbers!)—we cheerfully make haste to own that the result so far has in many respects agreeably disappointed us. Upon the whole, a better thing has been wrought out of it, than a plan so vain-glorious in the conception, so unscrupulously advertised and glorified before it had begun to be, and having so much of claptrap mixed up with what there was good in its programme, gave one any reasonable right to expect. But the wide, stupendous advertising filled thousands of minds with an enthusiasm which, if ignorant, was entirely honest; the mustering of all the clans of song, in such vast numbers, all within one city and one building, fired the imagination of the singers far and wide; and then, when the thing was really taken hold of by those with money to ensure, and business energy and skill to organize, the inordinate dimensions of the plan had to be reduced to make it practicable (even while the boastful advertising went on!),—and that reduction was the saving of the enterprise. For the managerial end of awakening attention far and wide, the biggest numbers served; but to really musical and thinking persons, the smaller the number, the greater the recommendation. Hence when the chorus of 20,000 was reduced one-half; the real orchestra from 1,000 to [illegible]; the 20,000 children to 6,000; and the building itself cut down accordingly, the thing began to look more feasible and more attractive: for of course 10,000 voices must sound better than 20,000.

But we have no time now to take the whole great subject up from the beginning. We can only say that the success of Tuesday was in the main glorious and inspiring. The vast audience were greatly stirred, delighted. The best effects were those achieved by the great Chorus. The unity of impression was much better than we had dared to expect; for it had seemed a very doubtful problem whether the sound of the nearest and the furthest voices, hundreds of feet apart, could reach the ear at the same instant. In the plainer harmony, with long sustained tones, like the opening Luther's Choral, we felt no lack of unity,—only, at each pause a faint nimbus of remoter harmony was heard after the nearer mass of voices had ceased. More rapid and complicated movements were of course less clear and precise in outline. But in all, the wonder was that so vast a chorus sang so well together; it was a proud proof of the wide-spread choral culture in the region which has Boston for its centre. The Mozart *Gloria* and the *Inflammatus*, in which Mr. Zerrahn conducted, went the best, and indeed admirably. Mme. Parepa-Rosa's voice told better, doubtless, than any other voice could have done in the solo; yet it sounded very far off, and did not justify the introduction of solo singing in so vast a place. The same of [illegible] *Mass*, in which the [illegible] made a rich sound in the old [illegible]. The Star-Spangled Banner, it is pretty certain, never was sung so well before, nor with effect so electrifying at least in some of its [illegible] tunes. Keller's "American Hymn," being [illegible] an honest [illegible] [illegible] the things [illegible] [illegible] a trivial thing for any ear [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] The gun [illegible] [illegible] conducted by Mr. [illegible] in person [illegible] [illegible] *Tannhäuser* [illegible] It was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Handel and Haydn Society. The annual meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, was held in Bumstead Hall, May 31, the president of the society, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, in the chair.

The report of the treasurer showed that the receipts of the society from concerts, &c., including a balance on hand of $1129 71 at the beginning of the year, were $9723 12. The whole of this was expended in paying sundry bills and current expenses. The treasurer was consequently without any funds, but as the society was out of debt no assessment was necessary. The present value of the permanent funds of the society was $8195.

The report of the librarian showed that the library was in good condition. A beautiful fac-simile copy of Handel's autograph score of the Messiah, in chromo lithograph, had been presented by Carl Zerrahn, and a fine engraving representing the "Apotheosis of Handel" was presented by Dr. Upham.

The president read the annual report, which we print elsewhere in full.

The following officers were reëlected for the ensuing year:—

President, J. Baxter Upham.
Vice-President, O. J. Faxon.
Secretary, Loring B. Barnes.
Librarian, George G. Chickering,
Treasurer, George W. Palmer.
Directors, D. L. Laws, E. C. Daniell, R. M. Lowell, Oliver B. Lothrop, George Fisher, Samuel Jennison, Levi W. Johnson, William H. Wadleigh.

Boston Music Hall Association. The annual meeting of the stockholders was held at the Music Hall, June 9th, J. Baxter Upham, the President, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer was read, showing the receipts for the year to be as follows:

From Organ Concerts	$2,991 85
Other Concerts	9,184 00
Fairs, Lectures and other gatherings	18,278 50
Use of Hall for Sunday Services	2,500 00
Yearly rent of New England Conservatory of Music	2,500 00
Use of Bumstead Hall and Ante-rooms	1,392 00
Sale of Organ Books	50 00
Profits of Exhibition of Busts, etc.	105 83
	$31,912 21

Payments for the year were as follows:

For gas	$3,485 84
Fuel	508 00
Insurance	1,562 50
Interest	3,867 88
Taxes	2,460 20
Salaries	1,200 00
Sundry Expenses	11,587 57
	24,671 93
Profits of the year	7,240 28
	$31,912 21

The account was referred to an Auditing Committee with instructions to report to the Directors at as early a day as practicable

The President made a report on the condition of the affairs of the corporation, saying that all the property was in good condition, and called the attention of members to the fact that six pictures had been presented to the association during the past year by Mr. Gardner Brewer. These were all portraits of musical composers, celebrated in their day, one of them having been the teacher of Beethoven. A marble bust of Charlotte Cushman had also been presented by Mrs. Gorham Brooks.

The subject of Insurance was brought up, and it was stated that the amount on the building was $75,000; on the organ $60,000, and on the statue of Beethoven $2,000. Many members thought the insurance on the building was more than enough to cover any loss which they were liable to sustain, although the amount on the organ was not too high. The President stated that this instrument could not be replaced short of $100,000 at the present time, and that it cost about $60,000 in gold

The discussion was now dropped, and the subject of electing Directors for the ensuing year being the next business, a Nominating Committee was appointed. They reported the following list who were all unanimously reelected:

J. Baxter Upham, R. E. Apthorp, Eben Dale, E. T. Osborn, H. W. Pickering, John P. Putnam, S. Lothrop Thorndike.

Bernhard Molique.

A slight memorial of one of the worthiest human beings that ever existed, and one of the most complete artists who have expressed themselves in Music, is due to the sterling merits of Bernhard Molique Though no one could number him among the men of genius who have figured so brilliantly during the past half-century, his conscientious working-out of every talent which he possessed by nature, and could improve by study, give the deceased that high place among his predecessors and contemporaries which it is fit and fair to claim for him now that his simple, laborious and honorable life is over.

He was born at Nuremburg in the year 1803. His father, a town musician (to which position there is no equivalent in England or in France), obliged the boy to make himself useful on many instruments—an admirable musical training. When he was fourteen years of age he was sent to Munich and placed under Rovelli, first violinist of the Royal Chapel. Two years later he was in the orchestra of the Theater an der Wien, at Vienna; subsequently he returned to the Bavarian capital, to succeed his master as first court violinist, when only seventeen years of age. I have heard his contemporaries speak of his playing at that time as something rash, daring and brilliant in no common degree. But I must doubt the fidelity of such a character. It is more certain that the sobriety and sedateness of his manner (unimpeachable as was his execution), and the strictly classical forms of his compositions, stood in the way of his success at a time when such more showy but less solid men as Lafont, De Beriot and Paganini were abroad. After travelling for some years as a *virtuoso*, he took up his abode in Stuttgart. There he was resorted to and consulted as a master of his instrument. On the breaking out of the troubles in Germany, encouraged by the respect shown him during previous visits to this country, he took that resolution which is always perilous in one whose nationality is distinct and whose habits are formed—of changing his country; and settled himself in England. Here there was no occupation for him analogous to that he had left in his own land. But it was admirable to see how he conformed himself to our requirements. Incessantly—too incessantly—occupied with composition, for "all sorts and conditions" of musicians, and as a matter of nature and conscience always doing his best, never debasing the standard he had set for himself, with a view to popular requirements, Herr Molique undertook the exhausting duties of a professor of harmony and composition. That he was singularly happy in his pupils may be seen in future records of English music and musicians. No one profited by his teaching who did not esteem and regard the man, apart from his lessons. This, be it said without indelicacy, was proved emphatically and gratefully, when his tired hand could write no longer, and his tired brain had to take rest beyond the contest and turmoil of London. He died quietly, at home, after a long period of bodily and mental decay, "among his own people," without, it is hoped, a want or a care.

To appraise his value as a composer is not an easy task. His favorite work, "Abraham," an elaborate oratorio, proves, after all that could be said and sung about it, to be little more than a reflex of "Elijah." His violin concertos, I believe, will *wear*,—so long, at least, as any show-music can wear. After the one by Beethoven, and the one by Mendelssohn, there are few, if any, works of the kind in which fancy and classical texture are so happily combined. Some of his songs are charming. "If o'er the boundless sky" (so capitally sung by Miss Masson), and 'The Gondolier Song," are as good as any contributions to the world of German song-writers ever made—Schubert's not excepted.

To end, Bernhard Molique was, as a man, childlike, gracious, unsuspecting, unselfish, without bitterness; and this is remarkable, when the worth of his labors and the smallness of his gains are considered.—*Athenæum.* Henry F. Chorley.

Carlsruhe. Herr Ed. Devrient, the well known German actor, (with whose "Recollections of Mendelssohn" we have been making our readers acquainted) lately celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary. A short time previously, he had refused a very flattering offer from Stuttgardt, preferring to remain here. The Grand-Duke has now made him General-Director of the Theatre. On the day of the anniversary, Herr Devrient received congratulatory messages and letters from his brother actors and from his admirers in all parts of Germany, besides the Order of the Crown, &c., &c.

Cologne. The greatest regret is manifested among all classes at the resolution of Herr Ferdinand Hiller to throw up the post he has so long filled with credit to himself and eminent advantage to the city. According to report, his retirement is due to a feeling of indignation at a series of annoyances and vexations to which he has been subjected. Herr Hiller had for some time past demanded an augmentation of his salary as Town Conductor, and the guarantee of a pension for himself and his family; he had likewise expressed a wish that his position should be assured by a proper legal contract; but neither of these requests was gratified, and he has, therefore, determined to sever his official connection with the town.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Footprints in the Sand. *Braham.* 30
Good comic song, about the pretty prints of a lady's foot on the beach sands of Rockaway. Pleasing melody.

I can't make up my mind. *Smith.* 30
Quite unfortunate, as the young ladies, (as *he* believes) are quite anxious he should choose. Good music, and amusing words.

I'm as happy as a bird. *Hernandez.* 30
Comic love song, with a very quaint and pleasing melody.

Farewell. 3. D to f. *Stark.* 30
Fine poetry, happily adapted to the music.

Bill Craven. *Collins.* 30
A hearty sea song, full of quirks and puns; as when the ship sails out of the harbor, while "his love she went to see;" or, as when Bill, sighting a pirate, exclaims, thinking of his cargo, "I ope—I—am to save my op--i--um!"

The Swiss Boy. (Steh nur auf). Varied. 6. C to *a*. *Piris.* 65
The well known melody, exquisitely varied for the voice. Has an easier and a more difficult part, but neither are easy. Fine concert piece, and has been recently sung "with great applause."

Chevy Chase. 3 E♭ to e. *M'Farren.* 30
The good old English ballad. Everybody has heard of it, but hardly anybody knows it.

The Crystal Cave. Duet. 3. C to *g*. *Glover.* 65
One would think that Glover's duets would deteriorate after a while, but this is as good as the best.

God keep our country free. 30
A fine hymn, sung at the great "Peace Jubilee." Russian melody.

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Hall. Chorus. 30
It still holds its own as one of the most melodious of melodies, but now is a "song of ten thousand" as it still echoes over the Jubilee neighborhood in Boston. On Thursday's programme.

A Hymn of Peace. Chorus. 2 F to f. *Keller.* 30
Keller's American Hymn, with O. W. Holmes' admirable words. On Tuesday's programme at the Jubilee.

The Monk. (Il Monaco). 5. F to e. *Meyerbeer.* 75
A fine concert song, sung by M. W. Whitney and others. A poor young Monk is struggling to concentrate his mind on religious duties, but is sadly distracted by dreams of the gay world.

Instrumental.

Festival Waltzes. (Wein, Weib und Gesang). 3. *Strauss.* 75
A bright, cheerful collection, quite suitable for a "festival" set, as Strauss is one of the best of "Festival" conductors.

Magali. Grand Waltz. 4. E♭. *Leybach.* Op. 83.
A brilliant waltz in Leybach's masterly style.

Fifth Nocturne. 4. A♭. *Leybach,* Op. 52.
One of the prettiest; graceful and flowing, the melody pleasing and soothing.

Memory. "Summer Reveries." *Wilson.* 50
Among the Hills. " " " 50
Two very graceful productions, and very seasonable. Take them with you on your summer jaunt, and play them by the mountain or sea-side.

Books.

Glad Tidings. A Collection of New Hymns and Music, for Sabbath Schools, Anniversaries, &c. By *L. O. Emerson* and *L. B. Starkweather.* Boards, 35: paper, 30
Both teachers and pupils will welcome this new book, by two authors of rare taste, the first of whom at least is "known by his works" to some hundreds of thousands, the latter also, having an excellent musical reputation. One need not turn over the leaves of the book long to become convinced that there is nothing dull in it. On the contrary, both hymns and music are concise, bright and cheerful to a degree that cannot fail to please young singers.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music) Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 737. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869. VOL. XXIX. NO. 8.

The Peace Jubilee.

ITS CONCEPTION, EARLY STRUGGLES, AND ORGANIZATION.

(From the Daily Advertiser, June 15).

The great oak which overshadows Boston to-day, and to which the nation looks with interest, had its acorn in the brain of Mr. P. S. Gilmore. Whatever credit is to be given to others for energy, sagacity and liberality in pushing the plan on to completeness and success, to him alone belongs the honor of originating the idea. Seven cities claim the birth of Homer; there is even dispute as to priority in suggesting the name of the President who visits us to-morrow; but nobody has been audacious enough to attempt to divide with Mr. Gilmore the glory of the conception of the Peace Jubilee. No friend suggested it to him; no acquaintance advised him. Warmed into life by the great stimulus of travel, the first idea had birth in Mr. Gilmore's mind just two years ago this month, as he was going up and down the land in his business. It has never ceased in progress since, but has increased in size and momentum steadily, as the snowball becomes an avalanche, until it has the magnitude which we see in Boston to-day,—covering an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, calling into being the largest audience hall in the world, drawing together hosts of people from every part of the country as far as the Pacific coast, summoning into its service the best musical talent, talked about the world over.

But the progress at first was very slow. Nobody but the projector himself will ever fully realize with how many difficulties it was attended. At first Mr. Gilmore only talked about it to few people, confidentially, seeking encouragement and getting instead cold water by the bucketful. It was not until after the presidential election of 1868 that he began to make formal calls in explanation of his project, and solicitation of aid, subscriptions and indorsement. By that time the plan had assumed a complete and symmetrical form in Mr. Gilmore's own mind; and it is interesting to compare the sketch of a programme which he had printed in those days as a prospectus, with the full blown arrangements which people now have almost by heart. There is very little difference. Some changes of course have been made. The time of the Festival has been expanded from three days to five, and the number of the chorus has been pared down from twenty thousand voices to little more than ten thousand. But the grand outlines of the picture, the character of the music, even most of the selections, remain as Mr. Gilmore drew them. The very ball, on the evening of the 17th of June, which comes up now as the latest fruit of consultation, was provided for in this sketch prepared in December last.

It was on the first days of the new year that the public at large was given its first hints of what was in store. These came in mysterious paragraphs in the Boston newspapers, framed at first so as to arouse without gratifying curiosity, followed up in a few days with gradually more and more explicit expositions of the matter. Letters of sympathy and encouragement from leading citizens, in official and private life, and from eminent musicians, were published one by one. The newspapers of Boston editorially commended and favored the project; those of other cities were disposed to sneer at it and bring it to ridicule, but at the same time its magnitude and aggressiveness were such that they were forced to talk about it, and thus the great end was gained of bringing the matter prominently before the people. Soon everybody was talking about it. There was [illegible] room for difference of opinion on the musical and the financial practicability of the undertaking; thus discussion was stimulated, and everything seemed brisk and prosperous.

It was shortly after this that the enterprise had its darkest days. Mr. Gilmore fell ill. The talking community were wide awake for a time, but the doing, subscribing, paying community were rather disposed to hold aloof. Canvassing for the guarantee fund was up-hill work. Other men who tried it gave up discouraged after a few days' experience. But Mr. Gilmore kept pegging away. In one day he called upon seventy business firms and obtained seventy refusals to subscribe so much as a dollar. But the percentage of negative answers was not always so large. In the course of two months' work pledges were obtained of forty thousand dollars,—about one quarter of the amount originally estimated as likely to be required. Then a private meeting of business men and musical people was called, and took place on the 13th of March. Mr. Gilmore's enthusiasm at last seemed to have struck fire; his enthusiasm became contagious. Mr. Eben D. Jordan consented to act as treasurer. A building committee was also appointed. A few days later the citizen subscribers organized into a working body, with Hon. A. H. Rice as president, and committees for every branch of the enterprise [illegible] into which the details of the work naturally divided. The public interest was [illegible]. Musical people everywhere began to [illegible] and [illegible]. The city government appointed a [illegible] to [illegible] with the organization [illegible]; and the labor of Mr. Gilmore [illegible] was [illegible] among a body of [illegible] workers.

A [illegible] interruption [illegible] the [illegible] flow of [illegible] when it became necessary to [illegible] the location of the building for the Festival. The [illegible] had [illegible] this [illegible]. Suggestions of using the [illegible] part of the Common had been so warmly [illegible] that the idea was given up, and it [illegible] the Back Bay lands would be selected. But [illegible] the gentlemen of the citizens' organization thought the Common [illegible] would be [illegible] advantageous [illegible] many [illegible]; and on their application leave was [illegible] by the municipal authorities without [illegible] of the subject. Objections were [illegible] by many of the [illegible] to [illegible] enterprise to the proposed [illegible] of our great breathing-place. Numerous signatures were appended to a protest; many leading citizens addressed the board of aldermen in remonstrance, and though that body adhered to its first action, the committee wisely and gracefully gave way to public opinion; and the announcement was made that the original selection of St. James Park had been again and finally resolved.

No further clouds have marred the progress of the Festival to its fruition to-day. Work went ahead swiftly in many departments at the same time. The contract for the building was given to Jonah P. Sears & Sons, and on the [illegible] of March they staked out the land. They have been at work ever since, often by night as well as by day, employing about two hundred workmen; and the last stroke of their hammer will ring through the big spaces this morning. About the same time Mr. Tourjee began to organize the grand chorus, and Mr. Zerrahn to drill the Boston nucleus of the force; and these two gentlemen, both incomparably well fitted for their respective divisions, have been hard at work every day and almost every evening. Mr. J. Thomas Baldwin has been selecting the orchestra. A firm in Grantville have searched out the big oxen and made the big drum. The Messrs. Hook have devised, constructed and set up the organ, small but mighty. Competent persons have directed the extensive advertising, the decorations of the building, the sale of tickets, the engagement of soloists, the provision for guests, and so on through more ramifications of detail than we have space to enumerate.

THE CHORUS.

The duty of selecting and supervising a chorus of from ten to twenty thousand persons was one of the most arduous and responsible duties connected with the whole enterprise. Mr. Gilmore proposed to Mr. Eben Tourjee, the director of the New England Conservatory of Music, to accept the trust, and after some hesitation and mature deliberation he did so. The wisdom of this selection of Mr. Tourjee is now fully manifest; for his enthusiasm and affable disposition, as well as the extensive knowledge and experience which he possessed, have contributed largely to the harmonious development of this branch of the great project. Having accepted the charge, Mr. Tourjee, on the [illegible] of March, issued his first circular, which invited the co-operation of the musical people of the country, stated the proposed plan of organization, and the Choruses to be sung. Within a very short time after the circular was issued seventy-five societies had reported according to its terms, and the response from all portions of the country was eminently satisfactory and encouraging. On the 18th of March a special circular was issued, and by the middle of April the applications and acceptances of vocalists had been so numerous that the requisite number had been secured, and it was found necessary to issue "Chorus Circular No. 2," stating that the chorus was already full, and giving such instructions as were thought necessary to those who had become its members. From that time until the present the different societies, which are to participate in the festivities of the next four days, have been actively engaged in rehearsing the music to be sung by them on this occasion. The rehearsals of [illegible], as is well known, have taken place in Boston and Music Halls; and they have been largely attended, and full of interest. Early in May the work of classifying the members of the Boston chorus began, and each applicant was obliged to pass individually under the examination of Mr. Tourjee, in order that his or her qualifications might be tested. Over three thousand persons of Boston and vicinity were examined by Mr. Tourjee; and the directors of associations and societies in distant places are held to a like responsibility for the capacity of the singers under their charge.

Below we give a list of the choral organizations which have been accepted, and which will take part in the exercises during the week:

MASSACHUSETTS.

[illegible] —Carl Zerrahn, [illegible] Musical Directors. [illegible] members.

[illegible] Baxter Upham [illegible] B. Barnes, Musical Director, Carl Zerrahn [illegible].

[illegible] South Boston.—President, F. H. [illegible] O'Connell. Musical Director, J. C. D. Par[illegible].

[illegible] John H. Roberts, Secretary, F. H. [illegible] Director, John W. Tufts, [illegible].

[illegible] John G. Henry [illegible].

[illegible] Union.—President, [illegible] Musical Director, [illegible].

[illegible] President, F. H. [illegible] Secretary, George A. Fuller; Musical Director, Carl Zerrahn [illegible].

[illegible] President, A. [illegible] Secretary, H. [illegible] Musical Director, J. B. [illegible].

Springfield [illegible] President, W. [illegible] Secretary, H. F. [illegible] Musical Director [illegible] 113 members.

Georgetown [illegible] Secretary, Charles Beecher; Musical Director, E. Wi[illegible] members.

Newburyport..President, D. C. Noyes; Musical Director, Charles P. Morrison; 42 members.

Haverhill Musical Union...President, J. E. Gale, Secretary, W. Ayer; Musical Director, J. K. Colby; 132 members.

Fall River Chorus Society. President, D. H. Dyer; Secretary, N. R. Earl; Musical Director, C. H. Robbins; 75 members.

Medford..President, Isaac Moorehouse; Secretary, P. R. Litchfield; Musical Director, W. A. Webber; 84 members.

Weymouth..President, Silas Richards; Secretary, W. O. Nash; Musical Director, C. H. Webb; 138 members.

Athol Musical Association. President, C. C. Bassett; Secretary, Dr. James P. Oliver; Musical Director, George S. Cheney; Assistant Musical Director, W. S. Wiggin; 40 members.

Quincy Point Choral Society...President, T. H. Newcomb; Secretary, P. T. Hillman; Musical Director, E. P. Haywood; 30 members.

Groton Centre Musical Association. President, Nathan R. Thayer; Secretary, J. K. Bennett; Musical Director, Dr. Norman Smith; 49 members.

Malden Chorus Club...President, George P. Cox; Secretary, W. A. Wild; Musical Director, O. B. Brown; 56 members.

Plymouth Rock Choral Society. President, Calvin S. Damon; Secretary, P. B. Drew; Musical Director, John H. Harlow; 20 members.

South Abington Choral Society. President, Bela Allen; Secretary, Washington Peterson; Musical Director, William A. Boales; 46 members.

Waltham Choral Union.. President, J. W. Fairbanks; Secretary, G. A. Bates; Musical Director, J. S. Jones; 143 members.

Fitchburg Choral Society. President, Moses G. Lyon; Secretary, B. Frank Wallis; Musical Director, Moses G. Lyon; 73 members.

East Douglas Musical Society. President, Wm. Hunt; Secretary, G. W. Spencer; Musical Director, John C. Waters; 25 members.

Quincy. President, C. A. Howland; Secretary, C. H. Porter; Musical Director, H. B. Brown; 60 members.

Lawrence. President, F. E. Clark; Secretary, W. P. Cooper; Musical Director, S. A. Ellis; 167 members.

Abington Centre..President, D. Powers; Secretary, G. A. Beal. Musical Director, Henry Noyes; 45 members.

Yarmouth Chorus Club..President, D. G. Eldridge; Secretary, E. B. Paine; Musical Director, Jairus Lincoln; 28 members.

Sandwich Choral Society..President, Uriel F. Sherman; Secretary, Samuel Fessenden; Musical Director, H. Hersey Heald; 21 members.

Hyannis..President, A. C. Swift; Secretary, C. H. Nye; Musical Director, R. Weeks; 24 members.

Mansfield. President, John Rogers; Secretary, Pliny M. Cobb; Musical Director, George E. Bailey; 35 members.

Holliston..President, O. M. Bullard; Secretary, Henry W. Parker; Musical Director, W. L. Payson; 50 members.

Melrose Musical Association..President, H. E. Trowbridge; Secretary, E. H. Goss; Musical Director, H. E. Trowbridge; 20 members.

Northfield..President, J. B. Callender; Secretary, Rev. J. T. Clark; Musical Director, Miss M. A. Field; 24 members.

Springfield Choral Union. President, S. A. Prince; Secretary, T. N. Newton; Musical Director, J. D. Hutchins; 24 members.

North Abington..President, John Ford; Secretary, E. H. Denham. Musical Director, J. F. L. Whitmarsh; 21 members.

East Somerville..President and Musical Director, S. D. Hadley; Secretary, C. H. W. Wood; 29 members.

Sherborn Musical Association..President, G. W. Bennett; Secretary, A. H. Blanchard; Musical Director, Augustus H. Leland; 22 members.

South Braintree Choral Society. President, Joseph Porter; Secretary, Mr. J. W. Holbrook; Musical Director, H. Wilde; 140 members.

Whitinsville. President, O. B. Moulton; Secretary, Wm. Foster; Musical Director, B. L. M. Smith; 13 members.

New Bedford..President, L. B. Ellis; Secretary, Stephen Crowell; Musical Director, J. E. Eaton, Jr.; 75 members.

West Acton Schubert Choral Union..President, John Fletcher, Jr.; Secretary, N. E. Cutler; Musical Director, George Gardner; 40 members.

Middleborough..President, L. H. Harlow; Secretary, Joseph Wood; Musical Director, A. J. Pickens; 23 members.

East Boston Choral Society..President, C. G. Rowell; Musical Director, Dexter A. Tompkins; 54 members.

Hopkinton..President and Musical Director, B. S. Nason; Secretary, M. B. Mayhury; 31 members.

Methuen..President, Jacob Emerson; Secretary, George A. Harris; 35 members.

Natick. President, E. C. Morse; Secretary, J. Wilde; Musical Director, J. Asten Broul. 102 members.

Milford. President, Rev. G. L. Demarest; Secretary, Deane Battles; Musical Director, C. J. Thompson; 38 members.

Woburn..President, Charles A. Smith; Secretary, Josiah Hovey; Musical Director, P. K. Bancroft; 58 members.

Lowell..President, John McEvoy; Secretary, Benjamin Walker; Musical Director, Solon W. Stevens; 148 members.

Amesbury Musical Association..President, Benjamin S. Blake; Secretary, F. B. French; Musical Director, Moses Flanders; 65 members.

Belmont Musical Association..President, F. E. Yates; Secretary, E. Adams; 37 members.

Acushnet Musical Association..President, Thomas Hersom; Secretary, Lewis H. Pratt; Musical Director, Ammi Howard; 21 members.

Framingham. President, F. S. Prentice; Secretary, J. W. Clark, Jr.; Musical Director, L. O. Emerson; 40 members.

Winchester Choral Society..President, Henry B. Metcalf; Secretary, D. W. Kimball; Musical Director, J. C. Johnson; 48 members.

Webster..President, J. Hetherington; Secretary, L. D. Waters; Musical Director, Carl Krebs; 23 members.

Ashland. President, Rev. M. M. Cutter; Secretary, P. Emerson; Musical Director, C. V. Mason; 41 members.

North Bridgewater..President, C. R. Ford; Secretary, F. A. Thayer; Musical Director, Dr. G. R. Whitney; 131 members.

Reading Musical Association. President, D. G. Richardson; Secretary, W. H. Perkins; 43 members.

Leominster. President, C. A. Chase; Secretary, E. F. Pierce; Musical Director, E. H. Bailey; 54 members.

Sterling..President, Jonathan Sawyer; Secretary and Musical Director, Birney Mann; 18 members.

Andover..President, Albert Abbott; Secretary, H. P. Beard. Musical Director, George Kingman; 32 members.

Groveland..President, J. A. Savary; Secretary, Chas. W. Spofford; Musical Director, L. Hopkins; 25 members.

Taunton Beethoven Society. President, William B. Crandell; Secretary, P. E. Deane; Musical Director, L. Soule; 97 members.

Lynn. President, Hon. Roland G. Usher; Secretary, C. H. Aborn; Musical Director, Rufus Pierce; 133 members.

Westfield..President, J. B. Cladwin; Secretary, J. G. Scott; 36 members.

Roxbury..President, H. W. Brown; Secretary, D. T. Harraden; 35 members.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Manchester..President, Alpheus Gay; Secretary, D. C. Gould, Jr.; Musical Director, E. T. Baldwin, 40 members.

Nashua..President, Charles N. Merrill. Secretary, J. P. S. Otterson; Musical Director, E. P. Phillips; 49 members.

Wolfeborough Union Chorus and Glee Club..President, Jacob Hanson; Secretary, D. E. Whitten; Musical Director, M. T. Cate; 31 members.

Plaistow Choral Society. President, Frances N. Flanders; Secretary, Rev. A. Colburn; Musical Director, Mrs. J. T. Nichols; 23 members.

Keene. President, C. M. Wyman; Secretary, J. A. French; Musical Conductors, G. W. Foster and C. M. Wyman; 43 members.

Farmington. President, Thomas Cocke; Secretary, James E. Fernald; Musical Director, B. F. Ashton; 20 members.

Lebanon. President, Solon A. Peck; Secretary, E. H. Thompson; Musical Director, J. M. Perkins; 30 members.

New Hampton. President and Musical Director, Z. C. Perkins; Secretary, James P. Lewis; 29 members.

Salmon Falls..President, Wm. P. Brooks; Secretary, A. H. Crane; Musical Director, George W. Brookings; 30 members.

Exeter, Rockingham Musical Association..President and Musical Director, Rev. J. W. Pickering, Jr. Secretary, Dr. C. H. Gerish. 82 members.

Concord Choral Society..Secretary, S. Humphrey. Musical Director, John Jackson. 96 members.

Francestown. President, W. A. Richards. Secretary, Dr. C. F. Fitts. Musical Director, G. Epps. 31 members.

Dover, Strafford County Musical Association. President and Musical Director, W. O. Perkins. Secretary, J. S. Hayes. 193 members.

Laconia, Belknap Musical Association..President, W. N. Blair. Secretary, R. H. Carter. Musical Director, Ralph N. Merrill. 34 members.

Suncook Choral Society..President, C. B. Hildreth. Secretary, E. B. Gould. Musical Director, J. C. Cram. 31 members.

VERMONT.

Randolph, Orange County Musical Society..President, J. W. Fargo. Secretary, C. R. Montague. Musical Director, George Dodge. 18 members.

Rutland. President, F. A. Fisher. Secretary, W. D. Goodnow. Musical Director, B. I. Humphrey. 50 members.

Middlebury. President, Dugald Stewart. Secretary, E. A. Dowd. Musical Director, C. F. Stone. 26 members.

MAINE.

Damariscotta, Rossini Club..President, Rev. J. J. Bulfinch. Secretary, E. W. Dunbar. Musical Director, G. M. Thurlow. 32 members.

Farmington Choral Society. President and Musical Director, C. A. Allen. Secretary, J. T. Gay. 27 members.

Augusta. President, George Weeks. Secretary, A. Partridge. Musical Director, Waldemar Malmene. 23 members.

Saco. President, E. N. Hodsdon. Secretary, Manson Seavey. Musical Director, G. G. Additon. Assistant Musical Director, W. A. Hodgkins. 69 members.

Lewiston, Androscoggin Musical Society..President, A. D. Lockwood. Secretary, R. C. Pennell. Musical Director, Seth Sumner. 61 members.

Bangor. President, Rev. S. P. Fay. F. S. Davenport, Director. E. F. Duren, Secretary. 57 members.

CONNECTICUT.

New Haven Choral Union..President and Musical Director, J. H. Wheeler. Secretary, A. B. Dodge. 83 members.

Thomsonville, Enfield..President, J. S. Allen. Secretary, C. F. Wright. Musical Director, E. F. Parsons. 14 members.

Waterbury. President, J. W. Smith. Secretary, R. M. Smith. 42 members.

Wallingford..President, —— Miller. Secretary, W. G. Beach. J. H. Wheeler, Director. 40 members.

Lakeville (Salisbury). President, George B. Burrall. Secretary, F. C. French. Musical Conductor and Pianist, D. F. Stillman. 20 members.

RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Choral Society. President, John F. Adams. Musical Director, George W. Hazelwood. Secretary, Charles O. Read. 33 members.

Providence..President and Musical Conductor, Lewis T. Downes. Secretary, John W. Noyes. Treasurer and Librarian, Edwin Baker. 82 members.

NEW YORK.

Granville..President, Rev. J. M. Crawford. Secretary, B. F. Ottarson. Musical Director, D. B. Worley. 28 members.

Malone Musical Association. President, S. I. Palmer. Secretary, H. E. Perkins. Musical Director, T. H. Attwood. 21 members.

Saratoga Springs..President, S. E. Bushnell. Secretary, S. H. Richards. 48 members.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago Mendelssohn Society..President, George B. Upton. Secretary, James R. Murray; Musical Director, J. A. Butterfield. 95 members.

OHIO.

Mansfield..President, J. M. Jolley. Vice-President, W. H. Heistand. Secretary, G. W. Klock. Treasurer, G. W. Blymyer. Librarian, L. Wolfarth. Musical Conductor, W. H. Ingersoll. 29 members.

Cleveland. President, S. A. Fuller. Secretary, J. W. Walter. 28 members.

The chorus, constituted of the societies mentioned above, will number in the aggregate over ten thousand voices, of which Massachusetts furnishes about 8,500; New Hampshire, 810; Maine 279; Vermont, 94; Connecticut, 199; Rhode Island, 136; New York, 111; Illinois, 95; and Ohio, 60. As seats had been provided for only ten thousand singers, it was found necessary to furnish additional accommodations for all over that number. Two rows of seats were therefore placed in position yesterday in the promenade in the southern end of the building.

THE SOLOISTS.

In addition to Mme. Parepa-Rosa and Miss Adelaide Philapps, who have been secured to sing much of the solo music, the following leading singers have also been engaged:

Soprani. Miss Annie M. Granger, Miss S. W. Barton, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Sophie Mozart, Miss Lizzie M. Gates, Miss A. S. Whitten, Miss Graziella Ridgway, Mrs. D. C. Hall, Mrs. J. W. Weston, Mrs. Fiske of Worcester.

Alti. Miss Addie S. Ryan, Mrs. Charles A. Barry, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. A. C. Munroe of Worcester, and Mesdames S. J. Sharland, T. H. Emmons and J. J. Henry.

Bassi. Signor A. Ardavani, and Messrs. J. F. Rudolphsen, P. H. Powers, C. A. Guilmette, H. C. Barnabee, C. H. McClellan, E. B. Fairbanks, G. W. Hazelwood, Hiram Wilde, J. E. Perkins, J. J. Kimball, M. W. Whitney, Henry M. Aiken.

Tenori. James Whitney, H. L. Whitney, W. H. Daniel, L. W. Wheeler, W. W. Davis, D. F. Fitz, James P. Draper, Edward Prescott.

The following singers, selected to "save the chorus," as it is termed, have also been accepted, most of them being residents of Boston or its immediate vicinity:

Misses Mittie F. Osgood, Annie L. Harman, Emma A. Hamlin, E. Fannie Whipple, Hattie M. Safford, A. Florence Holmes, Louisa J. Sharland, Emma F. Read, Mary E. Nichols, Laura M. Porter, Emma V. Hayter, L. Osborne, Marie Bishop, S. Augusta Henry, Lottie B. Poole, Laura A. Lincoln, Sarah E. Varney, Mary E. Beck, E. W. Bostwick, Lizzie M. Allen, Miss Garcia, Julia Foster, E. D. Alexander, Frances G. Perry, Julia A. Wells, Annie Coverly, Mesdames S. Shattuck, T. P. Whitney, B. F. Edmands, J. F. Beers.

Messrs. J. D. Litchfield, R. F. Farwell, W. Davenport, W. H. Fessenden, Edward Prescott, J. J. Baldwin, C. King Worthington, James Skinner, Wm. Beeching, E. J. Daniels, James R. Hopkins, J. C. Collins, D. F. Fitz, A. M. Leonard, Wm. Garrett, A. J. Brown, Gardner Gove, B. F. Edmands.

THE ORCHESTRA.

Mr. J. Thomas Baldwin, at the suggestion of Mr. Gilmore, was selected, as having the requisite talent, judgment and capacity, for the laborious and difficult task of organizing the orchestral forces, and he immediately proceeded with his labors. Numerous conferences were held with the principal musicians in our large cities, and after long and wearisome negotiations he made selections of various bands, orchestral performers, &c., to the number of about four hundred from New York and about seventy from Philadelphia. Mr. Baldwin also entered into an extensive correspondence with leading musicians throughout the country, and as a result of his labors he has secured the services of four hundred performers from New York; 389 from Boston and vicinity; from Philadelphia, 70; Baltimore, 30; Troy, 25; Montreal and Quebec, 15; Chicago, 15; Cincinnati, 12; Hartford, 10; New Haven, 6; Albany, 5; and Springfield, 3; making a total of 930. In addition to these the following cities and towns will be represented: Salem, Lawrence, Weymouth and Taunton, Mass.; Rockland and Wiscasset, Me.; Norwalk, Ohio; Medina, N. Y.; Pittsburg, Penn.; Stamford, Conn.; Salem, N. C.; Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Louis, Mo.; Washington, D. C., and Stirzler, Germany.

The above list does not include the following bands of music which have been engaged for the Festival: Metropolitan Band, Boston; Boston Cornet, Bond's Cornet, Boston; Ninth Regiment Band, Boston; Edmands's Band, Boston; Suffolk Band, Boston; Hall's Band, Boston; Haverhill Brass Band; American Brass Band, Providence; Manchester, (N. H.) Cornet Band; Doring's Band, Troy, N. Y.; Weymouth (Mass.) Brass Band; Bridgewater (Mass.) Brass Band; Worcester Cornet Band; Nashua (N. H.) Cornet Band; Portsmouth (N. H.) Cornet Band; Taunton National Military Band. The members of the orchestra will wear citizen's dress, and the bands will be clad in their respective uniforms.

The instruments as a mass will be classified into two orchestras, one for the performance of symphony music and such other strains as are given by instruments alone, and the other for oratorio and popular music, the bands above enumerated joining with all others in concert on the 15th and 17th instant.

The select orchestra will be constituted as follows, comprising the best of all the instrumentalists:

Stringed.—First Violins, 115; Second Violins, 100; Violoncellos, 65; Violas, 65; Double Basses, 65. Total, 410.

Wind.—Flutes, 8; Clarionettes, 8; Oboes, 8; Bassoons, 8; Horns, 12; Trumpets, 8; Trombones, 9; Tubas, 3; Drums, 10. Total, 74. Grand total, 484.

The grand orchestra will include the following instruments in addition to those constituting the select orchestra:

Piccolos and flutes, 25; E♭ clarionettes, 20; B♭ clarionettes, 50; E♭ cornets, 50; B♭ cornets, 75; E♭ alto horns, 75; B♭ tenor horns, 25; tenor trombones, 50; bass trombones, 25; B♭ baritones, 25; E♭ basso tubas, 75; small drums, 50; bass drums, 25; cymbals, 10; triangles, 10; total, 590; select orchestra, 484; grand total, 1074.

BOSTON MUSICIANS.

The following is a list of the musicians representing Boston and vicinity:—

First Violins.—William Schultze, G. F. Suck, Carl Meisel, Julius Eichberg, H. D. Suck, B. Listemann, F. Listemann, J. C. Mullaly, C. Weinz, George Loesch, C. Eichler, Napier Lothian, A. Schmidt, F. Von Olker, F. Müller.

Second Violins.—Julius Eichler, L. Goering, G. Kautzman, J. Schulz, R. Eltz, A. Endres, Ed. Catlin, E. Petersie, O. Newhert, F. Paladini, P. Von Olker, F. Liebsch, N. P. Goddard, J. W. Kennedy, Carl Verron, W. O. Nichols, J. H. White, S. Conant, R. E. Tower, Carl Habicht, J. O. Freeman, E. D. Ingraham, J. Ricketson, A. P. Holden, A. Kielblock, Frank Hill, William Dorn, F. O. Mullaly, J. Viles, J. O. Tatman, C. Keith, C. Rimbach, Frank Gardner, J. L. Blodgett.

Violas.—Thomas Ryan, — Heindl, F. W. Schlimper, T. Verron, J. Pinter, C. T. Baur, G. Krebs, G. A. Patz, William Regestein, A. Schneider, H. Bathge, W. Gooch, E. Beyer, C. Trautmann, J. Wadsworth, T. Bissell, A. B. White, A. Clark, F. L. Daggett, Ernest Müller.

Violoncellos.—Wulf Fries, A. Suck, — M. Donald, Carl Verron, William Rietzel, — Heindl, J. Moorhouse, E. Regestein, G. D. Russell.

Basses.—A. Stein, A. Regestein, H. Steinman, H. Koerber, L. Jennewein, A. Miersch, P. Bapp, A. Ligemann, — Heindl, William Zohler, J. H. Scipp, F. Friese, Irving E. White, G. Cutting.

Flutes.—Ferd Zohler, — Heindl, J. Rametti, J. Colona, C. Herthorne, Carl Schoendorf, G. W. Burns, J. P. Endres, C. W. Allen.

Oboes.—A. L. De Ribas, C. Faulwasser.

Clarionettes.—William Stoehr, William H. Conly, — Weber, C. Higgins, William H. Ryan, William Abdy, J. W. Gardner, P. Rugleben, P. McInness, — McInness, P. Kalkmann, R. Strasser.

Bassoons.—P. Eltz, S. S. Pierce.

Trumpets.—M. Arbuckle (soloist), A. Heinecke, H. C. Brown, H. Kamerling, B. F. Richardson, J. S. Jacobus, E. S. Clapp, G. McDonald, D. W. Boardman, C. H. Colburn, J. Kelsa, — Grosse, R. Hap, J. P. Weston, J. Thomas Baldwin, R. D. Blanchard.

Horns.—A. Hamann, L. Murphy, A. Kluge, A. Gumprechdt, E. Schorman, G. Endres, C. Holm.

Tubas.—B. M. Wedger, William Haydn, Fleming Adams, R. Hubner, — Karschich, — Fuller.

Trombones.—William Saul, Henry Stoehr, L. Blanchard, J. White, J. Burdakin, L. Friederick, J. W. Odlin.

Drums and Cymbals.—O. W. Keach, H. Greene, F. C. Field, N. Baldwin, A. J. Cassidy, William Baldwin, S. J. Newman, F. McKelley, Asa Tyler, J. B. Treat.

Tympani.—H. D. Simpson, W. Field.

E b Alto Horns.—G. W. Adams, W. E. Graves, J. B. Gates, J. H. Odell, G. W. Hunt.

The presence in the orchestra of the distinguished musician Ole Bull, who has been induced to accept the position of first leading violinist of the Jubilee, will also be a prominent feature of attraction.

[Mr. Carl Rosa held the second place, and, on Ole Bull's retirement, after the first day, the leading place.]

The Jubilee in Retrospect.

(From the Springfield Republican, June 21.)

The Boston press is too much overpowered by the immense success of the peace jubilee in most respects, to give a candid estimate of its actual musical achievements; while the New York papers, moved by a petty jealousy which damages only its possessor, are demeaning themselves by mere dirt-throwing and by ignoring the position and unmistakable triumph of the great festival of song. The truth of the matter lies somewhere between these two extremes. The jubilee was in no sense the failure which New York proclaims it, nor was it quite the unqualified success which Boston would have us believe. In most respects it was a prodigious experiment, alike bold in conception and masterly in preparation. It would have been marvellous, indeed, if such an immense undertaking had shown results wholly without blemish; and the brilliant meed of success which was secured was scarcely less marvellous in view of all the untoward circumstances.

In the first place the Coliseum, with its roomy accommodations for thirty or forty thousand persons, is really much too large for a concert room. Sounds which would elsewhere be deafening are perfectly harmless there; and hundreds who attended the jubilee hoping to be stunned were more or less disappointed, except when the "big guns" came in. The popular impression that eight thousand singers can produce eight times as much noise as one thousand was pretty thoroughly exploded. In fact the eight [ten] thousand voices in the Coliseum gave hardly as loud an account of themselves as the eight hundred in the Music Hall at the last Handel and Haydn festival. For this, of course, the Coliseum is really to blame. But the New York critics, who deify Noise, charge the fault on the chorus and even complain that Mr. Gilmore's cannonading wasn't very loud! We beg of him to secure for their benefit at his next festival a large supply of first class thunder storms and two or three prime South American earthquakes.

There was one peculiarity about the chorus which must have attracted the attention of every listener. It was sublimely ponderous. The adage that large bodies move slowly was proved anew. Never was grander music heard in America than the chorals from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," as that chorus produced them. Such slow moving strains it could and did sing inexpressibly well. But the elephant could not dance, and with fast movements came confusion. It was a weight as of tons which neither orchestra nor organ, powerful as both were, could bear up under or lighten. The instruments, except in slow and regular passages, constantly tended to get ahead of the singers, and the latter constantly tended to drag. Even the magnetism of Zerrahn' presence, when he rushed from the conductor's stand, as he did many times, up among the singers, beating his baton with a vigor that it would seem might have stirred hundreds of thousands, could hardly bring them up to time. The result was that much of the vocal part of the programme was heavily performed. This was true of the Gloria from the "twelfth mass," attributed to Mozart, which was sung at least one third too slow. Indeed, the conductor plainly dreaded to trust a more rapid movement; and one of the choruses was on Friday stopped mid way, at a convenient point, from fear of attempting its more rapid and elaborate conclusion. The greatest achievement in the faster choruses was "Thanks be to God," (from Mendelssohn's Elijah), which was begun and ended grandly, though it did not escape the tendency to lag which we have referred to; and it was applauded with a spontaneous heartiness which shows how classical music is beginning to be appreciated, and that the masters are gaining on the ground of the ear tickler.

The inference which every close observer must have drawn from the jubilee concerts is that, while such a great congregation of singers can be used most effectively for choral music and for such stately-moving compositions as Handel's "Hallelujah chorus," it is impracticable to attempt much else with them. There is a limit in numbers beyond which the best-drilled chorus becomes unwieldy and easily liable to get beyond the conductor's control. Whether that limit is one thousand singers or five thousand is by no means plain, but the chorus at the Boston jubilee over-reached it. Besides, when so many as four or five thousand singers are assembled, the addition of as many more will not, strange as it may seem, add any very appreciable amount to the volume of their tone, while it will inevitably make the whole mass in a degree uncontrollable, and insomuch endanger the musical effect. It was really no fault of the chorus last week that they so often fell behind the more pliant and ductile orchestra. No finer body of singers could be assembled anywhere; certainly no city in America can call together such a glorious chorus, and the New Yorkers, much as they sneer at Boston, know that as well as any one. In view of the surpassing difficulties to be overcome, they did their part surprisingly well. But, as we have already hinted, a chorus of half the size in the same capacious cavern—and especially in a room of half the size—would be found a great deal more versatile and manageable and effective. Yet with the gain would come some loss. There is an indescribable sense of immensity—not mere immensity of noise—in the harmonious blending and unity of a great number of voices. It is a sublime suggestion of the infinite, such as no other combination in music can give. And in this respect the greater the host the grander the result.

The choral successes of the festival were due in a very large degree to the magnificently powerful Organ, whose tone buoyed up the voices and added immeasurably to the grandeur of the combined effects. No number of orchestral instruments could have performed this office so well, and the singers' voices, many as they were, would have sounded weak in the extreme parts of the Coliseum without its aid.

The orchestra was excellent—rather, would have been elsewhere than in that Mammoth Cave. The most delicate instrumental effects were absolutely lost in its vast expanse. A room of such dimensions is no place for performing the best class of orchestral compositions, although more dashing and tumultuous martial music was given there with uniform best effect and startling effect. We find no fault with Mr. Gilmore because he made works of this kind so prominent in his programme; he was shrewd enough to know that a great popular success, such as he sought and won, could be obtained only by the performance of popular music, and he improved the opportunity to let the masses hear at the same time works of unquestioned merit—the acknowledged classics of the art. In this popularization of music, and in the sharp impulse given to musical education in New England, and, in a degree, throughout the country, the jubilee will have wide-reaching and beneficent results.

So we congratulate Mr. Gilmore and his ten thousand coadjutors. In spite of hindrances and obstacles the Jubilee must be set down a success, meriting in sober truth very much of the enthusiastic praise which has been bestowed upon it, and taking rank as the greatest event in the musical annals of our country. It has been especially valuable as showing what is feasible in music on a grand scale and what is not; and profiting by this knowledge and experience, it is safe to predict that the second mammoth musical festival—we shall have another ere many years—will be a more perfect musical and artistic success than its notable progenitor, which has just passed into history.

The Peace Festival and its Results.

(From the New York Sun, June 23.)

The results of so great an undertaking as that just concluded at Boston, deserve to be carefully weighed. No experiment in which ten thousand intelligent people are the actors, and two hundred thousand the spectators, can be passed by with a sneer, or even merely with a good-natured laugh. The immense numbers engaged in it, and their culture and intellectual standing are alone sufficient to give the affair dignity. Aside from this, it is freighted with great consequences to American art, and its lessons should be thoughtfully studied. If we have failed in the accomplishment of our purposes, it is well that that should be known and the blunder avoided in future. If we have done a creditable thing, then we are entitled to the encouragement that flows naturally from work well performed.

One good result that is likely to be gained by it is a recognition of American art. Heretofore America has had no standing in the musical art-world. England has looked down on us. Germany has supposed that no festival could be given here except by her Sangerbunds. Italy and France have recognized for us no higher possibilities than the production of their operas. At one step, without any preliminaries, without more special preparation than could be crowded into a few weeks, we have lifted ourselves, so far as great musical art gatherings are concerned, to an artistic level with these nations. Hereafter, when the noted musical festivals of the world are enumerated, not only will it not be possible to ignore America, but she must head the list. The journals of Europe, heretofore silent on all questions concerning our musical art, are now called upon to tell their surprised readers that the largest gath-

ering of singers and players ever brought together has just been held in the United States.

The enterprise has been conceived and executed on a scale in keeping with the vastness of the country, with the breadth and largeness of the American methods, and with the expedition and fearlessness that characterize all our attempts in untried fields of effort. It challenged the attention of the world by the magnitude and daring of the scheme proposed, and must now command its respect by the manner in which it has been accomplished. If it has done for us no more than this, it has done enough.

But it has done more. It has shown that our people can think of something beyond mechanical inventions and the almighty dollar, and it has given earnest of a noble musical future for America. The great chorus which did the work of the first four days demonstrated this; but confirming it was the astonishing fact that when they withdrew there were still ten thousand children ready to step directly into their places, and possessing the ability to sing almost as well as their elders.

And here let us give New England the credit that is her due. Thanks to the excellent training in the rudiments of music which is part of her common school education, and the very general cultivation there given to chorus singing, by far the greater part of the immense army of vocalists who took part in the Jubilee were from the Eastern States. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston alone furnished six hundred and fifty voices. Let the whole country emulate the example of New England, and there will soon be heard over the length and breadth of our vast territory, not only the whistle of the locomotive, the hum of spindle, and the din of the forge, but everywhere, in peaceful contrast with these sounds of daily labor, the pleasant harmonies of evening choral songs.

But while awarding this merited praise, it seems useless to ignore the fact that great defects marred the performance of many of the pieces. They have been freely pointed out and commented upon in the reports that appeared from day to day in this journal. The great chorus and orchestra could not be held together long enough to give them the necessary rehearsals; and even if they could have been, the forces were too large and the building too spacious for the most accurate results. And yet while the blemishes were many, the merits were also great. There was such a majesty of tone as never before was heard —a solemnity, richness, depth, and grandeur of effect that were intensely moving. This grand fusion of tone, where all effect of individual singing was lost and the voices were melted into one, like the massive song of the ocean surf, was one of the most impressive features of the great festival, and could not proceed from any smaller chorus.

It is not, however, to any special excellence in the performance of a given piece that we look when we speak of the results attending this festival, but to the recognition that it secures to us from foreign nations, to its influence in giving a fresh impulse to art at home, and to the enthusiasm necessarily kindled from the magnetism of so many joined together in a great enterprise. It will be talked of for months in every hamlet in Massachusetts, and its influence felt in every church choir and musical circle. In this direction it is difficult to over-estimate its power for good, and looked at from this point of view it must fill us with hope for the musical future of our land.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 3, 1869.

The National Peace Jubilee.

To-day our columns are entirely occupied with this remarkable project, the dream, the one life purpose, for two years, of Mr. PATRICK S. GILMORE, and with its still more remarkable fulfilment in this city on the five days which an Irishman might call the next to "the top of the year," crowning the slope that leads right up to Midsummer, June 15th to 19th inclusive, making the dreamer famous, a popular hero in his way. Indeed we fear such stars as Mendelssohn just now, or Mozart, if they lived among us, would "pale their ineffectual fires" before such Calcine effulgence. The Jubilee has been the all-absorbing topic for the last month. As we have been silent about it during the preparation of the mighty work; and since, with all the extravagances of the plan, it has been pushed forward with such faith and energy that the imagination of the People, the "popular heart," perhaps we should even say the good genius of our People, fired and filled with it, has adopted it and made it its own, transforming it as it were into its own likeness; since it has been crowned with such unique success, we can do no less than gather together what we can of its history, weigh its results from our own point of view, and note the impression it has made on others.

To do this satisfactorily, we must let the topic still encroach quite largely on another paper.

For the present, we borrow a sketch of the history of the Jubilee, with lists of the participators, &c., from the *Daily Advertiser*. We have copied two among a number of the most sensible and candid of the critical summaries which have appeared in other papers. We ask attention, also, to the clear, sound statement, contributed on our last page, of the acoustic results of the novel experiment of music by 10,000 voices in a building holding nearly 30,000 listeners (if listeners they could all be called).

For ourselves, as our readers know, we came to it sceptically, little disposed to trust or countenance a musical project making such enormous claims, and so unblushingly heralded after the manner of things as uncongenial as possible to the whole sphere of Art. The following letters, which we transfer from the *New York Tribune* of Saturday and Monday last, describe our position candidly, before and since the feast, though not as briefly or concisely as we could have wished. It was due to a very large class of the most sincere, enlightened, earnest friends of music and of culture, who, as far as any public expression was concerned, were entirely silent and unrepresented from the first, to state the way the thing looked to them from the outset, even at the risk of some seeming harshness or unfairness now that the plan is generally counted a success, a great event in some important senses, if not all. As for Mr. Gilmore, he has fairly earned all the reward which a grateful people appear eager to bestow. If the laudations of the newspapers do not turn his head—and so far we know he takes it sanely, modestly and simply—it is infinitely to his credit. So was his behavior during the last days of the Jubilee, in keeping himself and his own peculiar element of "Anvil Choruses," &c., resolutely in the background, rather than spoil the classical programme of the fourth day, or rudely break the fairy spell of the school children's festival.

The Peace Jubilee Summed up.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR:—You ask for "a careful, critical summary of the net result:"—musically, of course, you mean. But to weigh that rightly we must look at more. Your able correspondents have given you the details and impressions day by day. To see it in the right light, the whole must be put together. We must begin by going back to ask

1. *How the Plan looked at first, and how it was worked up.*

At first sight, certainly, the project was vain-glorious. The whole style of the announcement was such as to commend it more to the noisy and spread-eagle class of patriots than to still, thoughtful lovers of their country and of peace; while, in respect to music, its enormous promise, its ambition to achieve "the greatest," to "thrust" greatness upon us by sheer force of numbers, and so eclipse the musical triumphs of the world by saying: "Go to now, let us do ten times the *biggest* thing that ever yet was done" —this, and the extra-musical *effects*, the clap-trap novelties, grotesquely mingled in its programmes, chilled the sympathies of the real, the enlightened, the disinterested music-lovers, who, feeling for the honor and the modesty of Art, two qualities as inseparable in the artistic character as they are in woman, inevitably shrank from such grandiloquent pretension, as much as they inflamed the imagination of the ignorant or only sentimentally and vaguely musical. "Twenty thousand voices!" Why will you have so many, when even the grandest of Handelian Choruses are better sung by 1,000? And then will "50,000 people" under one roof hear, or let hear, as well as audiences in smaller halls? But it shall be "the Greatest Feast of Sublime and Inspiring Harmony ever heard in any part of the World!" (*sic*) This is calculating greatness upon a mere material scale of numbers; this makes your physical giant a greater man than Shakespeare; this confounds the *grand homme* with the *homme grand*. Shall quantity compete with quality? Shall great in mass be measured against great in kind? We are making musical progress in America; in popular musical education, as well as in the support of high-toned concerts, in some of our cities, we have really something to boast of; but does any one believe that we are yet so musical that we can produce a musical festival as great in quality, in kind, in spirit, as the best of the Old World? To a true musical character, which were the rarer godsend (to *hear*, at least, if not to see): a greatest Jubilee like this, or say some festival at Düsseldorf, with seven or eight hundred performers, but with Mendelssohn for a conductor, and such an orchestra as only can be found in Germany, and such a programme (not only Handel Oratorios, but *Passion Music* or *Magnificat* of Bach, and, as it was at this last Whitsuntide, with a Joachim to play Beethoven's Concerto, instead of an Ole Bull with "Mother's Prayer"); and above all, with such a *spirit* of sincere, true art and poetry and piety pervading the whole feast, to the exclusion of all heterogeneous nonsense, all flattering of vanities, catering to all tastes and no taste, startling *ad captandum* clap-trap, substitution of *effect* for meaning, to which add decent self-respecting abstinence from the "swell" style of advertisement? Or, not to look so far, compare it with our own best efforts here, with the last Handel and Haydn Festival in Boston Music Hall, where audiences of 3,000 people heard three or four great Oratorios entire, with Choral Symphony of Beethoven, and admirable symphony concerts besides, all in one week, impressively performed by an orchestra of hardly more than 100 instruments and chorus of 800 voices: was not that, musically, greater?

Mind, we are putting the case as it looked, as it must have looked, to really musical and sensible persons at the outset; as it would certainly have looked to Mendelssohn, had he been living then and here.

The idea and the authorship presented the same aspect. That the projector, master-spirit, brain, and central organizing force of the "greatest musical festival in all the ages" should be, not a Mendelssohn, a Handel, or great musical man of any sort, or hardly one who fellowshipped with artists, but a Gilmore, a clever leader of a local band, an Irishman by birth,

but zealous for the land of his adoption—zealous for freedom in a truer than an Irish sense; a man of common education, singularly good natured and, we doubt not, generous; an enthusiast of rather a sentimental type; chiefly known as caterer in music to the popular street taste, dispenser of military and of patriotic airs, exceedingly fond of demonstrations, restless getter up of "monster concerts," in which classical works of genius were pressed into damaging promiscuity with musical *mar pokal* for the million; bountiful in advertising patronage (sure road to favor with the press); one of the glibbest, most sonorous and voluminous in all the wordy ways of "stunning" and sensational announcements—that such a man should be the breather of the breath of life into the great feast of song to which "all that have life and breath" are summoned; that the grandest conceivable of all musical demonstrations should be in its spirit like unto his spirit; that our whole musical world, with all the musical resources of the nation, should be set revolving round a musician of that stamp, and that at such a bugle's blast all the makers of sweet sounds in all the land should rally to a Jubilee of Peace with him, in his way, was something too much for the common, unsophisticated intellect, musical or not, to take in at once, unless one took it in the nature of a colossal joke. How any sound mind at that time could conceive it possible for a thing so started to succeed as this has done, is inconceivable to this day, after the great success. Now, indeed, the lorgnette is turned round, and, looking through the small instead of the great end, cause and effect may not appear entirely incommensurate.

But Gilmore was in earnest. His "fixed idea" had vital marrow in it, and he knew how to magnetize other efficient people to like earnestness. His great devotion to that fixed idea saw only the shining end, pressed onward, gazing steadily into the sun, using for means whatever came most readily to hand—chiefly that cardinal lever of all modern business enterprise, unscrupulous advertising, meant innocently in this case, no doubt, though questionable to squeamish folk like you and me, dear Tommy! And had he not the example of the whole business world to tempt him? And here, too, the swell mob style, the returned Californian, big nugget and heavy watch-chain air, with which the thing presented itself, was not particularly inviting to sincere music-lovers, jealous, as we have said, for both the honor and the modesty of art. Their finer instincts are the more suspicious of whatever is most loudly advertised. The quiet genuine man we trust, but from the loud mouthed quack we turn away. Not so, however, with the simple masses; high spiced advertisement does its perfect work with them. To draw an audience of 50,000, a whole community must by some means or other be made infatuated. Never was such advertising, in editorial even more than business columns, as this same Jubilee has had. Shrewd dodges, too! Innocent Bostonian, calm and unsuspecting, opens his daily paper one fine morning, and is coolly informed that he—that all musical Boston—is in a great state of excitement about something of which he never heard a hint before! Our neighbor, in *his* (Democratic) newspaper, has read the same; and so through all the party shades of journalism—all agreed for once! Day by day, beginning with mysterious hints, do they the tale unfold foreshadowing the great event. Day by day, in ceaseless round, all vieing with each other, all the newspapers keep lifting corner after corner of the curtain that conceals the miracle too bright for mortal eyes; kindly provide us with smoked glasses too that we may bear the revelation when the great day comes. Count Cagliostro never conjured more adroitly. Biggest, best-drilled orchestra in all creation! That enemy was the Press, which unseen fingers played upon, ever one theme with endless variations, as upon the keys of a piano. The whole expression, palpably, was of one side; the advocates of Jubilee, they only had a hearing. And with a *tutti crescendo* of amazing confidence, new wonder upon wonder was proclaimed, not as a thing suggested, but as *fait accompli*, with a [illegible] Resolved unanimously, it is to be! No reasons to the contrary, no doubt might have to pass; no [illegible] nook in newspaper [illegible] where any "still, small voice" might seek to be heard. Peace Jubilee had stolen a march upon us in the [illegible] and forestalled every channel of communication.

This [illegible] confidence of the whole Boston Press, this [illegible] roaring [illegible] of exulting prophecy, was meant to convey the impression to surrounding populations and to distant States that all Boston, with one mind—Boston, famous for music and fine culture—was thoroughly in sympathy with Gilmore, and committed to the project. We were all made ostensibly responsible for the [illegible] of the idea, and all the [illegible] with which it was written up. This representation was by no means just or true. There was a vast [illegible] between the newspaper [illegible] and the private sentiment and conversation [illegible]; particularly among those who had the [illegible] of true musical taste the most at heart; [illegible] way, it might be found [illegible] in [illegible] music. [illegible] the [illegible] feasibility [illegible] of a musical festival upon so vast [illegible] to startlingly [illegible] "monster" [illegible] these were [illegible] whatever, except [illegible] had it all their own way. [illegible] we heard [illegible] Saints, who [illegible] ones," who felt [illegible] themselves [illegible], rather [illegible] unanimously [illegible] and [illegible] the harder [illegible] their integrity.

Meanwhile [illegible] had [illegible] departments of the project [illegible] citizens who [illegible] persuaded to a festival [illegible] to have Boston [illegible] musical [illegible] who would [illegible] practical performance. There was shrewd calculation shown in the order in which individuals were approached, and their [illegible] won and enlisted; the prime mover knew his men. Indeed, the thing was worked up with [illegible], and here lay, probably, the "genius" which has been so freely ascribed to the Projector; for surely the conception, the idea itself, did not require creative imagination, nor invention, until it came to the details of execution, and here, with money, business talent was the one thing needed. And at the critical moment Business stepped in to the rescue; Business, with the money guaranty, with organizing skill, with ready way of rushing its big enterprises through. The application of Dry Goods and Railroad methods saved the whole. The work was divided out among responsible committees. The word went forth that now the enterprise was on its feet. Conversions became numerous; subscriptions, [illegible] whole business streets were canvassed, [illegible] courage in the [illegible] to say no. The huge Coliseum went up as by magic. The invitation flew abroad to all the singers: 10,000 wanted! New England—Massachusetts, even—was good for nearly the amount, [illegible]. Besides [illegible] societies, [illegible] choirs [illegible] who had [illegible], they poured in. Many new societies sprang up for the occasion; musical instruction in the public schools had silently been feeding all these fountains. They came together with enthusiasm; it waxed warmer and brighter with rehearsals; the sense of participating, and feeling like singing particles in the live fragments of the great whole soon to be fused into one conscious life—the animal magnetism, the sense of pride, of [illegible], of cooperation, while the grand culmination loomed beyond—this was inspiring and uplifting, was a great good in itself, almost enough to offset the brag, the claptrap and the humbug of the earlier stages, even should the consummation fail. As for the grand orchestra (1,000 instruments), it was simply a matter of business and money to bring the elements of that together.

The success of the Jubilee in some shape having become a foregone conclusion, those who now took it in hand [illegible] the original working plan soon found it necessary to reduce its scale somewhat to bring it within practicable dimensions. Instead of 20,000 singers, the limit was set at 10,000; the Coliseum, instead of [illegible], was to hold less than 50,000 hearers—[illegible] 37,000, [illegible] stage and auditorium together. [illegible] With every [illegible] gained in the [illegible] of [illegible]. [illegible] many of those [illegible] in the management or in the [illegible]. Since its success is certain, let [illegible] of success, let us mould its [illegible] some consistency of [illegible] in the [illegible] wholly, [illegible] hands, and [illegible] a con[illegible] of the programmes. The [illegible] 7,000, were to have [illegible] and not [illegible] excitement [illegible]. The Ninth Symphony was [illegible] impracticable. The duration of the Festival, having been [illegible] from three to five days, [illegible] for two programmes, almost exclusively of classical selections. The two programmes [illegible] as miracles of [illegible]. Yet what was good in them was [illegible] the most familiar choruses of well-known [illegible]; what was uncommon was of [illegible] anvils for a sublime [illegible]. [illegible] elements were [illegible]. What was the ruling element? [illegible] Plainly, [illegible] like the rest, [illegible] the anvils. The classical [illegible] the look of being [illegible] to conciliate the high-[illegible] (The [illegible] reversed). But [illegible].

II. A Few Notes on the Performances, by Programme.

The first day's programme was ceremonial, inaugural, sensational, patriotic. Prayer and addresses, were unheard while that vast multitude, 12,000 facing 11,000, gazed in wonder on itself, and felt the inspiration of a scene the grandeur and beauty of which were unimaginable before. That spectacle needed no speech, no music even, to make its eloquence sublime and irresistible. That was the secret of the *great* impression throughout all the days—so many beings met and held together there in full sight of each other, and in perfect order. What but music could secure such order? Prayer and speech were brief; but, even could they have been heard, they were superfluous. What better prayer than that religious Luther Choral: "*Ein feste Burg*," which followed? Full, rich [illegible] sound, the chords rolled forth from [illegible] voices [illegible] supported by the great orchestra, but [illegible] by that most powerful organ [illegible], but [illegible] which really seemed the [illegible] of the chorus. We could wish it had [illegible]

ized by Bach, instead of Nicolai, if only that Bach might have had some recognition among the other mighty masters. Two things were proved at once: that there was no increase of loudness at all proportioned to the number of voices; and that, even if the farthest voices reached the ear a fragment of a second later than the nearest, the ear was not aware of it, while many individual imperfections, even false notes, possibly, were swallowed up in the great volume and momentum of the mass. The same held good of the other pieces of plain choral harmony: Keller's American Hymn," and the concluding "God Save the Queen" (which one of our Psalm Kings, Psalmanazar I., we dare say, has nicknamed "America") sung to "My Country," with all the spread-eagle accompaniments of drums, guns, bells, &c. The Mozart "Gloria" was a good selection for a day of Peace, and, though it moved unsteadily, yet by its animation and its clear intention made most hearers deaf to faults. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture did not prove a fortunate selection for that great orchestra, nor had it any special fitness for the occasion, except as a piece of stirring effect music. In few parts of the vast space could much of it be heard; the violins and brass told well; the reeds, intrusted with the theme at times, were lost. The Overture to "Tell" fared somewhat better, at least in the spirited finale, though the opening, so beautiful with violoncellos (60 of them,) was dumb show to all but the nearest. One envied the singers their places round the rim of the great seething instrumental maelstrom, looking down into it as well as hearing. The "Ave Maria" solo, built by Gounod upon a prelude of Bach, was notable for the rich *obligato* unison of the 200 violins (though all there was of Bach about it, the arpeggio modulation, complete in itself, and used by Gounod for accompaniment, was covered up so as to be imperceptible), and for the clearness with which Mme. Rosa's voice penetrated the whole space, although it sounded far off and in miniature, as if heard through the wrong end of an opera glass. In the *Inflammatus* her triumph was more signal, while the great choral climaxes look like the grander summits in the memory of mountain scenery. The rest was sensational: "Star-Spangled Banner," glorified by such broad treatment, with artillery and bells beside—a signal, as it were, to all the world outside that Jubilee had reached its highest moment—and with the melody so divided between deeper and higher voices as to overcome the difficulty for average singers of its great compass. That indeed was thrilling! March from "The Prophet," by full band of one thousand—business enough for all their throats of brass. And Verdi's "Anvil Chorus," causing wildest excitement—not precisely a legitimate effect of music, not the kind of excitement or emotion which musical people seek; fatal to that mood and temper of an audience in which music as such can be felt. Such effects are *extra*-musical; the spectacle, the hundred scarlet firemen, &c., had much to do with it. Besides, the hundred anvils had a queer and toy-like sound, jingle of sleigh bells rather than the honest Vulcan *ring*. This was Mr. Gilmore's day, and he conducted all the patriotic pieces, including the opening Choral, in which he realized a good *pianissimo*, one of the finest effects of a vast multitude of voices. Mr. Eichberg conducted in the *Tannhäuser* overture, and "Coronation March;" Mr. Zerrahn in the solos and the *Gloria*.

The second was a great day of excitement. Added to the *éclat* of the Festival, now in full tide of success, was the visit of the President, rather disturbing the conditions precedent for the "Grand Classical Programme," which had been much relied on for the conversion or conviction of the musically cultivated. The crowd was enormous—double that of the day before; curiosity, hero-worship, swelling heart of patriotism, doubtless drew more than music did. Of course not the best sort of audience either to hear or let hear. Well, the selections were all excellent; though we would except, perhaps, the opening Festival Overture by Nicolai on Luther's Choral. The plain Choral, to our mind, was grander, than with that orchestral counterpoint and trivial episodical theme between the stanzas; not being great work in that kind, like Bach's, it weakens the impression. Of three Handel Choruses, "See the conquering hero" was the most effective; "And the Glory of the Lord," was taken so slow as to make it hard to sing—a necessity, real or fancied, in conducting so vast a multitude through any labyrinthine movement. We were surprised that we could hear Miss Phillipps's voice so well; there is a weight in her rich tones that carries far and quietly pervades. The piece, one of the best for her, and one of her best efforts, Mozart's "*Non più di fiori*," was too good for the crowd, not heard by some on account of restless noise, and not appreciated by the majority. Such a crowd contributes nothing on its own part to music, does not truly listen, but waits to be smitten and carried away. "He watching over Israel," the gentle, softly swelling chorus from *Elijah*, strange to say, proved one of the most successful of all the choruses that week; like a broad Amazon the stream moved steadily and evenly within bounds, and the round, full, smooth quality of the collective tone is something memorable. "Let the bright Seraphim" was just the perfect selection for Parepa-Rosa in that place, and was the chiefest triumph of her voice. With Arbuckle's trumpet obligato (one longs for the real crackling old-fashioned *trumpet* though) it made great effect, by no means so great as it would be in a smaller hall; but the half-musical, which is by far the larger part of any such great audience, always need the *personal element* to interest them in music, and go the full half-way to meet a solo. The intermission was of course filled with the Hero-President. Then came Part II., the great Schubert Symphony in C, Mr. Zerrahn's capital selection for his grand orchestra; great hopes had been placed on that, for what symphonic work can bear such magnified presentment, if not that work? Alas! the Tantalus cup was rudely snatched away. The Symphony was to be sacrificed; the other element, fasting from native noise and anvils and free swing of hurrah boys, had grown irrepressible. To the brave President all music is alike, they say, and how easy for some one of the irrepressibles to prompt him to express a wish for good Spread-Eagle Scream with anvils! So into the programme, unannounced, and right before the Symphony, were thrust bodily "Star Spangled Banner" and "Anvil Chorus," once and again, until the building shook with thunder of applause; all mood for finer music was destroyed, all fine conditions broken up, Prospero Schubert's wand tossed under feet. The Symphony was killed! knocked on the head by anvils! The wand, however, was picked up and waved for form's sake. But it had grown late; people were weary, restless, moving about, or starting homeward, talking aloud, in no mood to listen or let others hear; so the first movement and the Scherzo were omitted; the beautiful Andante (of the "heavenly length") was scarcely heard, and never did the impetuous sublime finale, with the thunder thumps of double basses (think of 70 or 80 of them!) sound so feebly. Were we right in the suspicion that the "classical" programmes were apologetic, meant to be like the "off nights" in a theatre, a compliment to musical taste, while the substantial meal was for the fire-eaters, the sensationalists who go forth "seeking a sign?" Good Mr. Zerrahn's best opportunity was frustrated; he could not try the effect of monster orchestra on this the chosen symphony. How much more satisfactory it may have been in the rehearsal, we do not know. Poor chance after this for Haydn choruses: "The Marvelous Work," and "The Heavens are telling;" for, sing as they might to an audience preoccupied, it still went: "The *anvils* are telling." The selected trio of a dozen solo singers on each part was very pleasing when it could be heard; but there was much floundering in the great chorus, and what was most "telling," as was just said, was retrospective and subjective; the chords those hammers set to vibrating were still undamped.

Third day, like the last, but more so. I was not there, and should have had to be dragged there after that fatigue. It was the 17th of June—of course, the chief day in the anvil calendar. That should have been the President's day; so the two kinds could have been kept distinct, one day for music and one day for glory.

Fourth day, Friday, best of all. The one really *musical* occasion, when the programme, choice in itself, was preserved in its purity. I had the fortune to sit very near the stage, and found it by far the best place for hearing. Even the orchestra became appreciable. Mr. Eichberg led Weber's "Jubilee" Overture, which perhaps went best of all the orchestral pieces in the festival. Mr. Zerrahn led all the rest. The glorious old C minor Symphony of Beethoven, the one of all others the best known among us, and most sure of close attention, was cut short, needlessly, as there was time enough, and the vast audience was calm; the chance at last seemed offered. But no, the experience of Wednesday had unnerved the valor and faith for Symphonies in that place; there was not courage left to risk it. So the first movement ("Fate knocking at the door") was left out; so, too, was the Scherzo—the curiosity to hear 80 double basses execute their scramble went ungratified; and, though the glorious March Finale sounded very well (and the Andante, too), yet, robbed of its prelude, out of which it grows so marvelously, it lost half its effect, while the return of the three-four Scherzo rhythm in the middle of the march was meaningless. This was the only misdemeanor of the concert. Miss Philipps sang that large and simple aria of Handel, "*Lascia*," &c., in her noblest style, and with incredible effect for that vast place. The ten thousand singers had grown more at home in their work, more blended and assimilated by common effort and enthusiasm, now burning at something like white heat, and almost everything went better than before with them. Best of all, the grave and solid chorals from St. Paul—that with the startling trumpet interlude, "Sleepers, awake," especially. It is the solid, ponderous swing of the great mass of sound in plain, long chords like these, sound equally diffused and oceanic, yet, like the wide waste of waters, smooth and unobtrusive, that dwells in the mind as the best, the true effect of choral force so multiplied. Yet all must own that that more rapid, graphic, difficult, exciting chorus of Mendelssohn, the great Rain chorus from "Elijah" was, on the whole, the choral achievement of the whole Festival, which most signally rewarded effort. It was electrifying. Zerrahn, wisely, would not risk a repetition. The down rush through the scale of those two hundred violins was a thing to thank God for, like the rain. The Haydn chorus, the "Inflammatus," this time with eight choice soprani for the solo, the Prayer from "Moses," and the Mozart *Gloria* again, made good impression, though faults might be found had one the impression present. The *Gloria* past, the Handel *Hallelujah* alone remains, and we await it strong in the peace and security of a pure musical communion so far unbroken. But think not that "the other element" has all this time been sitting quite so patiently. Creditable it was, indeed, to musical taste and culture here, that the vast audience had not shrunk perceptibly before a programme altogether classical; but think not that *all* those 20,000 people came there without some inward assurance that the Anvil Chorus would appear and take its throne, as matter of course, by divine right of its own, divine right of disorder! Loud was the clamor for it. Fortunately, the means and men for it were absent: or rather, thanks and all honor to Mr. Gilmore, who modestly yielded the command that day, and absolutely refused to have the programme interrupted. Yet the *Hallelujah* suffered after the confusion; singers had grown weary, nervous too, perhaps, and the effect of the great chorus, even with all those means, was not so overwhelming as it has been on more ordinary occasions. It was on the whole a noble concert, heartily enjoyed by all so placed that they could listen, and a comparison of this with Wednesday's concert gives a capital illustration of a great point in the art of programme-making—the importance, namely, of keeping incongruous elements distinct.

It was on Saturday morning, the School Children's day, that we were touched and made to *feel* for once. The charming scene, the innocent, pure spirit of the whole, the fresh, sweet, silvery voices of the 7,000 children, admirably true and blended in three-part song and unison, their own expressions of delight, their waving of handkerchiefs, and silvery shouts of applause, the kaleidoscopic unity of movement in their physical and vocal gymnastic exercises, all combined to make an exquisite impression. It was good to be there. It meant much for the future and for culture. It was not an art occasion, to be sure, and did not pretend to be. It was unique, a side of the Festival entirely by itself; the most genuine and sincere of all, and, in many respects, the most interesting. The beauty of it was that it did not pretend or strive to be anything but just what it was. But when the exercises came to measured breathing, then to the first utterance of a pure tone, swelling and dying away with the most beautiful *crescendo* and *diminuendo* that we ever heard, and finally to the blended tones of the Trichord, purity itself, like the white ray of "holy light" divided by the prism, we were fain to call that just the most exquisite moment of the whole week's Festival. Simple, but divine; impersonal, but alive; without conscious meaning, but implying all! And, after such an illustration as the whole Jubilee had given of the musical resources of our people, was it not worth the while to see the nursery where the seeds thereof are sown?

III. The Net Results.

As an *occasion*, of a new kind, of unexampled magnitude (unless in semi-barbarous times or Oriental countries)—whatever may have been musically—the Jubilee was a success. All acknowledge it, not with-

out joy, even though at times it may come over some of us again in the character it wore from the first, as a strange overshadowing apparition, a vast work of willfulness, which had intrinsically, ideally, no right to be. As a man eminent in letters and in public life remarked to me yesterday, the amount of it is this: "A ridiculous plan redeemed by a magnificent success." Its friends had a perfect right to be wild over it. Many an unbeliever has been wholly or in great part converted, or at least reconciled to it. It has become a splendid Fact, which has to be accepted. If the projector and his fellow architects were wrong, attempting the impossible, in many points of view the undesirable, they "builded better than they knew." It seems as if—the ball once set in motion, or, rather, the vigorous first twist once given at the heart and centre of the revolving and soon formidably expanding maelstrom—as the dream and the intense will of one, magnetizing a few, then many, passed by degrees into a popular movement, assuming almost national dimensions, until the very air was full of it —soon every particle and feature of it, as it were, underwent "a sea change" in the tempering, transforming, vitalizing, and idealizing element of the new, best life and genius of a great, free People; having adopted it almost before they knew it, and hardly knowing what it was, they meant that it should be American in some sense which they could be proud of, and that the biggest gathering and musical array in human history, in spite of its extravagances, should still denote us truly, and be an earnest to the world of what an ambition for the true glory of a great nation, what a sleepless ideal of an ever higher type of Citizenship and of Society, what an energy and wealth of means, what a zeal for culture, what a principle of order and deep love of harmony are in us, spite of our diversities and the wide space over which we spread. And so it came to pass. And New England, Boston was the place for it. We need not attempt to show what has been so universally acknowledged, that such a feast could have succeeded nowhere else but here.

Musically, the Jubilee had its chief triumphs in precisely those selections which were the least purely musical, of no account as Art, no interest to earnest music lovers. The parts that were addressed to these were certainly not great successes, and yet more successful than they for the most part had anticipated. Reasons *a priori* were against great success, and the results do not disprove their soundness.

Consider, in the first place, the mingling of incongruous, internecine elements in the programmes, as we have seen; an incongruity involved in the *mixed motives* of the plan. There lay the knot of the difficulty: the project was ambiguous; music needs a simple *motive*. To fire the imaginations of 50,000 people and bring them all together, something other than good music had to be held up to them; a pure feast of high Art could not do it, nor could the genius of high Art do otherwise than run away and hide its face from such publicity as that. On the other hand, when it came to the ambitious promise of combining all the vocal and orchestral resources of the land, conductors of high standing, artists schooled in Philharmonic concerts, accustomed to the interpretation of the great masters, how could *their* coöperation be had without giving them fit work to do, making the occasion worthy of them? You can have them for Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, but not for Anvil Choruses and "Yankee Doodle" only. The pride of their profession, and what there is select, superior in it, has to be respected. They must appear to work for Art, else will they come? Now, the question was not simply of a Musical Festival, but also of a Peace Jubilee. Doubtless, in Mr. Gilmore's mind, the desire to display the musical resources of the land combined in one collective effort found sincere opportunity in the return of Peace. Monster Concerts were his passion; Peace and Country, also, were no strangers to his heart. Glorious and sublime it seemed to him to make the two ends meet: what an electric chain of sparks, brightness unspeakable, shot through his brain at the bringing of those two poles together! Then, again, as the circle widened, less ideal motives came in: the Jubilee would give Boston "such an advertisement as it never had," trade would flow to us, &c., (though many burnt their fingers). These motives were most openly avowed, and the appeal to hundreds of subscribers was mainly put upon these grounds. All very well; but not for Music. Symphonies were promised to conciliate the musical; guns and anvils, national airs, &c., to draw the million and make so huge a project practicable. We have seen how the two got on together; how the anvils killed the Symphony, and how hard was abstinence from anvils when a classical programme was for once allowed its course.—There could not be a better illustration of the law in programme-making, to which we have alluded: that elements incongruous be kept apart, as damaging, if not destructive, to each other. Each piece for its effect is much dependent on what goes before and after; sensational pieces, sure to be encored, rob all that follow of all fair chance for attention or effect. It is the art of picture-hanging as applied to music. We are far from saying that all the good things were lost; not a few of them were highly enjoyable to thousands favorably placed, some of the noble choruses, no doubt, to all. One cheering sign, too, could be read in all this, in the mere indication, spite of imperfect realization, of so many good things: it showed how strong and deeply seated, how widespread the love of the highest kinds of music has become in our community, since it was found essential to conciliate it and defer to it so largely in these programmes.

Acoustically, or æsthetically, with regard to space and power of numbers, the Festival was welcome for its opportunities to test some problems. The vast hall had been pronounced good for sound, because a single voice, a violin, could be heard in its furthest corners. But the walls, built around the utmost limits of the range of a strong voice, were far outside that of many voices—two voices go *no farther* than one, ten thousand no farther than an ordinary chorus; the only gain is in intensity and quality, so far as they *do* reach. Vast volumes of tone were swallowed up in those great spaces, smothered by flags and awnings, or leaked away through crevices, before they reached the ear. Neither the reach, the loudness, nor the sublime sense of mass and volume, were at all proportioned to the colossal numbers. If discords, inequalities, were swallowed up in the general mass, so, too, on the other hand, many true sounds must have neutralized each other. In rapid, complicated movements, too, there was a confused impression, due to the fragment of a second's difference in the time it takes two sounds starting at points 300 feet apart to reach the ear, even supposing perfect unity in execution. At any rate, the general testimony is that all these instruments and voices in that space were not as telling, not as stimulating to the sense or mind, not as startling in the sudden climaxes, not as preoccupying and absorbing to involuntary attention, as a few hundred in a ten times smaller hall. Music as such, a thing by itself, without other reinforcement to the listener's imagination, did not speak to musical people with the power it has done in more ordinary circumstances. Every musical man will say: That was no place nor way to feel and enjoy music. In many a smaller festival or common concert he has been more thrilled by it, has carried home a clearer, deeper feeling and impression. Music, in point of audience, and the mass of performing numbers, has its limits. If they were never found before, this Coliseum has stretched them.—The purely instrumental pieces, Symphonies, and Overtures, were poorly heard by most—faint in their effect to all. That mammoth orchestra of near 500 instruments was dumb show to all but the nearest, or to those who sat at the opposite extremity in front, high up in the north balcony. For the accompaniment of the choruses that little giant of an organ, built by the Messrs. Hook, would seem to have been quite sufficient, and the great orchestra almost superfluous so far as its support was palpable; yet doubtless the absence of it would have left a void. This must be understood, of course, as comparatively speaking: "Thanks be to God" could not have made the mark it did unless the orchestra were potent. The overtures, &c., in which the extra 500 military wind instruments participated, were much better heard, though the wind got the better of the strings. And, *a fortiori*, the out and out spread-eagle things, the popular airs with guns and anvils and all extra-musical accessories, made by far the most effect. And their effect made peace impossible in 40,000 people, most of whom could not be musical, nor capable of keeping very still at any time, and who, having once had the appetite for boisterous enthusiasm stimulated, could neither hear nor let hear when the real music came. The solo singers both did admirably; both were heard far better than could have reasonably been expected; yet to the musical listener it was not effect enough to warrant the introduction of a solo in so vast a space. With the multitude, the half-musical, the *personal* interest is far greater than the musical, and if they cannot have a song which they can identify with a *singing person*, the occasion is for them a barren one.

But, in spite of the physical drawbacks and the painful, fruitless strain it cost to try to hear, there was, as we have hinted, in the occasion, in the scene itself, in the mutually conscious and uplifting presence of that mighty multitude of human beings, a great reinforcement added to the effect of sound, subjectively, in the imagination of most witnesses. To sit there a live, sympathetic atom in that countless sea of intelligences, together making or receiving harmony, was to hear music through the sense of sight and through a mutual magnetism. That vast, amazing spectacle, suggestive of Infinity, taking possession of sense, mind and soul at once, and keeping it, was to the unmusical imagination a magnifier of exceedingly high power. That intensified every impression that was caught at all. Unmusical people hear what they see; the musical see what they hear. Hence the ecstatic rhapsodies of many of unmusical, but imaginative and enthusiastic temperament, about the sublimity of music never heard by mortal ear before! At the same time the more prosaic natures only knew they could not hear, or, hearing, could not comprehend, and that they felt very restless.

Now looking to the *execution* of the music, there was very much to praise. In the great chorus there was far more unity, precision, light, and shade in rendering, than almost any one of musical experience could have believed possible. And it grew better as the thing went on. It gave one a proud joy to know that so many thousands of singers, with only one rehearsal of the whole, could sing so well together. It told of musical enthusiasm, of *esprit du corps*, of good native average of voices and of talent, good instruction, thorough and inspiring drill in separate bodies. No wonder that they all watched for each appearance of their leaders, of Mr Zerrahn, and Mr. Eichberg, and Mr. Tourjee, as well as of Mr. Gilmore himself, to overwhelm them with the heartiest applause. Certain pieces were far more successful, as we have seen, than others. Generally, the grave, slow Chorals sounded best. Strange to say, and contrary to all we could have looked for, not Handel's choruses, not even the great Hallelujah, still less the choruses by Haydn, made the great effects. The chorals by Mendelssohn, his "Rain" Chorus, and "He watching over Israel," made a far more vivid, more complete impression. Does it, possibly, point to the conclusion, after all, that, of the two great branches of the Protestant religious music—led off respectively by Bach, who built entirely on the Choral, and Handel, who came to Oratorio from a long experience in Opera—that, after all, the Bach direction, upon which Mendelssohn has built, has in it the greater capacity of expansion, a principle more universal and far-reaching, as if springing from a deeper root? I merely offer the conjecture.

One feature in the choral execution I may note with pleasure. There were some beautiful *pianissimos*—achievement that has seemed almost impossible in smaller halls, where everything above a whisper will sound loud: perhaps in this great space it was as easy as thinking. And generally, I find that I was oftener impressed, in the choruses, by effects of beauty than by effects of power and grandeur. I have instanced "He watching over Israel." The gentle, equable diffusion of softly swelling harmony over so multitudinous a choir, gives a sense of unspeakable beauty, fulness and pervading sweetness, that creeps over you like the infinite calm of all-surrounding ocean.

But I must hasten to a close. Whether the Festival considered musically, were very good or not, it musically *did* good. At any rate to all those singers and performers. It was a great experience for them. It has given them a new impulse, a new consciousness of strength, a new taste of the joy of unity of effort, a new love of coöperation, and a deeper sense of the divine significance and power of music than they ever had. It has caused hundreds of choral societies to spring into existence for the time being, many of which will certainly prove permanent; and their first bond of union has been the practice of *good* music, of master-works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, which, having tasted once in such deep draughts, they will not readily abandon for weak trash. Education must come out of it. It has *planted*, well and widely, for the future.

Was it not good to be there, too, as listener, as looker-on, as sympathetic part and parcel of it? Who would willingly have been left out of such a grand occasion? The greatest assemblage of human beings under one roof ever known! A scene so overwhelming, so sublime, so beautiful from every point of view! An almost boundless sea of live humanity: and all so cheerful, all so happy, full of kindness, rejoicing in the sense of Country and of Brotherhood! Tens on tens of thousands, yet such admirable *Order*! Could any object, any influence but Music, hold such countless restless atoms in such order?

Finally, in a still wider way it has done good. It has given to tens of thousands of all classes (save, unfortunately, the poorest), who were there to hear, and, through them, to thousands more, to whole communities, a new belief in Music; a new conviction of its social worth; above all, of its importance as a pervading, educational and fusing element in our whole democratic life; a heavenly influence which

shall go far to correct the crudities, tone down, subdue and harmonize the loud, self-asserting individualities, relieve the glaring and forthputting egotism of our too boisterous and boastful nationality. Thousands now have faith in Music, who never did have much before; thousands for the first time respect it as a high and holy influence, who very likely looked upon it as at the best an innocent, if not a dissipating, idle pleasure. Public opinion, henceforth, will count it among the essentials of that "liberal education," which is the birthright of a free American, and no longer as a superfluous refinement of an over-delicate and fashionable few. We shall no longer have to plead against such odds to claim, that Music have her permanent, her honored seat among the "humanities" of learning and of general culture. We begin to see how Music is to teach a people manners, mutual deference, and, without outward cold authority, without appeal to fear, but freely and divinely from within, inspire the instinct of respect, of fond and childlike reverence for something still above us, be we where we may,—and this is real Self-respect. So far as the Jubilee has wrought this conversion among unbelieving or indifferent thousands, it has done incalculable good; and if, for this alone, we cannot be too grateful to the men who (whatever our mistrust of motives and of methods once) have given us a great experience. J. S. D.

Boston, June 25, 1869

After the Feast.

The *Tribune* of June 28, besides publishing the letters we have copied, has the following editorial remarks:

Gathering up the sober opinions of wise men upon the great Boston feast, now that the noise has died away, and hot blood has cooled, and angry editors have ceased to beat the air, we ask ourselves no longer whether Boston and Gilmore have really attained the glory for which they looked, but whether the prize was worth the winning. For with all its comical aspects—and there surely were enough of them—the Jubilee was a pretty serious affair, a magnificent gathering of enthusiasm, which is too valuable a force to be wasted. There were certain defects in the execution of the plan inseparable from its very vastness; but we are all quick to acknowledge that the result was far more pleasing than most persons outside of Boston—ourselves included—supposed it could be, and more pleasing than it would have been in any other city of America. If we look at the festival merely as a monster concert, then it was not worth doing, for Boston has many a time surpassed it. But it was something more than a concert, and we think upon the whole it must do good. It will go far toward familiarizing the people with the higher kinds of music, and weaning them from the unwholesome theatrical stimulants which have so much corrupted the public taste. It will be felt by a class of persons whom the ordinary concert does not reach, because they never go to it. It may perhaps popularize musical festivals in this country such as are frequent in Germany and other parts of Europe. It will certainly promote the formation of permanent choral societies, especially among the men and women who sang in the great Jubilee chorus; and possibly it may even result in the fusion of our half dozen puny New-York singing societies into one grand and powerful organization. We may look upon it in fact as a sort of musical revival,—not free from extravagances and follies, but invaluable as generator of the enthusiasm which is afterward to be expended in sober and persistent effort.

We have said that the Jubilee could have been organized nowhere but in Boston. A great orchestra can be collected by anybody who has the money to pay for it; but a great chorus, in the present condition of American musical culture, is impossible except in the capital of New-England. Boston has the best chorus leader in the United States,—a gentleman who does not confine his labors to that city, but exerts them all through the towns of Eastern Massachusetts and some of the neighboring States, and who had personally trained about one-third of all the ten thousand singers. This was a great help, but it was not all. Children in Boston learn music with their alphabet. Singing by note—not the mere screaming of tunes—is taught in the most thorough and systematic manner in all the public schools. This is why Boston has such magnificent choruses; and shall we not say that the charming good order, good temper, and enthusiasm which were so conspicuous in the motley crowd that overflowed the Coliseum were also attributable in no small degree to the refining and elevating influence of an early musical education. Here New York and all the great cities of America may find their lesson of the Jubilee.

The Festival Acoustically Considered.

"Where does all that mass of tone go?" asked almost every body who attended the monster concerts in the Coliseum. Those who went, expecting to be overwhelmed in a tide of sound which should arouse in them something akin to awe, who were prepared for a grandeur of effect far greater than had ever before been produced by masses of instruments and voices, have been, if not disappointed, surprised at the tumultuous murmurings they have listened to. While the accuracy of time and excellence of tune which the 10,000 voices exhibited, were greater than had been feared, the volume of sound given forth was exceedingly small in proportion to the number, and therefore the Festival, in this respect, was a failure. Some predicted this; but most people expected to feel themselves uplifted upon a storm of harmony, exalted to an emotion of sublimity by a magnificent wealth of sweeping, crashing chords. Now that the glamour of Jubilee has passed away, and the result of the Festival can be considered from a purely musical view, we can easily see that the failure results not from imperfectness of execution, but from an attempt to combat the simple laws of nature.

The voices of two men cannot be heard farther than the voice of one man. This is the simple explanation of the failure. Within the limits of sound, near enough for the ear to readily and effectively hear a single voice, an added volume of tone of the same calibre tends to increase the sensation in the ear; but when the limits of hearing have been reached, a thousand added voices are no more discernible than one. They all fall short at the same point that one did.

If we throw a pebble into still water, a series of undulations are initiated, which become fainter and fainter at their circumference until they are no longer visible. If we throw a handful of them in, a far greater commotion is made where they fall, and a broken, confused series of waves initiated, which move on, like the first one, but extend no farther. It is precisely the same with the undulations of air initiated by voices or instruments. The size of the Coliseum is such as to include or nearly include the limits of an ordinary voice. Mme Parepa, with a strong, telling voice, standing nearly one-third of the length of the building from one end, was clearly heard, and just heard, at the other end of the building. It was noticed that at the opposite balcony the eight voices which sang the "Inflammatus" made scarcely any more effect than Mme. Parepa did alone. The forty voices which sang the solos in "The Heavens are telling," sounded like a weak quartet. The fifty trumpets were scarcely more sonorous at the same distance than one. The two hundred violins were no more telling than those of an ordinary Music Hall orchestra, and not nearly so pungent in quality of tone. The great chorus was just heard in the piano passages, and in the loudest bursts was not so voluminous as the ordinary Handel and Haydn choruses in the Music Hall. The great organ sounded as a common church organ does to one passing by in the street. The whole combined effect of the 10,000 singers and 500 musicians was far inferior, in point of soul-stirring power, to that which was experienced at the Handel and Haydn Festival in the Music Hall.

The reason of this, as we have before said, is that the distance between the performers and the auditors,—at the extreme ends—is so great that the amount of disturbance of the air at one end is not great enough to extend to the other. Very many of the voices which were raised there could not be heard at all at a distance of five hundred feet, and the limits of all of them could not extend very much farther.

In perfect stillness, the mass of tone would doubtless have travelled farther than this, not with sonority, but with a sufficient force to be distinctly heard. But instead of silent surroundings, the rustle of dresses, the conversation of thousands of people, the tramp of hundreds in the corridors, all going on during the performances, and almost inseparable from such immense gatherings of non musical people, effectually covered up the softer passages, and materially affected even the loudest.

It may be asked why we hear sounds equally light at a much greater distance, oftentimes, in the open air? It is because they are reinforced by various agencies. The wind will carry on aerial undulations to a great distance, while they cannot be felt in the opposite direction for a greater part of the distance. A building constructed of resonant materials will hold and reflect a wave of sound to a greater distance than it would extend in space unaided. A torpedo thrown down in a parlor will create a more violent disturbance than a pistol will in a church. It is for this reason that the choral performances in the Music Hall are more sonorous than were those in the Coliseum, which was very inartistically contrived to reinforce and continue the sound made by the performers. Instead of a continuous arch, which would gather the sound and reflect it, the roof was broken into an inclined plane over the galleries, and an upright chimney in the centre, perforated with open windows. The gallery ceilings were covered with cotton cloth, from which depended, at regular distances, curtains of the same, effectually cutting off and smothering the tone which might have been carried along by resonant surfaces. The body of the building was hung with flags, stretching across and absolutely hiding the choristers from those in the corridors. All this, instead of assisting the distant voices, added to the normal hindrances to their being heard. Those on the floor were so low that the mass of tone rose far above them, leaking out at the many open windows and losing itself in space.

We have been speaking throughout of the natural and artificial hindrances to the success anticipated, of the causes why the voices of 10,000 singers sounded so faintly in the Coliseum. But we cannot omit to commend the chorus heartily for what it did, for its accuracy of time and tune, and to ascribe the highest praise to Mr. Zerrahn for the masterly way in which he led his vocal forces.

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Among the Roses.

(Aefer Hafiz).

A soft wind breathes from Eden,
And in mine ear this message blows:—
"Not from the soul of Hafiz
That fount of song exhaustless flows!
Ere time and space were measured,
Where Eden's radiant garden glows,
Each magic verse was written
On leaf of lily and of rose."

My serious friend, advancing,
Brings the tables of Moses.
Through their dew-veils glancing,
Slyly laugh the roses.
Cries he: "On the jailer
Call to split their noses!"
What, to jail wouldst trail her,
One of these soft roses?
Of this sneeze-wort take, then,
Two or three good doses;
O'er thy brain will break then
Thoughts, like thoughts of roses.
"Wanton thoughts each ponders,
Godless hue discloses!"
Friend, thy reason wanders,
Thou knowest not the roses.
Not in Eden's splendor,
Not on earth reposes
Aught so bright, pure, tender,
As the thoughts of roses!

Messages of heavenly wonder
Are not sent alone in thunder;
Lo, a hedge of summer roses
Flames, the burning bush of Moses;
And in brilliant colors' splendor,
In aroma rich and tender,
Tells, oh God! the golden story
Of thy goodness and thy glory!

Take a glad example from the roses;
Look, they laugh in beauty fresh and bright;
From amber morn until the day light closes,
They rejoice in dew, and air, and light!
Dull renunciation never poises,
Never pales their bloom with joyless blight;
In their lives they never think of Moses,
In the prophets never take delight.

When the fire is fading from mine eye,
When my laughter sinks into a sigh,
When these nerves and veins and throbbing brains
Ache with age's weary, racking pains,—
Then no grave physicians' potions bring;
On the wind all foolish nostrums fling;
Let me breathe the only saving breath,
Love, love, thine! the life that conquers death!
Let me hear the spring's oracular tongue,
Spring, eternal prophet ever young!
Let me read the wisdom that reposes
On each leaf of fresh unfolding roses;
Ope the casement, let the birds fly in;
Come with lute, and flute, and tambourine,
Song and roses, wine and honey laden!
Bring my joy, my pride, my high-souled maiden!
But, if these cannot bring back again
Life to lethargy, and rest to pain,
Priest, physician, prayer, will be in vain;
Go in peace then, nothing more will save;
Say good night, my friends, and dig my grave.

Fanny Raymond Ritter.

Musical Libraries.

[The following remarks, under the heading: "Art Music in 1871," appear in the London *Orchestra* of June 18.]

South Kensington will be in about two years' time a marvellous magazine for Art, if all promises be fulfilled. As the Museum now exists, it is a great boon to students, and an increase in point of attraction to the rising generation in the metropolis. Any young man, should he feel so inclined, may after the ordinary avocations of the day make himself a scholar in any commonly sought for language, or a thorough adept in any one of the arts. Painting is well represented; engraving capitally so; and there is no lack of the means of information touching the essentials of sculpture and architecture. There is a library of music, somewhat limited and wide in its selection, but good in itself, and suggestive of its many wants. As the art of music is to stand prominently forward in the Albert Hall, it would be well if the royal and distinguished governors of this institution were to direct their attention at once to the formation of a real musical library, so essential and interesting to the amateur, and so absolutely necessary to the profound musician. There is a rare and splendid library of music in the British Museum, and the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society possess a curious and valuable collection; but there is no library in London that we know of which can boast of any strict sequential series on any particular branch of musical art. No student or amateur could gather what was done for music by such musicians as Morales, Orlando di Lasso, Alessandro Scarlatti, Jomelli, Leo, and their successors and fellow laborers in opera. Up to a certain point, Italian operas were never printed; and how few of our musicians know anything of the hundred operas composed by Alessandro Scarlatti, the great modern founder of the Italian musical drama? There is a beautiful edition of Lulli's operas printed in Paris at the beginning of the last century, but there is no copy of this great work in our metropolis. No London library, excepting that in the Royal Palace, contains a set of the Handelian operas; nor is there any perfect set of the works of the great opera composers since Handel's day. An amateur may gather much from what in public libraries he may find on the opera; but a student would be puzzled and embarrassed by constant gaps; and as to the historian, his task is hopeless; he would be, so to say, altogether without proper reference. Again, take the history of the metrical psalm and hymn tune. On this subject there are two libraries displaying immense research and offering everything that amateur, professor, and historian can possibly want; but one is in Germany and the other in America. There is comparatively nothing on this point in the British Museum, and if possible less than the negative at Exeter Hall. Within these few years past some very rare books on psalmody have been offered to public competition, but neither British Museum nor Exeter Hall was represented, and these not costly rarities passed either to Scotland or to Brussels. There are two magnificent private libraries of musical art in Scotland, and the library of the Conservatoire at Brussels (thanks to M. Fétis) is a collection almost without parallel. The governors of the South Kensington Museum would confer a great boon to music and its professors by at once commencing a perfect set of the compositions by what may be called the modern composers. Of these Germany has published small and cheap editions, but much to be prized for their correctness and beauty; and the entire works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the other well-known and revered names, may be obtained at an outlay of some twenty or thirty pounds. In this way a beginning might be made, offering great help now, and great promise for the future. There is, we believe, in London a perfect set, or nearly so, of the operas of Louis Spohr on full score. Although this selection cost a great sum of money, they have been offered for sale at a most reasonable price, involving a horrible sacrifice, but no one was found anxious or willing to accept the offer. This collection would be a great feature in the South Kensington library.

Works on the theory of music are essential to a public library in the art, and as books of this kind really bring little or nothing in the auction room, an historical series might be easily made, and at a small charge. The treatises of this nature are divided into six classes: those discussing Greek art, early Church art, Mediæval art, Alla capella art, the school of the 1st century, and the present semitonic system. It might be difficult, and perhaps attended with some expense, to make this branch of musical study what it ought to be in a public library like that of the South Kensington Museum; but by limiting the series much might be easily and speedily effected. Let the collection begin with the two theories which have made all modern music—that of Rameau and Tartini. The number of curious, learned, and entertaining books that have been written on this subject since the days of Rameau and Tartini is most extraordinary. Many of them are quite outside and unknown works. They come into the auction rooms, are knocked down for a shilling, and disappear no one knows where. The enthusiastic collector dies, and about every twenty or thirty years they are found again to await the fate of the auctioneer's hammer. The last collection of this kind belonged to the late Mr. William Ayrton; and it were well for South Kensington if such a collection could be now found on its shelves. The undergraduates at Oxford have recently heard a lecture on hymn-tunes by the Professor of Music in that University, and from this oration it is not difficult to imagine that the College libraries in Oxford, nay even the great Bodleian itself, must be sadly deficient in works on metrical hymnody. The professor told his hearers that in Reformation days hymns consisted of twelve verses or more; but the number of verses was found to be no difficulty with congregations, for hymn-tunes in those times were sung rather fast! As at the period to which the professor alluded there were no hymns sung at all, the question of speed does not arise. But if the professor was thinking of metrical psalm-tunes, we beg to assure him that these were not sung rather fast, but on the contrary rather slow—at a rate which in these days would be thought monstrous slow.

It is not a little singular that we should be quietly and unobtrusively founding a national academy for the study of music among other arts in this metropolis, whilst in the sister-isle we are about to destroy the time-honored establishments for the cherishing of musical song there, and reducing it to the miserable condition of church music in Scotland. Nor can it be concealed, that if musical foundations go down in Ireland, they will ere long go down in England; and it will come to this, that musical art will be separated from religious art, and we shall fall into the status now everywhere visible in Germany, Italy, and France. Musical composition, we are told by a distinguished German philosopher and historian, is over and done with in Germany; he sees no dawn on the horizon; and thinks the case hopeless. There is nobody in Italy but

Verdi—a giant in dramatic power—but the lyrical feeling of the stage is in direct opposition to the lyrical feeling of the Church. The very tone of the present race of Italian vocalists would appal the great church singers of the days of Pergolesi and Jomelli. The singers of their times were taught to give expression to emotions of reverence, dignity, gratitude, hope, love, brotherhood, and all the outgoings from humanity appertaining to worship; and these singers carried their great and mighty mechanism into the theatre; and although Addison in the *Spectator* laughed at Handel and his operas, Handel well knew what really grand singing could do, and Addison found he must bespeak his ticket of admission many days before the performance, and had to take great care lest his coat were torn off his back in his endeavour to gain his entry into the theatre. True it is the opera is now crowded nightly, and we have singers who can sing anything and everything; but the tones are not the same, for the feelings are not the same; and the general portraiture of passion in a modern opera is now frequently no way creditable, either to the book-maker or the musician. The separation of musical art from its mother and nurse—the Church—has led modern composers to take the military band, the dance, and the instrumental forms as his models for vocal music. But no military band can equal the solidity and solemnity of the old church orchestra; no form of the dance is a legitimate expression of the language-rhythms; and the best of all instruments—whatever instrument that may be—is a miserable substitute for the human voice. Music in Paris without religion has let in the Jew, and if Wagner is to be believed—and there is some truth in what he says—a pretty mess the Jew has made of it. On one point Wagner has undoubtedly spoken some truth, when he writes that Meyerbeer knew himself he was making vain and trivial music, offering one kind of *ennui* in exchange for another, conscious he could not create a great work of art, and simply perfecting himself in the one sole mission of his life—how to deceive. This is the end and consummation of musical art separated and divorced from the spirit of church music. We are about to do the same thing that has been done in Germany, Italy and France—take the study of music away from its legitimate connection with religious art, and leave it to the tender mercies of the academy, the concert-room, and the stage. Should this be done at the South Kensington Museum, we have small hope of any great success for music in that quarter. The museum must have its chapel, its choir, and its orchestra; and before its students write music for the pleasure of their countrymen, they must learn to write music for the honor of the God that made them.

Liszt at his Residence in Rome.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin].

Rome, Italy, June 8th.

The church of San Francesca Romana, added to its classical site, its possession of the tombs of a holy Roman Patrician saint, and of a great Umbrian painter, Gentile da Fabriano, has another attraction, which will make it hereafter a classical spot to the musical student: A great musical poet—Liszt, the inspired rhapsodist of the piano, at the very point of perfection in that instrument—lives under the roof of the Olivetan buildings, which are at the back of the church of San Francesca Romana.

Last winter, in January, the day before Liszt left Rome for Weimar, a friend introduced me to the great musician, who courteously expressed a hope that we might meet again this spring, after his return from Weimar.

During the winter I have formed the acquaintance of a young priest, who is the intimate friend and pupil of Liszt—Don Zefirino Falcioni. This young gentleman lives with his mother and her brother, an old priest, in a charming little house on the Palatine hill. There he was born, on the very ground of the Palace of the Cæsars.

His uncle, a beneficiare of St. Maria Maggiore, has charge of the small, interesting old church, St. Sebastiano al Monte Palatino, which the Prince Barberini is now repairing. This church; the adjoining garden; the house, with its occupants, and accessories; the entrance hall down stairs, whose walls are hung with prints of old musical composers; the young musical priest's room above, with its library of quaint old books, busts and portraits of great musicians; piano, holding a laurel crowned bust of his idol, friend and master, Liszt,—all make up a spot full of romance. Fifty novels might be thought of there, and the picturesque-looking young musical priest might be the hero of a hundred romances. My imagination always flies off on voyages of discovery in the region of fiction whenever I go there. Through Don Zefirino, as we call him, I received, a fortnight since, an invitation from Liszt to call upon him, and last Friday afternoon I went with Don Zefirino, accompanied by a lady friend. We found some gentlemen in the salon. Liszt received us most cordially, and, after a pleasant little talk, said to me, in a low voice:

"If you can wait until after these gentlemen leave, I will play for you."

During their visit I had time to examine the celebrated musician and his surroundings. Liszt is known to be singularly free from all luxurious tastes. His reception room is a large, spacious one. The floor is covered with a simple drugget. On the day I was there the large table, which stands in the first corner, had on it a plain white cover, some pamphlets and well used books, and a paper-weight or two of simple fashion. In the other corner near the large, full grand Chickering piano, was a statuette of the Blessed Virgin; beside this was a small table, with papers, photographs and two small busts—one of Wagner, the other of the young King of Bavaria, who jilted his pretty young cousin. The only thing on the plainly papered walls was a map of the seven hills of Rome. The other furniture consisted of chairs and two sofas, covered with common brocatelle, and the curtains to the windows were of the simplest white muslin. But the view from these windows made amends for all shortcomings in the way of upholstery. The Sacra Via passes under them; the Arch of Titus and Palatine Hill lie in front, and by leaning a little out there can be seen to the left the ever graceful profile of the colosseum against the tender, throbbing blue of the beautiful Roman sky.

Liszt, too, must be described while we are waiting for his visitors to leave. He is fifty-seven—for, like kings and queens, his birth is registered, and there can be no evasion—but he does not look so old by ten years. The Abbé's costume is very becoming to him, for he has a well-shaped leg and foot. The shoes had on them gold buckles, but the rest of the dress was very plain,—black silk stockings, knee-breeches fastened at the knee with three black buttons, and a long black coat, made something like a woman's *polonaise*—the orthodox Abbé dress.

Liszt's hair is thick and long, as in his pictures, but streaked with grey. The expression of the face is benignant and dignified, and his eyes are a bright keen grey. The wild, melancholy look, and defiant expression of the mouth and long, firm jaw, which can be seen in early pictures of this remarkable man, have disappeared entirely, if they ever existed. He is called homely by a great many; but when I admire a gifted person I never think of good or bad looks; to me, such faces are always just the ones that ought to belong to their owners. "It must be admitted," said a friend to me, "that Liszt has six huge warts on his face."

Yes, I remember noticing them—a superb one on the forehead, just above the nose—and I thought when I looked at them how well they agreed with his face; they added to the individuality. But, after all, in the expression of Liszt's face lies the charm: it is kind, courteous, gentle and yet dignified. He is accused of being haughty and conceited. I saw nothing of it. I did notice a high air of poetic exaltation—a happy, free, independent expression, which was extremely attractive.

Liszt's manners are easy, quiet and genial, and he converses freely in French, German and Italian; English he speaks slowly, but well. After his visitors left, he rubbed his hands and said gayly:

"Now we will have the music while it is fresh."

But just as he said this the door opened, a new visitor entered who had to be attended to, and we waited another ten or fifteen minutes. During that time I noticed his hands. They are slender, the fingers long and thin, well-kept, good-shaped nails; but the thumb was the wonder. We have been amusing ourselves over Desbarolles' "*Mystères de la Main*," this winter, and we carried on a *sotto voce* conversation over these marvellous thumbs. They are the longest I ever saw, and reach up to the first joint of the fore finger. "The thumb is the whole of life," all old chiromantists have said, and Liszt's certainly seems to be one proof at least of this. We examined as well as we could his other fingers, balanced them with these thumbs, and used all our superficial knowledge. The result was that of most fortune-tellers who know the fate they prophesy. Liszt's fingers are finely formed; they express idealism and poetry, susceptibility, analytic order; they are smooth and flexible, which implies inspiration, tact and egotism; but every quality is balanced and controlled by these long thumbs; powerful will speaks in the first joint, and logic in the second, and these united to the fine fingers and firm hand, according to Desbarolles, give activity, power of execution, and lead on to fortune.

The second visitor left and Liszt said, as he took a seat at the piano:

"Since you are interested in Chopin, I will give you something of his."

To see Liszt playing is as fine as to hear him. His mobile face expresses every varying emotion and feeling in the music. He seemed one with his instrument. I forgot to examine how he made his wonderful trill, which is more like the nightingale note than any other piano trill I ever heard; and when he ended one and passed on to the other musical passages, I thought of

——"her poet-soul she flingeth
Over pain to victory;"

the music went with the same keen sweep as the bird note does. I could not analyze or note any way or manner of his playing while I listened, except this: his perfect stillness, his quiet pose. That firm hand, long, supple, smooth fingers and powerful thumbs drew out the music, as if it had been harmonious breath, and the face was lofty, smiling, gentle, serious, just as the music came. I was not surprised as I had expected to be—not overpowered; but his music made me perfectly happy, it seemed to be full and satisfactory.

"What did he play?" I have been asked very often since. If he had not told me I should not have known. Two or three gleams of some of the Chopin Etudes peeped out here and there, but flitted off just as my memory tried to seize on them. After awhile a mystic confusion began, and a mazourka glided swiftly by. It was a beautiful shadowy dramatic fantasia, and sometimes Liszt looked just as he does in the popular picture which almost every American music-loving girl has hanging over her piano—*Matinée with Liszt*"—in which Czerny, Berlioz and Ernst are listening to this king of pianists.

"But what did he play?" my friends repeat. "Three etudes and a mazourka of Chopin, arranged by myself as a fantasia," was Liszt's reply, when asked.

I thanked him after he was through and we took our leave. He accompanied our little party through his anteroom to the head of the stairs, shaking us by the hand cordially many times, and repeating his courteous invitation to come again to see him, and so ended my

"*Matinée bei Liszt.*"

ANNE BREWSTER.

The Forthcoming Requiem for Rossini.

In the course of the next three months Verdi and his collaborateurs promise to be ready with the new Requiem Mass, to be used for the early peace and happiness of the late Gioacchino Antonio Rossini. The composers banded together in this labor of love number one over the dozen; but of the thirteen not many are known for special work in this country. With Verdi all the world claims acquaintance, and of Ricci and Coccia something has been heard. Bazzini, Buzzola, Boucheron, and Cagnoni are names without currency; Gaspari, Nini, and Mabellini rise up for the first time; and Pedrotti, Petrella, and Platania, whether entities or nonentities, are terms irresolvable, and are quoted without impression. The Office for the Dead in the English Church, whether for idea or language, is unsurpassed by that in any branch of the Church Catholic; and take it all in all, that for the Latin is wonderfully appealing and sublime. The former considers rather "those that are alive;" the latter is more especially directed towards the one member who has passed from the visible into the invisible; one sojourn has been completed and ended, another has been entered upon, and all thoughts, hopes, and energies are concentrated upon the consideration of the next passage, and the consummation so longed for and so to be prayed for. The mere Requiem Mass is but a small part of the office. The Psalms are some of the finest in the Psalter, and admirably fitted for intense musical expression: the short lessons are most beautiful, and in lyrical and in dramatic feeling call for the heart and hand of the foremost of masters in composition. "Behold, I show you a mystery," "O death, where is thy sting?" "The hour is coming and now is," "If we believe that Jesus died," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "I am the resurrection and the life," and other portions of Holy Scripture of like solemn and yet jubilant character, tend to give this ancient office the tenderest regards. Many of these

texts fall familiarly on English ears, from their settings by Handel in his oratorio of the "*Messiah*," and it is not a little singular that the third division of this great work should contain so much of the ancient services for the departed. The oratorio ought to have closed with the grand *alleluia*, and it is said that the third part was an afterthought. Had it been otherwise we should have lost a great song, much fine concerted music, the "Worthy is the Lamb" and one of the few canonic choruses teeming with life and interest.

No one could have objected to a club of composers undertaking to set the *Dirige* and *Requiem Mass* to music, and there is ample material for the employ of a dozen hands or more. But we object to the division of the Requiem. Clubbed operas have never answered, and the clubbing together for a Mass has hitherto been declined by all great artists. The Requiem Mass is no long service; the *Dies Irae* takes the place of the *Gloria*, and the *Introitus* and *Hostia* are no very extended additions. Nothing can be gained by division of labor, but much must necessarily be lost. The general feeling of the situation can not be obtained, the growth and development of the contrasts must fail in truthful realization, and each composer must lose in power by his hand being shortened and his imagination restrained. The arrangement with the Rossini Requiem we think altogether a mistake, and likely to lead to a miserable result. The noble and grand hymn, the *Dies Irae*, has been split up into seven fragments, and apportioned to MM. Bazzini, Pedrotti, Cagnoni, Ricci, Nini, Bouchéron, and Coccia. Some of these gentlemen much deserve commiseration. What can M. Ricci do with the *Recordare*? What M. Bouchéron with the *Confutatis*? To make the task more irksome and desperate, the shape, style, and method of the movements are severally cut and carved out. Bazzini is to set the first verse of the *Dies Irae* in C minor, as a chorus and *allegro maestoso*. Ricci is ordered to make a *Recordare* in the same key, and for the same quartet voices as those used by Mozart. Poor fellow! he should, like Mozart, have a brain fever and give up the ghost, before he writes the *Recordare* he is contemplating. Pedrotti promises the *Tuba mirum* in E flat major, as a bass solo with chorus, and Cagnoni the *Quid sum miser*, as duet for soprano and contralto, in A flat major. Coccia will give us an allegro accompanied, and andante unaccompanied, the *Lacrymosa*, in G major and minor; and Nini supplies the only tenor solo, a largo in A minor, for the *Ingemisco*. But of all the thirteen the most to be pitied is the composer Gaspari, who is to write the new *Domine* in C major for a solo voice and chorus accompanying. Whatever the musicians of the Latin Church may have left undone, the *Domine* is not of the number. No one, we imagine, can transcend the *Domine* of Mozart, either for music or imagination. Mozart's *Domine* is like Handel's *Alleluia*, a thing apart—hopelessly inimitable. The *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* are divided between Platania and Petrella, the *Sanctus* as a chorus in D flat major, and the *Agnus Dei* as a solo for the contralto, in F major. The *Lux aeterna* has fallen to Mabellini, and Verdi appears at the close with the *Libera me* set as solo for a soprano and chorus moderato then allegro, and finally a fugue. Verdi has certainly the best of the situation, and one escaping direct comparison with the great German. The whole Requiem is not to take more than an hour and a half in performance, and each movement is limited to seven minutes. This order is perhaps the least of all the orders to be commended. The Procrustean measure must be almost fatal to the making up of the work. Why should the *Domine* be measured off with the *Ingemisco* or the *Sanctus* with the *Lux aeterna*? If this direction be complied with, the success of the Mass will be greatly endangered.

The new Requiem is laid out dramatically, but there are opportunities sufficient to demonstrate the present condition of Italy as to church work and contrapuntal handling. It will be indeed a great curiosity, an entirely novel affair, if no more. What however is wanted is a service for the dead, written not in the spirit of antiquarianism, but with all that Art, as it is at present, can do, and in the tone and feeling proper to the office. There is no perfect setting of the *Dirige*: why should there not be? Why should a few monks or priests have this noble and pathetic service to themselves? It may be said that there is no sacrifice in connection with this office, but surely this is no valid reason against the employ of art or all its resources. The Mass, although calling for the highest forms and strongest feelings, is not to engross to itself these forms and feelings. There is no law and no reason why a composer should set the *Te Deum laudamus* in a lower condition than the *Gloria in excelsis*. Both deal with the same facts, appeal to the same emotions, afford the same opportunities, and call forth the same fervor and zeal. Much would have been gained, had it been so arranged that these thirteen composers were set at work upon the entire office instead of upon the Mass only. There are psalms enough, portions of songs, tunes enough, to have employed every member of this little harmonical army. There is the beautiful lyric, "Like the hart pants;" the jubilant "I will magnify Thee;" the glorious inspiration, "The Lord is my light;" the "Miserere mei," the "In Te Domine," to say nothing of the grand antiphons and the affecting little chapters. It is against rule, we believe, to set the collects to church music; but if the rule be elastic, in this indomitably unbending corporation, a fine opportunity opens in this direction.

The last great council of the Latin Church very wisely took music into its consideration, and the forthcoming one may and will probably follow its example. The Latin Church has more need of composers than priests, more call for good music than additional doctrine, and will prove of greater service to Christendom if it attempts to amend what it now possesses. The English Church made a truly noble musical service out of the old matins, lauds, and vespers; the Roman has its work to do herein. Our Burial Office is an antiquarian affair—slow without solemnity, sombre without pathos, contrapuntal without learning. We have need of a new service, but ask not for thirteen heads to be engaged in it. Our composers depart, but no one sets to work "In memoriam," and whether wisely or otherwise, the Italians have set us a good example in their labor of love and remembrance. Some good must come out of this most singular experiment.—*Orchestra.*

Wilhelm Bernhard Molique.*

So do they live and die, the true and glorious sons of art! Themselves without pretension, they fill the world with works of genius; then retain quiet and retired; then burst forth once more—and then disappear for ever! And then their contemporaries exclaim: Who? Where? We did not know it. What, a man like him! So did Molique come before the world, so was he inspired by his art, as was also, through him, his generation; so did he utter his unrivalled strains, which found their way to men's souls; so did he end, and so does the world of art, deeply moved, gaze after him. Whoever heard his violin playing, either in the compositions of others, or in his own, heard what violin playing, genial, classic, thoroughly artistic violin playing, really is; whoever listened to his compositions, felt that they sprang from the soul of a master; whoever met him in private life, said to himself: I see before me a man in the best sense of the word. On the 12th May Cannstadt witnessed his funeral—he always wished to die in Swing.—Wilhelm Bernhard Molique was born on the 7th Oct., 1802, at Nuremburg. His father, the *Stadtmusikus* or Musician to the Town, gave him his first lessons in music. King Maximilian I., of Bavaria, having heard of his precocious talent, sent for the boy, when he was fourteen, to Munich, in order than he might have lessons on the violin from that admirable artist, Pietro Rovelli, Court Violinist. At the age of sixteen, Molique became a member of the Imperial Chapel, Vienna, but returned a year afterwards to Munich, to fill the office of his old master, Rovelli, who had died in the interim. In the year 1824, he became acquainted, at the house of Herr Peter von Winter, the *Capellmeister*, with Marie Wanneg, that gentleman's niece and adopted daughter, and married her a twelvemonth later. In the year 1826, having been offered it, he accepted the place of Musical Director at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgardt. Not only, for a long series of years, did he command the unbounded approbation of his audiences by his violin playing, and, in his capacity as conductor, unite the greatest discretion with the most delicate ear, but he was busy also as a teacher of the violin and of composition. Though he was a master of counterpoint, he had never received any instruction in it. During his residence in Stuttgardt, he made, every year, long professional trips to Holland, Russia, England and France. Wherever he went, he met with the same enthusiastic reception as in Germany, being overwhelmed with honors and marks of distinction. He was always glad to get back "to his Stuttgardters," by whom he was invariably welcomed with ever increasing affection. This rare artist returned the partiality which Stuttgardt evinced for him, by remaining faithfully within its walls, and by resolutely refusing a most advantageous offer from Hanover, and another as professor at the Conservatory, from Prague. The political disturbances of the year 1849, however, induced him to send in his resignation, and migrate with his family to London. In that capital he lived seventeen years, honored and loved by all who knew him; and, by his unshakable adherence to what he had found to be true and genuine in art, exercising great influence upon musical matters there. In the year 1859, he received the most hearty and delighted welcome from this paper, as well as from other quarters, on his return, for a short time, to Stuttgardt, on which occasion he had an opportunity of greeting once more a great many old and enthusiastic friends, especially his talented pupil, Herr Keller. He gave a concert at the Theatre Royal, and, profoundly delighted at the rapturous applause with which he was received as well as at the faithful attachment to him manifested on so many sides, returned to London—after having given concerts, also, in Munich and Frankfort—with the conviction that the same enthusiasm with which he had formerly met in Germany still existed for him here.—Among Molique's compositions, which all breathe a clear and thoroughly classical spirit, we would direct particular attention to his Violin Concertos; his Mass in F minor, for four voices, with orchestral accompaniment (composed in the year 1843); his Quartets for Stringed Instruments, three Sonatas for Violin and Pianoforte; his magnificent oratorio of *Abraham*, composed in less than three months, in the year 1860, and performed, for the first time, under his own direction, at the Grand Norwich Festival (September, 1860), producing an impression that will never be effaced, and unanimously classed by the critics with the works of such men as Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; then (1861) his Mass for four voices, with organ accompaniment, with or without chorus, a work of elevated and touching beauty, which has not yet been published. He further wrote a Treatise on Harmony, in which he presented to the musical world his own method of instruction, a method founded upon the ripest experience. His strength now began, unfortunately to break; and a violent pain, to which he was subject, in the head, caused him frequently to express the wish that, after his death, there should be a surgical examination into the cause. He now returned to Germany, and, after staying five months at Starnberg, settled with his family at Cannstadt. A paralytic stroke deprived him almost totally of the use of his limbs. There was only one thing that could have sustained his spirits under this calamity, and that was the most loving and indefatigable manner in which he saw himself tended by his wife and two of his four daughters (the two others live in England). A few days previous to his death, his vital powers appeared to be restored in a great degree; but, on the 9th May, he had another paralytic stroke, which was the more immediate cause of his death, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The surgeons found that the cause of his disease was a tumor, which had existed probably for years, in the cerebellum. The two surgeons who performed the *post-obitum* examination were greatly interested by the "unusually great beauty of the brain, as well as by the remarkable depth and completeness of that portion, in which, according to Gall, the sense of music lies."—I will here beg permission to quote some remarks from the *Wiener Musikzeitung*, in an article on a concert given by the Deceased in the Theatre an der Wien. "I have already," says the writer of the article in question, "expressed myself to the effect that, acting in obedience to my most profound conviction, I concede the dignity of being a true artist only to him who proves himself in his artistic efforts a thoroughly decided *character*, who gives the reins to his individuality; who follows his own inward impulse, not caring for what may be said by the blind multitude; nay, who considers every concession to the public an unanswerable offence, never to be expiated. On the present occasion, I have mentioned Molique, with joyful enthusiasm, as one of those rare and eminent characters in art, and set him up as the "Polar Star" to very many individuals who pursue the broad road of mere flat virtuosity, entirely sacrificing the pound or drachm, as as the case may be, of intellect which they have received from above. Molique disdains utterly to make concessions, at the cost of his poetic originality, to the multitude musical masses. His Violin Concertos and his Fantasias are by no means such compositions as correspond with the empty notions advanced in recent times; notions which the representatives of abstract virtuosity, from extravagant complaisance for the public, adopt, and carry out in their works:—no, Molique gives us profoundly considered, organically framed Symphonies, proceeding, and developed, from a virgin source (the motive), with *obbligato*—violin. He does full justice to every separate instrument in the orchestra, giving it its full artistic importance, and understands, as very few others understand, how to unite these isolated and separate elements into one beautiful whole." So says the *Wiener Musikzeitung*. But the whole world of music with which Molique came in contact must have thought the same of him. This is proved by the numerous marks of honor which were conferred

* From the "Schwäbischer Mercur." Translated in the London Musical World.

on him, and which it is now my duty to mention. Molique possessed the diploma as Honorary Member of the National Musical Association of Germany (1839); of the Musical Association of Austria (1839); of the Frankfort *Liederkranz* (1840); of the North German Musical Association, Hamburg (1842); of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome (1843); of the Hungarian Musical Association, Pesth (1845); of the Mozarteum, Salzburg (1846); of the Conservatory, Prague (1847); of the Netherlandish Society for the Promotion of Musical Art, Rotterdam (1851); of the Philharmonic Society, Boulogne (1852); of the Presidentship of the New Philharmonic Society, London (1860); of the Royal Academy of Music, London. The Managing Committee of the *Tiedgestiftung* at Dresden, also, distinguished the deceased by transmitting to him, in the latter part of last summer, a splendid present. Just as it was a blessing for the musical world, and a brilliant point in musical history, a life so glorious, whether we look upon the deceased as a man or an artist, must be a guiding star for his esteemed family, and an intellectual support never to be forgotten, for their future, while every sincere disciple of genuine art will make a pilgrimage to his grave at Cannstadt. r.

Music Abroad.

London.

Opera. The *Saturday Review*, of June 5th, gives a *resumé*, to that date, of the performances at Covent Garden theatre since the "coalition" went into effect between the two rival managers,—Messrs. Gye and Mapleson,—notwithstanding the fact that meanwhile the other theatre, Her Majesty's, is built up again and ready for use. We quote some passages:

On the opening night (March 30) we had *Norma*, played, except in one important instance, exclusively by artists of Mr. Mapleson's company. Mlle. Tietjens was Norma; Mlle. Sinico, Adalgisa; Signor Mongini, Pollio; and Signor Foli, Oroveseo; while Signor Arditi presided in the orchestra.

Bellini's hackneyed work was followed by Verdi's *Rigoletto*. In the cast of this opera the disparity be- the resources of the two managers was less apparent, though again the director of Her Majesty's Theatre had considerably the advantage. Mlle. Vanzini, the *prima donna*, at any rate, was a member of the Covent Garden troop last year; and though her Gilda, compared with other Gildas we have known (not to appeal to so high a standard as the late Mme. Bosio), was second rate at the best, it was by no means devoid of merit. The other characters were allotted to Mlle. Scalchi (Maddalena), Signor Mongini (Duke of Mantua), Signor Foli (Sparafucile), and Mr. Santley (Rigoletto)—all from the old house. That the music assigned to the Court Jester would be admirably sung by Mr. Santley was anticipated; but few had looked for the extraordinary advance of our English baritone in the histrionic department of his art. Mr. Santley's Rigoletto was the most striking feature of the performance, although the splendid voice of Signor Mongini, now, in spite of manifest errors of taste and want of balance, foremost of Italian tenors, was heard to distinguished advantage in many parts of the opera, and especially in "La donna è mobile." The conductor on this occasion was Signor Li Calsi, Mr. Gye's former "*repétiteur*," under whose direction the accompaniments were given in such a manner as to make it difficult to believe that we were listening to the Covent Garden players. Thus the inexpediency of having two directors of one orchestra was early established. That the custom obtains at Berlin and elsewhere on the Continent is true; but it is bad, all the same, and has never within the memory of two generations been tolerated at the Grand Opera in Paris, where alone performances on a par with those to which we have been accustomed for so long a period at the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre can be heard. With *Fidelio*, which came next, the case was very different. Signor Arditi again held the conductor's stick, and, from the overture (the great *Leonora*, No 3) to the *finale*, the masterpiece of Beethoven, in so far as orchestra and chorus were concerned, was adequately presented. The characters on the stage, with a solitary exception, were allotted to Mr. Mapleson's singers—Mlle. Tietjens (Leonora), Mlle. Sinico (Marcellina), Mr. C. Lyall (Jacquino), Signor Foli (Rocco), and Signor Bulterini (Florestan)—Mr. Gye merely contributing Signor Ciampi, as the Minister, who does not appear till the last scene, when the dramatic interest has culminated. The single novelty was the Florestan of Signor Bulterini, one of the worst we remember, just as Mr. C. Lyall's Jacquino is the very best. Signor Bulterini has a loud voice and sings loudly—which is all we have to say of him. With Signor Mongini in the theatre, it was lamentable to hear the soliloquy of Florestan in the dungeon scene, and the tenor part of the trio and duet, thus sacrificed. Signor Mongini, however, has, doubtless, no wish to engross the entire repertory. Immediately after *Fidelio*, we find him singing his best as the hero of an opera that has nothing in common with *Fidelio*—Manrico, in *Il Trovatore*, about which, beyond recording that the other characters were supported by Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Scalchi, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley (all Mr. Mapleson's), we need say nothing. This motley lyric melodrama stands much in need of repose; and if it were laid aside for years there would be little to regret. To Verdi succeeded Donizetti—not at his liveliest, but at his dullest. When the facile Bergamese—whose comic operas (although closely modelled on Rossini's) are perfect—wrote *Linda di Chamouni* for Vienna, he tried hard to please the German taste, but only succeeded in proving that the sentimental drama was not his element.

Next, in due course, came the *Huguenots*, with Mlles. Tietjens and Ilma di Murska, Signor Mongini and Mr. Santley, respectively as Valentine, the Queen, Raoul, and St. Bris Of these, beyond the fact that the voice of Mlle. Tietjens betrayed symptoms that should forbid the too prodigal use of it in such exacting operas as those of Meyerbeer, we have nothing new to say.

About the performance immediately following we are able to speak in terms of almost unrestricted praise. The opera was *Il Flauto Magico*, the chief characters in which were represented by Mlles. Tietjens, Sinico, and Ilma di Murska (Pamina, Papagena, and the "Queen of Night"), Signors Bulterini and Foli (Tamino and Sarastro), Messrs. C Lyall and Santley (Monostatos and Papageno). This, with one exception, Signor Bulterini *vice* Signor Bettini (by no means an improvement), was precisely the same cast as during the series of performances given by Mr. Mapleson at Covent Garden Theatre in the winter—a foreshadowing, as it were, of the coalition to come. So that Signor Arditi being at the conductor's desk, though the performance was in Mr. Gye's theatre, the idea of Mr. Gye's company could scarcely once have occurred to any one, except, perhaps, when Signors Marino and Fallar, as the "two armed men," were endeavoring to sing the *canto fermo*, in front of the "Orrida Monte," near the end of the last act. Up to this time certainly the "coalition" had been a strange one, seeing that the most essential requirements were exclusively furnished by one of the parties coalescing. The unanimous feeling, however, seemed to be that this representation of *Il Flauto Magico* was calculated to raise expectations for the future.

That which Beethoven pronounced the masterpiece of German lyric drama was followed by what, although composed by an Italian, is unquestionably the masterpiece of French lyric drama—*Guillaume Tell*. In the earlier days of the Royal Italian Opera the appearance of this great work was always an event. But of late it has been less cared for, and there have probably been as many unsatisfactory representations of *Guillaume Tell* as of any opera in the repertory. With Signor Li Calsi at the head of the orchestra, in place of Mr. Costa, it is not surprising that the performance on the present occasion should for the greater part have been mediocre.

The redeeming point was the superb singing of Signor Mongini, who, with the exception of Signor Tamberlick, approaches nearer to Duprez than any other representative of Arnold we can call to mind. Signor Mongini was not well supported, Signor Graziani being by no means imposing as Guillaume Tell, and Signor Bagagiolo, despite his fine voice, by no means effective as Walter. In Mlle. Sinico, on the other hand, there was a really competent Mathilde; and notwithstanding all shortcomings, music so original and picturesque as that of Rossini could not fail to make its impression.

The revival of *Robert le Diable* appears to have been not more encouraging. But now came the reappearance of two stars of the first magnitude for these times; and here we copy from the *Athenæum* of June 19th:

The Opera.—Since Mme. Adelina Patti and Mlle. Nilsson came, the performances at Covent Garden have been made up exclusively of repetitions of the operas of which these two ladies are the chief, it might almost be said the sole atractions. "La Sonnambula," "Lucia," "Marta," and such like hackneyed productions, have made up the cheap bill of fare provided by the operatic firm. To this dull monotony some relief has been given by the revival of "La Gazza Ladra"—a work which, for some unaccountable reason, had been laid aside for five years. It was brought out last season under Mr. Mapleson's energetic management at Drury Lane, but the dozens of Traviatas and Martas who have appeared and disappeared within the past few years have elbowed poor Ninetta from the stage of the rival house. And yet the full, rich spontaneous melody that sweeps through "La Gazza Ladra" should be welcome to many who are suffering from a surfeit of Verdi. Ninetta, too, is the part in which the talent of Mme. Patti is shown at its very best. She is one of the few living artists who can sing Rossini's music with the masterly facility which is essential to satisfactory expression. It is not enough to be able to jerk out certain runs, as nuts might be shaken out of a bag. The florid passages must be articulated with such ease as not to interfere with the broad delivery of the entire phrase of which they are the ornaments. How well Mme. Patti understands this, she proved by her faultless singing of the famous sortita "Di piacer," while the prayer that interrupts the funeral march was rendered with a dignity and purity of style in the highest degree remarkable. In the well known trio "Nume benefico,"—the prototype of so many subsequent concerted pieces—the effect of the unexceptional singing of Mme. Patti and Mr. Santley was marred by Signor Bottero, who is unable to firmly sustain his hard, hollow voice for a single bar. Nor has he any of the irresistible humor which, in the case of Signor Ronconi's *Podestà*, used to reconcile us to all deficiencies of voice. Mr. Santley's *Fernando Villabella* is in every respect the finest that has been witnessed for many years. Rossini's music comes as naturally to this accomplished singer as that of any other master, old or new. Mr. Lyall and Signor Tagliafico sketched the characters of *Isaaco* and *Fabrizio* in so dexterous a fashion as completely to compensate for their poverty in vocal power; but none of the other singers were at all up to the Covent Garden mark. Mlle. Grossi, despite her rich *contralto*, makes nothing of the grateful character of *Pippo*, and Signor Corsi is a very inadequate tenor. It was impossible for the amateur to see Mme. Trebelli, the best *Pippo* in our recollection, in a private box, and Mlle. Grossi on the stage, without regretting that their positions were not reversed. The chorus-singing was very indifferent, and Signor Li Calsi's conducting quite as unsatisfactory as ever.

Passing over the more hacknied rôles of Nilsson, we come to the sensation of the season, her Ophelia in "*Hamlet*," by M. Ambroise Thomas, of which opera, in anticipation, the *Athenæum* discourses as follows:

It must always remain a question how far it is expedient to set great dramatic poems to music. There certainly can be no canon against the illustration of one art by another. Literature has since the earliest times been illustrated by painting and sculpture, and so far from its being looked upon as a profanation, it is to this universal custom that we are indebted for the chief artistic masterpieces of the world. Were not all the precious marbles of Scopas and Phidias prompted by Greek poets? and have not all the finest paintings of Christendom been inspired directly or indirectly by the book which, as Sir William Jones said, contains, apart from all consideration of its divine origin, more true poetry than any other? If the artist has often fallen far short of the reader's ideal he has frequently surpassed it, and has made the world by so much richer. It may be that the pictorial editions which of late years have been more popular than ever, have rarely added anything to the common stock of ideas, and that the designs have more often interfered with conceptions which, right or wrong, have risen higher than the limner's imagination. But illustrations of this class are as the baby-food on which weak mental stomachs may be strengthened and fitted for the reception of solid fare. Looked upon from this point of view the most ordinary cuts serve a certain purpose in stimulating the curiosity and interest of dull intellects. But music is of a more jealous nature, and when it is married to immortal verse it insists on playing the tyrant. The words, even when they carry with them a music of their own, must give way to the imperious laws which "bind the chains of harmony." Hence the disinclination of great poets to write for music, and hence the hesitation of great composers in setting lines which already awaken a melody in the general ear. Beethoven, although in the overture to Collin's "Coriolanus" he was animated with the true Shakspearean spirit, would not have ventured to make an opera of the original Shakspearean play. In like manner, Mendelssohn broke an engagement rather than attempt to fix the "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not" in Prospero's magic island. In his wondrous music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he has given free rein to his fancy so long as it could run side by side with that of

Shakspeare; but, save in two lyrics, the least successful portion of his work, he has avoided the dangerous task of setting the original text. It is natural enough that plots for operas should be sought in dramas. The expedient is popular with librettists, for it saves them any expenditure of inventive power, and with musicians because the public, they say, are in a better position to appreciate the music when they know what it is intended to depict. In some cases the purely ideal quality of music has a refining influence upon the play. Thus Verdi's part in "La Traviata" acts as a kind of moral chloride of lime, deodorizing to some extent the nasty atmosphere breathed by the "Dame aux Camélias." But Shakspeare is not so easily improved: witness "Macbeth," travestied by the man who refined the masterpiece of Dumas the younger: witness "Otello," which, although written by a great genius and containing much fine music, is as nothing in comparison with the original tragedy. But of all unsuitable subjects "Hamlet" is manifestly the most unsuited for musical treatment. It was attempted by Francesco Gasparini, in the beginning of the last century, but of his "Amletto" nothing remains but the name. Beethoven, with all his daring and all his colossal power, would have shrunk, we venture to think, before the task of turning "Hamlet" into an opera. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," is a line that comes readily to the pen. But it is not at all applicable to the present case. M. Ambroise Thomas cannot be fairly classed among the happy beings alluded to. So far from this being the case, he is an earnest, intelligent, and highly accomplished artist, who has seriously studied his grand subject, and has strained every nerve in the attempt to bring his task to a successful issue. In a theatrical sense he has achieved a triumph; as a reproduction in music of the tragedy, "Hamlet" is a failure.

It is idle to attempt to ignore the play while listening to M. Thomas's music. The characters are the same, the principal scenes follow in the same order, and the very words are paraphrased. There is no escape for Shakspeare; none, therefore, from inevitable comparison. We fear it is the example of M. Gounod which led his compatriot into this dangerous venture. Previously to the success of "Faust," still more full of philosophy as a play than "Hamlet," M. Thomas was known only as a writer of comic operas. "Le Caïd" was then the best specimen of his cultivated powers. Some two years ago, however, he seems to have bethought him that "Mignon" would be as good a subject as "Marguerite," and so "Wilhelm Meister" was boldly *deranged* for the Opera Comique, where the heroine had the advantage of a very sympathetic voice and the work something more than a *succès d'estime*. M. Thomas had already treated Shakspeare after a fashion in his "Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté," the story of which could only have entered a Frenchman's brain after a rapid glance through the life and works of the poet, followed by an indigestible supper. For here we find Queen Elizabeth, still a young and beautiful woman, paying a visit to the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, in quest of Shakspeare, who has drunk himself into a state of half unconsciousness in the company of Sir John Falstaff and other boon companions. The Queen deplores the poet's inebriated condition, but manages to make an assignation with him in Windsor Park, where the pair actually meet by night and exchange ardent vows. The composer who had thus made acquaintance with Shakspeare, and had set "Mignon" to music, doubtless thought himself amply justified in taking up "Hamlet." MM. Carré and Barbier, the accommodating writers who had adapted "Faust" and "Romeo" for M. Gounod, did not hesitate to lay hands on the Prince of Denmark, taking care, however, to make *Ophelia* the principal character. It was hoped, not without warranty, that the Scandinavian origin of the lady would stimulate interest in Mlle. Nilsson if her *début* at the Grand Opera were made in the part of the heroine. Her performance seized the fancy of the spectators, and secured the success of the opera. We wrote last autumn, from experience, of the *furore* the clever lady caused in Paris, and it seems probable that her also *Ophelia* will for a time give a fictitious attractiveness to "Hamlet."

We have not at hand the *Athenæum's* comments *after* the performance of "Hamlet," but here is what we find in the *Examiner*:

Despite some incidental music of a pretty and taking kind, and despite the gracious charm of Mlle. Nilsson's assumption of the character of *Ophelia*, there can be no doubt that the new opera was regarded by the majority of the audience as a decided failure. The construction of the opera, the evolution of certain scenes, and the generally descriptive aim of the music exhibit a level of mediocre cleverness which is never broken by one of those fine impulsive passages which awaken our wonder and admiration, and betray the master hand of genius. "Hamlet"—that is, the rough outline of the play—was an excellent subject for operatic representation. The story is highly dramatic,—it abounds with opportunities for the display of all various emotions. Conscious of these opportunities, the wearied listener sits in patience, and hopes to see them taken advantage of; while he only sees them slip by, one by one, and leave no mark behind. Perhaps we ought to except the great scene of the opera, in which *Ophelia*, bereft of her senses, wanders down to the side of the river, sings her mad snatches of pathetic song, and is then seen to float away upon the stream, still singing. M. Thomas has spent plenty of time over this act; and yet it is apparent to a dispassionate spectator that its effect is not due to M. Thomas, but to Christine Nilsson. The *Ophelia* of Mlle. Nilsson is one of the most genuine efforts of poetic idealization which we remember to have seen upon the lyric stage. It is entirely her own *Ophelia*; a creation, in short, which almost oppresses one with its wealth of tender sentiment. It differs wholly from the *Ophelias* of the dramatic stage. This new *Ophelia* is a bright, vivacious creature, full of sudden fancies, oftentimes unconscious of her sorrows and quick to regard the objects around her with a pleased, childlike curiosity; and then, while she sings her gay carol as blithely and merrily as a bird, there comes a sudden fire into her eyes and a pathos into her face, and you see the awful spectacle of a noble woman struck down by madness and conscious of the horror of her misery. Such is the compelling power of Christine Nilsson's genius that you forget the thin and artificial music out of which she evolves this grand conception.

For the rest, the opera is not without its points. *Hamlet* is a baritone part, furnished with a good drinking song. Mr. Santley, dressed in a light wig and the orthodox black cloak, gives the part the full advantage of his excellent voice and careful and artistic execution; and the wine song, especially, has a certain force and swing about it which the audience, glad to get something to admire, appreciate warmly. The ghost scene seems to us to be merely absurd. For a very corporeal ghost, dressed in a suit of mail which does not conceal the habitual costume of Signor Ciampi, to stand with an outstretched baton and chant an interminable quantity of rather unintelligible Italian in a sonorous monotone, may appear very impressive to a French audience which is unfamiliar with Shakspeare's play. Upon us, we confess, the effect produced was a sense of sincere pity for the unfortunate basso who had to prolong his relentless moan with scarcely a note of variation. The play scene is admirably arranged; but the action of the players is unnecessarily extravagant. At the close of this scene occurs the only piece of concerted music in the opera which possesses any effective strength and purpose. Preceding the mad scene is a remarkably long ballet, the music for which is incomprehensibly feeble and commonplace, besides showing no connection whatever with the opera. Indeed, after the young ladies, who are neither ghosts nor fairies, nor anything but unmistakable ballet girls, have danced for a considerable time to music which is fitted for the ballet of a country theatre, it offends one's sense of poetic propriety to see the mad *Ophelia* come down to the river's edge and introduce some by-play with them into the action of the piece. The ballet girls in "Robert le Diable" have something to do in the opera. They are spirits of unchaste nuns, who strive to entice that gloomy wanderer; and they dance alluring dances to the most beautiful and mystic music. But why should *Ophelia*, if her troubled intellect peoples the spaces around her with strange beings, see such doubtful fairies as these, with a young lady in short muslin skirts running in and out among them? By and by, however, they disappear, and she proceeds to name her flowers, singing all the while those quaint snatches of song, to which her intensely sympathetic voice gives the most perfect utterance. Then she lays herself down among the reeds, to conceal herself from her lover, whom she imagines to be coming to her; and finally we see her floating down the stream with flowers upon her forehead, and on her breast, and there is an end of a most touching scene.

Finally "Hamlet" seems to us to be an opera excellently designed for fashionable people, who do not care much for music, *per se*. A voluble after-dinner party may have plenty of opportunities to talk in the shelter of their box, and lose nothing; while a few brief moments of attention now and again will secure them all the best passages. But what "Hamlet" would have been without the sympathetic voice, the poetic face, and fine interpretation of Christine Nilsson, we need not stay to consider here.

CONCERTS. The last of Mme. Arabella Goddard's recitals was the best of three, good as were the predecessors. The most interesting piece was a fantasia by Friedemann Bach, eldest of Johann Sebastian's many sons. The piece, played from a MS. copy, had probably never before been performed in public, and it is certainly quite unknown. Each movement has its own distinctive charm; not only is there abundant strength and originality in the work, but it is also far more modern in style than the productions of Friedemann Bach's contemporaries. The number of *cognoscenti* present testified to the interest excited by any unfamiliar piano music. Mme. Goddard was playing her very best. Thalberg's study in E flat was a marvel of delicate and rapid *staccato* playing, and the four fugues chosen were all articulated with faultless skill. We would fain encourage the industrious and conscientious lady to persevere in her ungrateful task of digging out treasures from the accumulated rubbish of years. Among the more important of the benefit concerts of the last week may be mentioned those given by Signor Arditi, Mr. Ganz and Mr. Benedict. The last named is by far the longest and most imposing of the season. The book of words is a well printed volume of thirty-six pages, and almost all the artistes now in London appeared in the course of the long morning. There were fewer novelties than usual, but a gracefully-written quartet, "I Cantastorie," by Signor Pinsuti, and a very clever onomatopoetic trio, "Humming, buzzing," by Signor Randegger, deserve to be mentioned.

The subscription to the Oratorio Concerts in London closed with a generally fine performance of "St. Paul." Mr. Barnby's choir has made progress during the season; and the noble choruses in Mendelssohn's first oratorio were, on the whole, excellently rendered. Mme. Lemmens and Mr. Sims Reeves were the most prominent vocalists, the latter singing his best in Stephen's grand defence and in the superb air, "Be thou faithful unto death." On Tuesday there is to be an extra performance of "Jephtha." Nine concerts are announced for next season; and Bach's Passion music according to St. Matthew, and Beethoven's Mass in D are among the attractions and difficult works promised by the enterprising conductor.

VIENNA.—The new Opera House was opened on the 25th of May by a ceremonial peculiarly German in character. A prologue written by Herr Dingelstedt, the director of the theatre, exhibited the genius of Vindobona in front of a representation of the Kärnther Thor, which gave its former name to the old theatre. Vindobona discourses on the improvements recently effected in the city, and in illustration of her words the scene changes to a view of the entrance hall to the new house. She calls on the various races subject to Austria to join in the national anthem; on which Poles, Hungarians, Styrians and Tyrolese, appear in their diverse costumes, and join in the "Emperor's Hymn." The prologue contained a tribute to the memory of the two architects of the theatre, both of whom died before the completion of their work. The new house is said to be very commodious, both before and behind the footlights, and presents, in spite of a strange mixture of styles, an imposing appearance from the outside. The decorations are in very good taste, and the ventilation well cared for. The opera of the opening night, Mozart's "Don Juan," was sumptuously put upon the stage, but so indifferently performed that long before the curtain fell the house was half empty. It is not only in Vienna that handsome dresses are intended to compensate for bad singing.

—NIELS GADE, of whom Mendelssohn thought so highly and from whom he expected so much, has just brought out, at Copenhagen, a work for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, entitled "Kalanus," the subject of which is taken from the history of the conquest of Alexander in India.

—Herr Joachim has become a member of the senate of the Berlin Academy, and he has also been appointed director of the school of instrumental music in course of formation in the Prussian capital.

—It has been decided that the musical festival to be held at Bonn next year, in celebration of the centenary of Beethoven's birth, shall take place in the Court of the University. It is to be converted for the occasion into a spacious concert hall, capable of seating three thousand persons. It is hoped that the festival may rival that which celebrated the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven in 1845. In the quarter of a century that will have elapsed since then almost all the principal actors who took part in that solemnity have passed away, and all have retired from active life.

—The notion of celebrating the opening of a new railway station by a musical festival of three days' duration seems incongruous enough to English ideas

Yet, as we mentioned some weeks ago, the inauguration of the "Gare du Midi," in Brussels, was to have been thus solemnized on the 21st of July. The festival is, however, adjourned until the September *fêtes*, which every year commemorate the independence of Belgium. On the first day Handel's "Messiah" is to be performed; the third day is to be given up to soloists, vocal and instrumental, all to be of national origin; while the second is to be devoted to compositions by Belgians. These comprise an Overture by M. Edouard Lassen, a Symphony by M. Fétis, a chorus by M. Soubre, a Te Deum by M. Benoît, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—included under the pretext that Beethoven was of Flemish origin. Is there not something ridiculous in this limitation of art to certain accidental boundaries? And does it not recall the old story of the woman who refused to listen to the sermons of the clergyman of another parish?

—The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* asserts that Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been invited to write some work expressly for the next Birmingham Festival. Herr Hiller, it is further stated, has consented to remain in Cologne.

—The Opera Comique is the only theatre in Paris in which there is any activity just now. A Mlle. Fogliari, a pupil of M. Duprez, lately made a promising début as *Mimi* in "Vert-Vert," and the first representation of "La Fontaine de Berney," by M. Nibelle, was announced for June 2d. The libretto by MM. D'Ennery and Cormon of an opera to be written by the veteran M. Auber has been read. "Reve d'Amour" is the fitting title to be set by a composer who is ninety years of age. Let us hope it may be as fresh and fascinating as "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur." MM. de St. Georges and Sandeau have agreed to supply a three-act opera, founded on the novel of the latter author, "Vaillance." M. Gounod has withdrawn his "Romeo et Juliette" from the répertoire of the Theatre Lyrique in order to transfer it to the Opera Comique. "La Juive," "Faust," and "L'Africaine" comprise the bill of fare presented at the Grand Opera. Mlle Sternberg, who has taken part in "Rienzi," has made more impression in "Violetta," as "La Traviata" is called in Paris. M. Offenbach's new opera, "La Princesse de Trébisonde," which is to be played for the first time at Baden, is now in rehearsal at the Paris Bouffes Parisiennes, where the season has come to an end. "Les Rendezvous Bourgeois" has been revived at the Atheneé, the musical reputation of which theatre is certainly on the increase. The Café de l'Horlogue in the Champs Elysees, has been converted into an open air summer theatre capable of holding three thousand spectators. Operettas and elaborately got-up ballets are to form the staple attractions.

Albert Grisar.—Mr. Henry F. Chorley writes (June 21) to the *Athenæum*:

This composer, who as a writer of comic operas for twenty years past kept a certain hold on the theatres of Paris, and who the other day died suddenly, aged sixty-one, merits a word in the necrology of musicians belonging to our year.

He was born at Antwerp in the year 1808. The idea of his parents was to make of him a man of business; and with this purpose he was sent to Liverpool, and placed in a merchant's office somewhere about the year 1830. There I came to know him, and to see completely that nothing in the shape of merchandise would satisfy the spirit of a man who craved—and would have—another life than the life of ledgers and duplicate letters. After a short period of enforced and unwilling servitude, having expressed throughout the time tendencies rather than talents for music, he somehow broke away and got home.

The next thing that was to be heard of Grisar was that he had planted his foot on the musical ladder, by his gaining acceptance, in the year 1836, at the Opera Comique of Paris (no easy matter!) for an operetta, "L'An Mil." He was thenceforward clearly looked to as a man of promise. His first operetta was followed up by other works:—"Lady Melvil," "Les Porcherons" (perhaps his best production), "L'Eau Merveilleuse," "Le Carillonneur de Bruges," "Giles ravisseur," "Bon Soir, Monsieur Pantalon," "Le Chien du Jardinier," "La Chatte Merveilleuse," and it may be an opera or two more, which have tumbled into chaos.

The music of all these operas (most of which I have heard) is of the sort which leaves not the slightest trace on the memory. I cannot recall from among the entire catalogue a melody, a touch of instrumental novelty, an indication of character or local color; yet M. Grisar had clearly a place in Paris, though it may be predicated that henceforward it is a place "which knoweth him no more."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 17, 1869.

The Past Two Musical Years in Boston.

(Concluded).

III. The Organ Concerts.

The great Walcker Organ in the Music Hall naturally gave a stimulus to organ building and to organ music hereabouts,—though of *organ music* in the true sense the proportion has been too small compared with questionable organ imitations and transcriptions and show music generally, from Overtures to namby-pamby ditties in which the noble instrument descends to the rôle of a street organ. Yet there has been a great deal more of the best kind than there was any opportunity to hear before. The bi-weekly organ *hours*, as we may call them, from 12 to 1 P.M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays, have been kept up, as a general rule, throughout the year. We have been unable to recover the programmes of the whole period now under review; indeed we have before us only about 40 of the programmes for the past year from July to July. They are fair samples of the average work done at the Great Organ for the two years past. Of these forty programmes many, however, were repeated several times. Let us analyze them as to matter and performers.

Mr. B. J. Lang has played 9 times. Of *Bach:* Prelude and Fugue in C, twice; Pastorale in F; Fantasia in G, three times; Concerto in G, twice.—*Mendelssohn:* Sonatas No. 1, 3 and 4 (the last six times); to which add transcriptions of the Sinfonia to the "Hymn of Praise," a Chorus from "Elijah," and the Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream."—*Schumann:* Fugue on the letters "B A C H."—*Rinck.* Concerto in F, twice; Variations on "God save the Queen."—*Mozart:* Gloria in C.—*Haydn:* Chorus in B♭.—*Beethoven:* Chor. from "Mt. of Olives" (2); Overture to "Egmont."—*Kullak:* Pastorale in F, arr. by Best (2).—Also 10 improvisations.

Mr. Eugene Thayer, seven times. *Bach:* Fugue in G minor; Choral Vorspiel: "Liebster Jesu" (3); do. "Schmücke dich" (2); do. "Ich ruf an Dir" (2); do. "Wir glauben all."—*Handel:* 5th Concerto, in F.—*Thiele:* Chromatic Fantaisie (2); Concert Variations in A♭, (3).—*Haydn:* Andante from Symphony in C.—*Beethoven:* Andante from 5th Symphony; Larghetto from 2nd do.—*Rossini:* Prayer and March from "Moses in Egypt."—*Meyerbeer:* Transcription.—*Thayer:* Var. on Russian Hymn (3); do. on Old Hundred (2); do. on "God save the Queen;" Reveries (5); "Idyl of the Rose" (2); Improvisations (9).

Mr. John K. Paine. We find a single programme only, containing: by *Thiele:* Fantasia in A♭; *Haydn:* Andante from Symph. in B♭; *Mendelssohn:* Sonata in D minor; *Paine:* Concert piece on the Portuguese Hymn," Fantasia on "Ein feste Burg," and Improvisation.

Mrs. Fronock, five times. *Bach:* Fugue in E♭; Prelude and Fugue in G.—*Mendelssohn:* 2nd Sonata (3); Prelude in G; Song without Words.—*Handel:* Chorus: "Hallelujah;" do. "See, the conquering hero;" Pastoral Symph. from "Messiah,"—*Mozart:* Transcription from a Quartet; Fantasia in F minor; Andante.—*Haydn:* Largo from a Symphony; Transc. from "Creation."—*Beethoven:* Pastorale from "Prometheus;" Transc. from a Symphony; Turkish March (2).—*Rink:* Flute Concerto.—*Merkel:* Adagio.—*Meyerbeer:* "Marche du Sacre."—*Rossini:* Pastorale from "Tell" Overture.—*Auber:* Ov. to "Cheval de Bronze."—*Donizetti:* Ov. to "Anna Bolena."

Mr. J. H. Willcox, nine times. *Batiste:* Offertoires (3); Communion.—*Wely:* Offertoires (2); Elevation (2).—*Nava:* Dixit Dominus.—*Corini:* from Vespers (2)...*Generali:* Gloria (3).—*Cerruti:* Dixit Dominus, &c.—*Ant. Diana:* Sonata.—*Morandi:* Sonata.—*Petrali:* Andante.—*Hummel:* Gloria.—*Haydn:* Introd. &c., from the Passion (5); Kyrie from Imperial Mass; Dona nobis.—*Handel:* Hallelujah (2); Chor. "And the glory;" Pastoral Symph.—*Mozart:* Andante in F.—*Spohr:* Andante.—*Mehul:* Overture to "Le jeune Henri" (3).—*Herold:* Ov. to "Zampa."—*Auber:* Ov. to "Le Barcarole" (3); do. to "Lestocque;" do. to "Cheval de Bronze."—*Meyerbeer:* "Marche du Sacre;" Improvisations (15).

Mr. G. E. Whiting, five times. *Bach:* Toccata in F; Fugue in E♭; do. F minor.—*Mendelssohn:* 2nd Sonata, in C; Overture in C; March from op. 22; War March from Athalia.—*Haydn:* Slow movement (2).—*Beethoven:* Larghetto from Symph. in D.—*Handel:* Ov. to Occasional Oratorio; Chor. "Fixed in His everlasting seat;" Dead March in Saul.—*Spohr:* Andante with Variations; Chorus, transcribed by Best.—*Weber:* Jubilee Overture.—*Rossini:* Inflammatus.—*A. Adam:* Christmas Song.—*Wely:* Offertoire in E♭.—*Lemmens:* Fanfare (2); March.—*Donizetti:* Fant. on themes by.—*Meyerbeer:* Schiller March.—*Verunder:* Var. on Russian Hymn (2).—*Nicolai:* Overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor."—*Whiting:* Pastorale in F (2); Offertoire in C; Postludium in C (2); Romance; Fantasia on "Faust."

Mr. James Pierce, Mus. Bac. Oxon., of Philadelphia, has played once. *Bach:* Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; *Mendelssohn:* Sonata, No. 1, and Aria "The Garland;" *Mozart:* from "Idomeneo;" *Beethoven:* "In questa tomba oscura;" *Handel:* Coronation Anthem.

Mr. F. H. Torrington, of Montreal, once. *Handel:* three choruses from "Israel in Egypt," and "Dead March; *Mendelssohn:* 3d Sonata; *Costa:* March; *Beethoven:* Hallelujah in "Mt. of Olives;" *Wely:* Offertoire in E♭; *Weber:* Andante from Piano Duets; *Smart:* March.

The Great Organ has also entered largely into the periodical pupil Concerts of the two Conservatories. In four programmes of the Boston Conservatory, we note: *Bach:* Fugue in G minor (2); Fugue in B♭; Preludes in C and G.—*Mendelssohn:* Sonata in A; Pastorale in G.—*Hesse:* Variations, op. 47.—*Handel:* 5th Concerto (two movements).—*Thiele:* Chromatic Fantasia.—*Batiste:* Offertoires (3).—*Wely:* Largo and Cantabile.—*Sponholtz:* Var. on Austrian Hymn.

In two concerts of the New England Conservatory: *Handel:* from the Occasional Oratorio; *Haydn:* Slow movement; *Wely:* Offertoire in C; *Whiting:* Postludium.

Besides so much to be credited to the account of Boston Music Hall, there have of course been many Organ Concerts given in various churches in our city, upon excellent organs of home manufacture. Many of these we have no means of enumerating. The most important were a series of six concerts given by Mr. Thayer last Spring in Hollis Street Church. These, the admission being free, were well attended, and the organist, being free himself and wishing to furnish opportunity to those who really cared for organ music, could be more choice in his programmes than has been found practicable with the Great Organ, where lion hunters go more for *the instrument* as such, than for the music. In these six concerts Mr. Thayer performed: of *Bach:* the Toccata in F; Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Prelude and Fugue in C minor; Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; Fugue in G minor, No. 2; Prel. and Fugue in B minor; do. in A minor; Trio Sonata in E♭; and the following Choral Variations (*Vorspiele*): "Ich ruf' zu Dir" (2), "Gottes Sohn ist 'kommen" (2), "Schmücke dich," "An Wasserflüssen Babylons," "Liebster Jesu" (2), "Wir glauben all," "Heut

triumphirt," and "Nun freut euch."—*Mendelssohn*: Adagio and Allegro from 2nd Sonata; Andante and Allegro from 5th do.; Andante from 6th do.—*Thiele*: Variations in A♭ (2); Chromatic Fantasia (2)—*Schumann*: Adagio, No. 6, of Orgel Studien; Canon and Pastorale from do.—*Hesse*: Variations in A, op. 47 (2); Var. in A♭, op. 34—*Handel*: Finale from 3d Concerto; Concerto in F, No. 5.

We may also mention a Concert given by Mr. Lang, last month, in the South Congregational Church, where he is musical director, which was crowded with invited listeners. On that occasion the principal organ selections were: Mendelssohn's 3d Sonata, and Bach's Toccata in F, the latter finely played by a pupil of Mr. Lang's, Mr. Sumner of Worcester.

The following analysis will show about what proportion the amount of real organ music, of the noble kind, has borne to that of things not worthy of the name. We know not how it happens that our chief representative of Bach among the organists, Mr J. K. Paine, who in the preceding years had given us so many and fine opportunities to hear nearly all of his most famous organ works, has during the past year hardly taken his turn at all in the Great Organ concerts. The mantle seems to have fallen in some sense upon Mr. Thayer, though not so much at the Music Hall as in his invitation concerts at the church where he is organist. Still, Bach and Mendelssohn, &c., count up well in the comparison with minor gods and false gods.

Running over the programmes (not quite fifty) of the year once more, we find that the name of Bach appears 47 times, represented by 25 different works; Handel 4 times, by two of his Concertos; Mendelssohn 21 times, by his six Sonatas and one Prelude; Schumann 4 times, in 4 pieces; Rink and Hesse, 4 times each, each in 2 pieces; Thiele 3 times, in 3 pieces.

Next in dignity and true organ character, perhaps, may be reckoned organ transcriptions from the great Oratorios, Masses, &c. It appears that Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Spohr and Mendelssohn have been represented 30 times in 18 extracts from such compositions. To which add the selections made by Mr. Willcox from Italian writers current in the Roman churches.

Of the more brilliant French school we find Batiste figuring 7 times and Wely 8 times: a much smaller proportion than in the preceding years.

Elaborate Concert Variations upon Chorals, National hymns, &c, sometimes serious and contrapuntal, sometimes fantastical and foolish,—some by the organists themselves, and some by German masters, appear, to the number of six or eight subjects, in a dozen programmes.

Then come Organ *transcriptions* from Orchestral compositions, string Quartets, &c. 1). Under the head of movements (mostly slow) from Symphonies and Quartets by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr, we find 10 such performances of 9 different pieces.—2). Of transcribed Overtures (mostly light ones and wholly foreign to the genius of the Organ) we find just a dozen, which collectively have figured 17 times.

So that on the whole, though there has been a great deal of perversion of the noble instrument to very trivial uses, and though doubtless the Organ has been played on many "popular" occasions of which our memoranda have no note, the sound, religious, real Organ music seems to have maintained its ascendancy, and Bach and Mendelssohn make the best show of all.

The Jubilation after Jubilee seems to have pretty much subsided, and it is best to let it rest. We had marked several more articles, containing criticisms from various points of view, impressions upon various minds, intending to transfer them to these columns, but we are convinced that it is getting rather late to still be talking of a nine days wonder in an age so full of wonders. The success of the Jubilee was unique; let it remain unique, exceptional. It were a foolish ambition that would attempt to reproduce it. To regard it as the initiation of a new order of things in music, to seek henceforth to bring such vast exceptional occasions into the regular order of the seasons with 'the sweet return," &c., were a rash way to read the lesson of this singular experience. The truth is, the Peace Jubilee was entirely an anomalous occasion, ambiguous in its character and motive: not strictly musical, not strictly national and patriotic. Its success was as an *occasion* of an unexampled kind. The fact that it had been engineered and managed so as to interest so many in it, that such vast amount of energy had got employed in it,—that of itself made it inspiring. As for Music, the wonder was it went so well; but no really musical person undertakes to compare it as a musical experience, either for beauty or for grandeur, or for quickening appeal to heart and soul, with many a Festival or Concert on a smaller scale. Music, as such, is not helped by such vast multiplication of means and numbers. We know this now if we did not before. Exceptions, beautiful, peculiar effects noticed now and then, only prove the rule. The success of the Festival was something *sui generis*; it was the realization of a remarkable and memorable *event*, in which music played a part, but hardly the chief part. Indeed so much of the music went unheard, that it might almost be left out of the account in trying to define the marvellous experience. Probably it will be some time before any one will arrive at a clear definition of the gigantic, brilliant, singular phenomenon.

We say this, because our attempt to do full justice to the Festival has been by many quite misconstrued; our generous allowance for all the good we could sincerely find in it, musically, and for the impulse which it gives to music as a popular pursuit and interest, has been held up in taunt and triumph as a confession of error, a reluctant conversion to the policy of musical performances upon a "monster" scale of numbers. We beg to say, that we are not at all converted to that notion; that the Jubilee has not at all reconciled us to the idea that musical effects, musical edification or enjoyment, may be enhanced by the assembling of a whole *Nation* of performers and listeners under one roof. (For, to carry out the ambitious aim consistently, it will not do to stop at 50,000; *millions* must come in, must meet and sing, and hear and shout, all in one place, as one). A "National" musical Jubilee, to our mind, would be one that should extend throughout the Nation, and have its seat, here, there, everywhere, in all the towns and cities, in all the halls and temples. It is a small representation of thirty millions of people that can be concentrated in one "Coliseum," were it thrice as big as Mr. Gilmore's. Then again, musically, we are still convinced (and so we believe is every sane musical person), that twenty festivals in twenty places, each with 500 performers, would be a finer thing and give twenty times more pleasure than the congregation of 50,000 in one spot trying to listen to 11,000.

Cheerfully admitting, then, that the Festival socially was an experience worth living for; that musically, even, the result was better than the plan intrinsically; and that it did much incidental good (as all great movements do in some way) by awakening enthusiasm among singers, calling new choral societies into being, and filling thousands of people with a new respect for music,—still we must maintain, the real lesson of it is: Be not ambitious to achieve the *biggest* thing in music: be content with *doing well* that which is more easily practicable; quality before quantity, and of the latter only so much as is sufficient for the former, a limit felt for and discovered long ago. We read of threatened rival imitations, of plans in other cities to get up Jubilees on a still bigger scale, eclipsing Boston. But we presume these do not hail from serious sources. We should deprecate the fashion. Nor do we think it probable, with all the triumph, that the same thing will be tried again in the same way. Rather will it prompt to more moderate and rational experiments, to *bonâ fide* Musical Festivals, in which whole works, as Oratorios, can be performed, and no power wasted in attempts to magnify beyond the laws of nature, physical and human. The Philharmonic Society in New York, we hear, propose to have a festival. That is the right sort of body for a musical festival to proceed from; and the object which it is to serve is also musical, within the sphere of Art, namely, to build a music hall. We trust they will forego, as unworthy of a society of artists, all childish ambition to eclipse Mr. Gilmore's Jubilee; that they will enter into competition, if at all, with our last Handel and Haydn Festival, or even with the festivals of Birmingham and Düsseldorf and Frankfort; artistic emulation, rather than sensational. We quite concur with our contemporary the N. Y. *Weekly Review*, in the hope that what they do will be "in strict accordance with the dictates of true musical art and modern civilization, which, in musical matters, are, not to expand, but to concentrate. Let us have an orchestra of about 200 picked men; a chorus of 750 members; only the best music, and plenty of rehearsals. This will do far more for the advancement of musical culture than large masses, insufficient rehearsals, and poor music."

We have scarcely room for a few post Jubilee notes, to bring the history of the Coliseum down. On the Sunday evening after the five days, it was the scene of an extra "Sacred" Concert, made up of the more successful choruses, solos, overtures, &c., of the festival proper. It is generally pronounced a success. A benefit concert for Mr. Gilmore followed inevitably and of right. Two-thirds of all the choral and orchestral forces rallied at the signal: full Jubilee prices were paid, some 12,000 auditors were present and the thing passed off "gloriously," netting they say, from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars to the projector, as the reward for his great faith and enterprise. Verily, he if any one deserved it. Nor will the musical leaders, Mr Zerrahn, Mr Eichberg, Mr Tourjee, fail to receive a fitting testimonial. The financial result of the Festival is not yet made public, if it be ascertained; the general impression is that the receipts will fairly cover the expenses, with possibility of a small surplus. For one week, every evening, the great building has been used for Promenade Concerts, with an orchestra of 100, led by Mr Gilmore. On the Fourth of July the City Fathers put it to good use as the scene of the chief gathering and jubilation of the children. At present it stands silent, how long to remain we know not, but probably not long. Meanwhile the shop windows and pictorial papers are full of inside and of outside views of it, so that its aspect will not be forgotten. Of the outside pictorial reproductions the most vivid and desirable to keep is the colored lithograph published by the N. E. Lithographic Company (109 Summer St) from the plans of the Architect and Decorator.

"The Heroes of the German Music" is the title of an interesting large musical picture, seen for some time in photograph in the windows of our music stores. Our thanks are due to Messrs. Koppitz, Prufer & Co., West St., for a beautiful line engraving of the same, in which the eighty and more portraits are far more clear and spirited than in the photograph. The grouping and design are much in the manner of Kaulbach, done, we think, by one of his pupils. It shows as it were the Parnassus of German music. Lifted in the middle ground, by way of apotheosis, serenely sit or stand the mighty masters to whom all *must* look up. Bach is preluding at the organ, while his son Emanuel looks over. Handel in big wig, with folded arms, stands erect behind; Beethoven, in deep thought, sits in front on one side; on the other, Mozart stands holding an open score to Father Haydn seated, while behind them Gluck, father of German Opera, leans against the organ. Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn form a group seated on the front edge of the platform under Beethoven and Handel.—These are the central figures; but hardly the most prominent, for below, standing in the foreground, brought into bold relief, are "the Apostles of the Newness," Abbé Liszt and Wagner, and Bülow, and the singers who have done most for Wagner (even died for him) as Johanna Wagner, Niemann, Schnorr von Carolsfeldt. Plainly the picture is drawn somewhat in the interest of the New School, the "Zukunft." The old fogies, so to say, the learned contrapuntists, &c., of the "perruque period," Marpurg, Albrechtsberger, Vogler, even Hauptmann, are put away up in a gallery in the background. Grouped on the right hand are famous singers and instrumental virtuosos; on the left, classical composers of the second or third grade, with the lyric masters, headed by Weber, coming to the foreground. Heavy Spohr is there, and calculating Meyerbeer; and prominent before them the tall figure and Mephistophelian leer of Offenbach. The portraits are all individual and clearly recognizable (there is a key to aid in the case of those less familiar), while the grouping is managed with great skill, easy, picturesque and striking.

The German Americans have been holding one of their great musical Festivals this week in Baltimore; and we are glad to see that the managers have taken measures to make it truly a musical feast, and not a mere beer-drinking excursion, a mass meeting in honor of Gambrinus. The following letter in the Philadelphia *Bulletin* describes the principal features of the plan:

Baltimore, July 5th.—The Northeastern Sänger-

bund, of America, will celebrate their grand bi annual musical festival (being the Eleventh National Singing Festival), in this city, on the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of July. The Northeastern Sängerbund (Singing Union) comprises societies from the Eastern, Middle and Southern States, numbering about 160 societies; 120 in New York and vicinity; 30 in Philadelphia and vicinity; 10 in Baltimore and vicinity; embracing about 6,000 active and about 20,000 passive members. A large majority of these societies will be present.

The Executive Committee here have been laboring for the last fifteen months to make this festival the superior of all preceding ones, and the different societies have been practicing for the last eight months. Mr Lenschow, the festival leader, about four weeks since visited New York and Philadelphia, and there had rehearsals with the united singers of those cities.

In addition to the societies mentioned, a number of eminent composers from Europe, and representatives of European societies will be present.

The visiting societies enjoy the hospitality of the city, being required to comply with the rules of attending promptly the rehearsals, and provided they have effectually studied the festal choruses, as evidence of which the respective leaders must send a faithful report to the Festival Committee.

Invitations were given for prize compositions to the composers of the Old and New World, to be performed at this festival. Sixty-eight composers responded. The first prize, $100 gold, was awarded to Professor Franke, of Crossen, Prussia; the second prize, $50 gold, to Professor Metzger, of Vienna, Austria. The first prize composition will be sung by the Baltimoreans, with full orchestral accompaniments, on Tuesday, July 13.

For the prize-singing at the festival, four valuable prizes, consisting of two grand pianos, from Knabe's manufactory, valued at $1,500 each, and two square, ditto, from Gaehle, will be awarded.

These festivals are celebrated only in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and have taken place as follows:

First in Philadelphia, 1850; second, in Baltimore, 1851; third, in New York, 1852; fourth, in Philadelphia, 1853; fifth, Baltimore, 1854; sixth, New York, 1855; seventh, Philadelphia, 1857; eighth, Baltimore, 1859; and in 1861 were suspended on account of the war. The ninth in New York, 1865; tenth in Philadelphia, 1867, and the present is the eleventh.

At the last festival in Philadelphia the Sängerbund adopted a resolution having for its object a more strict observance and attention to the highest cultivation of vocal music. Specific and minute rules were laid down for this purpose. Among the rules is one that no society in cities where more than one society exists shall be admitted into the Sängerbund, unless it has at least 20 members.

The business of the Sängerbund is transacted by a board of seven, five of whom reside in the city where the festival takes place, and one each in the other cities.

The programme for the festival embraces on the first day a grand public reception of guests, with an imposing procession. On the second day the performance of Handel's oratorio *Messiah*, by a chorus consisting of about four hundred male and female voices, organized and selected from among the best talent of the city, assisted by an adequate orchestra—the solo parts to be sung by artists of acknowledged reputation, under the leadership of Prof. Lenschow; on the third day prize singing by the different societies from abroad; on the fourth day a grand concert, in which all the societies will unite; on the two following days a repetition of choruses and picnics on the ground.

A number of distinguished musicians from Europe have already arrived, among whom is the eminent composer, Capellmeister Tschirch, from Gera, a special delegate to represent the German Bund of 80,000 members. He is the special guest of the Sängerbund of Philadelphia

Mme Rotter, Mme. Friederici, Rimmer, Joseph Hermann, and other distinguished opera singers will be present. F.

BALTIMORE, July 10.—The city is full of visitors and the streets wear a gala dress. The German singers from Philadelphia and New York arrived this evening and were received by the socie ies here A grand procession was formed, and, illuminated by Chinese lanterns, torches and fireworks, marched to Monument square, where they sang the German welcome song, after which they were formally welcomed to the city by Mayor Banks. After the mayor's address the whole mass sung "Ecce quam bonum," and then marched to Concordia Hall, where they were again welcomed by the president of the Baltimore singing societies. Every arrangement has been made for the convenience of the visiting societies.

Sunday Evening.—The societies from New York and Philadelphia made excursions to various points in the vicinity of Baltimore to-day. The Sängerbund was formally inaugurated to-night by the performance of the oratorio *Messiah* at the Maryland Institute, before an audience filling the immense hall. The choruses were most effectually rendered by several hundred singers, male and female. It was a complete success. The grand procession, consisting of various singing societies and nine regiments of the Maryland National Guard, takes place to-morrow. In the evening prize singing will take place. President Grant and members of the cabinet will be present.

The Childrens' Festival at the Coliseum.—Concert by the next Generation.

Special Correspondence of the New York Sun.

BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1869.—This morning all the children of the public schools were gathered together at the Coliseum. Those who are familiar with the splendid school system of Boston, know that its popularity is so great, and its method so perfect, that nearly all of the children of the city attend the public schools—those of the rich quite as much as those of the poor. The sight was the most lovely one that could be conceived. It reminded one of those pretty children whom Robert Browning tells about, and who followed the magic pipe of the pied piper of Hamelin:

"There was a rustling that seemed like a hustling
Of merry crowds jostling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, little shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And like fowls in the barnyard when barley is scattering,
On came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter."

So they came across the bright green grass of the Public Garden, all dressed in white, with pretty sashes of pink and blue, flecking the lawns with a loveliness more exquisite than that of the beautiful flowers through which they passed.

By 11 o'clock they were all in their seats, looking bright, cheerful and happy—a little army of beauty and innocence such as one seldom sees. Much more attention is given to music in Boston than with us, and the children sing infinitely better. I can give them no higher praise than to say that they sang with quite as much precision and unity as the great chorus whose place they had taken. There was about their voices an effect of freshness, purity, innocence, and simplicity that cannot be described. There is no question whatever that these schools are a nursery of musical talent, of which Boston will reap the rich reward in years to come.

The exercises were quite long, and after about two hours the little ones showed signs of great fatigue. The day was a very warm one, and the sun beat down upon the thin roof of the building, and heated it like a great conservatory. The little flowers began to wilt under it, and at least fifteen or twenty were carried fainting to the open windows. It was as though there had been a battle of the fairies and the wounded were being carried to the rear.

The excellence of the concert was materially increased by the assistance of Mme. Parepa and Miss Phillipps. The children welcomed them after a pretty fashion of their own—not with clapping of hands or noisy demonstration, but with the flutter of myriads of handkerchiefs—the white caps of a noiseless sea of applause.

I said in a previous letter, speaking of Miss Phillips's singing on Wednesday last, that she entirely failed to fill the great building. Subsequent hearings have convinced me that this was the fault of an unfortunately selected song, and not of any lack on the part of Miss Phillips. It is not every song that is adapted by its structure for hearing in so large a building, and the Mozart aria was one of these exceptions. Handel's great aria, "Lascia ch' io pianga," on the other hand, has a breadth and amplitude and nobility about it that is in consonance with the requirements of the great Coliseum. It lies in broad monotones, and extends in all its compass only a tone beyond the octave, and it told superbly.

These two great artists, Mme. Parepa and Miss Phillips, stood side by side in excellence in the "Quis est Homo" from Rossini's "Stabat." The thousands of children who heard it on Saturday, and who waved their handkerchiefs in such an ecstacy of admiration, will remember it long, and may become fathers and mothers and gray-haired men and women before they hear it better sung.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Softly now the light of Day. Duet, Solo and Quartet. 3. E♭ to *g*. *Meeker.* 40
Gentle, smooth, flowing. A good hymn for vesper service.

Sunday. (Am Sonntag). 3. A♭ to e. *Abt.* 35
Beautiful illustration of the holy quiet of a Sabbath morning.

Thou'lt give to me a tear. (Ich liebe dich und sagt). 3. C to f. *Abt.* 30
Skilfully wrought German song.

The Vagabond. 3. G to *g*. *Molloy.* 30
A very merry and musical vagabond indeed, who has no friends, but jovial spirits and a contented mind, and surely sings a good song. For a Baritone voice.

Unchanged. 2. E♭ to e. *Porter.* 30
A fine ballad, with rich flow of melody.

Softly breathe the farewell. 3. A♭ to e. *Schoeller.* 30
A charming farewell song. One of a set of three pretty ones.

Happy to-night. For Guitar. 3. A to e. *Hayden.* 30
A well known song newly arranged.

Snow-drop. (Schnee-glocken). 3. F to d. *Abt.* 35
A charming song of early spring

Benedic Anima Mea. (O speak good of the Lord.) Anthem. 3. E♭ to *g*. *Knox.* 50
A new anthem, recommended to choirs.

Instrumental.

Album. Five Characteristic Pieces. *A. Sokol.*
1. Pensée melancolique. 4. F minor. 40
2. Impromptu. 4. E. 40
3. Idylle. 4. A♭. 30
4. Humoresque. 4. A. 30
5. Mazourka. 4. E♭. 30
Characteristic pieces are not always so full of character; but these are, and are also very original and pleasing.

Gentle Zephyr. Waltzes. 4. *Knight.* 40
Brilliancy, rather than gentleness, is the striking feature of this set of 4 lively waltzes.

Murmuring Brook. (Was sich Wald-bachlein erzahlt). 4. D. *Jungman.* 60
"What the Forest Brook said" is the translation of the German title. A very pretty story the rivulet tells, and well rendered by means of the delicate sense of Jungman.

Souvenir de Caconna. Quadrilles. 3. *Brauneisil.* 40
A brilliant souvenir of an agreeable watering place in the new dominion. Try the dancing qualities of these quadrilles.

La Belle Canadienne. Polka de Concert. 4. E. *Brauneis.* 40
Better than the average of polkas, and a fine tribute to the beauty of some fair lady of Canada.

The Danube River. Transcription. 4. G. *Liebich.* 40
An elegant transcription of a beautiful melody.

Venus Reigen Waltzes. 3. *Gung'l.* 75
Up to the mark of merit in dance music, and full of life.

On the Blue Danube. Waltz. 4 hds. 3. *Strauss.* 1.00
An unusually pleasing duet, wide awake throughout.

71st Regiment. Galop. 3. B♭. *Wellman.* 30
The 71st Reg't. will probably not *gallop* to this pretty air, but it will be just the thing for soldiers in the ball room.

Romance from "Joseph." 4. C. *Kuhe.* 40
A very graceful rendering of a favorite melody in "Joseph and his Brethren."

Among the Hills. Idyl. 4. B♭. *Wilson.* 60
Another of Mr. Wilson's musical thoughts, very well expressed, and suggestive of the cool hill-tops now so longed for.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 739. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869. Vol. XXIX. No. 10.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Musical Drama and the Works of Richard Wagner.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EDOUARD SCHURÉ.

For a period of more than twenty years Richard Wagner has carried on in Germany an open warfare against the established opera. The strife endures to this day, and has never ceased to excite profound interest in the literary and musical world. The ardor and the perseverance of the composer, the growing reputation of his works, the very storms that have assailed them, prove to the impartial spectator that there is at work there not only an impetuous personality and an extraordinary talent, but also an Idea. If this were not so, how is it possible to explain the stormy enthusiasm which, nineteen years ago, at Weimar, greeted the appearance of "Lohengrin," and the war cries which rang at the same instant from all the camps of criticism? In the lofty regions of Art the attempts of impudent charlatanry perish speedily before the cool indifference with which they are received: it is the privilege of ideas truly new and precious to draw down upon themselves all forms of opposition, and to meet in fierce conflict the most implacable animosities. Richard Wagner, let us own frankly, is, towards the opera, a revolutionary radical. This every one knows, but friends and enemies alike ignore, or but vaguely suspect what is the object the artist has in view in this revolution, what the mother idea, be it true or false, which presides over his works, for which he strives as poet and as composer, as *chef* and as author, for which during thirty years he has lavished all the energy of a fiery and masterful temperament, so that this Idea, this reformation is embodied in himself and his name is its banner. The presentation on the stage of "The Master-Singers," in every point of view an original and interesting work, gives us new occasion to look fairly in the face a man too often rashly judged, and who should command our serious attention by these rare merits of his, the love of high art, carried even to the point of fanaticism, the courage to maintain his opinion to the end,—finally, a life consecrated to an Idea. Let us judge this Idea by the last work which he has brought forward in Germany, let us examine the sentiments of this work, its characters, the thought which animates it, the rôle which the music plays in the development of character and the unfolding of the plot. We may then inquire if we are in the presence of a hesitating, unequal, uncertain work of art, lighted only with flashes of genius, or of a true musical drama, free and fearless, sure in every footstep, and going straight forward to its intended end. Before speaking of "The Master Singers," it is desirable to glance back over the road which the composer has resolutely followed from his *début* to the present hour. In a brief sketch of an artist-life, one of the most adventurous and characteristic of our times, it is our intention not only to paint the living man, but to bring his works into full light. Richard Wagner is, as we have said, the champion of an Idea. One only judges an Idea fairly in watching it spring into existence one judges a combatant by seeing him fight.

I.

If ever a musician's career was stormy, his was; if ever a dramatic poet pursued his ideal through obstacles and snares, he did. Richard Wagner is one of those passionate, imperious, absolute natures, which carry with them, in the energy of their instincts, the secret of their future fate. Along his destined way he has walked steadily, with unalterable conviction and ever-increasing faith. Hence the dramatic interest which attaches itself to this militant artist-life; hence also, in his works, a strict sequence, a certain remarkable progression, which is vainly sought in the works of contemporary masters.

Richard Wagner was born at Leipsic in 1813. So his youth fell upon the vexed days of 1830. At that epoch, all young heads were seething with the thousand ideas that filled the atmosphere. There was a tumult in literature, an effervescence in arts: painters, poets, musicians, desired to make innovations, to return to first principles, to create anew from the beginning. In France there were two camps, the classic and the romantic. In Germany, you might count ten, twenty, a hundred, as many schools as there were men, but of all, not one master who, conquering, could stamp the age as his own: for Goethe was now eighty years of age, and Time, in the words of Mme. de Staël, had made him only a looker-on. On the stage, a decline is apparent, the public has come to prefer the melodramas of the school of Kotzebue and of Iffland to the masterpieces of Schiller and Goethe. In music, tastes vary, but above all novelty is desired. Beethoven is admired side by side with Bellini; Weber along with Auber. Imagine the tumult of sensations which must seize upon the mind of a sensitive child, born just in the midst of this whirlwind He grew up in this burning atmosphere, and the fever of the age entered into his veins. All manner of currents acted upon him, but, wonderful to observe, no one swept him away. At the age of six months he lost his father, and his mother, leaving him much to himself, he was very early given over to his own control. The child, self-willed, odd and unruly, would endure no master. At school he would only study when a thing interested him; but then, with what enthusiasm! He was to learn the piano, but shortly sent off his teacher, saying he would learn music his own way. The theatrical performances of Dresden gave him no pleasure: only painted comedians, he said, not men at all. But the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles, which he translated at his *gymnase*, moved him deeply. This vision of the ancient theatre, with its heroes and demi-gods, its chorus of religious majesty, its vast amphitheatre and nation listening attentive, struck his imagination and remained indelible in his memory. From that time his vocation for the drama was distinctly evident, arising not from observation of the actual world, but from an intense poetic emotion, a passionate impulse towards an ideal, and the desire to make manifest this ideal in all its splendor,—in one word, to give it life. With him there was no trace of sentimental languor, of sickly song-singing. Before the dreaming eye of the youth floated wondrous creatures, radiant fairies, sublime heroes, souls overflowing with love. The contrast of these dazzling visions with reality did not reduce him to despondency, but waked in him a haughty revolt and defiance. These visions became his reality; he believed in them, he talked of them, and even then saw them take actual form. Intense aspiration towards an ideal world, and the irresistible need of making others see it also, nervous force, ardor of soul in conception and savage energy in bringing into form, these are most striking traits in this artist-organization. At fifteen he wrote drama upon drama, and his comrades, one and all, acknowledged the future poet.

One evening he heard a Symphony of Beethoven. He listened, fascinated. The music astonished, troubled him, moved him intensely, transported him out of himself: indeed, to a musical temperament, these symphonies are the most astounding of revelations. A young sculptor who had seen but the timid creations of modern art, and who should be suddenly brought before the tragic marbles of Michael Angelo, would scarcely experience such violent emotion. What tongue, even that of Homer, has given utterance to the voices of nature with more seductive spell than the Pastoral Symphony, from the whisper of the brook to the wild uproar of the sudden storm? What poet has sung of liberty with more enchanting eloquence than the composer of the Symphony in C minor where the soul of a Prometheus seems by turns to weep and to roar, to console his brethren, or to break their chains? The poet of fifteen was not alone taken captive by these prophetic accents; he saw opened to himself a new world, the world of music, where man, freed from the fetters of any individual language, finds expression with all the energy that is in him, in a speech common to all. He seemed to hear human voices in these instruments whose despairing complaints, whose cries of joy called out to each other, made answer, strove together, or rushed forward with a common impulse; he seemed to see a vast heroic poem unfold itself in each Symphony. Henceforth, he felt it at once, poetry was not enough. Compared with these brilliant and victorious vibrations of the soul which make the power of music, poetic diction appeared to him poor, cold, incomplete. To give utterance to the grand emotions of his soul, nothing less than the language of Beethoven would suffice. The change was like a thunder-stroke, a gracious, yet terrible coming of the new Muse who henceforth took possession of the youth. "One evening," he says himself, "I heard performed a Symphony of Beethoven; in the night

I had an attack of fever and became ill; after my recovery I was a musician." He now throws himself into music as heretofore into poetry; for two years he is given up to it body and soul. Harmony, *contrepoint*, instrumentation, he studied all with passion that is almost frenzy. "Should one be able to compose a fugue?" he said one day to his teacher. "Do not do it often, but know how to do it," said the wise musician. Three days later, his pupil brought him one of the most complicated of fugues, and the old kapellmeister was filled with amazement. At seventeen Richard Wagner had composed a crowd of Sonatas, many Overtures, and a Symphony. The poet seemed changed and forever into the composer.

This was by no means the case; in an unexpected manner the poet re-appeared. This occurred upon hearing *Der Freischütz*. This first truly popular and bravely national German opera would be sure to make a profound impression upon a nature eager for emancipation and the eternal verities! But who can be insensible to its charm? The breath of the wild woods blowing through it must refresh and strengthen every heart. Agatha's songs, combining native frankness and maidenly purity, fired all the youth of that day with admiration. That which in this masterpiece of Weber was especially attractive to Richard Wagner, was the wonderful unanimity of musical effect and poetical effect in certain passages. Nothing surely exists more dramatic than the repetition of the *motif* of Samiel each time that the seducer appears. When the red spectre of the Demon of the Woods passes behind Max along in the sombre edge of the forest, and the violoncellos take up their phrase, tempting as desire, rampant and haughty like Satan, it seems as if all the powers of darkness laid siege to the troubled soul of the hunter. This effect and many others revealed to the musician the dramatic power of his art. Directly he also must write an opera, and he shortly planned, wrote and composed *Les Fees*. Verse and music flowed from his pen as from a common source; this has ever been characteristic of Wagner. From this moment the poet and the composer, coming into life in the same individual and developing separately, were united to each other, never more to separate. An irresistible instinct, a magnetic charm drew them together; advancing side by side they grew into one, and were united forever to the same ideal. This is the great originality of Richard Wagner; this it is which gives him a place apart in the history of the opera. We are not in the presence of a composer pure and simple; those who look at him in this light see him only from one side, and judge him falsely. To appreciate his value and the boldness of his conceptions, it should never be forgotten that he is at the same time a true poet and a true musician. Had he written only the words of his operas, the first of these titles could not have been denied him. On the other hand, had he composed only his Overtures and his Preludes, the second would have been his by right; but in him the poet and the composer dream, labor, create, together. It is impossible to say where one ends or the other begins. Richard Wagner, when he writes a verse in the glow of inspiration, hears already singing in his brain the melody which shall be joined to it, and as he sketches a symphonic fragment, sees clearly in advance the scenic tableau of which it shall be the accompaniment. An exceptional organization, unique in its kind, where two ruling faculties, poetic invention and the need of musical expression, instead of acting in opposition to each other, converge by their own energy, and unite to the same point, the musical drama.

At twenty-three, Richard Wagner became *chef d' orchestre* at the theatre in Riga. It was necessary to gain a livelihood, and to advance in his career. From a brilliant centre of literary and musical life the young composer found himself suddenly sent away to the shores of the Baltic, to a foreign city, and a dull, monotonous existence. Here, amid the labors of his profession and the trifling broils of a petty theatre, he commenced, following the novel of Bulwer, his first grand opera, *Rienzi*, which has just been performed at the Theatre Lyrique in Paris. A proud Tribune, dreaming of the old austere Republic, while the corrupted Rome of the papal time surrounded him; a great character filled all full of a great thought; a great heart glowing with patriotism, at war with its brutal and vulgar surroundings, encouraged in his hopes and faith only by his brave enthusiastic sister, like himself, Republican to the heart's core, borne for an instant by the popular wave to the possession of power, then struck down in the height of his triumph by the pontifical thunders, betrayed by a selfish nobility, flouted by the populace who had applauded him, and falling dead upon the threshold of his burning house, the last of the Roman Tribunes: —this was truly a subject for a mind attracted by grand and stately themes. *Rienzi* is the work of a young man, very unequal indeed, but full of fire and passion, of bold and brilliant compass. The reformatory ideas of the author do not appear in it; it is strictly in accordance with the traditions of the opera. Full choruses, resounding marches, trios, *septuor*, *ballet*, nothing is missing. In writing the text, the author thought only of making a good opera *libretto*. Now and then an energetic verse, a rapid dialogue, a striking scene, answers keen as a knife-blade, denote dramatic talent. The music reminds one of Italian and of French models; still the individuality of the composer shines in the heroic pride of his grand melodies as well as in the warmth and richness of his instrumental coloring. In fine, *Rienzi* is the work of an independent master, without being that of an innovator upon the established rules of the musical drama.

How then to bring out suitably an opera such as this, Richard Wagner asked himself impatiently, at his desk in the shabby theatre of Riga, with its second-rate performers and its patched-up scenery. *Rienzi* required an extensive stage, well-tried singers, splendid decorations, in fact all the resources of a first-class theatre. Where to find such, and how, being found, to obtain it? The eyes of the composer turned to that brilliant centre which dazzled all Europe, toward Paris. He resolved to go thither and try his fortune. His friends accused him of folly and all tried to dissuade him. Useless task! Richard Wagner was not a man of subterfuges and half measures. The same vital force which ruled his artistic creations, impelled him in the decisions of actual life, and armed him with a will of iron. What will people say, and what will become of me? These questions, which hold back the majority of men on the brink of dangerous ventures, never with him were able to stifle the inner voice more powerful than all, which said at the destined moment, it must be. In this case it was no sooner said than done. He gave in his resignation at Riga, and embarked for Paris, scarcely able to speak French at all, without letters of introduction, almost without resources. This rash enterprise was sure to overwhelm him with bitter disappointments, but these very disappointments brought him to the knowledge of his own strength.

The voyage was stormy. It was a sad foreshadowing of the fate threatening the audacious artist in the grand capital. A violent storm drove the vessel upon the Norwegian coast, and it was necessary to put into a *fiord* for shelter. It was in the flashes of the storm, in the cries of the sailors, in the roaring of the waves against the rugged Scandinavian sea-coast, that the idea of *The Phantom Ship* first arose in the poet's mind; but the sombre ship itself, with its blood-red sails and its sad captain, passed before him, rapid as an arrow's flight, revealed for an instant in the glare of the lightening. It came back to haunt him, three years later, when bitterly deceived, alone in a land of strangers, he felt himself also lost upon a shoreless sea, with no other horizon than misery and despair.

In 1839, Richard Wagner, then twenty-six years of age, arrived in Paris, with the firm resolution of bending himself to all the necessities of his precarious position, and the varied demands of Parisian society. First of all, it was needful for him to make acquaintances in the musical world. He presented himself frankly, without introduction, related his story and explained his plans. Without doubt many were surprised at the naive simplicity of this course of action. However this may be, many warm friends he found, but nowhere a powerful patron. The directors of the theatres advised him, in a friendly way, to seek a *librettiste* to translate his Rienzi; the *librettistes*, on their part, advised him to seek first a favorable director. Months passed. Wearied out, he began to translate himself, with the aid of a friend, his *Novice of Palermo* for a third-rate theatre. When all was finished, revised, and corrected, it was found that his subject was not sufficiently amusing, and so the piece was refused. Without yielding to discouragement, he began to compose romances for public singers, hoping thus to get a footing in the Parisian musical society; but it was hard to match his free, large melodies with the words of French songs, and so that failed. Driven by absolute need, he went so far as to offer to compose the music for a *boulevard vaudeville*; the jealousy of others deprived him even of this last resource. But one must live. He resigned himself to arranging opera-airs for the *cornet à piston*. At the same time he wrote for the Musical Gazette various critiques and romances, especially a "Pilgrimage to the home of Beetthoven," and "The Fate of a Musician in Paris," where he described his own misfortunes, not without humor. His hero finished by dying of hunger; he himself scarcely escaped this tragic dénouement.

One can well imagine how bitter all these humiliations were to an artist full of the loftiest aspirations. How many noble and generous natures have been used, degraded, broken, in these enervating struggles! One might suppose that Wagner lost somewhat of heart and energy

in it all. But no! he dipped himself therein, and bronzed himself for life. After the painful and often merely mechanical labor of the day, in a situation without hope of advance, weighed down by solitude so melancholy to the stranger in a gay and busy city, he went on with his own work for entire nights. His enthusiasm was never extinguished, his courage redoubled, and to preserve still his allegiance to the noblest kinds of music, he composed an *Overture to Faust* and also finished his *Rienzi*. The work finished, he he made a last attempt to succeed with it at the Opera. It was useless, all the doors were closed to him. Two years of desperate effort had come only to this.

At such a moment many artists yield to despair and blow their brains out. The greater number abandon the cherished idea and become the obedient slaves of fashion. It was a wonderful thing in this man, need we hesitate to say it, it was to his honor beyond the power of words to express, that at this fateful moment he did not yield. Instead of lamenting to his friends, who were more cast down than himself, he withdrew quietly into the solitude which his misfortune made for him, and, alone in the profound night from which so many brilliant stars had faded one by one, he swore to the ideal within him a faith still more ardent, a devotion more absolute. The legend of the Phantom Ship reappeared before his eyes, fascinated him as if it were the spectre of his own destiny, and seized upon his imagination with a tyrannical force. Having broken the links which held him to his native land in the intoxication of boundless hopes, a wanderer among strangers who were almost enemies, not knowing whither need might drive him, or into what sombre future chance would carry him, how naturally it came to him, this recent sympathy for the gloomy sailor, wandering accursed of God! At this moment the dazzling vision of fame disappeared before the imperial Genius of Inspiration. He must give to the world this idea which filled his mind, he must give life and speech to this sad hero, unhappy, but unconquered, whom he already loved as a brother. No matter for the rest. Alone, obscure, without further thought, without hope of success, he began his work. Music came to his aid, he felt himself a free man and a poet for the first time; free, because he broke loose from the conventional forms of the opera under the inspiration of a ruling sentiment; a poet, because he gave himself unreservedly to his idea, and was absorbed in it.

By this work, more spontaneous, more fiery than all the others, the artist entered into a new sphere; he touched land and came into his kingdom; after having long sought a region favorable to the drama of which he dreamed, he finally found it in the popular myth. Let us recall briefly the legend of the Phantom Ship, and let us see how it reappears in the opera. The story made itself up among the sailors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in their dangerous expeditions over unknown seas. A captain was determined to get round a certain cape in spite of wind and sea. A hundred times he was driven back, and a hundred times he returned to the charge, swearing in his anger that he would persist in his attempts, were it to all eternity. The devil heard him, and took him at his word, and he was condemned to wander from one pole to the other over the stormy ocean, accursed of God, terror of men, messenger of shipwreck to vessels in distress. This tradition exists among all sea-faring people, and it is called in Germany *Der fliegende Holländer*, because the ship flies forever like the storm wind over a boundless and shoreless sea. Wagner taking up this myth has colored it with his own emotions, has given it a shape more dramatic, and a more elevated meaning. According to his conception, the flying Dutchman is a second wandering Jew, scudding across the seas towards a country that he seeks vainly, with untiring desire, a land of home and peace, his own hearth stone, his own fireside. The fatality of his restless soul weighs upon him as a curse. No nation will receive him, all shores cast him out, the very corsair flees from him, making the holy sign. He has defied the ocean, and ocean will never again let him go; he has evoked the spirit of the abyss, and Satan has condemned him to live in his human form forever. One night an angel of God comes to him in the storm and promises him deliverance if a woman will love him even to death. Every seven years he is suffered to land, and to ask the hand of some maiden of the country. Alas! no one of them all will consent to follow him to his black ship; each in turn at the last moment plays him false; so his faith in human pity and love goes out entirely. One desire alone remains to him, to rush into annihilation; one hope only, that the world itself may one day be destroyed. "The time expires: again seven years are passed like a storm. Wearied of me, the sea casts me back upon the earth: alas! fierce ocean, thou shalt again receive me! I can endure and master thine anger, but eternal is my suffering. Never shall I find the salvation which I seek upon the earth. O wild waves, girding the earth, I shall remain yours till your last billow is shattered, and your last drop is dry." There is, however, one heart that beats for this unhappy sailor; one woman will devote herself to him; it is Senta, daughter of Captain Daland. By a secret affinity of the soul, this young Norwegian girl loves this man whom all fear, before she has ever seen his face. All the world fears him and hates him because he is unfortunate and the bringer of misfortune; but just because he is thus miserable, she loves him with all the powers of her soul. It is a bold and striking scene where Senta, a prey to prophetic frenzy, sings the ballad of the Dutchman in the presence of her alarmed companion. She sings it in a sort of wild sympathy, and devotes herself to him in an outburst of sublime pity. At this moment he arrives, brought by the father of Senta. She recognizes him and swears to him eternal fidelity. The marriage approaches, but at the last moment he finds her with Eric, the hunter, who is seeking to detain her. The Dutchman believes her faithless, as all the others have been; doubt and despair again take possession of his soul; he rushes to his ship crying adieu forever to the land; but Senta, seeing him fly, casts herself into the sea to go to him. At this moment the fatal vessel goes down, Senta dies with her lost lover, and the love which unites them is so grand, so heroic, that the spectators are not too greatly surprised to see the two, henceforth inseparable, rise above the stormy waves radiant with glory, while the orchestra, changing from the fury of the sea, triumphs in the redemption which the love of Senta has wrought.

It is easy to see much that is unusual and much that is incomplete in this embodiment of an Idea. The hero is in such fantastic surroundings that one scarcely guesses at first the deep humanity of his nature; likewise, the passage from the real world to that of symbolic mystery is exceedingly abrupt. For all that, the idea is beautiful, the situation pathetic, and the inspiration harmonious and genuine. As to the music, it contains as yet no remarkable innovations. There is often a lack of clearness in the meaning of the orchestra, the declamation is at times monotonous, and hesitations occur between the recitative and the air. The novelty of this music is in the effect it produces. If ever the gloomy rhythm of the implacable sea has been expressed with terrible truth, it is in the first act; it is heard like the voice of the Styx, the eternal growl of the waves that will never relent nor forgive. And on the other hand, what inner peace, what infinite gentleness in the song of Senta, a melody of angelic sweetness and trust, always accompanied by the harp, and unveiling to us every instant the heart of the heroine! This violent contrast between the despairing sailor under the eternal ban, and the young girl, loving, eager for self-sacrifice, who will save him from his misery; this strange, magnetic sympathy between boundless grief and woe on the one hand, and boundless love on the other; these two souls which attract each other, which cling together and find in death the supreme blessedness, this is the drama itself. In most operas the words are only to furnish a pretext for the music; here the music exists solely to bring out the drama. Refusing every hint to wander, it attaches faithfully to the words, accentuates by characteristic *motifs* the master-passions of the characters, gives color to the scenes and fills out the *tableaux*. And this is as it should be; if the musical drama is to be consistent with itself, music must add itself to acting only to strengthen the emotion, to sustain the action, to vivify the poetry. It was the idea of Gluck; Wagner has brought it forward again and strengthened it. The *Phantom Ship* is his first step in this path. He will arrive at *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin* by no system whatever, solely by the force of his dramatic instinct.

(To be Continued).

The Piano in the House.

[From The Pall Mall Gazette.]

The manner in which the British public, "which moveth all together if it move at all," adopts *en masse* this or that novelty in time killing by a system of mutual imitation, is not more remarkable that the constancy of its favor for certain articles, fashion and custom turning them into absolute necessaries." It is the correct thing to have a piano in your drawing-room, as much as to have an armchair. The furnishing is incomplete without it. You may have no ear for music, you may even regard with horror, as did Elia, the measured and apportioned concatenation of noises called by that name, but you must have a piano nevertheless. Fashion in a town mansion, respectability in a suburban cottage, alike demand it. Hence the immense and increasing outlay upon these instruments, from the modest twenty-five guinea "cottage," warranted (to disappoint you in every way), up to that noblest of its species, the hundred and eighty guinea 'grand." Hence, also, innumerable prancings thereupon, carried on especially at our evening reunions with a regularity, an absence of interest, and a futility of meaning, which must surely be puzzling to visitors from other climes. One can imagine the court circles of Siam or Java enlightened by their ambassadors in this wise "These people in the North have another most singular custom. In all their dwellings we found a cunningly devised framework of polished wood, the abode of strange and indescribable sounds, called forth upon applying the hands

violently to certain black and white levers systematically arranged in groups, having apparently some symbolical signification. When these people meet to entertain each other, rational discourse is continually interrupted by one or other of the guests being compelled by the rest to operate violently upon this machine. We often felt for those (and they were oftly females) who were so treated. There was evidently some disgrace attached to it, as they always hung back with many pleadings and excuses, until absolutely forced to the machine; when the rest of the company, apparently from motives of delicacy, turned backs on the victim, and talked loud and cheerfully to distract attention from her. In vain we endeavored to discover the origin and the meaning of this singular superstition, which probably has a religious origin," etc.

Englishmen are sometimes conscious of a similar bewilderment when their attention is distracted by the current kind of "drawing-room music" with its conversational accompaniments. More or less we have all writhed under the fantasias of the young lady with a brilliant left hand, have shuddered at the advent of the person (generally a curate or a young person in the civil service) who "plays a little," and have wondered at the hostess's "thank you, that is so charming." And in moments like these, most of us have pondered why it is that this peculiar form of musical art should be degraded into a wretched clap-trap exhibition, to be wreaked upon unoffending people who accept invitations given with apparent kindness and good faith. Why is the piano, of all other instruments, to be a *corpus vile* for all persons, with or without musical organization, to play fantastic tricks upon? A man does not learn to play upon the organ or the violin unless he feels moved thereto by some special faculty, some innate yearning. With the piano, we begin by making it a necessary article of furniture; and when we have got it, of course we must show that we know what is done with such things. It is the pride, the ambition, the business of ladies to be agreeable and entertaining in the drawing room; music is agreeable; therefore the manipulation of the piano must be part of a "finished" young lady's education. A boy may have a sincere love and an obvious taste for music, and find under our present system of school and university education scarcely any encouragement for his taste or opportunity for his talent; rather it will be stigmatized by grave and reverend seignors as a mischievous temptation, incompatible with serious aims in life. But let a girl betray the most hopeless incapacity for comprehending either harmony or melody —it is all one, learn she must. It is part of her education, of her duty in life, that she should be able to play a rattling fantasia at least as vigorously as her neighbors, the Misses Brown and Jones. Hence the murderous sounds which go up to the gods from a thousand academies daily; and thus it is that countless young girls, to whom we look for the maintenance or the elevation of the tone of society in England, spend a large part of their youth in what to many of them is but a dreary mechanical exercise, and to all is a sacrifice of time and trouble quite disproportionate to the end attained The time which might be employed in gaining real knowledge and cultivation of mind and character is employed in achieving a talent for debasing a beautiful art into a showy mechanical display distasteful to themselves and wearisome to others.

But it is not a law of nature that the piano in the house should be merely an instrument of wood and wire for the exhibition of digital dexterity. Of itself it is the portal of an ideal world, an "ivory gate" of dreams, affording to the jaded sprit easy refuge from the work-a day world. And the very causes which have combined to make it so popular an instrument —namely, its facility of manipulation and its versatility of effect—are just those which render it so peculiarly happy a means for bringing musical art into our homes. The powers of the instrument are restricted, it is true; nevertheless, it is capable to a great extent of imitating and recalling effects only to be attained through more ample and costly media. The many-voiced symphony, the chorus which has awakened the echoes of Exeter Hall, the organ and anthem which shook "the prophets blazoned on the panes" at the Abbey, may all be recalled on the piano in a manner bearing somewhat the same relation to the original effect that an engraving bears to a painting—giving form and outline, and leaving the colors (and much besides, alas!) to imagination.

One of the most renowned pianists of the time told the writer of this article that when he played for his own pleasure he never played piano-forte music; his delight was to take an orchestral score and try how much of its effect he could reproduce from his single keyboard. To do this well is not given to everybody; but something may be achieved in that way by a true player, and another pleasant form of domestic art and study is found in the endeavor to represent on a piano the combined effect of voice and accompaniment; a kind of performance which demands concentration of mind as well as delicacy of finger, and which certainly appeals to higher artistic faculties than the execution of clattering fantastics on popular airs. Above all, if we look at piano forte music proper, such as has been written by true masters of their art, who did not work for show, what a world of beautiful things do we find—"sounds and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not" either the instrument or the listener's ears. The Sonatas of Beethoven alone contain a response to almost every mood of mind; and what is it that we want of music more than that it should harmonize with our humors and provide our minds with a refuge from uncongenial everyday surroundings? Perhaps there is no more striking examplification of the beneficence of this art than the fact that in many a dull room in a dull street, where life seems tied down to the mean and vulgar and commonplace, the bare presence of a piano does then and there furnish means for instantaneous flight from such mundane annoyances, bringing at once light into the gloom, and kindling the mind with noble and beautiful ideas. And, looking at the matter from this point of view, may we not be pardoned for feeling contempt for that kind of prostitution of music in our drawing-rooms which modern education has created and fostered? Musical education, for the most part, goes merely to the attainment of a certain routine mechanical dexterity. Among those who make music their profession, it is of course desirable that a high standard of executive power should be maintained; though Beethoven declared that all public performers seemed to him to lose expression and feeling exactly in proportion as they gained in execution. But nothing can be a more silly waste of time than for amateurs to attempt those showy difficulties which are the best stock in trade of too many professional pianists. They can rarely be really successful; and if they do succeed, the game is not worth the trouble; for the end attained is only at the expense of valuable time which might have been much better employed. What we want in our social meetings is, not to have the piano kept going, like a mill, against an opposing torrent of conversation, but to have music that is worth listening to well played, if people wish for it, and will listen to it, and not otherwise; and if half the time spent by young ladies at school in excursions up and down the key-board were occupied in learning something about music as an art, some of us might have less reason to dread the sight of "the piano in the house."

For Dwights Journal of Music.

Handel at the Jubilee.

Concord, Mass. July 11, 1869.

Mr. Editor:—In one of your articles on the late Boston Jubilee you say: "Generally the grave, slow Chorales sounded best. Strange to say, and contrary to all we could have looked for, not Handel's choruses, not even the great Hallelujah, still less the choruses by Haydn, made the great effects;" &c., &c.

Reading these words, I am prompted to offer for your consideration some reasons why, in my opinion, the choruses of Handel and Haydn could not be effectively rendered at the late Jubilee. And I believe that few experienced chorus singers could have looked for a result different from what occurred.

Among those who generally form a chorus there are, comparatively speaking, but few who are *self-reliant* and capable of taking up promptly their *points*. And even of these, it is too often the case, that many are too careless and indifferent to give a conscientious attention to their duties in a public performance. The majority of a chorus are, generally, but poor *readers*, who lean and depend on others, rather than themselves. I had many years experience in chorus singing and always found it to be so; and any competent singer of experience will testify that it is so. Even in England, where Handel is sung more correctly and effectively than in any other country, I question if the chorus would be what it is were it not for the Cathedrals, which are always educating singers, not only to sing Handel, but, in a certain sense, to love his music. To bring together, therefore, ten thousand of such voices, and expect them to sing the choruses of Handel and Haydn, in any manner that could be called effective, was to me an impossibility; and I was not, therefore, disappointed in the result.

The most effective chorus I have heard in this country, was that under the late George Loder, in New York. It was small, comparatively speaking, but it sang with great intelligence, giving effect to all the lights and shades, so much needed in chorus singing, and taking up the points with a precision rarely surpassed. Jenny Lind and Benedict paid this chorus a great compliment when it sang in their performance of the *Messiah* in Tripler Hall. Much was due, however, to Loder for its great excellence, who was not only an excellent driller and good conductor, but he had also,—externally vulgar as he was sometimes,—an appreciation and love of Handel rarely excelled and not often equalled. He had too, that rare faculty, a power of infusing his own love into those under him, of inspiring them into that *unity* which, in such performances, can alone insure success.

The choruses of *The Messiah*, though very simple in construction, while grand and majestic in effect, are not easy to sing, unless by good readers, who will be conscientiously attentive to their duties. On the other hand the Chorales, and even the choruses you name of Mendelssohn as being the most effectively performed, are easily read, and more easily followed by those who cannot readily read; hence an effect could be and was given to these, which could not be given to Handel and Haydn.

Again Handel's choruses, especially those of *The Messiah*, depend altogether on the *vocal* effect; if failure takes place here, the instruments cannot make it up. The late Doctor Chard, who was organist at Winchester Cathedral, England, was of opinion that Mozart's accompaniments in the *choruses of the Messiah* destroyed, rather than added to their grandeur; indeed he thought the less instrumentation they had the better, their construction being such that they did not need it. He may or may not be right here; I do not presume to say, further than that I do believe they were written especially to be sung, and that they will be sung in the future, by immense bodies of voices. The choruses of Mendelssohn, on the other hand, are aided immensely by instrumentation, without which they would lose, in a large degree, their beauty and grandeur; by the instrumentation any weakness on the part of the voices is, in a measure, covered up. Yet I could name choruses of Mendelssohn—as for instance the finale of *Elijah*—in which, I think, that body of ten thousand would have been no more effective than they were in Handel and Haydn.

Last winter I attended some of the performances of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston. In the *Elijah* the effect produced was, in some of the choruses, very fine; in others, especially in the finale, not so good. From the *status* of this society I anticipated a great treat in *The Messiah*. In this I was greatly disappointed. Here I discovered that, like all choruses, it consists of a great many who cannot read, or who were too inattentive to their duties on that occasion; and that the chorus depended for the prompt taking up of *points* on a few voices on each part. The Basses, in that great point: "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," and also in "And He shall reign for ever and ever," failed entirely to give the effect called for. The chorus "For unto us a child is born" was more badly sung than I ever remember to have heard it. It may have appeared so from the fact of their changing, certainly in very false, *unscriptural* and bad taste, the word *given* to that of *giv'n*, which changed the character of the entire chorus.

I cannot believe that Handel's *Messiah* has performed its great mission. To me it is a work that has yet to be performed and appreciated as never before. It is related of Handel that he said, he seemed to have heard it all before he wrote it; hence it

would seem to have been a work of a very direct inspiration; and he may not himself have then had but a faint foreshadowing of its great mission. I believe the time will come when it will be sung, not by ten thousand voices only, but by hundreds of thousands.* This cannot be, however, in an age like this an age of no faith. Can the Painter put on canvass what he has not in his mind ideal? Can the Sculptor mould the marble to a form of beauty of which he has no conception? How then can singers interpret and give expression to a work like Handel's Messiah, unless they have the *living* faith, of which it sings, embodied in themselves? Who can sing "For unto us a child is born," unless they inwardly believe such a child was born? Who can sing "Comfort ye my people," without a living faith? Who can sing "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," unless he does reign within the soul? And who can sing the song—the climax of the great work—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," unless he *knows*, of himself,—not because Priest, Pastor, or Church has told him,—that *his* Redeemer liveth? And more, who can take baton in hand and conduct such a work, who has not a living faith in the Lord as his Redeemer? How can God's inspirations flow through the eye or the hand, gathering to the owner thereof not only the eye but the inspired heart of each individual singer or performer, uniting them into oneness, unless that eye and hand belongs to one who can say: *I know* that my Redeemer liveth? Who can conduct, even, one of Beethoven's master works, unless he can form a conception of the great master's idea, and inspire his orchestra with the same? Handel's melodies are too pure for a sensuous age; hence there are but few who can really appreciate and love them; and if they cannot appreciate how can they interpret and sing? How simple, yet pure, is that song of his; "Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!" I recollect Malibran singing this in Manchester, England. It was the last thing she ever sang in the body. She sang it conscious that her end was near; when all the outward was fading from her sight, and when, as it was said, cruel treatment and great suffering had thrown her to seek Him who alone can give peace and rest; and so her singing this simple but pure song was as if Heaven opened to her, and she beheld the glory of which she was singing. And Jenny Lind told the people of New York that in fifty years or more they would begin, perhaps, to appreciate Handel, but that she perceived at present they could not appreciate or love his music.

But I have extended my letter beyond all bounds and must stop. If I have given you any thought worthy of reception, and you can pass it to others, I shall be repaid for my trouble.

Appreciating what you say in general touching the great Jubilee,

I remain very truly yours,

GEO. LEACH.

The Jubilee and Church Music.

BY REV. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, LL.D.

Several of the religious newspapers have derived from the Boston Jubilee an argument for congregational singing—the unison of the whole assembly in sacred song—as not only practicable upon a vast scale, but as the most appropriate and effective music for religious worship. But, however much one may desire the participation of the entire congregation in this part of public worship, the legitimate inference from the choral singing at the Jubilee seems to lie upon the other side. The term congregational singing, as used in this country, denotes the inartificial, unscientific singing of the mass of the congregation, in distinction from the practiced rendering of music by a select quartet or a trained choir. But the choral singing at Boston, with its grand effects of volume and harmony, illustrated in a high degree the advantages of thorough and scientific musical training above that vocal enthusiasm of numbers that passes for congregational singing. The chorus of ten thousand voices at the Coliseum was a *picked choir* upon a scale of unprecedented magnitude. Each individual singer in that chorus was a member of some local choir or musical society and accustomed to read music at sight and to sing in public. But such previous training in the science and practice of music was not enough to secure admission into the Jubilee chorus. Every applicant for that honor was obliged to undergo an examination, in quality of voice, in reading at sight, and in the execution of difficult test passages from the selected choruses. Notwithstanding these precautions, this vast choir, composed of hundreds of average excellence, occasionally failed in time and expression, particularly in fugue passages. To argue from the exceptional success of this carefully selected and well adjusted chorus, that the miscellaneous members of an ordinary congregation could render the service of song acceptible and edifying, in a musical point of view, is utterly without weight or reason. Moreover, the picked chorus at Boston was sustained by an orchestra of *professional musicians*, whose skilful accompaniment, supported by the magnificent tones of the organ, kept up the voices in pitch and time, and so filled the interstices of vocal sound, that minor faults of execution were lost in the broad sweep of harmony. Of course no such musical effects can be hoped for in ordinary congregational singing, nor can there be any valid reasoning from one to the other.

Some imagine that in order to have congregational singing, it is only necessary that all the people shall sing, without regard to the question whether they know how to sing or have been trained to sing together in proper time and tune; or, as Mr. Beecher once put it, they shall "make a loud noise unto the Lord." But mere loudness of sound, or the noise of numbers without regard to rhythm, is far from ministering to edification in worship. It is this that renders the liturgical responses of the Episcopal church services so distasteful to persons of cultivated ear and refined devotional feeling. One sharp voice is curveting about, in advance of his neighbors, another with halting tones is lagging far behind, here and there a voice moving with proper cadence is marred by a dozen hurrying to overtake it, and finally the whole come in pell-mell, like rowers or racers striving for the goal, so that a devout mind is ready to exclaim,—We beseech thee, incline thy servants to worship *decently and in order*, according to the requirement of thy holy word. The ritualists have at last discovered that, in order to render a responsive liturgy effective as a devotional service, they must take it out of the mouths of the people, and have it worthily rendered by trained choirs. In like manner congregational singing by untrained voices resembles the tumultuousness of the waves of the sea, without their majestic cadence.

True congregational singing requires a basis of musical training either in the whole people, or in certain prominent voices set apart to lead in this service. The general training is much to be preferred, but in this our American congregations are sadly deficient. Singing is seldom taught now a days, as it was formerly, for the benefit of a congregation, or even of its children and youth. In Sunday schools children are not taught to sing intelligently, but their faculty of imitation is exercised in learning by rote the jingle of jaunty airs that can never help them to the understanding or the appreciation of music. It is pretty much so in the public schools; and hence as a rule, but few persons in any mixed congregation can sing by note, or read even simple music at sight.

The writer has the privilege of worshiping with a congregation in which for ten years the practice has been for the people at large to sing the hymns, tune-book in hand. Not long ago Luther's famous Reformation hymn was appointed to be sung, and the music—not as enfeebled in the Sabbath Hymn and Tune book, but in its original simplicity and majesty as a chorale—was printed with the hymn and distributed in the pews. But though the air was led by a fine quartet, singing in unison, and the harmony was sustained by a powerful organ, it was estimated that not more than one in ten of the congregation joined tunefully in this sublime hymn of praise. Yet with the trained choirs of ten thousand, and the accompaniment of orchestra and organ, this was one of the finest things in the Boston Jubilee. It is always impressive in a German congregation; but, we alas, are not educated to sing.

For lack of musical qualification in the congregation at large, we must have recourse to a choir or quartet to lead the congregation in the act of praise; otherwise there is only a confused medley of sound. A good organ, fitly handled, is a great help in congregational singing, by giving steadness and volume to the tone, and marking the time. But more effective than choir or organ would be a well-balanced corps of trumpeters—such as one sometimes hears in the royal churches of continental Europe. The *Trumpet*, of the old Temple service, is pre-eminently the instrument for the accompaniment of Psalmody. Once the writer introduced this, in a memorial service for our fallen soldiers. A grand choir sang Mendelssohn's magnificent chorale in St. Paul, "Sleepers Awake." Behind them, unseen by the congregation, were the brass instruments of Dodworth's band; and never was a more solemn and elevating effect witnessed in a church service, than when those invisible trumpets sounded forth their majestic strains. Of course such an accompaniment could be obtained only in cities, and at large cost; but with congregations trained to sing together, and led and sustained by organ trumpets, trombones, tubas—in a word, with "everything that hath *breath*"—we should have music worthy of the Jubilee of the world's redemption.—*Advance.*

* The writer seems to think that faith will change the *physical* laws of sound,—or, perhaps he does not mean hundreds of thousands *in the body*.

Music Abroad.

London.

MLLE. NILSSON has given a couple of concerts in St. James's Hall, of which the *Musical World* says:

That sacred music of the highest class was within the range of Mlle. Nilsson's powers had already been proved at the Birmingham Festival of 1867, and the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace of the year following. As, however, she is not one of those artists who care to rest upon their laurels, but rather one whose motto is "Excelsior," we are hardly surprised at the great advance she exhibits, both in her delivery of the music and in her pronunciation of the language. In the first and second parts of the *Creation*, at the first concert (when she enjoyed the advantage of being associated with such experienced masters of the sacred style as Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley), she showed herself thoroughly conversant with the text of Haydn, achieving in the great airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," both of which she gave in perfection, a legitimate triumph. At the concert on Monday she repeated the first of these with equal success, besides adding "Angels ever bright and fair (*Theodora*), and "Let the bright Seraphim" (*Samson*)—showing herself therein quite as much at home with Handel as with Haydn. "Let the bright Seraphim," in which the trumpet of Mr. T. Harper was a worthy partner to the voice of Mlle. Nilsson, was enthusiastically encored and repeated. The concert was in other respects one of great and varied interest. A first-class orchestra, led by Mr. H. Blagrove and conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie, played the march from Mendelssohn's *Athalia*, the Pastoral Symphony from the *Messiah*, and the overture to *Oberon*; Mr. Leslie's Choir sang, among other things, the "Sanctus" from J. S. Bach's mass in B minor, Mendelssohn's "Judge me O God," and "Wretched lovers," from *Acis and Galatea*—how, we need not say; Mr. Santley gave, in his best manner, M. Gounod's "Nazareth" (with chorus), "O rudder than the cherry," and Mr. J. L. Hatton's "Wreck of the Hesperus," besides joining Mlle. Nilsson in Mozart's "Crudel perche;" and Mr. J. M. Wellhi played one of his most showy pianoforte fantasias (*Rigoletto*) in his showiest manner. Last not least, Mlle. Nilsson sang, in Italian, a new *scena*, by Herr Meyer Lutz, entitled "Xenia, the Sclavonian maiden" (two of the themes in which have all the graceful flow and quaint charm of national melodies), and being unanimously encored substituted one of her own popular Swedish airs, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. The concert was altogether as attractive as a concert of the kind could possibly be.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. (From the *Pall Mall Gazette, June 29*)

The final concert was given last night "by special desire," and worthily closed a season described in an official summary as "perfectly successful." No better programme could have been chosen. It opened with Beethoven's matchless *Leonora* overture, the emperor of overtures, quite as much as his concerto in E flat is the emperor of concertos. Mr. Cusins's orchestra, to the improvement of which we have again and again testified, played it in admirable style, and left nothing whatever to desire. The next important selection was Spohr's "Dramatic Concerto," or, giving its full title, *Concerto Drammatico in modo di Scena Cantata*, one of the best known, as it is one of the most masterly works ever written for the composer's instrument. The soloist was Herr Strans, an artist who can not only lead the

Philharmonic orchestra with thorough efficiency, but fulfil a yet more important duty—as in this case—with thorough success. The whole concerto—a really grand production—made the effect well nigh inseparable from it, and led to Herr Straus's recall amid unanimous applause.

Next came Dr. Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concerto in C minor (op. 9), third of the six we owe to his brilliant talent. It forcibly asserts the English musician's precocity. In 1834, the date of the concerto, Dr. Bennett was a lad of eighteen, who had previously written two other such works. Moreover, the C minor is memorable as having, at a Leipsic Gewandhaus concert, in 1837, under Mendelssohn's direction obtained for its composer and executant a genuine triumph, and given to Robert Schumann the text for one of his ablest and most genial criticisms. Much might be said of the work—of its abundant fancy, charming melodies, and masterly treatment; but we must be content to speak about it generally as among the greatest productions the English school can boast. It was fitting that such a composition should be played by Mme. Arabella Goddard, who has during many years kept Dr. Bennett's pianoforte works before the public. Her right to be his expositress was never more conclusively proved than on this occasion. Whether it was the alternate gravity and sweetness of the first *allegro*, the charming ideality of the romance, or what Mr. Macfarren calls the "wild energy" of the *finale*, each feature of the concerto was brought out with consummate skill. That every note was played it would be superfluous to say. Mme. Goddard was deservedly recalled at the close of her task.

Mr. Cusin's clever and striking though somewhat fantastic overture, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, brought the first part of the concert to an end. In Part II Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony was the chief item, and the whole ended with Weber's *Jubilee* overture. The vocalists were Signor and Mme. Bettini.

Mr. Charles Halle's Recitals. With the month of June, Mr. Halle completed the purpose proposed at the commencement of these recitals—which was to include the miscellaneous pianoforte pieces (variations, rondos, &c.) of Beethoven, and all the solo pianoforte works of Schubert. Both these objects had been compassed in Hallé's recitals of last year; but the present repetition involved the addition of some recently published works of Schubert not then available, the most important being two complete movements of a grand sonata which, had the other portions been forthcoming, would have equalled if not surpassed any of the eleven great works of that class which Schubert has left completed. The interest of these recitals has been great in the variety and intrinsic importance of the selections, and the highly-finished execution and thoughtful study brought by Mr. Hallé to their performance.

—We learn from the *Musical Standard* that English opera is to be given at the Princess's Theatre, London, under the direction of J. L. Hatton. The season is to open in August, with "Acis and Galatea."

—A Metropolitan Choral Festival of five thousand voices was held at the Royal Horticultural Garden, London, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, on the 3d inst. The choir consisted of three thousand first and second sopranos, one thousand tenors, and one thousand basses.

—No less than forty-three operas have been submitted to the commission appointed to examine works offered to the Theatre Lyrique. The members of the commission have met twice a week for nearly seven months, and their choice has at length fallen upon an opera entitled "Le Magnifique." The fact that this favored work is in one act is significant of the average merit of the compositions. Another opera, "La Coupe et les Lèvers," in five acts, founded on Alfred de Musset's poem, is also recommended, provided certain modifications be made.

—The results of the music examinations by the Society of Arts, which have just been made known, show that the Tonic Solfa-ists have repeated their successes of former years. In the examination in the theory of music, which Mr. John Hullah conducts, both the prizemen and half those who receive first class certificates have been trained under Tonic Solfa teachers. Mr. G. A. Macfarren's examination in elementary musical composition, the exercises for which may be written either in Tonic Solfa or established notation, is almost exclusively used by Tonic Solfa-ists, although open on equal terms to others; but the two prizes and fifty-five certificates which have been granted are records of positive and not comparative attainment. This last examination was instituted last year at the request of the Tonic Solfa-ists, who pay the expenses and the prize-money.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 31, 1869.

The Past Two Musical Years in Boston.

(Concluded).

IV. Oratorios, &c.

The period under review includes the Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society in May 1868 when, with a chorus of between seven and eight hundred voices, an orchestra of 100, and, for principal solo singers, Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Miss Houston, Mrs. Barry, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Rudolphsen, &c., the following choral works were produced:

Handel. Samson, and The Messiah.

Haydn. The Creation.

Mendelssohn. St. Paul; Hymn of Praise; 95th Psalm.

Beethoven. Choral Symphony.

Nicolai. Festival Overture, with Chorus on "Ein feste Burg."

Besides which, the same Society, at their usual seasons of Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter, in the two years, performed:

Handel. Samson; Messiah (3 times); Judas Maccabæus.

Mendelssohn. Elijah (3 times); St. Paul; Hymn of Praise.

Costa. Naaman (for the first time).

Rossini. Moses in Egypt, *quasi* Oratorio.

"The Creation" has been given also by the Choral Union (South Boston). We may further add the following works performed, without orchestra, in concerts of private clubs (Mr. Parker's, and Mr. Kreissmann's, Brookline):

Schumann. Portions of Mass.

Gade. Cantata: "The Crusaders."

Hiller. Cantata: "Easter Morning."

Mendelssohn. Prayer: "Da nobis pacem."

Durante. Magnificat.

Pergolese. Stabat Mater.

The German Saengerfest.

On the 16th of July the eleventh national singing festival of the North-eastern Sängerbund was brought to a close in the city of Baltimore. This association holds its festivals every alternate year. They take place in succession in the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, those being the principal eastern cities in which the largest number of Societies of the Bund exist. The next Festival will be held in New York in 1871.

At present there are about two thousand active singing members comprising the Bund, of whom some fifteen hundred were present at Baltimore. The city of New York sent twenty-nine Societies, Philadelphia twenty-two, and Baltimore eight. A few others were present from neighboring cities. So much for the statistics of the affair.

The purpose of these festivals is easily stated. It is purely and simply to have a good time. It is the German holiday. The promotion of art in the abstract, if it has any place in the scheme, holds a very secondary one; certainly the honest Teuton makes no parade of any such intention even if he has it. The conspicuous thing is his down-right, flat footed intention of forgetting all about work and care for a good long week, and using every minute of the time in enjoying himself as fully as he can, not after the fashion of his American cousins, but after the good old traditions of his fatherland, from the days when Wolfram of Eisenbach, and Ulric of Lichtenstein and Tannhäuser, and all the Minnesingers of Germany, gathered together at the Wartburg to contend before the Landgrave of Thuringia for the prize of song, to this day and generation.

In this national enjoyment music is the most important element, and during the week that the Festival continued in Baltimore that city was a city of song. Not only was music heard in the halls where their concerts were given, but everywhere, about the streets and at all the great hotels, bursting out at the most unexpected times and places; and far on into the night it came from the open air gardens, brilliant with lanterns, where the sons of song were gathered, and the citizen, as he turned for his second nap, heard floating through his open window the pleasant strains of far-off melody and composed himself to sleep regretting, doubtless, that he too was not a German.

We propose to review briefly the events of the week, giving our readers a general idea of what took place without entering into any special or critical detail of any part.

In the first place it was immensely warm; everything took place at blood-heat and under a broiling sun. Apollo certainly beamed with fervent regard upon his disciples. In view of this fact, it may seem a little singular that so much of their time was taken up in marching over the heated cobble stones of Baltimore.

But the Teutonic mind seems eminently contented when it is a procession, and they walked about for miles upon miles during their stay, carrying their heavy silken banners with an enthusiasm and happiness most charming to witness—from under an umbrella.

The programme of the week was briefly as follows: On Saturday evening (July 10th), a public reception by the city authorities. Sunday night, "*The Messiah*." Monday morning, a procession of singers escorted by all the military of the city. Monday evening, the contest of the societies for the prizes. Tuesday morning, a rehearsal, and in the evening a concert, in which all the singers present joined. On Wednesday and Thursday, pic-nics at the park and the national out-of-door sports. A most rational and wisely constructed programme.

As to the performance of the "Messiah" there is not much to be said; it was sung by the Baltimorians only. The chorus was small and the orchestra was small, but it was a brave little chorus and orchestra and did as well as it could. A certain novelty was imparted to the oratorio by hearing the old familiar airs and choruses in their German dress. "*Er wird sie reinigen*" sounded very curiously to one whose ear expected "And he shall purify;" and "Lift up your heads" hardly seemed itself as "*Hoch thut euch auf*."

Mmes Rotter and Frederici and Messrs Himmer and Hermanns were the soloists. Our friend Hermanns had identified himself so completely with the satanic role of Mephistopheles that he seemed oddly out of place in his semi-ecclesiastical part, and in fact did not take at all kindly to the long Handelian passages, through which he lumbered and jolted after a queer fashion of his own, and was inexpressibly relieved (as indeed was his audience also) when he got finally to the end of one of them. In a word, the performance was indifferent, though the Baltimore papers thought the next morning that it was "the finest ever given in the country." If ignorance is bliss, what supreme happiness that writer must have enjoyed!

Next day came the sweltering procession, with its military, half-rebel, half-union, formerly in deadly contest, now all marching peaceably under the old flag; its societies, each with a banner, of wonderful embroidery; its throngs of citizens lining the sidewalks and filling the windows; its triumphal arches spanning the streets; and its gay flags hung everywhere, prominent over all the flag of the new German confederation, red, white and black.

In the evening came the grand event of the Festival,—the prize singing. Eighteen societies entered the contest. They were divided into two classes:

those of less than forty-six voices having assigned to them the first half of the programme, those of more than forty-six the last half. There were nine in each class. To both classes were to be awarded two prizes, the first in each being a grand piano, the second a square. As it may be, in these days when male voice singing is so much cultivated, a matter of interest to our readers to know what was sung, we append the programme:

PART I. (Smaller Societies).

1 Sunday Morning. (Sonntagsfruhe)............Becker.
Philadelphia Concordia Gesang-verein.
2 Spring of love. (Liebesfrühling)................Zech.
Philadelphia Liedertafel.
3 Let me roam the woods (Im Walde).............Abt.
New York Mozart Verein.
4 Warriors' Song (Reiterlied) .....Oberhoffer
Brooklyn Sängerbund
5 Greeting to Spring. (Frühling-chor) ....Abt.
Washington Sängerbund
6 My bark is swiftly sailing. (Mein Schifflein treibt).
J Beschnitt.
Poughkeepsie Germania
7 The Emigrants. (Die Auswanderer).... ....Abt
Columbus (Ohio) Männerchor.
8 Spring and love. (Frühling und Liebe) ....Veit.
N Y Beethoven Männerchor
9 The Poet's Grave. (Das Dichtergrab)......Moehring.
Hoboken Quartet Club.

PART II (Larger Societies).

1 Pretty Roth Raut. (Schön Roth Raut) ....Veit
Arion of New York. 52 singers.
2 Love and Grace. (Liebe und Gnade) ... .Otter.
N Y Schillerbund 53 Singers
3 A merry song in the Forest. (Ein Frisches Lied)..Abt.
Philadelphia Männerchor 58 Singers.
4 How came love. (Wie kam die Liebe) ....Frei.
N Y Liederkranz 71 Singers
5 The Midnight March (Der Gang um Mitternacht)
F Liszt.
Philadelphia Junger Männerchor. 62 Singers.
6 The Morning Dawns (Morgen wirds) Rheinthaler.
N. Y. Sängerrunde. 67 Singers
7 Sacred Evening Song (Geistliches Abend Lied) Reinecke
Philadelphia Sängerbund 67 Singers
8 No sun brought the day. [Keine Sonne brachte der Tag]............ ....Reiser.
Philadelphia Liedertafel d F Gemeinde 50 voices
9 Geibel's War Song. [Kriegeslied] .. ..Hartwig.
N Y Teutonia Männerchor 51 voices.

The smaller societies opened the concert It was at once evident that the hall was too large for them, and that they could do themselves no justice. The Baltimoreans made the mistake of building their music hall on the model of their clipper ships. The Maryland Institute, though it might rate A 1. as a vessel, must certainly be marked Z 26 as a concert room. It is absurdly long and ridiculously narrow, and its sides are in great part open windows. Of course the little societies had to suffer for these defects; their *pianissimo* passages in fact were inaudible in the middle of the hall. The larger societies fared better and their voices told splendidly. The Judges were five in number, and sat score in hand carefully noting all the points of excellence and all the defects. The points upon which they were especially required to give their critical judgment were understood to be the following:

1st. The difficulty of the composition sung.

2d. The correctness of the intonation.

3d The precision in execution.

4th. The distinctness of pronunciation of the words.

5th. The holding of the tone.

6th. The balance and equality of the voices.

7th. The comprehension shown of the music.

As to the latter point, it did not require any great degree of comprehension on the part of the various societies to get at the meaning of the several composers. A glance at the programme will show how completely it is given up to little bits of musical sentiment, pretty ballads versed off and harmonized in four parts. Most of the themes were little love ditties, or else descriptions of roaming in the woods, the delights of love, and kindred subjects. Even the great Arion Society could find no fitter theme for their manly powers than the lackadaisical little "Pretty Roth Raut," and the Liederkranz exhausted the powers of its seventy-four members upon the inquiry "How came love?" A tender inquiry, in fact, which has puzzled much subtler brains than those of these honest singers; what wonder then that, though they shouted the question in the most frenzied accents of their seventy-four stalwart lungs, no answer came. But something dropped at their feet in response to their exertions, much more to the purpose than the acutest analysis of the divine passion,—the first prize in fact.

While it was conceded on all sides that the Liederkranz sang their song with the utmost finish; that every accent and mark of expression, and breathing point and hold had been studied and polished to the point of perfection, it was doubted by many whether the society should have been allowed to take a prize for the second time with the same composition. The song is the same with which they bore away the first honors at the Philadelphia Festival in 1867. We should certainly have thought, even if no positive rule of the Sängerbund prevented the society from entering the lists a second time with the same song, that a sense of delicacy, or their self respect, or at least a spirit of enterprise would have spurred them on to learn another.

The second prize in this class was taken by the Junger Männerchor, of Philadelphia, with Liszt's "Midnight March," a piece which, whatever we may think of its merit, is at least of the first difficulty, and with the elaborations of which it is an honor to a club to have successfully grappled.

We are inclined to think that, had the Arion Society selected a composition of larger scope and dignity than the somewhat juvenile "Pretty Roth Raut," with which they chose to content themselves, they might have taken one or other of the prizes; as it was they sang the little song perfectly under the judicious direction of Carl Bergmann; but it fell entirely short of the first of the requirements we have above referred to

The first prize in the second class was taken by the Hoboken Quartette Club, *[illegible]*; the second by the Washington Sängerbund. None of the societies in this class, however, were heard to advantage, owing, as we have said, to the size of the hall.

On Wednesday evening all the singers came together, and this time with the accompaniment of an orchestra. This was the programme:

Overture to Robespierre.................. ...... Litolf
The Chapel........... ....Becker
By the 21 New York Societies
Sunrise.................. ... ...Hamma
By the United Singers.
Zum Walde. .... .Herbeck
By the Philadelphia Societies.

Fest Overture........... ... ... Helmstock
Hymn .... Mohr
By the United Singers
Prize Composition .... Hermann Frank.
By the Baltimore Societies.
Song of Victory of the Germans .... .Franz Abt
By the United Singers

There were about a thousand in the chorus. The pieces had been very carefully rehearsed for months, and went finely. The effect of this great body of male voices, where the harmonies were so close and rich and massive, was very great. The gradations of time were splendidly managed, and in the description of "Sunrise," the transition from the quiet movement when silence brooded over the earth, through the gradual wakening of Nature, and up to the final outburst of the Sun suffusing everything in his glow, was fitly translated into tone. The grand climax at the close, where the thousand voices flung themselves *fortissimo* upon a fine dramatic chord, contained in it a strange element of sensuous excitement sufficient to stir the most sluggish blood.

The succeeding days, Thursday and Friday, were devoted to merry-making, speech making, open-air singing, and every festivity that the Teutonic mind could devise.

And so ended the eleventh Sangerfest. The time will perhaps one day come when Americans also can join together and enjoy themselves in a like genial manner. The great bond of sympathy and consent was music. It united them all in one great brotherhood of feeling. It is a happy sign that more and more attention is every year given among us to this class of music. Already very many of these part songs have been translated. The old Orpheus collection, and more recently the "Arion," and the "Amphion," contain many of the best of them and have had a wide circulation. The mine however is an inexhaustible one, for nearly all the later composers have turned their talents in this direction: Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Franz, Kucken, Abt, and a hundred others.

It is but fifty years since it began even in Germany. Mendelssohn's old teacher Zelter and Flemming gathered about them at Berlin a little club of amateurs who met but once a month It was a renewal of, but a great improvement upon the old Meister-Sangergild The pieces sung were composed by the members themselves. Flemming, for instance, contributed his well known music to the Horatian Ode "Integer Vitæ" From this little germ came all these great societies that cover Germany and our own country.

Professor Tschirch was present at Baltimore, as delegate from a single Bund in Germany that consists of eighty thousand members.

In view of these facts and of the evident increase in musical taste among us, we are encouraged to hope that, at a time not remotely distant, some of this healthy German spirit may be infused into our own people, and festivals may become common among us in which song shall be the dominant element, and social intercourse and the virtues of good feeling and good fellowship be fostered under its gentle and refining influence. B.

Mr. F. L. Ritter in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, JULY 17.—In mid-summer no report of concerts is expected of your correspondents; but let me chronicle a very pleasant musical episode in our life here—as a sort of Midsummer Night's Dream,—on the occasion of Mr. F L. Ritter's visit to this his old home Mr Ritter is kept in very warm remembrance among a host of intimate friends here, and his genial nature readily makes new friends wherever he goes. But the intercourse with him is not only pleasant, it is instructive, elevating. He is a thinker, as well as a musician and an artist, and his thoughts are fine and discriminating. Great as his field for usefulness is in New York City, it is desirable, for the development of Music in the country at large, that his influence should extend, and his merits be more generally known and appreciated

At the close of Mr Ritter's visit, which has been so much enjoyed by his particular friends, the active members of our Cecilia Society, although many of them were away on summer excursions, made an effort to arrange a gathering for the purpose of meeting the founder and old valued leader of the Society. Mr. Ritter found there some old friends, but many more new faces In introducing him to the members, the President, Mr Garbehs, in a few words referred to Mr. Ritter's great merits in founding the Society and leading it with energy and many personal sacrifices for a number of years He quoted Goethe's lines in "Tasso," that the place trodden by a good man is consecrated for all time, and added, that the introduction into a Society of noble principles, as in this case, the cultivation of music under its best auspices—not as a mere trifling amusement of the hour, but as a communion with the heaven born Goddess,—is an act which must long continue to bear fruit.

Since Mr Ritter had left Cincinnati, the Cecilia Society, in this ever changing Western community, had seen many ups and downs; but, notwithstanding all other changes, up to this very day it had continued in harmony with Mr Ritter's musical ideas and convictions The speaker expressed the hope, that this sympathy between them might continue to exist. He concluded by saying, that Mr. Ritter a short time ago had founded in Vassar College, on the Hudson River, among the students a "Cecilia" Society. From this he ventured to infer, that the name was dear to him; and he hoped when Mr. Ritter in his present field of activity went to meet the new "Cecilia," on the beautiful banks of the Hudson, he would remember the old "Cecilia Society," on the Ohio

In response, Mr. Ritter in a very pleasant manner expressed his pleasure in this impromptu gathering. He said he supposed it would be of no use denying, even if he desired, his *tendre* for "St Cecilia," and enjoined upon our Society to continue in their endeavors for the cultivation of good music

The Society then sung a few Choruses; among them, as novelties, a Chorus from the *German Requiem* by Brahms, and two French People's Songs from the 17th Century, interspersed with solos; and at the close the intimate friends of Mr. Ritter enjoyed for many more hours happy recollections of the past. X.

The Organ.

[From the New York Weekly Review].

PLYMOUTH ORGAN CONCERTS—1869.

With the twenty second concert, the last Saturday in June, closed the season of weekly organ concerts at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, whereof, as everybody knows, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is pastor On this occasion Mr. S. P. Warren presided. It was an

overwhelming success, musically, and the house was completely crowded. These concerts have been given every Saturday, at 4 P.M., since the 30th of January. Each concert lasted about an hour. Admission prices of ten and fifteen cents, to cover expenses, were charged. The concerts were projected, to promote the taste for good organ music, and to offer to the public an opportunity of listening to the works of the best musicians—embracing the classic and romantic—performed by the most eminent organists, on one of the finest of organs. They have already done a great deal of good, and have proved, from first to last, a great success. Large, elegant, and fashionable audiences, in which ladies greatly predominated, have received them with respectful attention and favor. The following organists have performed: Messrs John Zundel, Max Braun, F. F. Müller, V. W. Caulfield, Mrs. Marion Christopher, Messrs. Robert Elder, G. W. Morgan, Dr P. H. Van der Weyde, Messrs. S. P. Warren, Henry G. Thunder, Dr. Clare W. Beames, Messrs. J. P. Morgan, Eugene Thayer, of Boston, and Mrs. Lillias S. Frohock, of Boston. Some of these have appeared two or three times. The programmes have generally been very fine, including classic, romantic and popular music. The popular has ranged from the popular-classic to—in a few instances—the popular-trash: but in the main the selections have been excellent. It is interesting to note how they have improved from the commencement: the classic has had a noble representation. Eleven performances of music by J. S. Bach, the great, have been given. One piece by his son, Emanuel Bach, has been performed Beethoven, the mighty, has been heard nine times; Mendelssohn, the much loved, eleven; Handel, the grand, four; Schumann, the intellectual and imaginative, four; Father Haydn, twice; Mozart, the illustrious, once; and Weber twice. Rink, Hesse, Scarlatti, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Liszt, Wagner, Franz, Chopin, E. F. Richter, A. G. Ritter, Thiele, Herold, Auber, Suppe, Wely, Batiste, with a few others, have all been heard. Here are the programmes:

First Concert, Jan. 30th.—Organist, Mr. John Zundel, of Plymouth Church. Overture to Zampa, Herold; Träumerei, for the soft stops, Schumann; Andante Pastoral—exhibiting the various stops and compass of the organ—Zundel; Introduction, variations, fugue, and finale, Rink.

Second, Saturday, Feb 6th.—Organist, Mr. John Zundel. Overture to Otello, Rossini; Adagio from Sonata Pathetique, Beethoven; Solo violin, Miss Matilda E. Toedt; Allegretto, from the symphony in B flat, Haydn; Original Theme, variations and finale fugato, Zundel.

Third, Feb. 13th.—Organist, Mr. John M. Loretz, Jr. Overture, Fra Diavolo, Auber; Romanza, Symphonic, in D minor, Schumann; Selections from Trovatore, Verdi: Prelude and Fugue on Bach, Krebs; Overture, Der Freischütz, Weber.

Fourth, Feb. 20th.—Messrs. Max Braun and John Zundel. Mr. Braun performed numbers 1 and 5. Grand offertoire, Wely; Dreams, Schumann; Fugue, with three subjects and pedal obligato, Zundel; Adagio from the Fifth symphony, Beethoven; Sortie, Wely.

Fifth, Feb. 27th.—Mr. F. F. Müller, organist of the Church of the Ascension, New York. Praeludium and Fugue, C minor, Bach; Rhapsodie, Spindler; Theme and Variations, Rink; Home, Sweet Home, Müller; Selections from Il Trovatore (Verdi), arranged by Müller; Overture to William Tell, Rossini.

Sixth, March 6th.—Mr. V. W. Caulfield, organist of St Ann's Church, Brooklyn. Overture, Zanetta, Auber; Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets (from St. Paul), Mendelssohn; Offertoire pastorale, Batiste; Introduction, Air and Variations, op 47, Hesse; La Carità, Rossini; Overture, Martha, Flotow; Coronation March, Meyerbeer.

Seventh, March 13th.—Mrs. Marion Christopher, organist of the Broadway Tabernacle, and Mr. G. W. Morgan, who assisted only in the four-hand piece, No. 6. Overture, La Solitaire, Carafa; *a.* Song without words, Mendelssohn; *b.* Melody, Franz; *c.* Fragment of Allegretto from the Eighth Symphony, Beethoven; *a.* Fugue. *b.* Toccata in D, Bach; March Solennelle, Ketterer; Parts of the Adagio from the Third Symphony, Mendelssohn; Overture to William Tell (4 hands), Rossini.

Eighth, March 20th.—Mr. Robt. Elder, the blind organist of the Sixteenth street Baptist Church, New York. Adestes fideles, with variations, by R. Elder; Le Desir, Schubert; Prayer from Moses in Egypt (with pedal obligato), Rossini; Fugue in D, R Elder; Organ Symphony in three movements; *a.* Andante Pathetic, *b.* Allegro Brillante, *c.* Tempo di Polka, R. Elder; Rondo on Theme from Allegro in William Tell, (Rossini), R. Elder; Home, Sweet Home, with variations; R. Elder.

Ninth, March 27th.—Mr. G. W. Morgan. Offertoire, Wely; Grand organ Fugue in E flat, J. S. Bach; Miserere, Verdi; Ballad, with extempore variations, G. W. Morgan; Overture to Semiramide, Rossini.

Tenth, April 3d.—Mr. John Zundel. Variations on an original theme, Köhler; Song without words (4th Book, No. 4), Mendelssohn; Larghetto from the Second Symphony, Beethoven; Grand Fugue over the name of Bach, Rinck. Song without words (5th book, No. 6), Mendelssohn; Adelaide, arranged for the organ by Mr. Zundel, Beethoven; Overture to Poet and Peasant, Suppe.

Eleventh, April 10th.—Mr. Max Braun, organist of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. Overture to Alexander's Feast, by Handel; Selections from Tannhäuser, Wagner; Scene Pastorale, Wely; Popular Melodies *versus* Fugue (Medley), Max Braun; Scene Funebre, Meditation Religieuse, Satter; Grand March in E flat, Wely.

Twelfth, April 17th.—G. W. Morgan. Movement from Handel's Lessons, Handel; Grand Organ Fugue in D, J. S. Bach; Miserere, Verdi; Pastorale, Kullak; Variations on a popular melody, G. W. Morgan; Overture, Der Freischütz, Weber.

Thirteenth, April 24th.—Dr. P H. Van der Weyde, organist of the First Reformed Church, Brooklyn. Overture, Cosi fan tutte, Mozart; Fantaisie, E. Bach; Andante and Rondo in E, Haydn; Flute concerto, *a.* Allegro, *b.* Andante, *c.* Rondo, Rinck; Fragments from the Fifth Symphony, Beethoven; Festival March and Trumpet Fugue, Van der Weyde.

Fourteenth, May 1st.—Mr. S. P. Warren, organist of Grace Church, New York. Sonata in E flat—Allegro Moderato, Adagio, Allegro, J. S Bach; Toccata in F, J. S. Bach; Andante and Allegretto, Mendelssohn; Variations on an Original Theme, Thiele; Nachtgesang, Vogt; Overture, Tannhäuser, Wagner.

Fifteenth, May 8th.—Mr. H. G Thunder, organist of St. Augustine Church, Philadelphia. Prelude and Fugue in C major, J S. Bach; Andante and Variations, Hesse; Sonata in F (in four movements), Mendelssohn; Improvisation, H. G. Thunder; Overture to Rossini's Stabat Mater, Mercadante.

Sixteenth, May 15th.—Dr. Clare W. Beames, organist of Grace Chapel, N. Y., (late of St. Bartholomew's). Andante from the first Symphony, Beethoven; Overture, Poet and Peasant, Von Suppe; *a.* Nocturne from Midsummer Night's Dream, *b.* Scherzo from Reformation Symphony (Posthumous), Mendelssohn; Selections from the Messe Solennelle, (transcribed from the score), *a.* Contralto Solo—O Salutaris, *b.* Trio—Gratias Agimus," *c.* Tenor Solo—Dominie Deus, Rossini; Fantasia, I Puritani (transcribed from the score), Bellini; Fest March—new—Emil Naumann.

Seventeenth, May 22d.—J. P. Morgan, of Trinity Church, New York. Prelude and Fugue in G minor, J. S. Bach; Trio in E flat, op. 20, Richter; Variations of the Sicilian Hymn, Cornell; Adagio in A flat, from op. 19, Richter; Sonata in A minor, op. 23, A. G. Ritter: Prelude and Fugue in G major, op 37, Mendelssohn.

Eighteenth, May 29th.—Mr. Eugene Thayer, organist of the Hollis Street Church, Boston. Improvisation; Toccata in F, Bach; Concert Variations on Old Hundred, Eugene Thayer; Romanza, Spark; Fugue on God Save the King, Eugene Thayer; Idyl of the Rose, Eugene Thayer; Variations in A flat, Thiele.

Nineteenth, Saturday, June 5th.—Mr. John Zundel. Overture, Bronze Horse, Auber; Adelaide (arranged for the organ by Mr. Zundel), Beethoven; Introduction and Variations to Bortniansky's Russian Evening Hymn, J Zundel; The Cat's Fugue, Scarlatti; Selections from Robert le Diable, Meyerbeer.

Twentieth, June 12th—Mme. Lillias S. Frohock, of Boston. Prelude and Fugue in G, J. S Bach; Pastorale, from Men of Prometheus, Beethoven: Offertoire in D, Batiste; Sonata in B flat, Mendelssohn; Largo from Fifteenth Symphony, Haydn; Turkish March from King Stephen, Beethoven; Concert Satz, in C minor, L. Thiele.

Twenty-first, June 19th.—Mr. G. W Morgan. Overture, Handel; Lindley's ballad, Thou art gone from my gaze, with variations, Morgan; Grand Fugue in G minor. J. S. Bach; Miserere, Verdi; May March, Morgan; Extempore Fantasie, ending with the national airs, Morgan.

Twenty-second, June 26th.—S P. Warren, organist of Grace Church, N. Y., and Miss Matilda E. Toedt, violiniste. Sonata in G major, J. S. Bach; Fugue in E minor, Handel; Sketch in canon form, Schumann; Variations, Thiele; Violin Solo, Elegie, Ernst. Hommage á Handel (arranged by W. T. Best), Moscheles; *a.* Adagio, Listz; *b.* Etude, op. 10 (Arranged for the Organ with Pedal Obligato, by Haupt), Chopin; Overture, Tannhäuser, Wagner.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Siren Bell. 3. C to *g*. *Weld.* 30
A very charming romantic song, the words being from "Our Mutual Friend."

Bright Eyes for me. 2. E*b* to *g*. *Rogers.* 30
A very pleasing tribute to the starry eyes of "little Daisy" Just the kind of song to be popular

The Old Cottage Clock. 2. F to f. *Molloy.* 40
Fine cosy ballad, in which the "tick, tick" of the old timekeeper said "go to bed!" which was welcome, but also in the morning, "out of bed, out of bed!" which was not so fine.

Put it down to me. *Gatly.* 35
The doings of a young swell who goes everywhere "on tick," quite amusing to him and the audience, but not so much so to his victims in the story.

Instrumental.

Twelve Drawing Room Studies. *Kuhe, ea.* 40
These are admirable instructive pieces, combining useful exercises in such a way as to ornament the transcriptions of popular melodies, all of which, thus arranged, are quite taking as pieces. Of these, in the present issue, are to be noticed:

Study on Staccato. Elisire d'Amore. 4. F.
" Legato. Oft in the stilly night. 4. B*b*.
" Repeated Notes. T'were vain to tell. 3. G.
" the Shake. Robin Adair. 3. F.
" the Scales. Blue Bell of Scotland. 3. G.
" Grace Notes. My Lodging is on. 3. B*b*.
All show good taste in the arrangement Quite a treat for teachers and learners. The Romance from "Joseph" noticed last time, also belongs to the set.

Idylles Elegantes. *Ingraham, each.* 40
Bird of the Wilderness. (L'Oiseau des Bois). 4. E*b*.
Mountain Song. (Chanson de la Montagne). 3. C.
The last has a light flowing style, and does not call for much exertion to play it; a good quality in hot weather. The first is an elegant bird song. Both have pleasing melodies.

Carnival of Venice. For Guitar. *Hayden.* 25
Well known air, well-arranged.

Shooting Star Redowa. 3. A. *Sanderson.* 35
Very neat and pretty.

Up in a Balloon Schottisch. 3. G. *Roe.* 40
The Balloon does not yet seem to come down from its elevation in popular favor. A fine schottisch.

Sounds from the Vienna Woods Waltzes. 3. *Strauss.* 75
Unusually good set of waltzes, introduced by music appropriate to the woodlands; bugle sounds, &c

Potpouri from La Dame Blanche. *Wels.* 75
Melodies from this very favorite opera.

Rippling Waves Polka. 3. F. *Thurston.* 30
Remarkably sweet melody. Don't fail to hear it.

Les Folies. Allegro Galop. 5. A*b*. *Ketterer.* 60
May almost be called a young Tarentelle, it is so rapid and full of life It is, however, too sweet and gliding to merit the title fully.

Books.

THE CHORAL TRIBUTE. By *L. O. Emerson.* A Collection of *New* Music for Choirs, Singing Schools and Conventions. 1.50
Stress is laid on the word *new* in the advertisement. There is really no old music in the book, with the exception of the few Congregational tunes at the end. It contains the usual elementary course, a large number of tunes, and good collection of new anthems and set pieces for practice. Its sale will no doubt immediately mount up among the forty or fifty thousands, like that of its predecessors.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 740 BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 14. 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 11.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Lurlei.

The bubbles break to kiss her feet,
She sits and combs her yellow hair,
And sings, whose song is all too sweet;
And smiles, whose face is all too fair.

For some have said: "Though cold the Rhine,
O love, my heart had colder been,
Craved not my lips the touch of thine,
Despite the wave that slips between!"

So, dreaming still of life and light,
They die: The siren sings the while,
And faces drifting dead and white
Bring no regret unto her smile.

And still serenely bends the blue
O'er hills that blossom all around;
But never blossoms lift anew
Unto the souls that she has bound.

A. A. C.

Bingen, July 5, 1869.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Musical Drama and the Works of Richard Wagner.

(Continued from page 75).

II.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EDOUARD SCHURÉ.

At last the artist's perseverance was crowned with success. Good news in two forms reached him; *Rienzi* was accepted at the Theatre in Dresden, the *Phantom Ship* at Berlin. He left Paris and hastened to Dresden. *Rienzi* obtained a brilliant success, and brought to the composer the position of *Kapellmeister* of the court. The victory was as unexpected as brilliant. In a single day the young composer, obscure and solitary up to his twenty-eighth year, had become famous. Here is an established reputation, a fortune secured, the new friends thought, who crowded about him. They were greatly deceived, the real struggle was about to commence. Ah! doubtless, if he had been willing still to walk in the beaten paths as he had done in *Rienzi*, actors, directors, the public, and the critics, would have all been on his side; but to attack the theatre with his radical reforms, to revolutionize the opera, to insist that the singers should also be capable of acting, should be more enthusiastic over their rôles than over their solos, to demand of the public to take more interest in the work itself than in its accessories, in the characters than in the Prima Donna's voice, in the idea than in the *ballet*, this was to quarrel with everybody at once, for it was running a tilt against all previous opinion; it was to make an attack upon Fashion, and to undermine her temple at its very base. Naturally war at once broke out. The unfavorable reception of the *Phantom Ship* at Berlin would have discouraged any artist less conscientious in his reforms; but Wagner neither acted from theory nor from plan. The enthusiasm which drew him to a new subject, dictated to him the form which his work should assume. Let us do him justice; success in itself he has never sought; and if he has at times defended his ideal with too great harshness, he has never under any temptations deserted it for a moment.

At this period he composed the work in which his peculiarities are most strongly exhibited. I refer to the *Tannhäuser*. It was not accident which led him to the choice of this legendary subject. He had already discovered in the popular mythology the real domain of his art, and he went on conquering. For most people the knightly poet of the Wartburg, beguiled into the grottoes of Venus, is but a phantom of the middle ages, revived they know not why. Thus to judge of this creation, is to see but its outside shell. To the attentive listener this personage is far other than a Primo Tenore singing sweet solos and successful in the *cavatina*. Tannhäuser, who, out of the enervating pleasure which enthralls him, yet aspires upward to the pain and the bliss of Love in its purity, Tannhäuser, who breaks away from the snares of Venus to find again his heaven in Elizabeth's presence, this fiery poet lover, who takes captive and fires with love the innocent maiden, but who fatally betrays himself in the musical contest, when, carried away by passion, against his will he extols the heathen divinity, this man with heart divided between the madness of passion, and the pure ecstacies of sentiment, is he but a legendary creature drawn from the dusty pages of an old chronicle? Ah no! under the knightly mantle is a living man, one who is of ourselves and of our own time. He is one of those creatures of the popular imagination which, now transfigured by the double magic of poetry and music, is destined in its grand and simple outlines to remain one of the great types of human life and action, which all can understand and which is eloquent to all. Nor does the intense life which animates Tannhäuser himself flow with any less vivid reality in the veins of Venus and of Elizabeth. These two figures represent the two contrasted forms of feminine nature; on one side all the seductions of passion in its most subtle and tempting forms; on the other maidenly purity, heroic tenderness, love, rejoicing in self-devotion and self-sacrifice. Tannhäuser bears in his heart these two emotions; he would gladly live in these two distinct worlds, and the strife which at last destroys him is the theme of the drama. Grand figures broadly sketched, powerfully dramatic effects, the interest concentrated upon the action, the catastrophe not growing out of an intrigue, but out of the character of the hero, finally, a charm of poetry flooding all the story:—in this consists the originality of this opera, and its claim to be regarded truly as a great musical drama.

In being thus subordinate to poetry, music, far from losing anything, acquires a new force of persuasion. The novelty consists especially in a dramatic declamation, so to speak, equally removed from ordinary *recitativ*, and from the traditional air with its unfailing *rien-ritt* and the inevitable final *cadence*. Composers have felt themselves obliged to represent the different steps of a scene in lyric form by a series of airs, *cavatinas* and *duos*. The lover declares his passion: first air, he becomes sentimental: romance; he becomes excited: *bravoura*: he is heard and answered: *duo*. So many detached *morceaux*. The musician expresses only the culminating points of action. The series of intermediate sentiment, the flux and reflux of soul which drives man to speech or action is quite neglected. Thus lyric effects are frequently admirable, but there is little unity. Richard Wagner, on the contrary, is persuaded that music joined to poetry has a power of expression as varied and infinite as poetic thought itself. These are two things, he says: the lyric composition, where the soul returns upon itself, rests and is cradled in a single sentiment; and a scene upon the stage, where many souls strive together and act and react upon each other. There should then be expressed the very movement, the irresistible progression of sentiment and passions from their mysterious genesis to their most intense manifestation. So the melody goes on, free from any restraint, but striking and rhythmic according to the degree of emotion. Instead of a cadence at the end and falling back upon the *tonique*, it is developed, is unrolled and broadened to suit the words; sometimes it is broken up in the heat of dialogue; at each new phase of ideas and sentiments which may possess the *drama's personages*, it is thrown into a new tone, rapid and free as thought itself.*

* In all, Wagner is the faithful disciple and intelligent follower of Gluck. "I saw clearly," says Gluck, "to bring music back to its true place, that is to come to the aid of poetry, to strengthen the expression of sentiments, and the interest of situations, without interrupting the action or retarding it by superfluous ornament. I believe that music ought to add to poetry exactly what color and the effects of light and shade add to a correct and well-contrasted outline, animating the figures without changing their contours." Is Wagner then a convert of Gluck? His adversaries have not left it unsaid, but he has proved this *assertion* to be convinced of the contrary. By himself, by his own efforts, he has arrived at the musical drama, and he has gone far beyond his predecessor. Neither in his music nor in the methods of the author of *Iphigenie*. The two composers are alike only in accepting as their rule the principle we named; they differ widely in the means they have found. To name only Gluck retains the recitative and the air in their strict form; Wagner frees himself from both and replaces them by the *melopée*, dramatic, rhythmic, and strengthened by characteristic harmony. Hence the capital difference exists, in Gluck's compositions each air forms a complete whole; in those of Wagner, the musical unity is in the entire scene, and that itself is but a part in the great unity of the drama.

(To be continued).

The Female Voice of the Period

(From the Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia.)

An excellent thing in woman is a voice soft, gentle and low. Shakespeare said so, and it is repeated here boldly and defiantly, in the very teeth of those of the sex who would claim the right to a baryton along with the right of suffrage. The subject of the cultivation of the speaking voice has not been sufficiently considered in any part of the United States, and the consequence is that American women, and especially the existing young American girls, are most of them talking with a hard nasal twang that is torture to a fine ear for the best of all music, that of a pure, good, refined woman's voice. In old times, the nasal quality was attributed especially to New England women and the consequence has been

that New England women have been educated out of the vicious habit of their mothers and grandmothers, and now there is no sweeter voice heard than that of a cultivated, refined woman of Boston or of any of the larger Yankee cities.

The "twang," exiled from Yankee land, seems to have taken up its abode in Pennsylvania, and is conspicuous in Philadelphia. The manner in which many of the young women, and some too of the young men, talk about walking "deown teown," and of going "he-yer" and "they-er," is so dreadfully shocking, that the New Englanders, purged of their faulty provincialisms, turn the laugh on us. There are many more vices of phrase, of pronunciation, of accent and of inflexion, that educated strangers visiting Philadelphia are apt to remark in the conversation of the young women. But the worst vice of all, and the hardest to correct, is that of the metallic, rasping, high-pitched voice, which is heard even among the school-girls, and which is aggravated in maturity. The one redeeming trait of some of the English burlesque actresses that have visited this country lately, is said to be the delicious quality of their voices in speaking. A student of language and the voice mentions in a magazine article one of them "whose speech is vocal velvet." It may be something in the climate, but it is more probably something in the education, that makes an Englishwoman's voice in speaking more musical than an American woman's. The improvement of the voice of the New England women, however, shows that there is nothing in our climate to destroy the best qualities of the voice. The bad voice all results from bad habits and careless training.

There is a certain vulgarity about the ordinary tone of most of the young women of the period in America that is very repellant to a sensitive ear, accustomed to a different tone. Words of encouragement, of hope, of consolation, uttered in such a voice, sound like a burlesque. As for words of love, it does not seem possible that, in such tones as are the habit of the time and the place, they could ever create a good impression. Mothers, fathers and school teachers in Philadelphia should unite in an endeavor to reform the bad tone and the bad inflexions of the voices of their growing young girls. If they do not, the satirists and the playwrights of other cities will take up the Philadelphia woman's peculiarities of speech, and will ridicule them, as the peculiarities of the Yankee have been ridiculed. This will eventually effect a reform; but it is much better that the reform should begin before it becomes sufficiently established to create a type for ridicule on the stage. The culture of the voice in speaking ought to be made a part of the training in every girls' school in the country. In that way our women will soon come up to the standard of voice of the educated New England woman, and eventually to the higher standard of the educated woman of old England.

German Fiction.

(From the American Booksellers' Guide.)

Longfellow, writing in 1845, remarks that what Thomas Fuller said of the Bible may also be said of German literature: "Wherever its surface does not laugh and sing with corn, there the heart thereof within is merry with mines affording hidden mysteries." But it must be confessed, as the same author adds, that until recently a great portion of the English speaking public have perceived only the hidden mysteries and not the laughing corn of German literature.

From 1770 to the present time, the last hundred years is the most important period of German literary history; illustrious with the names of Herder, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller and many others. This period is usually divided into three subdivisions, the third of which, the period from 1825 to the present, in Germany, as elsewhere, may be termed the period of the novelists.

Roscoe, in the introduction to his work on the earlier German novelists, says: "It is well-known, indeed, that no nation is more attached to this class of compositions, both in a poetical and prosaic form, while no country can boast of writers who have more abundantly produced, or more zealously treasured them up." In his work, Roscoe includes sketches of Gottschalk, Eberhardt, Busching, Grimm, Lothar, La Motte Fouqué, Musaeus, Schiller, Tieck, Langbein and Engel. These, with the author of *Wilhelm Meister*, and Wieland, constitute the early writers of fiction in Germany. With the works of La Motte Fouqué, the American public have long been familiar. *Undine* and *Sintram* were published by Geo. P. Putnam more than twenty years ago; and *Thiodolf, the Icelander*, by John Wiley, about the same time. In various forms they have passed through many editions. When first published they were among the most popular books in America, and by their purity, power, and delightful fancy, they have kept a high place in popular estimation up to the present moment. The tales of Musaeus, Tieck, and the Brothers Grimm, have been translated in many languages, and have achieved a world-wide reputation. They please old and young alike. In a style that is simple and natural they mingle the sweets of pleasing narrative and fanciful romance. In tales for children these German writers are rivalled only by their Danish brothers, Hans Andersen and Bjornson. Schiller and Goethe are the great names in the literature of Germany of this period. Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* has had probably a greater influence upon modern German novelists than any other work. It is familiar to English and American readers in the translation of Thomas Carlyle. It is chief among the class, if not the progenitor of the class, of modern novels less interesting as stories, than as vehicles of information and reflections on the various subjects that come within the compass of the term Art. Mr. Lewes says, very justly, that no writer with a wholesome fear of critics before his eyes, would have dared to mystify the public as Goethe did in his *Wilhelm Meister*. The German critics think a novel an occasion for philosophizing, and they go so deeply into its inner meanings that they have no time left to consider the execution, the artistic value, and the incidents of the story. So we find that German novelists too frequently become involved in theories at the expense of action. But, in the later novels, there is great improvement in this respect. As the practical realistic spirit which characterizes the public life of the English and the French becomes diffused in Germany, writers of fiction abridge more and more their metaphysical and philosophical theorizing and substitute that life-like delineation of character and manners which constitutes the particular excellence of the best modern romances.

Of the later novelists of Germany, whose works have been translated and published in America, the first whom we shall mention is Sealsfield, whose *Tokeah; or, The White Rose*, was translated and published in Philadelphia in 1828. Sealsfield afterwards visited the United States, and upon his return published several novels of American life and character, somewhat in the style of Cooper. Of these, *Life in the New World; or, Sketches of American Society*, was translated and published by J. Winchester in 1844. *Flirtation in America* and *Sketches of Life in Texas* were also translated and published here, but they did not enjoy the same popularity as in Germany.

A volume of tales by J. H. D. Zschokke was translated by Parke Benjamin and published by Wiley & Putnam in 1844. D. Appleton & Co. have published a translation of one of his tales entitled *The Dead Guest*, within a few weeks. This writer is very popular in Germany, where J. Ross Browne says his works are read by all classes.

Frederick Gerstacker was in the United States last year for the third time. He has travelled extensively in other countries, and the results of his experience and observation he has embodied in his novels, which have been translated into several languages. A translation of his *Wanderings and Fortunes of some German Emigrants* was published by D. Appleton & Co., in 1848; *Wild Sports of the West*, by T. B. Peterson, in 1851; *A Journey Round the World*, by Harper & Brothers, in 1853; *Pirates of the Mississippi*, by Robert M. De Witt, in 1856, and *How a Bride was Won; or, a Chase across the Pampas*, published by D. Appleton & Co. in January of this year, is fresh in the minds of our readers.

Jean Paul Richter was first introduced to American readers by a translation of his *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces*, published by J. Munroe & Co. in 1852. *Walt and Vult; or, The Twins*, was translated and published about the same time. In 1862, his great work, the *Titan*, was published by Ticknor & Fields, and was followed by his *Levana* in 1863, *Campaner Thal* in 1864, and *Hesperus* in 1865. We shall not dwell upon the superlative merits of Jean Paul. His imagination, eloquence, intensity, humor, tenderness, and withal his strong individuality have given him a unique place in German literature.

L. Schefer's *Artist's Married Life, Being that of Albert Durer*, was published in a translation by James Munroe in 1848. In the year 1851 Burgess & Garrett published in New York a translation of Carl Spindler's novel, *The Invalid; or, Pictures of the French Revolution*. *The Nun*, by the same author, was then published by R. M. De Witt, and *The Jew* by Harper & Brothers. Heine's *Pictures of Travel*, translated by the author of Hans Breitmann, was published in Philadelphia in 1852. Hoffmann's wild tales were translated and published under the title of *Strange Stories* in 1855. Fanny Lewald's *Lake House* was translated by Nathaniel Greene, and published by Ticknor & Fields in 1857. William Hauff's *Arabian Day's Entertainments* was published in Philadelphia in 1859. This delightful writer died young, but not before he had gathered several sheafs of ripened grain from the rich fields of his imagination. One of these is the *Arabian Day's Entertainments*; another will soon be presented to the American public in a collection of his tales, translated and published in the Tauchnitz edition, by Leypoldt & Holt.

We come now to F. W. Hackländer. "Hackländer," Alison, in his *History of Europe*, says, "unites in himself several of the most striking qualities of our great contemporary novelists. His most celebrated work, the *Europäische Sclavenleben*, is intended to exhibit a picture of all stages of society, from the cellars through the saloon to the garret, in order to prove that all classes have their own fetters, that the conventional claims of civilized life are even more galling than the rude fetters of the African. His picture of the ballet-dancers, and their fearful subjection to the caprices of the public; of the ardent and impassioned baron; of the restraints, dullness, and etiquette of the grand ducal courts, and of the licentious life of the robbers, cannot be exceeded in fidelity and force of drawing." This work was translated and published in England, and the English translation was republished here by Harper & Brothers under the title of *Clara; or, Slave Life in Europe*, in 1856. A translation of another work by Hackländer will soon be published by Harper & Brothers, entitled *Behind the Counter*.

Gustav Freytag ranks even higher than Hackländer. Chevalier Bunsen, in a preface to the English translation of Freytag's *Debit and Credit*, published in 1858, by Harper & Brothers, speaking of the enthusiastic reception of this novel in Germany, says: "The favor of the public has certainly been obtained in great measure by the rare intrinsic merit of the composition, in which we find thoroughly artistic conception, lifelike portraiture, and highly cultivated literary taste. The author, a man about fifty years of age, and by birth a Silesian, is editor of the *Border Messenger*, a highly esteemed political and literary journal, published in Leipsic. Growing up amid the influences of a highly cultivated family circle, and having become an accomplished philologist, he early acquired valuable life experience, and formed distinguished social connections. He also gained reputation as an author by skillfully arranged dramatic compositions—the weak point of the modern German school." The strong point of *Debit and Credit* is its vivid realism. Almost all the characters have something to do, and they never let the reader fall asleep when they are really in action. A new edition of this novel was published by Harper & Brothers in 1868, and *The Lost Manuscript* by the same author has been published by D. Appleton & Co. within a few days.

The first translation from the works of Berthold Auerbach was published in America by Harper & Brothers. It was one of his shorter stories entitled *The Professors' Lady*. One of his village stories was published in Philadelphia, by F. W. Thomas, in 1858. *The Barefooted Maiden* and *Joseph in the Snow* were published by James Munroe in 1859. From this time until the publication of *On the Heights* in the Tauchnitz edition by Leypoldt & Holt in March 1867, nothing appeared in English translation from the works of Auerbach. In March 1868, Roberts Brothers, of Boston, issued the first American edition of *On the Heights*, which was a reprint of the Tauchnitz edition then before the public. In this novel Auerbach bridged over the chasm between village and town life, to the former of which he had previously principally confined himself. Although *On the Heights* is generally regarded as a political novel, and the tyranny of court etiquette is unmercifully satirized, and the sin which he attacks is placed upon the shoulders of royalty, yet in reality it deals with universal human nature. He has always looked on the world as more or less out of joint, and he has always shown the opinion when he has left the villages of the Black Forest for a more animated life. And even in describing the village life of the Black Forest he is neither contented nor idyllic. Julian Schmidt, the historian of German literature, says of Auerbach: "The effect of his village stories is not particularly cheerful. He does not present country life in its quiet enjoyment but in its internal discussions. The atmosphere in which we breathe is not thoroughly healthy, and it is a question, if poetry has a right to represent exceptional cases, as if they formed the rule." These Black Forest village stories have been recently published in a translation by Leypoldt & Holt. Despite the criticisms we have quoted, we find these stories of very happy life, entirely fresh and original, and told in a perfectly unaffected manner. *Edelweiss*, another of his village stories, has been published by Roberts Brothers. Still more recently we have Auerbach's

latest work, *The Villa on the Rhine*, complete from the press of Leypoldt & Holt, and from Roberts Brothers, Boston. In this work Auerbach may be said to give a complete philosophy of life. In order to set this forth clearly, the author introduces two or three characters who illustrate his conception of a noble humanity, and others who serve as foils. The idea of character and life which Auerbach thus develops is one of lofty morality and reason. His hero is a young man, who, through many temptations and failures, approaches perfection by being always true to himself—one of the chief ends of a philosophical being. Auerbach, Bayard Taylor informs us, was born in poverty and obscurity, in the little village of Nordstetten, on the Suabian side of the Black Forest, on the 28th of February, 1812. His parents, being Jews, were inspired by the signs of the active and impressible intellect which he showed as a child, and devoted him to the study of Hebrew theology. This he gradually neglected for philosophy, history, and literature. Although but little known to American readers before the publication of *On the Heights*, his has been a favorite name in Germany for thirty years. He is one of the small number of authors who have risen prominently above that dead level of elegant mediocrity which has been the affliction of German literature in our generation. Auerbach was unable to find a publisher for his first novel, and had to issue it finally at his own expense. He has still in his possession the rather disdainful letters with which the publishers to whom he sent the manuscript of his work returned it.

The first of the Muhlbach novels were published by S. H. Goetzel, in Mobile, Alabama, and bore the notice of copywright, secured in the "Confederate States." The particular works thus published were *Joseph II. and his Court* and *The Merchant of Berlin*. They were printed on very coarse paper, with wall-paper covers. One or two copies of these works slipped through the blockade, and were brought North and shown around as curiosities. The works were first offered to Sheldon & Co., and not accepted by them, to D. Appleton & Co., who republished them, and fourteen other works by the same author, in English translations, with brilliant success. D. Appleton & Co. have sold upwards of three hundred thousand volumes of the Muhlbach novels. It is stated that the author has not reached her enviable position by any adventitious circumstances, but by a course of long and arduous study, and the success of her books in America is mainly due to their historical character, gratifying as they do our Republican curiosity as to the private life of kings and queens. In Carlyle's estimate of Sir Walter Scott's novels, he said that he thought that the ultimate judgment of the world would be that the Wizard of the North had breathed the breath of life into history. This, in a measure, is applicable to Louisa Muhlbach. Harper & Brothers have published one novel by Miss Muhlbach, and one or two have been published by other houses; but the supply is not yet exhausted.

Before mentioning Dingelstedt, Spielhagen, and Herman Schmid, we must refer to a number of translations of excellent German novels, by various authors, that have been published in the United States within a year or two. *John Milton and his Times*, by Max Ring, recently translated into Italian, and published in Milan; *Beaumarchais*, an historical novel, by A. G. Brachvogel; and *Count Mirabeau*, by Theodore Mundt, husband of Louisa Muhlbach, all published by D. Appleton & Co. Ida Hahn Hahn's *Eudoxia*, a novel of strong Catholic tendency, published by Kelly, Piet & Co.; *Madame de Stael*, by Amely Bölte, published by George P. Putnam & Son; Joseph Von Eichendorff's *Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing*, a naive and charming book translated by Charles G. Leland; *In the Year '13*, by Fritz Reuter, *Immen See*, by Theodore Storm; and *L'Arrabiata and Other Tales*, by Paul Heyse, all published by Leypoldt & Holt. *The Old Mam'selle's Secret* and *Gold Elsie*, by E. Marlitt, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., in 1868, enjoyed a very great popularity in this country. A recent Paris paper says: "Miss John, whose *nom de plume* is 'E. Marlitt,' is now the most popular female novelist in Germany." A new work by this writer is announced by both J. B. Lippincott & Co., and George P. Putnam and Son. We are informed that Putnam & Son will publish the work by arrangement with the author.

Franz Dingelstedt is a German name, new both in England and America. The publication of a translation of his work, *The Amazon*, by G. P. Putnam & Son introduced the author to both countries. Shortly after its publication, the book was reviewed in the *North British Review*, in an elaborate article of over twenty pages in length. It has also been the subject of favorable notices in the London *Athenæum* and the best American literary journals. The North British reviewer says of it: "The events of the story occupy only three days; but in that brief period there is compressed enough of variety and excitement to satisfy any reasonable taste. And with all this, there is nothing sensational or spasmodic. We meet absolutely no villains or reprobates, only pleasant and cultivated society, with just enough of frailty and unheroic qualities to give reality and the piquancy of contrast. We find strong and natural feeling, contending interests and passions, delicate and difficult situations, sparkling dialogue, graphic description, all irradiated by the light of genuine humor and wit." It belongs to the same class of novels as *Wilhelm Meister*—the Art novel—but the author's knowledge of the world in addition to his special experience in the world of Art, has enabled him to give breadth and tone to his pictures, which add greatly to their truthfulness and interest.

Frederick Spielhagen's *Problematic Characters*, recently published by Leypoldt & Holt, in a translation by Prof. Schele de Vere, appeared in Germany in 1861. It was the author's first large romance, and immediately gave him a great reputation. The following motto from Goethe, placed on the title-page, gives an idea of the character of the work. "There are problematic characters who are not equal to any situation in which they are placed, and for whom no situation is good enough. A fearful conflict results therefrom, which consumes life without enjoyment." With this central thought, Spielhagen has written a tale full of poetry and psychological interest. Psychological truth is never violated. The principal personages live before us, and fix our interest. He makes no use of improbable coincidences; nor is the reader kept on the tenter hooks of suspense whilst the intricacies of a plot are unravelled. A writer in the *Westminster Review* for October, 1868, says: "To Spielhagen's glowing descriptions of nature a true poetical charm is given. In this respect, they may be said to occupy a happy position between the vague and shadowy pictures formerly met with in German romances, and the photographic realism or word painting, so wearisome to readers of taste, in many of our modern English novels. With a skillful hand he paints the tender emotions and longings of the heart. Throughout, the interest in his stories is generally well sustained. In agreement with German critics, we consider *Problematic Characters* to be the most interesting and poetical of the author's productions." From the same critic we gather that Spielhagen was born in Magdeburg, in 1829, and is the son of a Prussian functionary of considerable rank. His youth was passed in the romantic old town of Stralsund. In 1847, he went to the University of Berlin, but subsequently removed to Bonn. Whilst at these Universities he appears to have studied a variety of subjects, but diversively, as his poetical vein and thirst for observation of actual life seem to have disqualified him for any regular profession. In 1860, he went to Hanover, where he married; and the following year he removed to Berlin, where he has since resided, displaying great activity in connection with a leading periodical, and as a romance writer.

The latest German novel published in English translation in America is *The Hebermeister*, by Herman Schmid, issued, within a few days, from the press of Leypoldt & Holt. Herman Schmid is very popular in Germany, especially in Bavaria, of which country he is a native. His subjects are chiefly drawn from Bavarian life and history. From a German newspaper correspondent we learn the following interesting particulars of Schmid's history. He was born in 1815, in Waizenkirche, where his father occupied the position of County Judge of a Bavarian circuit. After an excellent education at the Gymnasium, Schmid studied law at Munich, and became a Doctor of Laws, and Secretary of the Police Court. He was afterwards promoted to a judgeship, from which he was displaced in 1856, on account of his political and religious opinions, which had rendered him obnoxious in 1848. Speaking of the circumstance to the correspondent before mentioned, he said; "I am not the only one whom the flood of 1848 has raised and cast aside. They have torn me from a noble career, and set me aside in the ripened powers of manhood; but I do not let my wings droop on that account. I thought it better to make use of the leisure to which I was enforced, and it has turned out that what was intended for an evil has resulted in good. Every man has his 'storm and stress' period; mine has taught me to be circumspect and to work." His industry is very great, and he at one time had the idea of representing the history of Bavaria in a connected series of novels and dramas, which it seems that he has abandoned; for he says: "What I have written may serve as honorable fragments of what I intended. I can well say that I wrote them from my heart, that I set down in them what I hoped the people, the whole German people, might attain—liberty in life and estate, intelligence and energy of spirit, wisdom and culture for the dissipation of prejudice."

Some few other German novels have been published in translations, and some have been imported in sheets from Germany and England, as *Dr. Goethe's Courtship*, by George Routledge & Sons; but our review includes all the more important works and writers of German fiction with which the American public is familiar. Although in other departments of literary activity the Germans hold a first position, in novel writing they do not appear to the same advantage. The novel has not enlisted the same class of writers in Germany as in some other countries; nevertheless, a good number of the German writers we have mentioned would rank high in any land.

Tonic Sol-Fa Pretensions.

(From the "Musician," London.)

A request boldly put to the Government by the promoters of this system of printing and teaching music called the Tonic Sol-fa method—that their plan should be admitted in National Schools and recognized as a teaching of music for the purposes of the Educational Code—deserves a notice which is not often given to the claims put forward from the same quarter. The musical profession in England are too little conscious of any inroad made upon the standard notation to have troubled themselves hitherto with the assertions of the earnest and able but fanciful men who imagine that a complicated art language is to be learnt more easily in one alphabet that in another; when, however claims are put forward in official quarters such as those urged by the recent Tonic Sol-fa deputation on the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, it seems time to abandon a policy of silent disregard.

The Tonic Sol-faists, many of our readers may know, are a body of men, chiefly connected with Nonconformity and the education of the lowest classes, who adopt, as a means of printing and teaching music, a series of symbols in which pitch is ignored, and scale relationship expressed irrespectively of the gravity or acuteness of the key-note. Thus, "God save the Queen" would be shown in five or six different keys, by the same signs, the actual pitch or key being indicated by a preliminary intimation, "Key A," "Key G," or, "Key F," as the case may be. Various advantages are claimed for this method by its supporters, who usually allude to the system so familiar to the rest of the musical world as "the old notation," and not unfrequently disclose a belief that this "old notation" has been seriously encroached upon by the growth of their own plan, and is certainly destined, in time, to be superseded by it. In this happy confidence we might be content to leave them without remark, were it not quite within the bounds of possibility that silence on the part of the musical profession might be taken, in the presence of such a prominent self-assertion as the Tonic Sol-faists have just made, to imply acquiescence in the pretentions they put forward.

A first question asked in dealing with this matter ought to be. In what respect does the standard notation fail in its purpose? Its immense prevalence, its coincidence with civilization itself, ought to give it a claim, at least, not to be lightly disturbed. The main charges brought against it, we believe, by the Tonic Sol-fa, and other ists—for musical dissent, as well as theological, is many-headed—are two. These is first the theoretical objection, that it is not based upon key relationship; and secondly, it is averred as a practical consideration that children cannot be so easily taught to sing by it as by a tonic notation.

As regards the idea that the tonic system of notation is truer to the facts of music, in basing itself upon key relationship, we may remark that it seems to have been lost sight of by the Tonic Sol-faists that, if key-relationship is a fact, pitch is another. A notation which ignores pitch is surely open to the charge of theoretical imperfection. The standard notation, moreover, not only definitely by its every jot and tittle expresses that actual pitch which is so paramount an element in musical effect, but it expresses, whatever may be said to the contrary, the same facts of key-relationship as the notation which is put forward as theoretically superior. It seems to be assumed by many adherents of the new method, that singers from the standard notation read music by intervals from note to note. There may be those who do this, but we believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred of a chorus say at the Handel Festivals read as much from mental reference to key as any Tonic Sol-faist. And in doing this they are not hindered, but helped, by the fact that the key-note has a position on the stave which indicates its pitch, and thus serves to keep alive the mental reference to

it. Certainly no thoughtful chorister, capable of mentally grasping the relationship of sounds to their tonic, fails to feel out key-relationship in the end; we think, indeed, it would be difficult to go through the first part of Mr. Hullah's book of instruction without acquiring, consciously or unconsciously, the same habit of mental reference to the tonic as is more directly taught in the Tonic Sol-fa system.

As regards the claim that youthful learners find a tonic notation easier than the standard method, we are at a loss to conceive its possibility. In one case we have a series of seven symbols standing as a line of print, and indicating the various degrees of a scale by difference of shape; in the other we have one symbol placed in seven different positions on a ladder, and indicating the degrees of the scale by difference of position. That the former should prove more comprehensible than the latter is simply incredible.

Let us pass on to another stage. Having mastered the scale in a tonic system, the learner, it may be assumed, can sing simple tunes in any key equally well, the notation he follows being absolutely irrespective of key. At a corresponding stage, the learner of the ordinary notation stands, it may be thought, at a disadvantage. Not in the least. Express in the key of C, with standard notation, all the tunes which the Tonic Sol-faist can sing, and it is obvious that the ordinary pupil will render them just as easily, having been given the pitch which may be required to place the tune in its actual key. The one, in fact, will find no possible difficulty which will not occur in the path of the other, and both have acquired precisely the same power.

There is coming, however, a time of trouble for both. In the standard notation the pupil must learn to substitute other notes than C for the foundation of his scale, while the follower of the new method, at the first piece of music which takes a decided turn in modulation, must also shift his standard, or lose sight altogether of that key relationship which is supposed to be his special pole-star. Much is made by the adherents of the Tonic Sol-fa system of their success in teaching small people a quantity of small music; but there is a skeleton in the cupboard; let those who doubt it call for and duly scan for a few minutes the contrivance called by the followers of the new method a "modulator." We challenge any competent person to say whether the difficulty in the standard notion of learning to look upon other notes than C as keynotes is or is not greater than that of mastering the many complications which come into requisition in tonic systems directly the learner has to grapple with music which involves modulation.

The truth of the whole matter is probably this. The mental effort of learning music thoroughly is equal on any system of notation, taking it all in all, but it may be possible in some measure to discount progress by a process which has to be paid for afterwards. Under this view it may be admitted that to give a stupid boy a smattering of music there is perhaps nothing like the Tonic system. In saying this we would guard ourselves emphatically against being supposed to imply that a smattering is a characteristic of the Tonic Sol-fa teachers. So far is this from being the case that we believe more thorough graspers of the significance of musical notation than the leading men who have gathered round Mr. Curwen are not to be found. They teach with a zeal and completeness which we have more than once had occasion to mention with admiration. More of their success is due to these qualities, we think, and to the admirable methodical way in which their curriculum has been laid out, than to anything which may be found in the system they use.

Much has been said of the typographical convenience of the Tonic Sol-fa tongue. It is, however, generally overlooked that the specimens of the new symbols which we see are for the most part representations of simple compositions. In presenting four-part voice music to the eye, no doubt the new alphabet has the advantage in conciseness; but how will the matter stand in representing music for the orchestra? Possibly there may still remain a saving of paper to be placed to the credit of the innovators. In connection with this point, we admit, we are not prepared to state how far towards the complete representation of instrumental music Mr. Curwen and his supporters have succeeded in carrying their plan: we have, however, grave suspicion that the difficulties which gather in this direction are practically insuperable, and that in this point as in teaching, if anything is gained at first by the new notation it has to be paid for in the end.

To give an official sanction to the Tonic or any other than the catholic method of noting music we do not hesitate to say, then, would be a most uncalled for step on the part of the Educational Committee. We utterly doubt its alleged simplicity, taken as a whole; and we believe that the results so emphatically claimed for it are the results not of a superior system, but of the zeal of neophytes, and the wisdom with which that zeal is directed by the leaders of the movement. But even if we grant that the method which has just taken so aggressive an attitude is an effectual contrivance for discounting progress in learning to sing—this being open, as we have already said, to more than doubt—the Vice-President of the Committee of Privy Council on Education should pause, we think, before, for the sake of a supposed gain in giving National schoolboys a smattering of psalmody, he assists in inflicting the curse of Babel on the only existing language which has the slightest claim to be called universal.

Albert Grisar.*

The death of this musician has cast quite a gloom over the musical world, and the heart-rending circumstances which marked the end of his life render still more painful the impression produced. We think it becoming not to make ourselves the echo of everything which is said on the subject, and shall limit ourselves simply to such facts as are duly substantiated. On Tuesday morning the 15th June, Albert Grisar was found dead, from the effect of an apoplectic stroke, in the small furnished room which he occupied at Asnières. Some of his friends saw him the previous day on the Boulevard des Italiens, when, as they say, he was in good spirits.—He may have been so, for an instant, perhaps, but we know that, for some years, he had led a life of disappointments and of shattered hopes, a life which had at length culminated in deep distress. He frequently had recourse to the kindness of his friends, and the non-success of *L'Eau Merveilleuse*, when revived at the Athénée, ruined his pecuniary calculations at the same time that it inflicted a mortal wound upon his self-esteem as an artist.

Grisar was without family here, if we except a god son, whose uncertain future was only an additional cause of inquietude for the old artist. Can his relations have still been angry with him, after the lapse of forty years, for the feeling which caused him to give up commerce for art? Albert Grisar was born at Antwerp in 1808, his father being a native of Burgundy, and his mother a native of Normandy. His father, a shipowner, sent him to Liverpool, to learn trade in the best school; but all Grisar's dreams were of music, so, one day, he escaped, and took refuge in Paris, the asylum of so many foreign artists. He began studying music very seriously, but before making his appearance as an artist he first came out as a patriot. At that period, Belgium had risen in insurrection. Grisar enrolled himself under the colors as a volunteer. Having paid his debt to his first country, he returned to his second, and resumed his pen as a musician. He often told his friends that his first work worth anything, "La Folle," was extemporized in one evening, with M. de Morvan, the author of the words, and that the publisher, to whom he gave it, allowed it to remain forgotten for several years in manuscript. One day the unknown artist had a chance of submitting his poor romance to Adolphe Nourrit, then starring at Brussels; the great singer adopted it, sang it at the theatre with great success, and it speedily became the fashion everywhere. It was first published at Brussels, and went through twenty editions in Paris alone. Grisar took advantage of the opportunity to get a little work in one act, *Le mariage impossible*, played at Brussels. He then returned to Paris, with a pension of twelve hundred francs from his own government. His whole soul was centered in the stage. M. Bernard Latte, the publisher from whom we have learnt many interesting details about the commencement of Grisar's career, had the greatest possible trouble to extort from him an album of new romances. The first he did obtain included the air, "Adieu, beau rivage de France!" another great success. The following year, while still waiting for his turn on the stage, Grisar composed a second album of six romances, with a little song thrown into the bargain, as he said; this song he advised his publisher not to publish, so dissatisfied did he feel with it; but this song, which the composer almost disowned, was no other than "Les Lavenses du Convent," which, also, was destined to become popular, and of which more than fifty thousand copies were sold. Most people are not aware that the words of this trifle were written by M. Ed. Thierry, then a poet of the romantic pleiad, and now director of the Theatre Français.

At length, M. Crosnier consented to bring out Grisar's first comic opera *Sarah*, but not without having it considerably altered; reduced to two acts, a form that is generally unfortunate; and omitting several pieces, among others a very brilliant chorus of soldiers, that the Orphéons have since then well avenged; at that period, however, they were still afraid of music at the Theatre Favart, and gave as much prominence as possible to the dialogue. The principal parts were created by the handsome Jenny Colon, then coming out, and by Coudere, then a *ténor de force*, for he had not yet become the charming *diseur* whom we now admire in *La Fontaine de Berny*. Grisar produced also at the Opera-Comique, *Les Travestissements*, and *L'An Mil* (libretto by M. Paul Foucher); at the Theatre de la Renaissance, *L'Eau merveilleuse*, which was the beginning of his fortunate collaboration with M. Th. Sauvage, and *Lady Melvil* (in three acts), subsequently revived under the title, *Le Joaillier de Saint James*.

Suddenly, Grisar disappeared. He stopped eight years in Italy, and it was from Rome that he sent *Gilles ravisseur*, that charming musical miniature, which, with *M. Pantalon* and *Les Porcherons*, constitutes his best claim to be remembered. *Gilles* was stupid enough to be played for the first time on the 22nd February, 1848, but M. Perrin restored him subsequently to the bills. In 1850, Grisar obtained his brilliant success of *Les Porcherons*. This raised the happy musician very high in public favor. He followed it up successfully by *Bon soir Monsieur Pantalon*; *Le Carillonneur de Bruges*; *Le Chien du Jardinier*; *Le Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, all these latter works at the Opera-Comique, and furthermore, at the Theatre Lyrique, *Les Amours au Diable*, revived four years ago at the Opera-Comique, and *Les Bêtises de l'Amour*, in one act—by MM. de Najac and Deulin—charmingly played by Mlle. Faure Le Fevre. Finally, at the Bouffes-Parisiens, he produced a trifle, *Les Douze Innocentes*.

We have limited ourselves to a rapid enumeration of his latter works as well as of the productions of his prosperous and happy period, nearly all of which are known to the present generation. Without wishing to diminish the sympathy excited by his sad end, we must be permitted to remark that his career, taken as a whole, cannot be represented as an Odyssey of disappointments. More than one musician, of equal talent, would have been contented with so many successes, and if the composer of *Les Porcherons*, and of *Gilles ravisseur*, fell off lamentably, in the latter part of his life, the fact must be attributed more especially to his domestic troubles, which at last discouraged in him even his inspiration. His later collaborateurs confess they had great trouble in prevailing on him to finish a work. On the other hand he was fond of beginning a good many. He has left six, *nearly* completed.

1. *Riquet à la houpe*, four acts, book by Sauvage, "asked for by M. Perrin, for the Opera," says a note in Grisar's handwriting, in the margin of the list; 2. *Rivola*, comic opera in one act, words by M. Pellier; 3. *L'Oncle Salomon*, in three acts, libretto by M. de Najac; 4. *Les Contes bleus*, by MM. Lockroy and Cogniard, three acts; 5. *Afraja*, serious opera in three acts, libretto by M. de Najac; and, 6. *Le Parapluie*, three acts and nine tableaux, book by MM. Deulin and de Najac.

The poor musician, it is said, offered to pledge the six thick manuscripts all for a loan of a few thousand francs, but could obtain only a very small sum. This is, certainly, very sad! Could not a performance be got up at which we might hear some of his posthumous compositions, mixed with a few airs selected from his most celebrated ones?

Whatever may be the result of this wish, Grisar will leave behind him the reputation of a charming, delicate, and natural musician, and some of his works, such as *Les Porcherons*; *Gilles ravisseur*; *Le Chien du Jardinier*; and *Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, will remain to attest the rare excellence of his talent.

Grisar's funeral service was solemnized on Thursday morning the 17th June, at the church of Saint André d'Antin (Cité d'Antin.

* From "Le Menestrel."

Music Abroad.

London.

Royal Italian Opera. The *Athenæum*, July 24, thus chronicles the conclusion of the season:

"Le Prophète" has never been so badly represented in England as on Saturday last. A difficult opera to give with due completeness, its two most important characters needing exponents possessed of dramatic power as well as of musical capability. Meyerbeer's over-elaborate tragedy has too frequently been inadequately rendered. But it was reserved for the coalition-season, during which we were promised casts of unexampled completeness, to witness the worst performance on record of an opera which, more than any other, has in past times given distinction to the Covent Garden establishment. Mlle. Tietjens'

ambition is insatiable. She has not hesitated to attack any character in the soprano *repertoire*. *Medea* and *Marta*, *Fidelio* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* have been accepted by her with equal readiness. Whether or not she was fitted by nature for a character, she has not scrupled to attempt it, if only it was sufficiently prominent. Having exhausted all the treble heroines of opera, she now seems disposed to seize the contralto characters. *Fides*, it is true, invades the soprano register, but the *tessitura* of the part is contralto—in other words it tries Mlle. Tietjens just where her voice is weakest. This she evidently felt on Saturday last, and therefore over-exerted herself in the effort to make every note tell. We must give her full credit for her indomitable determination in wrestling with the difficulties of her task, but we are bound to say that her rendering of Meyerbeer's music was a failure. Were she often to repeat the experiment she would infallibly destroy a voice which, once magnificent, has already been irreparably injured by reckless wear and tear. Mlle Tietjens' acting was more earnest, more emphatic, freer from self-consciousness than in any impersonation of hers we can call to mind, and in the cathedral scene, where the "False Demetrius" of Leyden disowns his mother, there was an approach to real tragic power. Nevertheless, we have no wish to see Mlle. Tietjens a second time in "Le Prophète." Signor Mongini did not know his part, having probably not taken the trouble to learn it for the last night of his engagement. But to oblige him to appear in the character on the Saturday, announcing Signor Tamberlik for the succeeding Thursday, was surely discourteous as well as impolitic. The part of *Berta* is almost as unsuited to Mme. Sinico's voice as is *Fides* for an opposite reason to that of Mlle. Tietjens. The band and chorus were frequently out of time, and the concerted music was throughout unsteady. Only in the *mise-en-scène* was there anything to recall the memories of Covent Garden in its brighter days.

As usual there has been a desperate attempt to make up by fidgetty restlessness in the final fortnight of the season for past inactivity. On Wednesday, Mme. Adelina Patti appeared for the first time in England in a part which she ought long ago to have sustained here, and which she certainly ought to have had an opportunity of repeating before the end of the season. As "Rigoletto" was one of the earliest operas produced this year, there was no reason why it should not have been brought out weeks ago for Mme. Patti. No *Gilda* of recent years has dulled our keen remembrance of Bosio. Many have sung the music passably well, but not one has been gifted with a voice so sympathetic as that of the still lamented lady who died in the Russian capital. For the first time she has now been efficiently replaced. Mme. Patti's singing is simply faultless; and the reedy quality of her voice renders it still more susceptible of expression than that of Bosio. Compared to hers, it is as an oboe to a flute. It is, moreover, full of warmth, and it faithfully translates every shade of feeling suggested by the singer's fervid nature. There was little to call for special notice in her singing, but every phrase was so forcibly accented as to convey a meaning new even to those most familiar with Verdi's best opera. Gilda's touching description of her wooing was made more dramatic than usual, and the excellent quartet was benefited by the brilliant quality of Mme. Patti's high notes. Signor Tamberlik's voice has become more tremulous than ever; in other respects the cast was good, Mr. Santley's *Rigoletto* being quite worthy of the *Gilda*. *

The opera season is announced to conclude to-night with "Il Barbiere." Rarely has a season, opened with pompous promises, been carried through to such a "lame and impotent conclusion." The management must not be charged with the non-arrival of Mme. Lucca, as this is due to the lady's indisposition. Nor can they be held accountable either for the accidents that kept Mmes. Patti and Tietjens some weeks from the stage, or for the terrible weather that at one time invalided half the *troupe*. But the directors are responsible for having advertised casts which men of their experience must have known to be impracticable. It was easy enough to put down three *prime donne* for one opera—impossible to induce them to keep promises not of their own making. As a matter of fact, the casts of some works have not been so strong as they were at Drury Lane last season. Our surmise made at the beginning of the season that Her Majesty's Theatre would be absorbed into Covent Garden, was verified even more completely than we anticipated. Until Mme. Patti came, scarcely any artists but those of Mr. Mapleson's contingent were employed. Since her arrival, she and Mlle. Nilsson have alternately filled the house. The old star-system has, in fact, been revived in all its harmfulness. Everything has been sacrificed to some one singer, the subordinate and often the principal characters being generally feebly represented. The material of the orchestra has been as good as of late years, of the chorus better; but both have been disorganized by the perpetual change of conductors. Signor Li Calsi has been found incompetent, and not all the care of Signor Arditi has at times availed to restore order in the forces committed for the nonce to his charge. The novelties of the season have been the weak "Hamlet," half redeemed by Mlle. Nilsson and the weaker "Don Bucefalo," wholly unredeemed by Signor Bottero. "The rest is silence."

The operatic monopoly contrived this spring by a *coup d'état* cannot be continued a second season. A strong opposition has already been formed, and the most useful as well as the most attractive members of the Covent Garden *troupe*—including Mlle. Nilsson, Signori Mongini, Gardoni, Foli, Gassier and Mr. Santly, have actually been engaged. Mme. Trebelli, the most accomplished of living operatic *contralti*, Mme. Volpini, Mme. Monbelli and Signor Bettini, have also agreed to join the *troupe*. Signor Arditi is to be conductor; and it is promised that the chorus shall be exceptionally good. Drury Lane Theatre has been taken for next season.

English opera continues to "draw" at the Crystal Palace; "Maritana" and "Lurline" have been among the latest revivals there. No music, whatever its class, seems to be unwelcome at Sydenham.

PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

Last season there was a glut of pianoforte recitals. From Mmes. Schumann and Goddard, MM. Hallé and Rubinstein, down to the ladies and gentlemen who belong entirely to the "gymnastic school," every pianist was possessed with a desire to recite. In this matter the present season shows a falling off; the field having been left to Mme. Schumann, who occupied it early; to Mr. Hallé and to Mme. Goddard, who recently brought their performances to a close. We are not sure that the public are losers by the reaction. Only a pianist of the highest executive and intellectual power can give recitals to an audience of amateurs with either credit to himself or profit to them; and it may be that last year's experience enforced this truth in a very practical manner.

In the course of his series Mr. Hallé played over again the pianoforte works of Schubert, and other miscellaneous compositions for the same instrument of Beethoven. He rightly judged that such a programme would bear repetition. To everything that Schubert wrote there now attaches an increasing interest—an interest, in some cases, tending to exaggeration; while the pianoforte sonatas of the greater master cannot be heard too often by those who know their beauty. As regards Beethoven no novelty could be expected. There is nothing left of his to discover, and, happily, there is little unfamiliar. With Schubert the case is different. The possessors of his manuscripts have but recently learned the value of their treasures, and every year brings additions to the long-neglected master's published works. In the matter of pianoforte music two such additions have been made since last season, both of which had a place in Mr. Hallé's programme. The first consists of *Drei Clavierstücke*, not mentioned in the laboriously compiled *Catalogue* of Dr. Kreissle von Hellborn, and, therefore, presumably a recent discovery. Apart from their relation to the composer they excite no particular interest, and assuredly add nothing to our esteem for his genius. We have little doubt of Schubert's ability to improvise such music to any extent. The second is a far more important novelty. Dr. Kreissle describes it as "*Reliquie*, an unfinished sonata (1825), published 1861–62 by Whistling at Leipsic, to whom the manuscript belongs." The year 1825 was by no means the most prolific of Schubert's life. A batch of songs, the A minor sonata (op. 42), two marches, and some pianoforte music to a forgotten melodrama, are nearly the whole of his finished works bearing that date. Why the Sonata in C was left unfinished is, however, no mystery. Schubert just then had come upon one of the few oases in the desert of his life. With an intimate friend (Vogl) he spent a good portion of the year in happy wanderings through Upper Austria, writing now and then enthusiastic letters from among mountains which suggested to him the idea of a world "nailed up with boards." Without grudging poor Schubert his pleasure, we wish he had found time to complete this sonata. There was but little more to do—the *minuetto* and *rondo finale* alone remaining unfinished. But even as it is we have something for which to be thankful. The opening *moderato* is of large proportions, elaborate design, and eminently characteristic style; while the *andante* is full of that tender sentiment and exquisite beauty peculiar to the master's slow movements. * * *

When planning her series of three recitals, Mme. Arabella Goddard indulged a favourite taste. No artist has done more to enlarge the repertory of accepted classical music by producing meritorious forgotten works than our English pianist. She has made it, in some sort, her mission to be the resurrectionist of buried treasures, a mission for which no one possesses higher qualifications. We fear that the reward is hardly in proportion to the labor. However good the music brought to light, it is valued only by a few, all popular applause being reserved for those who best render that which is familiar. Such considerations, however, little affect the true artist, and Mme. Goddard has this season eclipsed all her former efforts, not only in the number but also in the character of the works produced. Moreover she has done a special act of justice to a class of composers treated by fortune with singular harshness. A creative musician just short of the highest rank has a less enviable lot than he who is far below. * * *

At the head of the list stands Dussek, who, unlucky while living, has, since death, been unfortunate through the neglect into which his works have fallen. Of the thirty-two pianoforte sonatas written by the gifted Bohemian, only Op. 70, in A flat, the so-called *Plus Ultra*, is familiar to modern programmes, and even this was but little regarded till Mme. Goddard played it at the Monday Popular Concerts. Nevertheless, they contain a mine of wealth which those may estimate who know but the elegiac Op. 61, the *Invocation*, Op. 77, and the earlier sonata, Op. 44, dedicated to a yet more prolific if not more brilliant composer, Muzio Clementi. These works are in some degree familiar—by name—but Mme. Goddard preferred to introduce the absolutely unknown, choosing as her examples the sonata in A major, Op. 43, and that in B flat major, Op. 46. She could hardly have better illustrated the delicate and piquant grace of Dussek's style, a grace in which, it has been said with truth, "Mozart scarcely excelled him." Both sonatas met with thorough appreciation, and the result must have been a higher estimate of their composer's genius.

Of Woelfl, a master whom the *Non Plus Ultra* so inadequately represents, Mme. Goddard produced one example only, but that was sufficient for her purpose. The grand sonata in C minor is worthy a composer far more illustrious than he who now lies in an unknown and unhonored grave. It is suggestive even of the most illustrious, so great are the science, invention, and feeling displayed. A capital fugue precedes the first *allegro*, and after it comes an *adagio* which might, in many respects, pass for the work of Beethoven, this, in turn, being followed by a charmingly piquant *finale* worthy of Mozart for melodic beauty and clear treatment. The revival of so admirable a composition should direct attention to other productions of the same hand.

Mme. Goddard was not at all likely to overlook Clementi, the composer of sixty published sonatas for her instrument; and a writer who, notwithstanding mannerism and pedantry, deserves high rank. It is true that Mozart, no bad judge, thought little of Clementi or his music.

* * * From the "charlatan's" pianoforte works Mme. Goddard selected Op. 50 (in A major), dedicated to Cherubini. Without ranking this in the same category with *Didone Abbandonata* or No. 8 (in G minor), the *adagio* of which is one of the loveliest slow movements ever written, it may be accepted as a worthy representative of the composer. The opening *allegro* is dry, but the *adagio* and *finale* have much beauty—even the well-nigh inevitable canons being ingenious enough to charm.

A greater novelty than either of the foregoing was selected from the unpublished works of W. Friedemann, eldest of John Sebastian Bach's twenty children. With much of his father's genius, Friedemann possessed traits of character certainly not inherited. He was lazy, for example, and eccentric to a degree which almost incapacitated him for the duties of life. What he might have done is, however, made clear by the comparatively few things inclination prompted or necessity compelled him to write. The Grand Fantasia (so-called though really a sonata in form and proportion) played by Mme. Goddard, is one of a set only existing in the original manuscript. All its four movements, but especially the second and third, startle by their anticipation of effects we call modern; while, throughout, the music runs on with masterly ease and all the confidence of assured resources. The work was a thorough surprise, and, should it become widely known, will do much for the reputation of the morose old Halle organist. In addition to this and the other sonatas above mentioned, Mme. Goddard played Hummel's Op. 106, an excellent specimen of Mozart's accomplished pupil.

In the course of her recitals Mme. Goddard brought forward eleven fugues—three by Handel, and two each by Sebastian Bach, Scarlatti and Mendelssohn. All these are, of course, more or less known to ama-

tours of fugal writing; so that we need only remark specially upon the interesting novelties by Albrechtsberger and Eberlin, which completed the tale. That of the former master (the master of Beethoven) is constructed with great clearness upon a flowing diatonic subject, and worthily represented the famous old contrapuntist in Mme. Goddard's programme. Ernst Eberlin, a voluminous writer and celebrated organist, who flourished immediately after Bach, and was *Capellmeister* at Salzburg in the time of Leopold Mozart, contributed one of nine fugues which are, perhaps, all of his music now obtainable. Ushered in by a capital prelude, and closing with a *pars secunda*, combining a new subject with the old, it is a fine example of a writer who ought not to be wholly forgotten. Here, again, we are compelled to differ from the master who styled Clementi a charlatan. In a letter to his sister, Wolfgang Mozart said:

"I would speak with all due respect of his (Eberlin's) four-part writings, but his pianoforte fugues are nothing but interludes drawn out to a great length."

Against this judgment we are satisfied to appeal to that of the amateurs who lately applauded an example of the Salzburg musician's skill.

The other works played by Mme. Goddard must be dismissed (though a good deal could be said about them) in briefest terms. They were twelve studies by Steibelt, Potter, Moscheles, Ries, Hiller, Sterndale Bennett, and others, as well as the same number of classical drawing room pieces, *nocturnes*, *valses*, &c., by Mendelssohn, Schubert, John Field, and Chopin.

Munich.—After the last performance of Herr R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, the King sent a message, expressing his perfect satisfaction, to the management, principal artists, and chorus. Besides this, he presented Mme. Vogl with a bracelet, and Herr Vogl with a breast pin.—By an order of the King, the birthdays of Gluck, Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven, will in future be celebrated every year at the Theatre Royal by gala performances. The Theatre Royal is now closed for the first time "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," as the performances in summer have always proved more advantageous for the treasury than those at any other season, on account of the great number of strangers visiting the city. But Herr Wagner's ambition disregards such petty considerations, and consequently the building is closed for the alterations in the stage which are required by the Musician of the Future. Everything is to be ready by the 25th August, the King's birthday, when *Das Rheingold*, the prelude to the *Nibelungen trilogie*, will be produced, no matter with what efforts or at what expense. Our readers may imagine how utterly sick the singers are of this Wagner worship. On the 28th August, the statue of Goethe will be uncovered, and three of his pieces, *Iphigenia*, *Torquato Tasso*, and the first part of *Faust* (the latter as a gratuitous performance) will be played on three successive evenings. In order that the members of the band may not find their leisure time hang too heavily upon their hands, Gluck's overture, with Herr R. Wagner's conclusion, will be given with *Iphigenia*, and Liszt's respective "Sinfonische Dichtungen" to the two other pieces. This will be done at the particular recommendation of Herr von Bülow, for which, of course, the members of the band bless him. It is true that the "Sinfonische Dichtung," *Faust*, was composed expressly to Lenau's poem and not to Goethe's, but what does that matter, if Herr Hans von Bülow sees a chance of glorifying his friend the *Abbate?* It appears, however, that Herr von Bülow has really and truly made up his mind to resign his official position here, despite all the efforts of his Royal patron to dissuade him from his purpose. It is said that he intends settling in Wiesbaden.—Mlle. Virginie Gung'l (daughter of the well-known composer of dance music), who appeared successfully last year in *Der fliegende Holländer*, is engaged at the Theatre Royal from next September. Since her *début* she has been studying singing very hard.

Weimar.—Professor Hartung-Müller has given a performance of Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*, in aid of the funds for the Bach Monument to be erected at Eisenach, the composer's birthplace. The solo singers were Mme. von Milde, Mlle. Schmidt, Herren Milde and Waltors. The chorus consisted of the members of the Singacademie, of the church choir, and of the Academic Vocal Association of Jena. Dr. Naumann, also from Jena, presided at the organ. On the day after the performance here, the performance was repeated for the same object at Jena.

Rotterdam.—The annual festival of the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art went off very successfully. On the first day the work selected for performance was Handel's *Samson*, the solo singers being Mmes. Lemmens-Sherrington, Schreck, Dr. Gunz, and Herr Hill. On the second day, the proceedings commenced with Mendelssohn's overture to *St. Paul*, followed by fragments from his incomplete oratorio of *Christus*, it being the first time the latter had ever been publicly heard in this town. The programme also included M. Bargiel's *Medea* overture, and a "Festival Chorus," by M. Verhulst, besides several pieces of less importance. Altogether, the festival went off exceedingly well.

Stuttgardt.—The Association for Classical Sacred Music recently gave a performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The solos were sung by Mmes. Marlow, Marschalk, Herren Jäger and Schütky.

Operatic activity in Italy. It is related of Abernethy that, on one occasion, when he had to deliver the inaugural lecture at the opening of the medical session at one of the London Hospitals, he cast his eyes, before commencing, on the large number of students before him, and exclaimed, unconsciously, aloud: "Poor devils! what will become of them?" Some similar remark might be applied to the mass of new operas produced during the first three months of the present year of grace, 1869, in Italy. "What will become of them?" What, indeed! The great majority will probably never be heard beyond the walls of the theatre where they were produced, though, may be, not one of the composers was called on less than twenty or thirty times in the course of the first night. However, to leave philosophizing, here is a list of them, together with the names of the composers and of the towns where they (the operas, not the composers) were brought out. *Mario*, serious; composed by Count Sampieri; first produced at the Teatro Contavalli, Bologna. 2. *Chatterton*, serious; Signor Mancini; Cingolo. 3. *Piccolini*, serious; Mme. Grandval; Italiano, Paris. 4. *Una follia a Roma*, comic; Signor Fed. Ricci; L'Athénée, Paris. 5. *Graziella*, serious; Signor Decio Monti; Teatro Doria, Genoa. 6. *Giovanni II. di Napoli*, serious; Signor Petrella; Teatro San Carlo, Naples. 7. *Ildegonda*, serious; Signor Melesio Morales; Teatro Pagliano, Florence. 8. *Valeria*, serious; Signor Ed. Vera; Teatro Comunale, Bologna. 9. *Fieschi*, serious; Signor Montuoro; La Scala, Milan. 10. *Ruy Blas*, serious; Signor Marchetti; La Scala, Milan. 11. *La Martire*, serious; Signor Perelli; Teatro della Pergola, Florence. 12. *I Tutori e le Pupille*, comic; Signor Dechamps; Teatro Pagliano, Florence. 13. *Caterina Howard*, serious; Signor Vezzossi; Catania. 14. *Alba D'oro*, serious; Signor Battista; Teatro San Carlo, Naples. 15. *Goretta*, semi-serious; Signor San Germano; Teatro Re, Milano. 16 *Armando e Maria*, serious; Signor Carlo Alberti; Teatro Fiorentini, Naples 17. *Le due Amiche*, serious; Signora Seneke; Teatro Argentina, Rome. 18. *Matilde d'Inghilterra*, serious; Signor Zecchini; Teatro Brunetti, Bologna. 19. *La Serra Padrona*, comic; Signor Tancioni; Teatro Alfieri, Turin. 20. *Eleonora d'Arborea*, serious; Signor Enrico Costa; Cagliari. 21. *Gulnara*, serious; Signor Libani; Rome. 22. *Un Marito in traccia di sua Moglie*, comic; Signor Vitt. Grondona; Milan.—It must be observed that in the above list are included operas written by foreign composers—not Italians, that is to say—for the Italian stage, and operas written by Italian composers for the theatres elsewhere than in Italy. It must furthermore be stated that *Matilde d'Inghilterra*, though new for Italy, was first represented in Athens; and that *Gulnara* and *Un Marito*, etc., were not produced on the public stage but in private society, the first at the Palazzo Pamphili, Rome; and the second at Count Filippo Bolognì's, in Milan.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 14, 1869.

How they Pass Away!

The past year has been remarkable for the number of stars, of greater or lesser magnitude, which have disappeared from the musical firmament. And yet that is a bad image by which to express the numerous deaths of notable musicians which we have had to chronicle of late; for the real stars are those who, no longer present in the body, live and shine in the immortal creations of their genius. Such stars as Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schubert, Weber and Rossini, so long as what may be called a musical firmament encompasses our life, will never disappear from it, except by temporary obscurations. The artificial glare of poor and short-lived fashions, the rockets and blue-lights of enterprising shallow thaumaturgists and masters of claptrap *effects*, may hide from time to time these pure, perpetual lights, but only enough to show how inextinguishable they are. In this sense, there are more musical stars that disappear during their own life time in the flesh,—stars which culminate and set and are forgotten before death, than there are that rise into the firmament upon the dissolution of the natural man. Many a composer once thought much of has survived his fame, and it is only by the announcement of his death that the world is again reminded of him. In many instances we read with melancholy wonder the obituary notice of some once famous musician, whose name has long since almost ceased from men's mouths, and are forced to reflect how brilliant may have been one's vogue and promise, how much one may have written and produced, bringing into play great forces in repeated public presentations, themes of admiring criticism for how many years, and yet long since has his very name relapsed into obscurity, until at length a feeble momentary ray is cast upon it by some dark lantern of "Necrology" which goes wandering about in musical and other newspapers!

During the year we have read obituary notices of an unusual number of men who have achieved a name in music, including some who will not fade from memory. Besides Rossini, type of genius and success (and even he outlived his inspiration, although not his fame or influence), and Hector Berlioz, a great man in his way, but who studied arts of *effect* rather than intrinsic quiet power, and was forced with sad sincerity to own his musical life a failure; we have lately chronicled the death of Molique, the high-toned classical violinist and composer, and of Albert Grisar, one of the minor lights, but near, and still regarded with fresh interest, of the current light French opera, about whom further notice will be found in another column of this week's Journal. We propose now to go back a little and recall two or three names of some importance, to which, in the press of other matter, we omitted all allusion at the time we saw their deaths recorded in our foreign exchanges. Of these the most important is that of Loewe, best known by his Ballads and Legends (though never sufficiently well kown in this country)—works full of imaginative genius; some of them of the highest order, others mystical, romantic, darkly mediæval to a fault, besides a large percentage out of the great number of them which, musically, must be accounted commonplace, Philister-ish and manneristic; once, too, equally well known in Germany by his half-a-dozen Oratorios, of which the principal are "The Seven Sleepers," "John Huss," "Gutenberg," &c.,—works highly commended by good critical authorities in the day of them, and certainly containing (at least the two first named, which we have examined) not a few striking, admirable instances of composition and poetic conception, but on the whole justly complained of for their mysticism, and not possessing

musical vitality enough to keep them before the world; it is long since we have read anywhere of a public performance of any one of them. Yet in Loewe died much more of a musical character, than scores who have lately filled ten times as much space in the world's attention. The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, Leipzig, publishes a notice of this master by one of his friends, from which we translate.

"On the 20th of April died, in Kiel, at the age of 73, the well-known composer, Dr. JOHANN KARL GOTTFRIED LOEWE, who in relation to the Ballad occupies the same unique position with Franz Schubert in relation to the German *Lied*. He was born on the 30th of November, 1796, in Lobejan near Halle; and he received from his father, who was Cantor, not only a severely pious bringing up, but also the foundation of his musical education, which he continued from his tenth year as choir boy in Köthen, and completed in the Orphan House at Halle as a pupil of the celebrated old Türk, who took a fond interest in the talented boy. After the prospect of a purely musical career, with a salary from the king of Westphalia, was cut off for him by the revolution in political affairs, he accommodated himself to the favorite wish of his father and studied Theology in Halle, where he was matriculated at Michaelmas in 1817.

"As his clear, but somewhat sharp soprano had done for the boy, so now his exceedingly delicate tenor, of great compass, and his pure, intelligent delivery, won for the youth a great many friends. Moreover, the composition of his best Ballads ("*Treuröschen*," "*Walthaide*," "*Erlkönig*,"&c.) falls within this student period. His acquaintance with Weber and Hummel resulted, after the completion of his Triennium in the year 1820, in a call to Stettin as Cantor at St. James's, and teacher in the Gymnasium. After one year's discharge of these duties, his salary was doubled, and he was appointed musical Director in the church, gymnasium, and seminary. He married a lady, with whom, while a student, he had formed an intimacy on the common ground of song,—Julie von Jacob, but in a little more than a year after had to mourn her loss, which later was fully and lastingly made good by his second wife, Auguste Lange. In Stettin he established a singing society, and achieved a highly meritorious position in the musical life of that city, while his Ballads and Oratorios were making him world-famous.

"He was less successful with his serious and comic operas, which in their time perhaps would have filled their place alongside of Spohr and Marschner, if the composer had been willing seriously to meet and overcome the difficulties and annoyances which are always connected with the carrying through of a first performance. If a want of knowledge of the stage, and a somewhat over nice simplicity of instrumentation were a hindrance to him in the operatic style, yet the depth and sincerity of his religious feelings, the sterling excellence of his musical settings, and particularly his uncommon mastery of the male chorus, made him as universally recognized in Oratorio, as the dramatic vitality, the characteristic truth of delineation, and the plastic quality of form and style have done in his Ballads, for which, in spite of often exacting requirements as to compass and flexibility of voice, they have secured for all time the first place in their kind.

"After a stroke of paralysis in 1864, Loewe was pensioned off. Soon afterwards he carried out his resolution to leave Stettin and removed to Kiel, where he passed his last years, surrounded by the most affectionate care of his family. Just eight days before his death, he said to his servant who accompanied him upon a walk: The world grows more and more beautiful, and I——" a heavy sigh closed the utterance of his presentiment of death. On the 20th of April a second attack came, paralyzing his whole right side, and followed in a few hours by a paralysis of the lungs, which caused his death. With inexpressibly mild and unchanged features the youthful old man slumbered in the coffin. His heart, enclosed in a silver casket, was deposited beneath a memorial stone in St. James's church at Stettin, while his body, without music of voices or instruments, was committed to the burial ground.

"An extended biography of Loewe, partly written by himself, and for the rest compiled by his daughter Helene from numerous letters and documents, is to appear in the course of the present year, from the press of Wilh. Müller in Berlin, to which we would not fail to call the attention of his friends and admirers."

Loewe's published compositions number more than one hundred. He wrote also Symphonies, Overtures and Sonatas. Besides being one of the most prolific composers of recent times, he was also active in a literary way. He wrote a Vocal Method for high schools, which appeared in 1826, and a Commentary on the second part of Goethe's *Faust*.

RAYMUND and ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK. The deaths of these two brothers, within a few weeks of each other, last Spring, must have made a sad impression even on this side of the Atlantic, where they were held in pleasant remembrance by a number of American musical students, and were familiar names to many music-lovers. The former was the well-known second leader of the violins who sat next to David in the Gewandhaus orchestra at Leipzig. The latter was one of the famous new school pianists, much sought by pupils, among whom were our townsmen Francis Hill and the late Nathan Richardson. The *Signale* says:

"ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK died in Venice on the 1st of April. So now both brothers have departed this life within a few weeks, for RAYMUND DREYSCHOCK died upon the 6th of February. The name of Dreyschock ha acquired a European reputation. Alexander was born at Zack in Bohemia on the 15th of October, 1818. Endowed with talents of great promise, and under the guidance of a sound teacher, by the name of J. Pospischil, Dreyschock, while scarcely eight years old, had acquired such a facility on the piano that he could appear already in public concerts in his native place and its vicinity. For the full development of his talent, his father committed the boy of thirteen to W. Tomaschek in Prague, with whom he passed four years in practical and theoretic studies. After two more years of practice by himself, Dreyschock in December 1838 began his first artistic tour through a great part of North Germany, and met everywhere with the most flattering recognition. A journey into Russia from 1840 to 1842 proved equally successful. After his return, still in the year '42, he gave concerts in Brussels, Paris and London, which places he has since revisited repeatedly, as well as Holland, Austria, Hungary, &c. The success of these tours was always in the highest degree favorable; his facility in octave passages everywhere causing especial astonishment.

"As a composer, Dreyschock has published over 140 works, which, although designed mostly for the hands of virtuosos, are yet distinguished by their clearness, symmetry and fine singing style among many other compositions of this kind, and part of them have on that account become popular. Since 1862 Dreyschock has officiated as Professor in the Conservatory at St. Petersburg, where he was made Pianist to the Emperor in 1865. Advancing illness compelled him from time to time to leave this place and to betake himself to a milder climate, which however did not bring the hoped for restoration. Alexander Dreyschock belonged to the very small circle of the musical *elite* who were distinguished by the title of "Imperial Royal Austrian Chamber Virtuosos." He was moreover Court Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. The deceased leaves behind a widow and three sons." He was buried with great ceremony and honor in Prague, although he had not lived in Bohemia for years.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK. The *Sun* of Monday last tells us:

In a musical way we have only Mr. Theodore Thomas at present to look to. Without him we should have to starve until fall, for, other than at his concerts, there is not a note to be heard, except from the inevitable hand organs, to remind us that such an art as that of music still exists.

Mr. Thomas has done so noble a work that it is gratifying to know that his entertainments are proving a pecuniary success, and that his testimonial on Friday night was all that could have been desired in point of numbers and enthusiasm.

The musical prospects for the winter are very uncertain. French opera and Italian opera have been talked of, but even the rumors of them seem to have finally died away. Of English opera, however, we have a fair prospect. The Parepa Rosa-Seguin troupe is to open at the French Theatre on the 11th of September with Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter." On the 18th the "Somnambula" will be brought out with Miss Rose Hersee as *Amina*.

About the 20th of that month Mlle. Carlotta Patti, with some efficient assistants, will commence a concert season at Steinway Hall.

The Richings English Opera Company do not open until November.

MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, the pianist, has entered upon a concert tour during the summer months. The Bangor *Whig and Courier* reports of him as follows:

"Mr. Petersilea, who made his first appearance among us, is the finest pianist to whose touch the walls of Norombega have ever echoed. His fingering is nearer perfection than any we have ever seen, while his power of drawing from his instrument volumes of sound that completely fill every part of the hall, is only excelled by the skilful touches that produce tones so soft and sweet as require the closest attention and most complete stillness to render them audible."

AN APOSTLE OF PEACE. Under this heading, the London *Orchestra* makes merry over what seems certainly fair game, as follows:

A clergyman of the great Republic, the Rev. T. de Witt Talmage of Brooklyn, went to Boston for the Peace Festival, and was very much struck by it. He liked it. It gave him peculiar feelings; and on his arrival home he tried to tell his congregation from the pulpit how he felt during the banging of guns, and clanking of anvils, and hallooing of tens of thousands of voices. This is what he thought of it:

"Sopranos and tenors, altos and basses, mingled wrestling, wreathing, searing, sinking, till every depth of emotion was sounded, and every height of inspiration touched, and the great surges of music

broke on the shore of the soul in crystal and pearl and amethyst of sound."

The Rev. T. de Witt Talmage is evidently a wag. By 'crystal and pearl and amethyst of sound," he meant to imply that the row was composed of many precious tones.

"It seemed as if all lullabies, and requiems, and warbles, and sonnets, and serenades, and overtures, and orations, that had been wandering through the ages, had at last found their heaven, clasping hands together in one grand march, to which an unconsecrated ear was not fit to listen."

If every loafing lullaby, roving requiem, wandering warble (by the way what *is* a warble?") and strolling serenade could be collected together and sent out of this lower earth by means of a grand assemblage of rows, what a capital plan it would be to get all the organ-grinders, German bands, chanters of "Ya-ah sparrer-grass," and cats who do most frequent the Night's Plutonian shore, and let *them* all clasp hands together in one grand march, which should rid us of them forever. But we are afraid that the Rev. T. de Witt Talmage, now that he has got home again, will find that the lullabies, orations, warbles and so forth, go on wandering through the ages pretty much the same now as they used to There is no peace for the wicked, despite all Bostonian Jubileers may say.

And what did the audience think of it, while the warbles and sonnets were clasping hands and going to heaven?

"Some wept; some shouted; some clapped their hands; and yet the tide continued to rise."

This reminds us of the scene described by poor Artemus Ward, as he was delivering his farewell lecture. "It was an affecting scene," he says; "some of the audience sleeping peacefully on the benches, others weeping piteously at the jokes, others leaving the room never to return. It was a solemn and touching sight." From the spectacle which so touched the Rev. T. de Witt Talmage, that good gentleman of course derives a moral The moral would strike a dull British congregation as being a trifle too comic for a pulpit; but American preachers are not to be judged by the Eastern standard. This is the comparison which the reverend orator founds:

"It was an occasion to be talked of and written about for all time. And yet even that was nothing compared with the multitude and splendor of the assemblage of the Redeemed, when they come from the North, and the South, and the East, and the West, and sit down at the great Peace Jubilee of Heaven, and ten million times ten million trumpeters shall lift their trumpets, and ten million times ten million harpers shall strike their harps, and all the hosts stretching off on seas of glass, and reaching up on everlasting hills, shall take up the anthem, chorus of children, chorus of martyrs, chorus of oceans, chorus of stars, while the Archangel, in the might and splendor of Eternity, standing before the great multitude, shall beat time with his sceptre."

The notion of an archangelic *chef d'orchestre* is so peculiarly American that we leave the Rev. T. de Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, at the climax which his most original genius has created.

There's richness! Verily, of all the crazy imagery, the sentimental *hifalutin*, fulsome rhapsody that has been written since the Jubilee, there's none can hold a candle to much that has appeared in the religious newspapers or been preached in pulpits. Are these some of those "transpirings" (Query, *perspirings*) "of the appointed time," which some great poet so eloquently anticipated in his rhapsody on Peace (*à la* Lamartine) prefixed to the prospectus of the Jubilee?

The celebrated violinist, M. Joachim, during a winter residence in Northern Germany, was in the habit of watching the skaters on a fine piece of water beneath his window, until one day it occurred to him to try the exercise himself. As he had never yet donned a pair of skates, he put himself into the hands of a man who provided skates and instruction in the art on the brink of the water, and was soon equipped and started on the ice, the master leading his pupil. Finding no difficulty in keeping his balance under these circumstances, Joachim felt sure he could go alone, desired his leader to leave him, and the next minute he was sprawling on his back. "Aha!" said the teacher, triumphantly, as he raised his prostrate pupil, "you see it is not quite so easy as playing the fiddle!

This reminds us of the winter days in Berlin when we watched the skating on the Thiergarten, and saw our friend John Paine, the organist, indulging in that form of *pedal* practice.

The splendid southern portal of Cologne Cathedral is now completed. It is ornamented with 107 statues, 38 of them life-size, and eight reliefs representing the passion of our Saviour—all composed and executed by Professor Mohr.

The Council, summoned to meet at Rome in December, will, it appears, take into consideration, among other things, church music. The preliminary committee, which is already at work, has had three reports sent in, relative to the notation of plain chant. It wants to amalgamate the seven different editions in one only, which would then be obligatory for every church. The authors of these reports are the Abbate Liszt, M. Fétis, and M. Sain-d'Arod, formerly chapelmaster to King Victor Emmanuel. Liszt was in favor of the "Roman of Avignon," so called because the use of it was decreed by a papal bull dated from that town. M. Fétis accepts the edition revised by the Council. M. Sain-d'Arod wishes the library of the Vatican to be searched, for the manuscript of Palestrina, which is preserved there, and which he would have republished exactly as it is. It dates from 1600; it is the first with a regular notation, and is, no doubt, more in keeping than any other, with the traditions of the primitive Church.

Musical Transpositions.—M. Castil-Blaze has given an interesting account of the various keys in which the chief solo pieces in *Il Barbiere* have been presented to the public. Of course Mme. Giorgi Righetti sang Rosina's air in its original key, F. Mme. Persiani and other sopranos sang it in G. Figaro's air, written in C for Zamboni, is generally sung in B flat; Tamburini sang it in B natural. Basilio's air, "La Calumnia," generally sung in C, is written in D. Bartholo's air, written in E flat, used to be sung by Lablache in D flat. These particulars may be interesting to those who believe in the abstract value of a normal diapason, and in the absolute character of keys. We have all heard the principal airs in *Il Barbiere* sung in the keys in which they were *not* written. We have seldom heard any of them sung in the keys in which Rossini wrote them; yet who can say that by these frequent, constant transpositions, they lose anything of their original character—that Figaro's air, for instance, sounds mournful when sung in B flat?—*Life of Rossini, by Sutherland Edwards.*

The portrait of Handel, presented by the illustrious composer to his relatives at Halle, on the occasion of his last visit in 1750, has just been bought by some Hamburgh *dilettanti* for 400 thalers (£60). A town subscription is proposed, with a view to its being purchased for the communal library, which already possesses 129 volumes of the master's manuscript scores.

There's many a slip, &c. The Harvard Musical Association, here in Boston, had set its heart upon that portrait for the adornment of its Club Room and Library, and had actually forwarded the money to an agent for its purchase. After much strange vacillation of the owner in regard to price, first tempting purchase at 1,000 thalers or so, then warning us off by the startling sum of 4,500, it suddenly was offered for 400, *yes* 300, *thalers*, just too late to enter into competition with much nearer bidders. The portrait is in oil, life size, representing the full figure down to the knees, and was painted from life by Hudson.

A Novel Solution.—Apropos of the Boston Peace Jubilee, the London *Spectator* speculates after this fashion:

It was not the volume of musical sound, which was hardly perceptibly increased by the multitudinous numbers, it was the concentrated volume of sympathy and emotion which reassured the radically diffident genius of this wonderfully creative and able people. The Americans, like the Asiatics, often seem to us daunted by the greatness of the universe they live in, and seek in visible symbols of popular life for the courage which they fail to gather in the solitude of individual worship. If there be any other explanation of the great craving for something which gives a visible picture of the Grand Etre of Humanity, in its united yearnings and hopes, we cannot find it. Their pride in the vast scale of their continent reacts, as we fancy, in a sort of shiver of awe upon their hearts, and they fly for reassurance, not to reverie and meditation, but to populous meetings which "resolve" on some common sentiment, or better still, where that is possible, they have recourse to great human liturgies of liberty and praise, like this Monster Musical Festival of June, 1869.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Flashing Eyes. 3. G to *g*. *Centemari.* 40
The "flashing eyes" that "never can be mine." A sadly beautiful song, with a varied and expressive melody.

Non torno. Turn not away. 4. G to *g*. *Centemari.* 40
A fine new Italian song in excellent style. The subject, a supplication to the loved one not to depart, allows deep pathos and expression. Add this and the other to your list of good foreign songs.

Ask me no more. (Frage nicht). Voice, Flute and Piano. 4. E*b* to *g*. *Proch.*
A beautiful German song, well arranged for Voice and two instruments. Try it the next musical evening, substituting a Violin for Flute at will.

Thady O'Flinn. 2. D to c. *Molloy.* 35
A capital Irish song, half humorous, half tender, and pretty all through

Of thee I think. (Ich denke dein). 3. A*b* to *a*. *Reichardt.* 30
Another fine German song, making the repertoire of such music for this bulletin quite rich and valuable.

It is a good Thing to give Thanks. Quartet. *Emerson.* 60
Quartet or anthem for the church service. A "good thing" to give thanks with.

Faithful Echo. 3. C to e. *Ganz.* 40
A pretty maiden puts echo to a very good use in answering lover's questions. Echo has no objection to respond to such a nice melody as this.

Passing away into Sunlight. 3. A to e. *Ellis.* 30
The sentiment is beautiful, and the words are so well united to the music that the song can hardly fail to be a standard one.

Her Bright Smile. Duet. 3. A*b* to f *Wrighton.* 35
Nothing hardly has pleased more than this, as a song, and as a piano piece. So its popularity as a duet is already established.

Love me beloved! 3. B*b* to d. *Reichardt.*
Still another charming German-English song. Will not disappoint you.

When the Silver Snow is falling. Duet. 3. B*b* to f. *Smart.* 40
A pretty duet, which one may like now for its coolness, and in the winter for its well imagined verses.

The Mariners. (I naviganti). Trio for Soprano, Tenor and Bass. 4 E*b* to *g*. *Randegger.* 75
Beautiful for sea and shore. Sounding over the seas of Italy, the effect of such music must be surprisingly sweet.

Turn from them, Willie! 3. E to e. *Salisbury.* 30
Song and Chorus. A most touching appeal, and good Temperance song.

Molly Adair. Song and Cho. 3. E*b* to c. *Hoag.* 35
Very pleasing ballad in the favorite ballad style.

Instrumental.

Walking in the Park. Var. 4. D. *Pratt.* 50
Favorite melody well arranged. Slips easily from the fingers.

I'll follow thee. Polonaise. 3. A*b*. *Pratt.* 50
Also very well arranged, and a good instructive piece.

Coliseum Waltz. 3. C. *Turner.* 30
Quite pleasing, and the name a good one. Buy it as a memento.

Whirlpool Galop. Hamburger Sprudel Galop. 3. C. *Parlow.* 35
With that clear metallic ring which imparts such brilliancy to the best German Dance music.

In Wild Haste. Galop. 3 E. *Faust.* 30
Like the above, brilliant, and in good popular style.

Books.

The Picnic. A Cantata. By *J. R. Thomas.* 1.00
A pretty affair with an unpretending title, which is hardly good enough for the music, that being very pleasing. Arranged for mixed voices, but an added staff renders it equally available for three female voices. So it is just the thing for Seminaries, as well as for the outside world. Incidents and Pieces are The Gathering, The Departure (Boat song), The Arrival, Swinging Song, Flower Song, Waltz Song, Laughing Glee, Skipping Song, The Storm, The Sunshine after Rain, Farewell, and Homeward Bound.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 741 BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 12.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

Hafisd

(After Mirza Schafi.)

My heart, so heavy-laden,
How throbbest thou, wild and high,
When she, light footed maiden,
With airy step floats by!
About her shoulders floweth
A veil of dazzling whiteness;
Beneath each dark lash gloweth
A fire of magic brightness;
Her rippling night-black tresses
Half shade her bosoms' sweetness,
A rose's moss the dress is,
That folds her form's completeness;
And all is lovely motion,
All youthful graces charming,
To soft, yet wild emotion
My soul, my senses warming,
Until, too heavy laden,
This heart of mine beats high,
When she, light-footed maiden,
With airy step floats by!
Narcissus flowers, and roses,
Around her robe are twining;
Its purple hem discloses
Her foot, in scarlet shining.
Oh, rounded foot so tender!
Oh, fine white hands' completeness!
Oh, lip of ruby splendor!
Enchanting, endless sweetness!
My heart so heavy-laden,
How throbbest thou, wild and high,
When she, light-footed maiden,
With airy step floats by!

On the roof she stood as I went by,
With her robe and tresses played the wind,
While to her my parting song sang I:
"Fare thee well, dear child, sweet, good, and kind!
We must part in pain,
But shall meet again,
When the marriage feast awaiteth me!

"Laden camels will I bring thee, dear;
Richest stuff for robe and wide schwalwar
For thy fingers, henna choice and clear;
Spikenard for thy long ambrosial hair;
Silks most fine and light,
Satins thick and bright,
And thy mother shall contented be!"

On the roof she stood; I passed along,
While her little hand she waved to me;
Warm winds bore to her my parting song,
And with robe and tress played tenderly.
"Fare thee well, my love,
Homeward will I rove,
When the marriage feast awaiteth me!"

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

Christine Nilsson.

(From the London Orchestra.)

I.

The history of art, like the history of politics, often repeats itself; its law of succession is exemplified in many ways. Twenty-two years ago a certain "Swedish Nightingale" burst upon the world at a time when the fortunes of lyric art in this country were at a very low ebb. Two years ago a younger and fresher Swedish Nightingale alighted on English shores at a time when the prospects of one of our opera houses looked similarly hopeless. In both cases the voice of the charmer exercised the liveliest effect upon the purse of the despondent manager.

In 1847 the then director of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley, had the best of reasons for blessing the advent of Jenny Lind. Things had gone worse and worse with him; the opera house was about to close its doors, when the fair Swedish singer suddenly turned the heads of Londoners and the tide of luck into Her Majesty's Theatre. In 1867, twenty years later, a deep gloom seemed settling upon the fortunes of the house, and again the kindly North sent a rescuer in Christine Nilsson. "When the sky is darkest," says the proverb, "dawn is nearest." Mr. Nilsson had arrived at the *antepenultième* which precedes an improbable dawn; but it came nevertheless, and Mr. Nilsson woke one fine morning in June to find himself, his new prima donna, and his theatre famous. The magic of twenty years before had repeated itself, a single look, a single hearing, had done it all. Old opera-goers recalled Jenny Lind's appearance and the consequent furore, and predicted a similar excitement in these staider times. Younger opera-goers were eager for the antecedents of this wonderful singer who had captivated London at first sight, but of whom they had as yet learnt little or nothing. Who was she? where had she come from? how was it she had not visited England before? Paris we knew. Lucca we knew, but who was this Nilsson, heard of but dimly as a cantatrice at the Théâtre Lyrique? "All precious things, discovered late, to those that seek them issue forth;" but young London was impatient at the tardiness of this discovery. Paris had enjoyed this luxury for three years, grumbled the amateurs, and no *entrepreneur* till now had been prescient enough or patriotic enough to contest the privilege with Paris. And then the question was renewed: What were the new artist's antecedents?

II.

The province of Smaland in Sweden is famous for a tradition conferring sundry honors and privileges upon its community. Five cantons which form the southern portion of this province bear the name of Weland, signifying Defence. There is a legend in connection with the wars between Sweden and Denmark before the two kingdoms were united, telling of the patriotic deed of a Weland girl named Blinda, mediæval Judith of the north. All the fighting men of Weland were afield, awaiting the Danes, when a detachment of the army of invaders unexpectedly appeared in Smaland. Blinda, a patrician Swede, left in charge of her father's or husband's castle, (the legend is vague concerning her relationship to the castellan) proved herself equal to the emergency. Welcoming the invaders, she lulled them into a false sense of security, and at the close of a banquet, contriving to abstract the arms, gave the signal to a band of devoted Swedish women who fell upon the Danes and massacred them, from the chiefs downwards; the general being undertaken by Blinda herself. However apocryphal the story, it has received some recognition at the hands of the kings of Sweden. In memory of the good service of Blinda and her women, sundry taxes were remitted to Weland; equality of inheritance with the males was conferred upon the females of the province; and especial honors are still accorded to a Weland lady when she marries or is buried.

In one of the privileged cantons, at a village three leagues from the small town of Vexiö, Christine Nilsson was born. Her parents were humble in condition, peasants laboring upon an inexpensive farm. Before the age of ten the musical ability of little Christine asserted itself in various meagre ways. The child was known for a singularly sweet voice, and for a fair knowledge of the violin, picked up haphazard. Occasionally her parents would send her to the fairs held in the different villages and small towns of the district, where the little maid's beauty and fresh, clear singing earned a few copper-pieces, welcome enough to the hard-working couple at home.

Burghers and peasants were generous enough in their modest way (Smaland being far from a rich province) to the fair childish musician with blond hair, beautiful eyes, and an innocent face. The gentry, too, from about, made inquiries from time to time after Christine; and one or two urged her father and mother to allow her to receive a proper training in music. The child, however, for long resisted all attempts to separate her from her parents, though the latter seemed willing to avail themselves of the offers repeatedly made to them.

They had reason enough to be tempted; for at this period the Nilsson household was very poor. Christine herself was the youngest of seven; and a French chronicler portrays her as generally wearing the cast-off clothes of one of her brothers. French *feuilletonistes*, however, often allow their love of creating an effect to overstep their regard for veracity.

One day, while singing to her own violin accompaniment before a crowd of peasants at a fair, a strolling juggler offered her the magnificent sum of 200 rikslaler a year (about twenty-four shillings of our money) if she would join his troupe. Here at all events was a practical proposal, embracing a final terms. It would seem however that Christine declined this first engagement, notwithstanding the liberality of the *entrepreneur*. What an interesting subject for a painter it would make, in view of the after-career of the artist: Christine Nilsson offered her first engagement!

She did not join the man of cups and balls, for we find her at length—somewhere about the age of thirteen or fourteen—domiciled with the Baroness of Lenhusen, a lady once celebrated in her country as a singer under the name of Mlle. Valerius. A gentleman amateur named Tomerichen was the means of persuading Christine to dedicate herself formally to music, and through his introduction the young girl took up a position in the Baroness's household, and received her first lessons from her.

She was an apt scholar; and in a short time her instructress judged her fit to leave Gothenburg, where the Baroness lived, for Stockholm. Here Christine studied under Franz Berwald, and here, as one of his pupils, she attracted the notice of royalty. From Stockholm her patrons sent her to Paris, where she completed her musical education under Wartel, a very Warwick of his craft, a true Diva-maker. A dozen *prime donne* owe their celebrity to the care and shrewdness of this teacher; but had he trained only a Christine Nilsson his fame would be complete.

III.

Three years were devoted by Wartel to the perfection of Mlle. Nilsson's supple voice and to training her in declamation, in style, and in all the arts that belong to the lyric stage. An easy task, when the master was so able and the pupil so gifted. At the end of that time Wartel pronounced her fit to make her *début*, and gave M.

Carvalho, the manager of the Lyrique, a hint as to the rising of this bright particular star.

An opera manager is only too glad to secure fresh talent when the warrant of it is undeniable. M. Carvalho took Wartel's advice. Mlle. Nilsson accepted an engagement to appear in "*Violetta*," a French translation of "*La Traviata*," on the 27th of October, 1864.

She was now eighteen years of age; fair, slender, graceful in carriage, amiable in features, with the light blue eyes of the Scandinavian race. As the curtain rose the audience were aware of an unaccustomed apparition; a Violetta gentle and dignified rather than passionate, displaying grace instead of sensuous languors, innocence in the place of recklessness.

The traits of Mlle. Nilsson's performance of this character are now of European notoriety; but it was new to the French audience in 1864. They were little prepared for the novel rendering. A succession of dark, Southern, warm-blooded *cantatrici* had portrayed the Lady of the Camelias as an amorous, voluptuous, seductive sort of Circe, a trifle dissolute, not to say vulgar. Here was a wide departure from the traditional rôle: Violetta shorn of her naughtiness, Violetta with fair hair, light blue eyes, a calm brow; full of love, but a love consistent with self-sacrifice; not the Sybarite passion of previous Traviatas; something very different and much more agreeable to contemplate.

It was the idealization of unsanctioned devotion; and the *spirituels* French recognized the subtlety of the conception, and applauded to the echo. The new rendering accorded perfectly with the fresh, clear, beautiful voice. Both were pure, unstrained, unspoiled. In both lay that simplicity which is the highest outcome of art, since it proves that in the cultivation of art the purity of nature is not forgotten.

The Swedish diva has widely improved on that first performance, with the practice that makes perfect. But the personation even then was great enough to arouse a considerable sensation in Paris. The critics discovered a new genius; an artist whose dramatic power was worthy of her bright soprano voice and thorough style. The press burst into eulogium. The staid *Moniteur Universel* headed the acclamations. "She has transitions," exclaimed the critic of the *Moniteur*, "which resemble the murmurs of the infinite; at times her songs fall from patrician lips like phrases lowly uttered by a duchess of olden time. Her sigh is a melody, her breath a caress. If she interprets Verdi thus, how would she sing Mozart!"

"Never has death," wrote M. Nestor Roqueplan in the *Constitutionnel*, "presented itself in a softer and more touching guise than under the young features and with the sweet voice of the new singer. The repugnant reality of this agony was, as it were, veiled and idealized under a poetic film. Violetta did not die, she seemed to dissolve in a melodious atmosphere."

With the due allowance made to the fervor of French writers, always exalted when their sympathies are strongly aroused, nobody will contest the justness of the criticism. Later years indeed have verified it in the amplest manner.

IV.

The speculation of the critic of the *Moniteur* was destined to be ratified. In Verdi, Mlle. Nilsson was matriculated; in Mozart she subsequently took her lyrical degree. The music of Mozart was after all the test-point, and the opportunity of showing how the young Swedish artist could sing the "*Don Giovanni*" music and the exceptional rôle of Astrafiammante in "*Die Zauberflöte*," was soon afforded.

M. Carvalho, the manager of the Lyrique, enjoyed the reputation of making known to the Parisians, from time to time, the beauties of Mozart's masterpieces. The possession of so excellent a soprano as Mlle. Nilsson decided him to repeat the experiment with all lavishness in the matter of cast and scenic accessory. "*Don Juan*" (at the Lyrique French adaptations of opera are performed) should be his first essay.

The newly-accorded liberty of the theatres favored the attempt. Under the old system of privilege, certain theatres were limited to a certain range of the drama. "*Don Juan*," for example, could be played only at the Academie Impériale de la Musique, a patent house. There it had been produced; had been played, like Gluck's "Alceste," some six weeks or two months; and had been quietly shelved *sine die*. Mozart's glorious music was voted old and exploded, of little value, save to decorate the library of some musical archæologist fond of amassing lyrical antiquities. "La ci darem" and "Il mio tesoro" were dead as the Doges, and about as interesting.

In addition to the various obstacles in the way of reviving a taste for Mozart—obstacles arising from Parisian ignorance and prejudice—there had always been the difficulty of finding a "Queen of Night" for the composer's other masterpiece, the "*Zauberflöte*." The music of this character is written with inordinately high notes; the frequent use of the F *in alt* debars most *soprani* from undertaking the *rôle*. Singers there have been—like Mlle. Carlotta Patti—able to reach these notes with sufficient ease; but such singers are as often destitute of the dramatic qualifications demanded by the part.

M. Carvalho thought he had obtained a soprano equally competent in the histronic and the vocal requirements of the rôle, and determined to produce the "*Don Juan*" tentatively, with "*Die Zauberflöte*," translated into "*La Flûte Enchantée*," in reserve. The result proved that he had not underrated his resources. Mlle. Nilsson he cast for the part of *Donna Elvira*, Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, his wife, undertook *Zerlina*, Mme. Charton-Demeur, *Donna Anna*; and the parts of *Don Juan*, *Don Ottavio*, *Leporello*, were respectively assigned to M. Barré, M. Michot, and M. Troy. A well-selected orchestra seconded this capital ensemble; the chorus was good, the scenery left nothing to be desired. As was a natural consequence, the issue fulfilled the manager's most sanguine expectations.

Once more Parisian audiences discovered a new delight. So sweet, so tender, so gracious an Elvira they had never realized. She moved, the embodiment of Mozart's inspired fancy, a blue-eyed, spiritual presence, whom it was Don Juan's blackest infamy ever to have wronged. And this was the music accounted dull and obsolete! this the singing which but for a manager's far-sightedness Parisian dullards might have foregone!

The victory was gained; *Don Juan* became a French subject by terms of naturalization. Marseilles, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Lille and Rouen followed the example of Paris, and mounted the opera. Only the accident of birth prevented Mozart being claimed a Frenchman at once. As it was, the critics were disposed to quarrel with Germany for having forestalled them with the composer. In revenge they triumphed over Sweden in having robbed her of the artist!

V.

The success of "*Don Juan*" paved an even way for the attempt which M. Carvalho had in his mind: the production of "*Die Zauberflöte*." Mounted with great care, and possessed of the advantage bestowed upon it by such a Queen of Night as Mlle. Nilsson, its reception was assured the moment Astrafiammante appeared upon the stage. "It was a revelation," wrote one eminent critic of the performance; "that voice so splendid, virginal, correct, flexible, equal throughout its rare extent, modulating, trilling to inaccessible heights." They were not inaccessible, since Mlle. Nilsson attained them; but the license of criticism must be understood. Certain it is that the marvellous rendering of Astrafiammante's two celebrated airs, unexampled for difficulty, yet easily conquered by her exceptional gifts, transformed a meagre part into "a revelation," and a dull libretto into a triumph. Stupid as is "the book" of the *Magic Flute*, with its incomprehensible mysticism, its assumption of Freemasonry intrigue, and the aimlessness of action throughout it; still more silly as it is in the French adaptation, wherein the German transcendentalism has been botched altogether; the opera at once entered upon a splendid run. French audiences, lively enough in a general way to a sense of the ridiculous, lost sight of all ludicrousness of dialogue and action in the spell of Christine Nilsson's voice. She became the talk of Paris; she "sang stars" as Mozart said of Mme. Lange, the original Queen of Night; she sang gold and silver as well—into the pocket of the happy manager of the Lyrique.

VI.

The reputation of the new star of the Lyrique, and the curiously long run, nearly 300 nights, of Mozart's fantastic opera achieved through her genius, naturally reached the ears of our London managers, at that time straining every nerve in rivalry. Luckily for Mr. Mapleson, he made the best bid for preference, and secured the Swedish prima donna at a time when he was being distanced in the race by his competitor. In 1867 Mr. Gye was having it all his own way; Mr. Mapleson was beginning to fall in the rear. At Covent Garden Patti still shone an undimmed star of brightness; Lucca, a fresher attraction, offered the stimulus of novelty and variety. At Her Majesty's there was Tietjens, incomparably great in opera of the broad heroic cast, but a presence to which the public had been used for successive seasons and now demanded a new excitement. Ilma de Murska had been brought forward a season before, but audiences were but lukewarm at the best towards Mlle. de Murska; and this year she had, in spite of promises, not appeared. Mongini, Santley and Trebelli, it is true, were still to the fore; but the opera-going multitude craved a special sensation, and, failing any particular novelty, went where they could enjoy beauty, youth, and *espieglerie* in Lucca and Patti.

The time was therefore ripe for a startling début: "the hour" had arrived, and with the hour "the woman." The 10th of June was advertised for the new singer's appearance; and some presentiment of delight—more likely some knowledge of the Lyrique artist's excellence borne hitherward by those who had seen her in Paris—crowded Her Majesty's Theatre to the roof. The "*Traviata*" was the opera advertised—at no time a favorite with English audiences, *on* the character of the libretto and its groping into unholy ways. Still a foreign language covers a multitude of sins, and Verdi's music atones for another multitude. Added to this was the expectation that the new singer would condone all the remaining sins, if any more could be found. The theatre was crammed.

It was the story of Paris repeated. Christine Nilsson appeared and London capitulated. "One glance," wrote the *Saturday Review*, quoting Robert Schumann's remark on Schubert, "one glance, and the world shone fresh again." A murmur of admiration, harbinger of the interest to be gained, ran through the house at the apparition of the pale, slender, fair-haired divinity who was such a satire upon the naughty words she had to utter. "Grande, svelte, gracieuse," as the French critics had called her, she resembled in no whit the Italian ideal of Violetta. *She* that dissipated little personage who has to sing her conviction that "all the world is folly except that which is pleasure"! *She* the reveller who has to pour out all her soul in an invitation to drink, and who pursues her rackety, reckless career until Boredom in the shape of old Germont, and consumption in the shape of interesting little coughs over a dainty handkerchief, put an end to her naughty life! The idea was absurd. This was simply a graceful gentlewoman, pure in look, refined in bearing, as distinct from the prototype of Dumas *fils* as Enid from Vivien, as Beatrice from Francesca.

It was her voice which opened the door of a new delight: and then that crowded audience recognized the beauty of the new conception. A pure soprano sfogato, bright and tender as a May morning and clear and limpid as a stream; an intonation faultlessly accurate; no strain, no attempt at forcing, but a natural power which made certain notes audible at a distance

unattainable by stronger organs; these were the qualities at first recognizable in the impetuous "Libiamo ne' lieti calici." Then came "Ah fors è lui che anima," displaying a sympathetic quality of the lower tones, and producing so lively an impression of pleasure that bouquets thus early in the evening began to fall. But the singer had her work yet to perform, and the first large bouquet was laid upon the table, like a Bill, for further consideration. Later on, the wealth of bouquets became onerous.

As the opera advanced, so did the young singer in the hearts of her hearers. Refined as was her style of acting, gentle as her features, they lent themselves readily to every variety of emotion; thus the admiration which the appearance of Violetta awakened in the bedroom-scene became submerged in sympathy for her woes, soon as the unfortunate lady began to sing. The wail of regret for a lost past, with the sorrow suggested in the reed accompaniment, the growth of weakness in the frame and voice of the singer, and then the passionate burst at dying so young, which rang clear and bell-like throughout the house; combined to render the last act memorable. The artifices of Piccolomini and Bossio—artifices which used to give this act something of a charnel-house character—were left unemployed by Nilsson. She overstepped neither the modesty of nature nor the dignity of art. In particular, she abandoned the spasmodic cough and the other dismal indications of phthisis in its last stage, with which other artists had embellished the latter end of Violetta's career. In Nilsson's hand, the tragedy was capable of another signification. Violetta dies, but scarcely of consumption. She fades away, a victim to disappointed love, to unmanly scorn. The "melodious ether," in which, according to the French *feuilletoniste*, she dissolves, is the fitting Elysium for so sweet-singing a spirit. Bulwer in one of his plays talks of "melody like a happy soul released;" a vision which seems to take bodily presence in this impersonation of Violetta.

"A look, and the world shone fresh again." Mr. Mapleson found it so at all events. The fortunes of Her Majesty's suddenly took a new lease; rumor's thousand tongues and the more substantial testimony of the morning papers, spread abroad the new singer's fame; and the theatre was besieged for seats for the second performance. Thus was another parallel afforded between Nilsson and Jenny Lind. Christine had arrived in the very nick of time for Mr. Mapleson, as her predecessor and compatriot had for Mr. Lumley; and by virtue of her coming, defeat turned to victory. Once more the old opera-house reared its head and defied its adversary. Patti might sparkle, and Lucca languish; the Market envied not the Garden possession of such bright exotics. If the south had her passion-flower, the North had her snowdrop, her violet; and the world, without derogation to either growth, might take its choice.

That the season of 1867 declared for Nilsson was unmistakable. She was the new idea, the sensation. It remained for after appearances to solidify the sensation into an abiding sense.

(To be Continued).

Butterfly and Thistle.

By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

O! delightsome butterfly
At thy morning revelry!
Little bark with sails lateen,
With a many-colored sheen,
Like some fairy craft that flies
Where smooth-mirrored Venice lies.

Wings that thrill and flutter ever,
Mocking every rude endeavor,
With the passion of the speech
Set beyond thine insect reach.
Would we grasp thee, as men rush
After gold, or glory's flush,
Ill the hand of might we trust,
For thy feathers are but dust—
Say to our unloved insistance:
"Beauty shows but in God's distance."

This purple thistle is to thee
An islet in the summer sea
That images eternity.
As I ponder and rehearse
This poor idle morning's verse,
Here joy-anchored thou remainest
And thy brief elysium drainest.

Breezy zephyr sweeps the fields,
And the thistle sways and yields,
But the butterfly clings fast
As a sailor to the mast,
As a banner in the blast,
Which, when widest sweep its folds,
Firmest still its proud slave holds.

I who picture thee, this hour
Thus am clinging to my flower.
Winds on lofty errand sent
Question me with sharp intent—
"Where's thy honey? where thy song?
Bee or bird, thou dost wrong."

Still I seek one last caress,
One more breath of joyousness.
O! my flower, the wealth thou hast
Softly in my soul hath passed.
When the happy summer day
That unveils thee flits away,
When Love's bloom has hurried by,
Know, thy butterfly will die,
Bearing to some gentler zone
Thy lost spirit with her own.

Thee how soon may I behold
Lifeless in thy shroud of gold!
Nothing in thy plaintive death
Wholesome Nature threateneth,
No pale corpse, with loathed ill;
But the little wings are still
Vain the thistle keeps its growth,
Vain the breeze his challenge bloweth;
Thy gay pennon floats no more
From the æther's meadow-shore.

Might I, when my day is done,
Fall like thee, oh winged one!
No contagion leave, nor soil,
But a pure and harmless spoil,
One might keep with relics rare,
Saying to the stranger's stare:
"This she was, and she was fair."

—*Hours at Home.*

Liszt in Rome.—Chopin

Miss Anne Brewster writes to the Philadelphia *Bulletin* again as follows:

Piazza di Spagna, Rome, Italy, Tuesday, July 27, 1869.—Apropos to a report which I have read in some American papers lately of Abbé Liszt's movements and present musical occupations, I will give his own words. I asked him last Friday if he intended to go next month to Munich, to be present at Wagner's "Rheingold."

"Yes, if it is brought out," replied Liszt, "but I doubt very much if it will be."

The "Christ" Oratorio, which the newspaper paragraphs say Liszt is now engaged on, was composed some years ago, and was performed at the Centenary Fête in Rome. Abbé Liszt is engaged at present in preparing a method for advanced musical students. This celebrated artist, author, and composer leads a charming life in his fine airy rooms at the St. Francesca Romana convent buildings, the beautiful situation of which I have already described in a preceding letter. He has a little court of musical followers around him, at the head of which is the young Roman Raphael of music, Sgambati. Sgambati is a quiet, intelligent young man, a conscientious student, and jealous of every moment of his time. He is well up in the literature of his art too. Through his courtesy I am able to read that rare book "*Memorie Storico-Critichi di Giovanni Pierluigi*"—which in plain English means "The Critical Life of Palestrina," written by the great musician, Giuseppe Baini. Ever since I came to Rome I have been trying to get this work. One day, while talking to Sgambati, I found he owned it; instantly it was offered to me, and the next day he brought me the volumes. Since then I have been working away hard at them, and some of these days I shall give you a few precious bits from this curious and most agreeable, quaint old "*Storico Critichi*."

While on the subject of music, I cannot help echoing the earnest wish of the Venice correspondent to this week's issue of the *Correspondence de Rome*.—our weekly Roman journal. This letter writer says: "We put up the most ardent wishes that the Council will interest itself in the reform of Church music. Venice gives us on this subject a case in point at St. Mark's this very day—a specimen of what some artists will do when not held in check by ecclesiastical authority. At this church is being sung a Vesper for the dead, to the high sounding music of a full orchestra, in which there is nothing to suggest a sigh or a tear!

Ever since my residence in Rome I have been struck with the necessity for reform in church music. Modern Italian mass music is to me very repulsive. With the exception of the Pontifical masses, when the Pope's choir sings the true old Palestrina music, there is no church in Rome where I can listen patiently to the music. It is all florid and full of the most disagreeable suggestions of operatic scenes in Verdi's operas. Some of the good old ecclesiastics have never heard an opera in their lives, and are very ignorant of the objectionable character of the music performed before them. One day this Spring a Catholic friend and I alighted from the carriage as a procession passed by with the Sacred Host. The procession was a very fine one, and I was accompanied by a military band of one of the regiments. At the most solemn moment the band struck up the drunken chorus from "La Belle Hélène!" I forget its name, but you will remember it, the droll, absurd scene in which Agamemnon and other Trojan heroes appear, with wreaths on their heads, wine cups in their hands, and in a state of beastly intoxication. Every one who has seen this disgusting but exquisitely droll travestie of the old story of "Veiled Sin," can form some idea of how shocked I felt.

On Friday I told Liszt that a lady who was with me at the time had lately read with much pleasure Mme. Sand's "Maitres Mosaïstes," and had been delighted to see in the preface that the charming book had been written to the sound of his music.

"I have written few books," says Mme. Sand, "with as much pleasure as this. I was in the country during a summer as hot as the climate of Italy, which I had just left. Liszt played on the piano on the ground floor, and the nightingales, intoxicated with the music, sang in the surrounding lilacs."

This was written far off in 1837. Thirty two years ago! Liszt's face grew bright as I repeated a few lines from the preface.

"Yes! yes!" he said, nodding his head and smiling. "Yes, I was visiting Mme. Sand at Nohant. The weather was indeed frightfully hot. She used to go to work at 8 o'clock in the evening, and I spent a great part of the time at the piano. At 3 o'clock in the morning we had a supper, and Mme. Sand read us the result of her evening's work. She wrote rapidly, very freely—hardly an erasure on the page."

Liszt has a great deal of fine humor, a little tinged with sarcasm, which is agreeably tempered by midage and religion. We were talking of a French author.

"Il a l'esprit, oui, il a l'esprit," said the Abbé, pouting out his lips, then added with a sharp, wicked twinkle of the eye a little wave of the long fingers, and a lowering of the voice, 'mais vous voyez c'est *l'esprit Russe, l'esprit d'entresol.*

This loses in translation, and has not half the force or piquancy when I say: "He has intelligence, but you see it is Russian intelligence, intelligence on the ground floor;" and yet I am sure, even in the English version, we can feel the keen sarcasm.

Even if Wagner's "Rheingold" is not presented at Munich this summer, the Goethe statue will be erected in that city on the 20th of August, the 120th birthday of the great German.

Before leaving this musical subject I will give your young lady readers who are lovers of Chopin's music a charming story which a musical friend told me last evening. This friend had called, as is the Italian custom, to congratulate me on my fête day, St. Anne, which was yesterday, 26th of July. He brought me two pieces of music, one a Prayer to the Madonna, a song without words, by Talexy, and those three Graces, the waltzes of Chopin, Opus 64.

When he played the one in C minor he asked me if I had ever heard the history of it, and told it to me.

It opens, as we know, with a sad movement, and then breaks into a mad, gay whirl, totally at variance with the beginning and apparently having no connection with it. The first movement it is repeated, but it should be played more as a memory of the original theme than as an actual representation of existing emotion—that is, according to the story, which is this:

Chopin called on Mme Sand one day and was told she had been taken suddenly and violently ill. He returned to his rooms in extreme distress, sat down to the piano and composed, at once, this touching first movement—it was the expression of his great anxiety. While playing, a messenger came with word that Mme Sand was better: the composer listened to the agreeable news in silence; then burst forth on the piano, with the wild, delirious passage which forms such a curious contrast to the first part of the waltz.

The Condition of Opera in England.

A sharp article in *Macmillan's Magazine* on "The Condition of Opera in England" takes the managers to task for putting art in the background by "the worship of one or two artists." The writer says:

"Were an illustration needed, one is supplied at Covent Garden. The present season may be summed up in the words 'Nilsson and Patti.' To these graceful and gifted ladies everybody and everything are subservient, from Mongini and Santley down to the gentleman who nominally decides what works shall be played. He has really little choice. Mlle Nilsson is famous as 'Marguerite,' 'Violetta,' 'Marta,' and 'Lucia;' while Mlle. Patti is equally famous as 'Amina,' 'Norina,' 'Zerlina' and 'Rosina.' All that has to be done, therefore, is to put the ladies forward, turn and turn about, in one or other of these characters, so that the *habitués* see their favorites, get as much variety as they care for, and everybody worth propitiating is satisfied. Under any circumstances a Nilsson or a Patti would be the reigning 'star,' but here we have a vast establishment existing for and by them. The Covent Garden managers tried an experiment lately, and brought out an opera for the display of Signor Bettero's peculiar humor. Although the Signor came with a great reputation, in a character acknowledged his masterpiece, nobody cared, and the novelty of a *primo uomo* was exhausted by one representation. Moreover, at the same performance, the unapproachable Mlle. Tietjens was degraded to take part in a *lever de rideau*. Could there be a more bitter satire upon operatic taste?

* * * "When less rich in the personal attractions of their singers, our managers did not entirely neglect unfamiliar works. A good many rarely-heard operas were promised us, and some actually given. At the old house, within the last few seasons, the public have been presented with *Medea*, *Iphigenia* and *Il Seraglio*; while the new house has brought out *l'Africaine*, *Don Carlos*, and *Romeo et Juliette*. This may not be much, but it is marvellous when compared with the barrenness upon which opera has now entered. The prospectus of the present season was in effect a list of *prime donne*; a list so strong that the management did not even think it worth while to promise anything, though knowing full well that the promises of a prospectus bind to nothing. True, the season has witnessed the production of *Don Bucefalo* and *Hamlet*; but the former was given for the sake of Signor Bettero, and the latter as part of the price of Mlle. Nilsson's services. Meanwhile, the house-bills have announced repetitions of *Lucia*, *La Traviata*, *La Sonnambula*, *Don Giovanni* (thanks be to the accident of Mme. Patti's 'Zerlina'), *Faust* and *Il Barbiere*, with a result showing that the directors well know their preference-public. Here, then, in this subordination of art to artist, we have one consequence of the system which makes opera a mere creature of fashion."

The same writer pays a compliment to New York:

"The objector will probably declare that no other system is possible, without a resort to the continental plan of a state subvention. Unhappily for him there is an America, which explodes his argument by the simple logic of facts. The New York managers have no subvention, and yet they contrive to give satisfactory entertainments at prices ranging from one to two dollars. Their entertainment may not suggest Covent Garden extravagance, and the performances fall below the Covent Garden standard; but New York is no place to tolerate meanness and inefficiency."

Then follow some suggestions:

"Let the manager be free from obligation to conciliate any one class, and let him have the fullest liberty to act upon the general likings and dislikings. In brief, put him on the same footing as his dramatic brother; and, if he be permitted to run a good thing for a month he may make compensation by not running a bad one for a night.

"In the next place let the art be put at least on equal terms with the artist. No audience will be unjust to the claims of the latter but a musical audience is likely to insist upon some attention to the former, preferring that works should be selected for intrinsic merit rather than accidental agreement with a performer's powers. Under such circumstances a Bettero would have to serve the highest of art purposes instead of that which is no higher than himself. The arrangement would render impossible not only *Don Bucefalo*, but also the wearisome repetition of shallow works chosen because they enable the heroine to 'bring down' the house by *tours de force*.

"Again, popular opera should avoid superfluous expenditure. For relays of artists beyond what might be necessary to keep up a good working company no demand would arise, while the costly magnificence which has for years absorbed so large a portion of Mr. Gye's receipts might easily be dispensed with. All these belong to a lavish and artificial *régime*, and have no necessary connection with opera at all. Big companies, and elaborate *mise en scène*, and armies of supernumeraries, are to opera what Charles Kean's 'upholstery' was to Shakspeare—good enough as a spectacle, but quite superfluous. Reduced expenditure would secure moderate prices, and thus place the opera within reach of a large class now practically debarred from it. Dress must be left to individual good taste, and with sartorial regulations would disappear the last remnant of exclusiveness."

Prima Donnas.

From the Pall Mall Gazette

The American gentleman who, having first thought of bringing up his son as a carpenter, afterwards determined to apprentice him to Hiram Powers, the sculptor, on the ground that "sculpting" seemed a more profitable trade, would doubtless, if he had been blessed with daughters, have educated the young ladies as prima-donnas. It is a brilliant profession. But then it is not every young lady who can sing; and to be thoroughly successful a prima donna should possess a variety of gifts and acquirements in addition to perfect vocalization. She ought to be personally interesting; and the enthusiasm of an audience will be more easily roused if to her artistic accomplishments she unites great personal beauty. Of course she must be an excellent actress; and it is absolutely necessary that she should exhibit the most correct and refined taste in the matter of costume. All the qualities which Benedick deemed indispensable in a wife should belong, or seem to belong, to her; and to enjoy European favor, she must have several languages at her command. Italian, if not the first, should be the second language of every prima donna; and the most successful of contemporary prima donnas have, like Malibran, the most striking type of the class, possessed a complete mastery of several tongues. Perhaps the gift of language and the gift of song go to a certain extent together. At any rate several examples could be cited—two brilliant ones at the present time and close at hand—in which the highest faculty for musical language and a very high faculty for ordinary speech are combined. When the time comes for studying the prima donna scientifically, it will be interesting and important to note the origin of the great prima donnas who during the past and present century have from time to time enchanted Europe. They have, for the most part, displayed aristocratic qualities; they have been received into the aristocratic class, and, in many cases (Sontag, Cruvelli, Alboni, Patti) have ended by forming part of it. But none of them have been of aristocratic birth; and what is far more remarkable is the fact that to very few does musical talent seem to have come by inheritance. Certainly not one has inherited her high artistic qualities from her immediate progenitors.

The public have but little idea of the indomitable energy that a great prima donna should possess, called upon as she is during the season (and with a great prima donna changing perpetually from capital to capital it is always and everywhere the season) to take part in morning rehearsals, afternoon concerts, evening representations, and often private concerts when the operatic representations are at an end; nor of the knowledge of society of various kinds and countries which a prima donna of the highest class cannot, with such a varied life, fail to acquire. She ends by knowing something of the artistic, literary, and fashionable society of every capital in Europe, and has been on speaking as well as singing terms with the members of all the principal courts. The cosmopolitanism of the really absolute *prime donne assolute* is one of the most remarkable things about them. Of the thousands of *cantatrici* who dream of competing, of the hundreds who actually compete, for the highest honors in the profession, of the dozen who are very near attaining those honors, there are scarcely more than two or three—certainly not half a dozen—by whom they are really gained; and from those fortunate few a certificate of nationality is the last thing that would be demanded. They may come from the United States or from Sweden from Hamburg, Prague, or Pesth; the one thing necessary is that, possessing the rare qualifications we have spoken of, they shall sing habitually in the Italian language. They are more than cosmopolitan; for, instead of being citizens of the world—that is to say, of no city in particular—they are citizens of each city at which they happen to be engaged. Mme. Patti, independently of her operatic performances in Italian, sings "Home, sweet home" in London, "Salovei" in St. Petersburg, "Si vous n'avez rien a me dire" in Paris. Mdlle. Nilsson, without counting her Swedish melodies, sings operatic music in Italian at Covent Garden, operatic music in French at the Académie of Paris, oratorio music in English at English festivals.

Prima donnas do certainly receive immensse salaries; but it must not be forgotten that their expenses—above all, travelling expenses and outlay for dress—are very great. They are for the most part charitable even to excess. They are surrounded at the theatre by attendants of all kinds who expect money for the most trifling services; their addresses are known to all the begging-letter writers; and when one of the principal mendicants of the metropolis fell, not long since, into the hands of the police, it is a fact that the name of a celebrated German prima donna was found at the top of his list of probable benefactors. Then think of the number of occasions on which prima donnas are asked to sing gratuitously, and in many cases actually consent to do so! "It is so little trouble for her to sing," it is argued. But it is still less trouble for a millionaire to write a check, in spite of which he is rarely so ready with a check for a large amount as the prima donna of high repute is with her easily convertible notes. Nevertheless, after making due allowances for the prima donna's inevitable expenditure, the fact remains that she is exceedingly well paid. Indeed, no one among women receives a larger income, apart from property, except she be an empress or a queen. There is this difference, however: that the income of the sovereign (barring revolutions) is for life, while that of the prima donna is only for the life of her voice; which, however, in the case of a happily constituted prima donna may fairly be reckoned at twenty-five years, say from seventeen to forty-two. Among men, no minister of State is so highly paid as Mdme. Patti was last winter at St. Petersburg. The salary of a first-rate prima donna is about equal to that of an ambassador (say £12,000 a year); and she retains the right, denied to the unfortunate ambassador, of receiving presents.

Indeed, those who judge of the worth of others by what they conceive to be their own personal value are often shocked to find that our most popular prima donnas are so munificently paid. It is clear, moreover, that a priest, a professor, a judge, do exercise much more important social functions than the greatest of prima donnas; only being less rare, and their services being less eagerly sought after by the rich multitude, they receive more slender remuneration. For it is not, of course, the rarity alone; it is the rarity combined with rare excellence of the prima donna, in which her attractiveness lies. Any *lusus naturæ* is rare. But nature is not in a freakish mood, she is in a smiling mood when she creates the perfect prima donna, who may well be called *surrisus naturæ*. When it was stated some years ago in the Court of Bankruptcy what amount of salary was paid to a celebrated first soprano at the Royal Italian Opera, the learned commissioner exclaimed that that was twice the salary of a puisne judge;" and nearly a century before that, the Empress Catherine, when she heard what terms La Gabrielle required, is said to have replied that "that was more than she gave to any of her marshals." Thereupon, as the story goes, Gabriel recommended the Empress to get her marshals to sing; and probably a Russian field-marshal of the last century would have cut as queer a figure on the operatic stage as an English judge might be expected to do in the present day.

The truth is, the prima donna, though largely and often profoundly adored, has not yet been sufficiently studied—certainly not in that calm spirit of investigation which it is necessary but very difficult to bring to the contemplation of so charming a subject. From star-worship to astronomy would be a great step, but

if the nature of the operatic star were thoroughly understood, its distinctive attributes would be found, we are sure, to be even of a higher kind than passing devotees usually imagine.

The Critic's Duty.

To the Editors of the New York Evening Post

It is impossible for any candid and clear minded person to look through the journals and magazines without being painfully convinced that very few of them contain criticisms of any value at all. This is most distinctly felt when we compare their current reviews and criticisms with those standard productions of the same character which have had a permanent influence on intelligent opinion. When we turn from any such papers to our current critical literature, a humiliating conviction of the little value of the latter, with a few honorable exceptions, is forced upon us. An absence of the careful study of the work in hand, an equal absence of that close and keen analysis without which criticism is worthless—in short, a piteous carelessness and superficiality are the distinguishing characteristics of what passes for criticism.

There is a certain jargon in use among our critics at present—a form of words which at the first glance is sufficiently imposing; there is sometimes a good deal of racy sarcasm, and sometimes a graceful encomium, but very little which bears close examination, and still less which is of the slightest assistance to authors or artists. And this it is which is sorely needed in a country like ours, where all departments are open to all, and where a vast amount of superficial work is forced before the public. Just now, the press, the Academy of Design, the stage, the lecturer's desk, the concert room, are all flooded with it; and well trained, thoughtful and conscientious critics, by sifting the chaff from the wheat, could render great service, not alone to young aspirants to literary and artistic honors, but also to the long suffering and not sufficiently fastidious public. In older countries, where criticism is made more strictly a profession, it is really in one sense not as much needed as it is here; because there, education is slow, minute and thorough, and before making a venture in any department of art or literature an amount of training is often acquired which is here quite unattainable, at least without an expenditure of time and patience distasteful to most of our minds. Whoever, therefore, has a gift, or thinks that he has a gift, waits not to polish or develop it, but makes the first trial of his powers before the public, and the public is, as we have said, not sufficiently fastidious, and tolerates much which never ought to be tolerated at all. Certainly, were the reading public as exacting as it might be, it would scorn that which the majority of our journals and reviews set before it as criticism.

Some thoughtful and cultivated people have dreamed that the American mind is scarcely capable of producing good criticism. But in fact there is much critical capacity lying fallow here, simply because the owners of it do not think it worth while to use it conscientiously and laboriously; perhaps also, because they do not understand what really noble and efficient service they might render to art and literature by its thorough and zealous exercise. This requires, we must admit, no small amount of patience, perseverance and self denial. For, it is very hard certainly to prepare deliberately and carefully for any one branch of criticism when we daily see people assuming—and apparently with success—the office of critics without any previous preparation; and equally hard to spend the time and patience which must necessarily be spent in study and analyzing what we would criticize conscientiously and well, when perhaps the success of the article would be as great were it dismissed with a few graceful phrases which would read smoothly, but after all mean nothing. At present there is little, perhaps, in the aspect of literary affairs which would encourage any young critic to this laborious and perhaps unrewarded exertion. But we firmly believe that if a beginning were made by a few the reward would surely follow.

Most of our young critics attempt too many subjects, forgetting that no human being, however finely qualified by nature, can possibly be possessed of the training requisite to form a critical judgment of any value on more than two, or at most three, branches of art. Not long since we were conversing with a young man who filled the office of critic in five newspapers, on literature, painting, sculpture, music and the drama. He ran off the list of subjects, any two of which would suffice for the study of a lifetime, with an air of such capacity and easy assurance that we were almost dazzled into a belief of his powers commensurate with his own. Within a week we had an opportunity of comparing several critiques of his. They are what we might have expected—what, indeed, was inevitable—slight, shallow and superficial. Not that there was not plenty of natural ability, but that it was spread over too wide a surface, and the result was mere surface work. Our young friend is, unhappily, the type of a very large class of youths, who, gifted with fatal facility of expression, allow themselves to be tempted thereby to undertake just twice as much as can be well or thoughtfully performed. But earnestly would we urge upon the gifted young men and women who hold the position of critics for our newspapers and magazines to remember that, after all, it is good work alone which endures and is remembered. To-day, the pretty little painted paper boat goes dancing down the stream of Time beside its more solid companions, and for a little while it seems to stand the stress of weather and rough usage as well. But only for a little while. It sinks ere long, as all frail things do and must. Only that which the mind has strained to achieve, and on the perfecting of which time has been expended, fails of sinking in the ever-rushing flood which is bearing both ourselves and our work onward either to immortality or oblivion.

How it Looked and felt in the Coliseum.

The best description of the scene is that by Mr. Howells in his delightful *Atlantic Monthly* article, entitled "Jubilee Days." We must copy here a portion of it, by way of supplementing and completing our own drier record.

There was, in fact, something in the sight of the Coliseum, as we approached it, which was a sufficient cause of elation to whoever is buoyed up by the flutter of bright flags, and the movement in and about holiday booths, as I think we are all apt to be. One may not have the stomach of happier days for the swing or the whirligig; he may not drink soda water, intemperately; pop corn may not tempt him, nor tropical fruits allure; but he holds then without gloom,—nay, a grin inevitably lights up his countenance at the sight of a great variety of these amusements and refreshments. And any Bostonian might have felt proud that morning that his city did not hide the light of her mercantile merit under a bushel, but blazoned it about on the booths and walls in every variety of printed and painted advertisement. To the mere æsthetic observer, these vast placards gave the delight of brilliant color, and blended prettily enough in effect with the flags; and at first glance I received quite as much pleasure from the frescos that advised me where to buy my summer clothing, as from any bunting I saw.

I had the good fortune on the morning of this first Jubilee day to view the interior of the Coliseum when there was scarcely anybody there,—a trifle of ten thousand singers at one end, and a few thousand other people scattered about over the vast expanses of parquet and galleries. The decorations within, as without, were a pleasure to the eyes that love gayety of color; and the interior was certainly magnificent, with those long lines of white and blue drapery roofing the balconies, the slim, lofty columns festooned with flags and drooping banners, the arms of the States decking the fronts of the galleries, and the arabesques of painted muslin everywhere. I do not know that my taste concerned itself with the decorations, or that I have any taste in such things; but I testify that these nuts and draperies gave no small part of the comfort of being where all things conspired for one's pleasure. The airy amplitude of the building, the perfect order and the perfect freedom of movement, the ease of access and exit, the completeness of the arrangements that in the afternoon gave all of us thirty thousand spectators a chance to behold the great spectacle as well as to hear the music, were felt, I am sure, as personal favor by every one. Those minor particulars, in fact, served greatly to assist you in identifying yourself, when the vast hive swarmed with humanity, and you became a mere sentient atom of the mass.

I do not know if I shall be able to give an idea of the immensity of this scene; but if such a reader as has the dimensions of the Coliseum accurately fixed in his mind will, in imagination, densely hide all that interminable array of benching in the parquet and the galleries and the slopes at either end of the edifice with human heads, showing here crowns, there occiputs, and yonder faces, he will perhaps have some notion of the spectacle as we beheld it from the northern hillside. Some thousands of heads nearest were recognizable as attached by the usual neck to the customary human body, but for the rest, we seemed to have entered a world of cherubim. Especially did the multitudinous singers seated far opposite encourage this illusion; and their flutter ing fans and handkerchiefs wonderfully mocked the movement of those cravat-like pinions which the fancy attributed to them. They rose or sank at the wave of the director's baton; and still looked like an innumerable flock of cherubs drifting over some slope of Paradise, or settling upon it,—if cherubs *can* settle.

The immensity was quite as striking to the mind as to the eye, and an absolute democracy was appreciable in it. Not only did all artificial distinctions cease, but those of nature were practically obliterated, and you felt for once the full meaning of unanimity. No one was at a disadvantage; one was as wise, as good, as handsome as another. In most public assemblages, the foolish eye roves in search of the vanity of female beauty, and rests upon some lovely visage, or pretty figure; but here it seemed to matter nothing whether ladies were well or ill looking; and one might have been perfectly ascetic without self denial. A blue eye or a black,—what of it? A mass of blond or chestnut hair, this sort of walking dress or that,—you might note the difference casually in a few hundred around you; but a sense of those myriads of other eyes and chignons and walking dresses absorbed the impression in an instant, and left a dim, strange sense of loss, as if all women had suddenly become Woman. For the time, one would have been preposterously conceited to have felt his littleness in that crowd; you never thought of yourself in an individual capacity at all. It was as if you were a private in an army, or a very ordinary billow of the sea feeling the battle or the storm, in a collective sort of way, but unable to distinguish your sensations from those of the mass. If a rafter had fallen and crushed you and your unimportant row of people, you could scarcely have regarded it as a personal calamity, but might have found it disagreeable as a shock to that great body of humanity. Recall, then, how astonished you were to be recognized by some one, and to have your hand shaken in your individual character of Smith. "Smith? My dear What's your name. I am for the present the fifty thousandth part of an enormous emotion!"

It was as difficult to distribute the various facts of the whole effect, as to identify one's self. I had only a public and general consciousness of the delight given by the harmony of hues in the parquet below; and concerning the orchestra I had at first no distinct impression save of the three hundred and thirty violin bows, held erect like standing wheat at one motion of the director's wand, and then falling as if with the next he swept them down. Afterwards files of men with horns, and other files of men with drums and cymbals discovered themselves; while far above all, certain laborious figures pumped or ground with incessant obeisance at the apparatus supplying the organ with wind.

What helped, more than anything else, to restore you your dispersed and wandering individuality was the singing of Parepa Rosa, as she triumphed over the harmonious rivalry of the orchestra. There was something in the generous amplitude and robust cheerfulness of this great artist that accorded well with the ideal of the occasion; she was in herself a great musical festival; and one felt, as she floated down the stage with her far-spreading white draperies, and swept the audience a colossal courtesy, that here was the embodied genius of the Jubilee. * * *

When Parepa (or Prepper, as I have heard her name popularly pronounced) had sung, the revived consciousness of an individual life rose in rebellion against the oppression of all that dominant vastness. In fact, human nature can stand only so much of any one thing. To a certain degree you accept and conceive of facts truthfully, but beyond this a mere fantasticality rules; and having got enough of grandeur, the senses played themselves false. That array of fluttering and tuning people on the southern slope began to look minute, like the myriad heads assembled in the infinitesimal photograph which you view through one of those little half inch lorgnettes; and you had the satisfaction of knowing that to any lovely infinitesimality yonder you showed no bigger than a carpet tack. The whole performance now seemed to be worked by those tireless figures pumping at the organ, in obedience to signals from a very alert figure on the platform below. The choral and orchestral thousands sang and piped and played; and at a given point in the *scena* from Verdi a hundred fairies in red shirts marched down through the sombre mass of puppets and beat upon as many invisible anvils.

This was the stroke of anti climax; and the droll sound of those anvils, so far above all the voices and instruments in its pitch, thoroughly disillusioned you and restored you finally to your proper entity and proportions. It was the great error of the great Jubilee, and where almost everything else was noble and impressive,—where the direction was faultless, and the singing and instrumentation as perfectly controlled as if they were the result of one volition,—this anvil-beating was alone ignoble and discordant,

—trivial and huge merely. Not even the artillery accompaniment, in which the cannon were made to pronounce words of two syllables, was so bad.

The dimensions of this magazine bear so little proportion to those of the Jubilee, that I must perforce leave most of its features unnoticed; but I wish to express the sense of enjoyment which prevailed (whenever the anvils were not beaten) over every other feeling, even over wonder. To the ear as to the eye it was a delight, and it was an assured success in the popular affections from the performance of the first piece. For my own part, if one pleasurable sensation, besides that received from Parepa's singing, distinguished itself from the rest, it was that given by the performance of the exquisite Coronation March from Meyerbeer's "Prophète"; but I say this under protest of the pleasures taken in the choral rendering of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Closely allying themselves to these great raptures were the minor joys of wandering freely about from point to point, of receiving fresh sensations from the varying lights and aspects in which the novel scene presented itself with its strange fascinations, and of noting, half consciously, the incessant movement of the crowd as it revealed itself in changing effects of color. Then the gay tumult of the fifteen minutes of intermission between the parts, when all rose with a *susurrus* of innumerable silks, and the thousands of pretty singers fluttered about, and gossiped tremulously and delightedly over the glory of the performance, revealing themselves as charming feminine personalities, each with her pique or pride, and each her something to tell her friend of the conduct, agreeable or displeasing, of some particular him! Even the quick dispersion of the mass at the close was a marvel of orderliness or grace, as the melting and separating parts, falling asunder, radiated from the centre, and flowed and rippled rapidly away, and left the great hall empty and bare at last.

And as you emerged from the building, what bizarre and perverse feeling was that you knew? Something as if all-out-doors were cramped and small, and it were better to return to the freedom and amplitude of the interior?

New History of Music.—In all Europe, there is no name more widely known in the literature of music than that of M. F. J. Fétis. Some thirty years ago he published his "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," and he now announces as complete his long-looked-for "Historie Générale de la Musique depuis les temps les plus anciens jusqu'à nos jours," in eight volumes, the first of which is just issued from the press of Firmin Didot. Judging from the first volume, and from what we know of the author, his work will be found to be no mere review—a pretext for ingenious research and elegant dissertation—but a thorough presentation of all that science and erudition can do for so vast a subject. The labor of fifty years of the first literary musician of Europe on such a theme cannot fail to produce a work that will create an epoch in the historiography of his art. Treated by him, the history of music is the reconstruction of an important fragment of the history of humanity. Music, says M. Fétis, "is the ideal art *par excellence*. Unlike poetry, painting, or statuary, it is not intended to produce the manifestation of determined ideas, or the representation of external objects; but its province is to awaken emotions and express sentiments whose endless modifications escape analysis. The poems of Homer, of Pindar, and of Anacreon fathered the poetry of Latin antiquity, of the Middle Ages, and of modern times; something of them may be found in the productions of the most original geniuses; Homer and Virgil still live in the poetical apocalypse of Dante, whose original creations have inspired his successors; the tragedy of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles may be partly found in the tragedies of to-day; the statues and bas-reliefs of our artists differ but little in their aim from the productions of Phidias and Praxiteles, and not always do they excel them; to the art of the Grecian painters our modern artists have added nothing but perspective and more skillful shading of color; the object sought to be represented, which is nature, still remains the same. Music on the contrary—vague in its essence and sublime in its effects—has, in the multiplicity of its forms, nothing identical but sound and time. Among the peoples of India, in China, among the Arabs, among the Greeks, in the mediæval plain chants, in the harmonic combinations of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, in the popular melodies of different nations, finally, in the dramatic or instrumental productions of our day, the art so little resembles itself that we feel tempted to attribute to it as many diverse origins. Imitation of nature is, within a certain limit, the necessary principle in the arts of design; that of music is spontaneous emotion." And this cannot be called mere enthusiastic eloquence; though whether we should allow M. Fétis the word "ideal" to use as he uses it is a question. To defy analysis and to be most emotional is not to be truly ideal in the highest degree, though there is a school which seems to hold the belief—a school in literature as well as in other fields of human activity.—*Nation.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 28, 1869.

The Musical Prospect.

Of course everybody asks, what Music shall we have this coming Winter? The answer, as yet, must be rather vague and general. There is no cause to fear that we may miss any of the important features of the last concert seasons, with the single exception, we regret to say, of the classical chamber concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. These five gentlemen, so long and honorably identified with our chief opportunities of hearing and enjoying the violin Quartets, Quintets, &c., of the great masters in that kind, have had such tempting experience in their excursions "out West" for a month or two at a time during the last two years, that for the present they regard the call from that quarter of the wide field as paramount and instant. Leaving Boston in October, they propose to pass the entire winter and spring in giving concerts in the Western cities. That they will scatter good seed there, we have no doubt. But it will be a loss to *us*, for Boston has not so many good musicians, especially when it comes to the matter of selecting a grand orchestra, that it can afford to spare, even for a season, five of the most accomplished, including the almost indispensable violoncello and artist-like presence of Wulf Fries, as well as the sure and telling violin of William Schultze who has sat so many years at the head of the strings.

Their chamber concerts, latterly, have been reduced to four in a winter, so that our destitution will not seem so great as if we had not been let down gently to it by degrees. Moreover, nature abhors a *vacuum*, and in the present advanced state of musical culture, and increased demand, there need be no fear that other and fresh forces will not rush in to fill this one, gratifying our curiosity at least with new interpretations of works which we have always known in only one way. Probably the new Quartet party of the Brothers Listermann, after the successful experiment of last year, will be ready to do more and better now. And Boston with its Festivals, its Oratorios, its Symphony concerts, &c., is getting to be such a Mecca for musicians, and for music-lovers, that we shall not wonder at any rich invoice of artists suddenly arriving in our harbor any day.

Then, whatever the Muses grant us or withhold in the way of purely stringed Quartets, &c., we can hardly fail of being rich again in other kinds of choicest Chamber Music. In classical pianists we are always strong; and although Mr. Dresel will remain abroad another winter (incalculably to the loss of music here in every best sense), and Mr. Lang, too, means to pass a year in Germany (another great loss), we still have Leonhard and Perabo and Petersilea and Parker, and other good ones within call, who, with the aid of our best violinists, and our vocalists so heartily devoted to the finest kinds of German song, will furnish edifying entertainment in more ways than one.

To pass from smaller things to great, the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association will be as many and as good as usual. They will be given as heretofore on alternate Thursday afternoons, ten in number, beginning on the 4th of November. Further particulars about the programmes, &c., will be made known in ample season. We shall miss from the orchestral ranks the Quintette Club, as we have said; but the country is full of good musicians, and the motto of the Society at all events is still "Excelsior."

The Government of the Handel and Haydn Society were never more in earnest. We do not know that they have decided on the list of Oratorios to be brought out. But there is one important piece of news which we are quite safe in telling: This time, it appears to be really a settled thing that Bach's great *Passion Music* (after the gospel of St. Matthew), will be taken up and studied with the design of producing it in Passion Week. The full score (as edited by Robert Franz) and orchestral parts were procured from Germany last winter, but too late to enter upon so formidable a task at that time. The voice parts for the double chorus will soon be in readiness. Messrs. Ditson & Co. already have them in the engravers' hands, and are preparing to publish an octavo edition (like their Mendelssohn and Handel oratorios after the pattern of Novello) of the entire work for voices and pianoforte, with both German and English words—the latter translated here expressly with the utmost care to keep them as close as possible in spirit, sense and form to the original text, antiquated and quaintly pietistic as it is, while scrupulously studying in every syllable and vowel sound Bach's never careless marriage of the word and tone.—Thus there will be plenty of copies of the full vocal score, at a moderate price, both for the singers to sing from, and for the inquiring listener to look over while he listens, or to study at his leisure. For an American publisher this is a bold venture and an honorable one. But we believe it will repay in the long run. Bach's *Matthew Passion* is bound to take its place in the repertoire of the great Choral Societies in this country, as it has long since done all over Germany, where it is performed in a dozen places every year, as it has done too in London, where it is to be revived next winter, and even in Paris, witness the interest it excited at the Pantheon a year ago. With us it is a question of time only; it may never be popular, but it will be, it is already, in such demand, that it cannot be kept out of the market or the concert-room much longer. For our old Oratorio Society, too, it is a brave, bold undertaking; perhaps the boldest step they could take; with due faith and persistency it will not prove a rash one. Why should they not essay the boldest, the most difficult of tasks? They have for years been taking all the arduous steps that lead right up to it; they have mastered Handel's Oratorios, except the *Israel*, which yet waits for *adequate* performance; they have had great success with *St. Paul*, which is a stepping stone to Bach; they have even triumphed signally in the whilome discouraging choruses of the Ninth Symphony. What task remains, what further

height to gain, if they would still make progress, but to grapple manfully with and solve the long postponed problem of the great religious music of Sebastian Bach? Even if they do not succeed in doing it very perfectly, or more than passably at first, for want especially of great solo singers masters, of the (here) rare art of recitative, still the effort will reward with a sweet sense of progress, it will inspire and charm with a new knowledge, a new love, with the beginning of a new possession that shall grow sweeter and richer the more deeply they enter into it and realize it.

The new oratorio society, the Boston Choral Union, under the direction of Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, has plans, we hear, of more enlarged activity. And in a more private way, yet every year enjoyable to hosts of invited friends, we have still Mr. Parker's admirable Club of mixed voices, and the German Orpheus for male part-songs and choruses,—the latter now under Mr. ZERRAHN's direction, illness having prevented Mr. KREISSMANN from meeting as often as he wished with his old associates, with whose musical progress and pleasures he has been identified from the beginning. Mr. Kreissmann, however, is the musical head of

A NEW GERMAN SINGING CLUB, of *mixed* voices, of which the *Boston Journal* gives the following information:

It is called the Cæcilien-Verein, and is composed of both male and female voices—Germans or Americans who are able to sing in German. The admission of ladies as singers is a feature which distinguishes it from the Orpheus Society and the generality of the German singing clubs of our country, although in the Liederkranz of New York and in one or two other of the large associations of that class, ladies are admitted to membership, and to a participation in the musical exercises, although such organizations also maintain a separate or distinctive existence as *Männerchöre* or male choirs. In Germany, singing societies composed of mixed voices are very common, as they are in England and America, and they invariably draw together the first vocal talent. The formation of such a society in Boston will open to us a new mine of good music, for the German part songs already made familiar here, are almost exclusively compositions for mixed voices only. The enterprise is in the best of hands, and the Musical Director is an enthusiastic and untiring worker, as well as an artist of acknowledged ability. He has contributed very greatly already to the advancement of musical art among us, and his name is a guaranty that whatever is attempted will be well done and that the highest ends of music will be served. There is to be an active and passive membership, and the rolls already include some of our best resident vocalists and patrons of music, some of whom, ladies as well as gentlemen, are well known as solo artists. Messrs. Chickering & Sons have very kindly placed their elegant hall at the disposal of the Society for its meetings and rehearsals, which will take place for the present every Wednesday evening. On Wednesday evening last, a constitution and by laws were adopted, and the following officers were elected: Musical Director, August Kreissmann; Treasurer, Carl Schraubstadter; Librarian, Carl Prueser. Several musical selections were sung with very excellent effect, although no preliminary practice had taken place. Public concerts will probably be given in the course of the winter.

This new St. Cecilia Club (may it grow to rival the excellence of its prototype, the Cæcilien-Verein of Frankfort on the Main!) will occupy a sphere which needed to be filled. There are rich and various treasures of choral composition, secular and sacred, of more moderate length than Oratorios, such works for instance as Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," the religious Cantatas of Bach, church compositions of old Italian masters, &c., of all bearing of which we have been thus far deprived, except so far as Mr. Parker's Club has given glimpses of their wealth. These fields our German Cæcilia propose to cultivate. They already number over thirty voices, and we trust they will in time be strong enough to bring out such works in full with orchestra. At present they are engaged in the practice of Schumann's *Zigeuner-Leben* ("Gypsey Life"), to be followed by the Ballad "*Schön Ellen*," by Max Bruch, and Hauptmann's *Salve Regina*. Later in the winter's programme they have set down for them the following sterling sacred works, by old German and Italian masters, all as arranged by Robert Franz, to-wit: Handel's *Jubilate*; one of the Cantatas by J. S. Bach; Durante's *Magnificat*; Astorga's *Stabat Mater*. Rich promise truly!

The Great Organ we have always with us. It still plays, or is played with, every Wednesday and Saturday noon for an hour. If the noble instrument always fulfilled its functions as worthily as when we listened there last Saturday, it would be a comfort to true music-lovers and a gain to music. Mr. LANG played, beginning with a Concerto in G major by Bach (Allegro, Andante, Presto), not by any means one of the greater works of the old master, but genial and graceful for an introduction. Then the larger half of the hour was occupied with his own transcription, thoughtfully and tastefully made, of all three movements of the Orchestral Symphony to Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," as delicate a piece of organ coloring, well contrasted and connected, smoothly flowing, happily reflecting the orchestral traits, as we have ever heard upon that instrument, and beautifully executed. If we must have orchestral music on the organ, let it be like that. Another point of interest was an original Prelude and Fugue in D minor by an amateur of this city, a gentleman deeply read and practically well versed in music, as this first publicly disclosed specimen of his work shows, Mr. JOSIAH BRADLEE. After a spirited arpeggio prelude, a regular Fugue is built on a theme resembling that of Handel's "And with His stripes," followed by a second subject also well worked up, with episodes, the whole ending in a Chorale richly harmonized. It made a very good impression.

HUMBOLDT FESTIVAL.—It is fit that Americans as well as Germans, in their own land, and here uniting with us as well as in their own way by themselves, should celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, one of the greatest men of the past century, whether as a scientific student and teacher of the laws of nature, or as a foremost representative of culture in the largest sense, or as a great lover of our country and of freedom, one of the wisest friends and benefactors of the human race. It occurs on the 14th of September. A committee of the Boston Society of Natural History, very fitly, have taken the matter in hand, and adding to their number from the citizens at large, announce appropriate services at the Music Hall at 3 1-2 o'clock that day. Boston has an advantage over all other places celebrating the day, in being able to call upon Professor AGASSIZ for the address. No man living could do fuller justice to the theme. Our German fellow citizens, through their various organizations, warmly co-operate, particularly the Orpheus Musical Society, who, increasing their number to some sixty or seventy voices, are practising some of their best part-music for the occasion. There will also be a good orchestral piece or two, conducted by Mr. ZERRAHN, and perhaps other music. For Humboldt was a zealous and appreciative friend of Music and of Art as well as Science; the author of the "Kosmos" knew the Greek word in both its senses, one of which is Beauty.

It is hoped that the celebration will bring together many distinguished friends of science and of culture. The price of tickets is put at $2 00 and $1 00, not only in the belief that the exercises will be interesting enough to warrant it, but mainly for a solid, practical good end, namely, to found a "Humboldt Scholarship," at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, the noble creation of Agassiz, in Cambridge.

MR. ERNST PERABO, our remarkable young pianist, at the request of friends in Cleveland, Ohio, gave there on Monday, Aug. 9, a Matinée of Classical Music, with this programme:

Dedication Overture, Op. 124, (C major.)	Beethoven.
Sonate, Op. 27, No. 1. (E flat major.)	Beethoven.
Scherzo, from the Midsummer Night's Dream, (G minor.)	Mendelssohn.
Six Variations, Op. 34, (F major.)	Beethoven.
Grande Sonate, Op. 106, (B flat major.)	Beethoven.

MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, also, has been concertizing, with success, in Milwaukee and other Western cities.

NEW YORK.—The French Theatre will open its doors on the 14th of September to a far pleasanter sort of entertainment than the revels of last Winter, and, as we trust, to a long lease of popular favor. The Parepa-Rosa English Opera Company will then begin a short season—fifteen nights only—with Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter," an operafull of charming melodies and pretty stage effects, and one which will give opportunity for nearly all the members of the large troupe to make their bow and receive a pleasant welcome. The star of the company is, of course, Mme. Rosa herself. The young English prima donna, Rose Hersee, will soon arrive, and be ready with "La Sonnambula," by the time we are tired of "The Puritan's Daughter."

After a tour through the provincial wilderness, the Rosas will return about Christmas time, and give several interesting novelties—among them Weber's "Oberon." The troupe includes the charming young contralto, Mrs. Seguin, Miss Fannie Stockton, Mr. Castle, Mr. Nordblom, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Lawrence (a new baritone), Mr. G. F. Hall, and other favorites.

The great high C tenor Wachtel, has changed his mind about coming to America, and concluded to stay at home. It may possibly be a consolation to some people, however, to learn that Mme. Anna Bishop is coming. The French Opera Company which has taken the Academy of Music remains an impenetrable mystery, the only ascertained facts about it being that some sanguine manager has paid an installment of the rent, and that Roger and Mme. Sass, being importuned to join the company, have both refused. It is said to be certain now that Nilsson is not coming, though it is also certain that she was engaged, and that Tietjens is not coming either.

While so many people are not coming, it is the most natural thing in the world that we should try to keep those who are here from going away, and we are consequently not surprised to learn that certain stockholders of the Academy are trying to obtain a release of Miss Kellogg from her contract with Maurice Strakosch, and to organize with her an Italian Opera Company under the management of Maretzek. We hope they may succeed. If they do not, we fear the Academy this Winter will be as deserted as a haunted house, which, considering the awful deeds that have been done there, it well might be.—*Tribune*, 21st.

THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE.—The annual examination of the pupils of the Imperial Conservatoire was commenced on the 21st ult. and has just been concluded. Among the "judges" or, as we should term them, examiners, have been the veteran Auber, the president, M. Ambroise Thomas and other eminent French musicians. The piece chosen for the competition for the first prize for pianoforte playing was the allegro de concert in E major by Chopin. So excellent was the playing that a double first prize was given to M. M. Anzende and Cavaille, who are described as "pianists of great promise and excellent musicians." There were seven competitors. The young ladies who entered the lists for the same instrument numbered thirty-five; they played the fourth Concerto of Ries in A [?] sharp minor. Five first prizes were given. The singing this year by the male pupils is described as not being very satisfactory, so far as the quality of the voice was concerned, but the ladies were better, Mlle. Marie Manen taking the chief honors. The performance on the stringed instruments, always, says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, excites most interest among musicians while it fails to attract the general public. The work chosen, for the violoncellists of whom nine took prizes, was a concerto in E minor, by Platel, a composer who died in 1835, and although comparatively forgotten now, was well known as a virtuoso in his own day. Twenty-four violinists competed in Viotti's concerto in A minor, displaying remarkable talent. The following were the number of pupils who competed in the other subjects: Grand Opera, 11 male, 6 female; the drum 6 and 27, the flute 6; oboe 9, clarionet 7, bassoon 2, horn 7; cornet à pistons, civil, 4, military 5, trumpet 7; trombone à coulisse, civil, 1, military (on the system of M. Sax) 2; saxophone, military 11; saxhorn, military 3. The distribution of the prizes was fixed for Thursday last.—*Lond. Choir, Aug. 7.*

The Ecole de Musique Religieuse, founded in Paris by Louis Niedermeyer, and now directed by his son in law, celebrated on Wednesday the inauguration of a bust of its founder, and a distribution of prizes. Among the compositions rendered with great spirit in a concert may be mentioned a Salve Regina by Orlando Lasso, and a madrigal by Orlando Gibbon. The bust was then uncovered, and addresses delivered, panegyrizing the career of the composer of "Le Lac," "L'Isolement," "L'Automne," "La Fronde," and the fine Mass in B minor, and the founder of the School to which he devoted the last years of his life.

HANDEL'S "ACIS AND GALATEA" was revived at the Princess's Theatre, London, on the 2nd inst. The *Athenæum* says of it:

The revival of "Acis and Galatea" with all the scenic accessories that marked the production of the *Semiramide* by Mr. Mercadante, at Drury Lane, will interest play-goers of almost every class. Those whose taste has been formed or deformed on the sensation scenes of late years, will find plenty in "Acis," as now given at the Princess's, to engage their attention, while many will be curious to hear, on the stage, music, that in the concert room is familiar enough.

No pains have been spared to equal the famous revival at Drury Lane, in 1842. Clarkson Stanfield's original designs have been freely used in the exquisitely beautiful Sicilian views; while in the groupings of the crowd of simply-robed attendants there is evidence of a refined intelligence but rarely witnessed on our stage. The principal characters are as well represented as we can expect them to be at a time when no encouragement is given for the cultivation of English dramatic singing. The afternoon operatic performances at the Crystal Palace have had the effect of bringing to the surface a young singer who, for lack of such opportunity, might long have remained in obscurity. Miss Blanche Cole has not yet acquired the art of singing Handel's music with fitting emphasis, but she gives full promise for the future. Her bright voice is naturally flexible, and it is directed, as it seems to us, by active intelligence. Miss Cole has much to learn, but she has plenty of time before her. Mr. Vernon Rigby's voice told better in the bold phrase "Love sounds the alarm," than in the gracious melody of *Acis's* incomparable song to his mistress's eyes. Far better, however, in intention, feeling and execution was Mr. Montem Smith's delivery of *Damon's* airs, and infinitely worse was Herr Formes's false singing of the *Giant's* rugged love song, "O, ruddier than the cherry." We fail to see any good reason for the introduction of *Cupid*; and in spite of the Drury Lane precedent, we would willingly dispense with the music written by the late Tom Cooke to accompany the introductory scene. The scene itself, however, is a marvel of stage carpentry. We actually see the waves breaking on the shore in "tender, curving lines of creamy spray," and hear the rustle of the receding water on the sand. Scenic illusion can scarcely further go. The choruses, though they are by no means easy, are fairly sung, and the orchestra, under the guidance of Mr. J. L. Hatton, is efficient.

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London Philharmonic Society.—The following list of the chief works performed during the last season is extracted from a paper recently published by the directors: English (instrumental) music has been represented by the symphony in G minor, the pianoforte caprice, and the pianoforte concerto in C minor, of Professor Sterndale Bennett; the overture to "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," of Mr. W. G. Cusins; and the symphony in D of Mr. Cipriani Potter, the instructor of them both: Belgian music by two movements from the violin concerto in E of M. Vieuxtemps. French music by the violin concerto in B minor, and that in A minor, of Rode. Italian music, by the overture to Lodoiska of Cherubini. German music by two movements from the violin sonata in E of Bach; the symphonies in E flat (Eroica), in B flat, in C minor, in F (Pastorale), in A, and in F (No. 8), the third overture to Leonora, and the violin concerto of Beethoven; the symphony in B flat (La Reine de France) of Haydn; the symphonies in A and in A minor, the overtures to the Wedding of Camacho, the Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage, and the Isles of Fingal, the pianoforte concerto in G minor, the violin concerto, the pianoforte serenade and allegro, and the march from a Midsummer Night's Dream, of Mendelssohn; two movements from the violoncello concerto of Molique: the symphony in G minor, the overture to Die Zauberflöte, and the pianoforte concerto in D (Coronation), of Mozart; the overture to König Manfred of Herr Reinecke; the unfinished symphony in B minor, the overture to Rosamunde, and a Lied, of Schubert; the symphony in C, an arrangement of the Abendlied, of Schumann; the prelude to Lohengrin, and the march from Tannhäuser, of Wagner; the overtures to the Jubilee Cantata, Preciosa, Euryanthe, and the pianoforte Concert-stück, of Weber; the symphony in G minor of Woelfl, and Spohr's "scena cantante," for violin.

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Musical Festivals in England.—At Norwich, the festival is to open on the evening of Monday, the 30th of August. There is less novelty than usual in the programme and much less interest. A selection from an unpublished oratorio by Mr. Pierson, "Hezekiah," and a sacred cantata by Mr. Horace Hill, a local composer, whose fame has not travelled beyond the walls of Norwich, are absolutely the only novelties. Spohr's "Fall of Babylon," a dreary work, Rossini's Mass, Handel's "Acis," Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and "The Messiah," make up the remainder of the programme.

The Triennial Musical Festival will be held in Worcester on September 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th. On the first day (Tuesday) *Elijah* will be given; on Wednesday, Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and a selection from *Judas Maccabæus*; on Thursday, the *Solemn Mass* of Rossini, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*; and on Friday the *Messiah*.

On Tuesday evening Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* will be performed, with Mme. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, as solo singers. The second part includes a selection from Rossini, Donizetti, Schubert, F. David, Blumenthal, &c., with Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Tietjens, and Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Bettini, as principal vocalists. On Wednesday evening, Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, a selection from Weber's *Oberon*, the overture to Sullivan's *Sapphire Necklace*, and a composition entitled *Hommage à Rossini* are to be given. The third and last evening programme is made up of selections from Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, including the overture; and from the works of Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Rossini, Purcell, Beethoven, Verdi, Bellini, Randegger, &c. The band and chorus will number nearly 350 performers. The organ (electric) is by Bryceson & Co.

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There is to be an operatic performance in the Roman Amphitheatre of Orange, in the month of August. Méhul's "Joseph," selections from "Vaccai's "Romeo and Juliet," and an ode written for the occasion, entitled "Les Triomphateurs," have been decided upon. The stage will be illuminated by the electric light, and the audience will, of course, be seated *sub Jove*. The amphitheatre will contain ten thousand spectators. Whether the performance be a success or a failure, the experiment must, in any event, be interesting. More than fifteen centuries have passed since any representation was given in the ruined amphitheatre.

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Rain.—On the 11th ult., the four brothers Lachner had their annual family meeting in this, their native place. They were Theodor, court organist at Munich; Franz, Director General of Music, at the same capital; Ignatius, conductor at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; and Vincenz, conductor at Mannheim. It is fifty years since one of their brothers died.

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Dr. F. Hiller has been invited by the Concert Society of Petersburgh, under the immediate patronage of the Grand Duchess Hélène, to conduct four concerts next winter. The direction of the Conservatoire of Cologne having granted to Dr. Hiller a prolongation of his usual *congé*, he has been enabled to accept this very brilliant as well as honorable engagement. The members of the celebrated Academy of Painting of Düsseldorf, headed by the great master, Bendemann, have just sent a letter to Dr. Hiller, thanking him for having yielded to the prayers of his friends, as well as of the friends of art, in remaining at his post at Cologne, to continue his work of propagating a taste for music all over the Rhine.

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Mayence.—An operatic skit, by Herr Britong, entitled *Die Meistersinger, oder das Judenthum in der Musik*, has been produced with great success.

Leipsic.—M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* has been produced with moderate success. On the 22d July, the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel celebrated with great rejoicings the completion of its five thousandth piano.

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The Marquis and Marquise de Caux left Paris on Tuesday, for Homburg, where Madame sings for fourteen nights. After two performances at Baden, she returns to Baden, remains there during October, and finishes the year in St. Petersburgh.

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Tenors are so scarce now-a-days that we (*Athenæum*) watch all *débuts* with interest. There is not much to be hoped for, however, from M. Delabranche, who appeared a few days ago at the Grand Opera in *Les Huguenots*. A pupil of M. Duprez, he made his first *début*, two or three years ago, in the same theatre, but without success. Since then he has gained a reputation in Marseilles and Lyons, and has been thereby emboldened again to try his fortune on the Parisian stage. But he is, as yet, far too uncultivated to do justice to the character of Raoul, the most difficult, looking at the wide range of needful qualifications, to be found in the tenor *répertoire*. Paris is just now as uneventful as London in music. The revival of *Vert-Vert* at the Opéra Comique, and the above-mentioned *début* at the Académie de Musique, are the only notes of the week.

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An improvement for increasing the sonority of the violoncello, invented by Servais, is attracting considerable attention abroad. The instrument is allowed to rest on a bar of metal and thus communicates the vibrations to the floor, and the old practice of holding it between the knees is abandoned.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Love of other days. Song and Chorus.
3. *Ab* to *d*. *Turner*. 30
Somewhat mournful, but expressive, and with a very musical chorus.

Out in the cold. Words by *J. S. Adams*. 2
D to *d*. *Emerson*. 40
This very beautiful and touching ballad does not seem to lose its popularity, but will continue to be a favorite until everybody has either heard or sung it. A new edition is now issued, with a fine lithograph title, representing the poor little wanderer in the night and storm.

Out on the Rocks. 4. *Eb* to *e*. *Stanton Dolby*. 35
An effective concert song. An exquisite reminiscence of some little lover's quarrel, "out on the rocks" which was forgiven and forgotten quickly.

Bonny Bess. 2. *Bb* to *f*. *J. R. Thomas*. 35
In popular ballad style, and the story of Bonny Bess in May is quite pleasing. Taking melody.

Down by the River side I stray. 3. F to f. *Thomas*. 50
Very sweet ballad. Of course he did not stray alone, and the "wedding" scene on one corner of the fine lithograph title informs us well enough as to what came after those pleasant walks.

Instrumental.

Warrior Polka. 3. *Eb*. *Turner*. 30
Original, and with a striking melody.

Spring Fairy. 3. *Bb*. *Engelbrecht*. 60
A new edition of a great favorite, good for an instructive piece, and good any way. The lithograph title is a "success" and quite ornamental.

Potpouri. Fidelio. 4. *Wels*. 75
This selection from the melodies of what many consider the best of all operas, will be welcomed by all players.

Grotto Polka. 3. *Eb*. *Turner*. 30
A tride more extended and difficult than most of Mr. T's compositions. Original and good music.

Blue Bells. Variations. *Wyman*. 60
The old beautiful melody, skilfully varied.

The Organ at Home. *Eccles*. 25
This useful set contains, among other pieces, Batti batti, Ah che la morte, Casta Diva, America, Santa Lucia. It is better to laugh, Kathleen Mavourneen, Hail Columbia, What restrains me, May Breezes, Prayer from Moses, Yankee Doodle, Ave Maria, Long ago, Barcarolle, Long Weary Day, Non piu mesta, Non piu andrai, Waite's March, Star Spangled Banner, Trio from Belisario, Last Rose of Summer, Serenade, Mountain Home, Annie Laurie, Blue Bells of Scotland, Home, Sweet Home, and an aria from Norma.

Walking in the Park. Var. 4. D. *Pratt*. 50
Favorite melody well arranged. Slips easily from the fingers.

I'll follow thee. Polonaise. 3. *Ab*. *Pratt*. 50
Also very well arranged, and a good instructive piece.

Books.

Winner's Perfect Guide for the German Concertina. 75
These little instruments, easily learned, afford an infinite deal of amusement for those who have not time for extended practice in music. Pupils will find here all needed instructions, and plenty of favorite airs.

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Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

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Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the higest note, if *above* the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 712 BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 11. 1869. Vol. XXIX. No. 13.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Musical Drama and the Works of Richard Wagner.

From the French of Edouard Schuré.

(Continued from page 81).

Lohengrin followed close upon *Tannhäuser*. Here, the dramatic system of the author shone out with the utmost clearness. Considered as a poem, its elevation and beauty are remarkable. If Richard Wagner had written nothing but the words of this noble tragedy, it would have given him rank with the true poets of the world. While German criticism was hurling fire and flame against the "musical heresies,"—so-called—of *Tannhäuser*, the author, quite unmindful of these attacks, and absorbed in his own idea, gave himself with renewed eagerness to the study of the old Germanic poetry. Exploring that chaos of legends and fragmentary traditions, he felt himself ever re-animated by the breath of a younger and more healthful life. Here he found space and scope for his heroes, grand figures surpassing, by many a cubit, the vulgar limits; men of gigantic passions, heroic women, souls great in evil, or sublime in goodness. Was it a mistake to call up these heroic shades, these figures rudely sketched by the genius of the nation, and consecrated by the worship of many generations? The strict partisans of the historic opera blame him; but those who love strong and simple tragedy, appreciate his work; scarcely could he have found elsewhere so picturesque outlines, characters so clear-cut,—in a word, all the most valuable material for the musical drama.

The new type to which his attention was irresistibly drawn was that of the Chevalier of the Swan. Like the Flying Dutchman, and like Tannhauser, the Lohengrin of the legend became in his mind very personal and human. This Knight of the Holy Grail descends from the heights of Montsalvat, that sacred land of justice and holiness, of which his father, Parzival, is king: he comes over the sea to defend Elsa, heiress of Brabant, unjustly accused of having slain her brother. Notwithstanding his godlike nature, there burns in his secret soul a human passion,—he would fain love and be loved, and share with some mortal who could understand them aright, the unutterable joy, the infinite sadness, which is his sublime birthright. Mysterious thought, which recurs in the myths of every nation; the hero, the demi-god, seeks the love of the mortal woman. Lohengrin takes in hand the cause of Elsa, and in single combat vanquishes her accuser. King and people at once recognize in the victory, the judgment of God. Having saved Elsa, he offers her his love; at the same time he asks her absolute trust, and forbids her ever to question him upon his origin or his name. Twice he repeats the command, in language the most exact and imperative. "Thou shalt never ask, thou shalt never even seek in thy thought to know whence I came over the waters, what my name, or what my race! Lohengrin had given instant faith to the innocence of Elsa; he asks that she should believe in him equally without reservation and without proof. He would be loved for himself, accepted just as he stands in his heroic pride; understood through trust and love, as he, through love and trust, has understood Elsa. She, who has had a mysterious consciousness that he would come to save her, and has loved him before she had seen his face, promises all, in a passion of gratitude and worship; but through a series of intrigues, which fill the second act, Frederic and Ortrude, the enemies of Elsa, who wish to remove her from the throne, that they may usurp it themselves, succeed in insinuating doubt into this pure soul. After frightful struggles with herself, driven by torturing anxiety, which amounts even to terror, she puts to Lohengrin the fatal question, upon the very night of their marriage. Wounded to the heart, Lohengrin reveals his high origin, in the presence of Elsa, the King, and the assembled guests; announces himself Knight of the Holy Grail, then leaves them, never to return. He goes away heart-broken, for he loves her still, but obedient to his own haughty self-respect and to the law of his order, which forbids that its champions should remain among men, once the mystery of their origin has been revealed.

Lohengrin, tender yet imperious, is a living incarnation of that heroic temperament which demands in love the blindest and most perfect trust, and which will break inexorably every tie at the first and faintest manifestation of doubt. He seems to pay the penalty of his superior nature, in the fear that he inspires, for it is his tragic destiny to be suspected by the woman he adores, and by whom alone he can be understood and loved. Elsa, the impassioned woman, claims his complete confidence, and, through the pride of the immortals, he denies it to her. She doubts him, for an instant, and he cannot see that the doubt springs from love's excess. The proud, heroic nature cannot quite understand the woman's soul in all its delicacy and its depth. He ought to see that she has a right to all his confidence, but he does not. Hence the abyss which yawns to divide them:—here is the tragic crisis of the poem. The construction is simple, and events cluster about this point, in a few decisive scenes,—each scene brings on the action, and every word carries weight. In the musical drama, the poem itself can be but a sketch, the music must give it life and color; but from the strength and freedom of the cartoon, one can imagine the wealth of splendor of the finished picture. The characters are drawn with extreme delicacy of shading, and grouped with skill. Frederic de Telramund and Ortrude are a most striking contrast to Lohengrin and Elsa. The sombre, scheming two, united by hatred, serve as a foil to the two so noble and tender, and bring out clearer the white purity of the hero and his betrothed, two angels of light,—as it were,—by the side of two evil and condemned creatures, escaped from the abyss. Neither Ortrude nor Frederic are the vulgar, wicked conventional "villains" of the drama. Ortrude, especially, is an original creation. Great in audacity and *sang froid*, she hides under a marble exterior a very hell of hatred and malice, to let them loose upon their victim at the fatal moment, with the most ferocious exultation. The quiet skill with which she poisons the mind of Elsa, the perfidious caresses with which she surrounds the innocent girl, and the false gentleness with which she gains ascendancy over the unsuspecting heart, betray the trained malice of a demon. The encounter of these characters gives rise to unexpected and striking situations, and the fatal scene in the third act, between Lohengrin and Elsa, where the latter forgets her promise in the very transports of her own passionate affection, is of a tragic beauty, which moves the soul to its depths.

The musical interpretation of this tragedy is far clearer and more harmonious than that of *Tannhäuser*. The unity of conception and style are so perfect, that one asks oneself if the words were made for the music, or the music for the words; one might say that in the height of poetic expression, language, vibrating with soul and passion, becomes melody. The musical form of expression, like the versification of a tragedy, far from confusing the action, renders it more salient. The chorus is no longer a dull mass, maneuvered with mechanical effect by the conductor's baton; it is an eager crowd, full of life and individuality. The grand chorus in eight parts, which precedes and accompanies the arrival of Lohengrin, is a fine example. Elsa, accused and defenceless, is in the presence of the king and all the people: twice the royal herald calls for the knight upon whom she depends. Not a person stirs in the crowd: the rude soldiers begin to doubt her innocence, and the sad and solemn *Amen* expressing the judgment of God weighs upon her in the dead silence, like an irrevocable malediction. Elsa, despairing, falls upon her knees, with her women. Suddenly, her face lights up with rapture; in the distance, at the same instant, appears a figure standing in a boat drawn by a swan; his armor glitters in the sun, and the mysterious swan cleaves the waves, in measured advance. At the sight, a stir runs through the crowd; the chorus commences *piano-issimo*, like a light whisper. First there are only individual exclamations, where you may detect the surprise of some, the innocent faith of others, the alarm of the incredulous, the astonishment of all. While the boat comes nearer, the chorus strengthens, rises in waves of rejoicing, still rises, till, as the radiant knight steps on shore, it bursts into a grand hymn of joy and religious exaltation.

This wonderful *crescendo* brings before our minds that sacred terror which the ancients required in their Tragedy, which the people feel in the presence of this shining avenger, and which fills the human soul at every manifestation of the divine.

The dominant *motifs*, which are so important

in *Tannhäuser*, are yet more significant in *Lohengrin*. They form the unity of the musical woof. From the principal musical phrases, the skillful and daring composer has woven a pliant and harmonious network, which enfolds the entire drama. These expressive phrases recur like the words of a spell. They are all so original, that at the end of a measure, you would recognize them among a thousand, and their faintest suggestion may be instantly detected in the great symphonic waves of the orchestra. The most important of these *motifs* are those which embody the great moral powers, the passions of the characters, those fundamental principles of the soul, whence flow the character, the conduct, and the life. Thus the religious theme of the Holy Grail admirably unfolded in the prelude, is, as it were, a golden background, upon which is relieved the luminous and heroic figure of Lohengrin,—it is the theatrical atmosphere which surrounds him, the lofty, silent and sacred solitude, whence he descends to the troubled and heated air of earthly passions. All the other *motifs* which relate to the hero, have a secret kinship with this mystic phrase. The melody itself recurs but rarely, as if to make us feel that these divine sentiments illuminate the life of man only with rare and fleeting gleams. It steals, faint and dreamy, a far-off vision, into the first song of Elsa, who awaits her defender and who feels already the unspeakable felicities of the Holy Grail. Sweeter and purer than a mountain breeze, in the heavy and stormy air of the plain, it whispers around the young girl, accused, yet beautiful with innocence, like the breath of another world. It returns at long intervals, each time that Lohengrin alludes to his sacred mission. This exquisite modulation, full of the enthusiasm of heaven, which hovers over the hero, like a chorus of unseen angels, is rendered, at first, always, by the violins; but, finally, when Lohengrin reveals his origin, it is suddenly seized upon by the trumpets, as if the Temple of the Holy Grail stood revealed, at that supreme moment, with all its jasper columns, its serried ranks of angels, and its blinding splendors. To this celestial melody, which is victorious wherever it comes, and without effort, is opposed the evil *motif* of Ortrude, designed, usually, by the violoncellos. This rampant and perfidious phrase springs like a serpent from the darkest depths of the soul. In the *duo* between Ortrude and Frederic, it seems to wind itself about the unhappy pair and stifle them in its coils; in the dialogue with Elsa, where Ortrude insinuates that Lohengrin may be perhaps only a magician and an impostor, it seems to be ever in motion in the orchestral level; now dragging itself along with dismal sounds, then rearing itself up with the hiss of a viper. It glides subtle and tortuous, into the innocent heart of Elsa, and with its venom poisons her dreams of love; but in the presence of the invincible Lohengrin, it draws back affrighted.

It is easy to see the psychological interest which attaches to the developments, combinations and reminiscences of such characteristic *motifs*. They are no longer cold symbols, belonging to a system of mnemonics; they are wonderfully vivid themes, that the imagination of the composer varies, at every moment, according to the exigencies of the drama, or the intensity of the passion. They reveal, as if by stealth, the most secret impulses of the heart, not yet expressed in words. It has been said that the clairvoyant, in his mysterious sleep, sees unveiled the inmost soul of those who are before him. The orchestra of Richard Wagner gives us an analogous sensation, revealing to our gaze the secret hearts of the personages before us upon the stage, and, by this strange betrayal, making us aware of their carefully-concealed emotions, and their hidden designs.

In *Lohengrin*, that perfect fusion of poet and composer, towards which the artist has tended from his youth, finds its accomplishment. The noble creation which has resulted from this union, will remain forever a work of a new and completely original description. It brings in a new period in the history of the musical drama,—the enfranchisement from old conventionalisms, on the one hand, and a more perfect unity between the words and the music, on the other. This is not one of the ordinary operas, that is to say, a brilliant mosaic of marches, choruses, *trios* and *septuors*. Rather is it a living organism, all whose parts spring harmoniously from a single germ, to which all are referable, from which all are developed, by the innate necessity of the subject; in a word, rigorously used,—it is a musical drama.

Richard Wagner thus arrived at the clear view of his dramatic ideal, which resembles the Greek tragedy in its general structure, but which is none the less completely modern in its ideas and sentiments. Thus perceiving his goal, he goes towards it, undisturbed by the fluctuations of criticism. I shall be brief in giving the rest of his career. The point of importance was to show the instinctive, inevitable and logical development of his thought. The political events of 1849 brought a great change to his life. He early threw himself into the revolutionary movement, in the hope that this great social and democratic reform would be the signal of a revival in art and might lead to the founding of a grand national theatre. The Saxon republic, as is well known, was overthrown by Prussian troops. Wagner, proscribed as one of the insurgents, took refuge in Switzerland. In the long exile which followed, he had time for meditation, for patient waiting, and for gaining new strength in his cherished ideas. He now resolved to explain his theories in a series of æsthetic essays. Accustomed to express his thoughts in living creations, he entered with reluctance the labyrinth of speculative ideas. It was needful, however, to define his position, and to defend the musical drama, as he conceived it, against a crowd of misunderstandings; likewise, the proscribed man must now live by his pen. He threw himself into the arena with all the ardor of a man who identifies himself with his Idea. These writings, which form a chapter by themselves among the works of Wagner, indicate a profound knowledge of music, and are filled with original thought, often of great justice, upon the history of the opera, and upon the essence of art and the intimate harmony existing between its different forms. It may be regretted that the author has not given these works a less abstruse form. The thought is sometimes lost in philosophic formulas, so broad that the mind is not able to grasp them; but along with these polemic exaggerations and these idealistic transports, is found many an eloquent page through which throbs the artist-soul, glowing with the love of art, in which speaks the man who has put his thought into his life. Of these works, the most remarkable are: *Art and Revolution*, *Opera and Drama*, and above all, *The mission of Art in the future*, which has made for the author so many enemies, and has occasioned a quarrel in the world of letters more violent and more interminable than was provoked a hundred years earlier by the dedicatory epistle prefixed to *Alceste*. In this book, the author seeks to prove that all the arts blend harmoniously in the musical drama, as he conceives it. He shows with much sagacity, that in the opera they strive with each other, as rivals, instead of concurring to one and the same end. Each, seeking to shine for itself, exhausts its ingenuity to excel the others, and from the mutual struggle arises the tyranny of whichever is the strongest. The one which carries the day will absorb the spectator's attention. Sometimes, it is the singing only, the simple vocalization which rules, at the expense of the words and even of common sense; again, it is the orchestra which now plays a march, out of all connection, and now brings upon the stage a troop of choristers and *figurantes*, without any one's seeing the reason why; lastly, it is some fantastic *ballet* which usurps possession of the scene. As for Poetry, she does what she can; in the opera, she is the drudge and the scape-goat of all the other arts; she is maltreated without pity, shut up in a *libretto* which is constructed, cut into shape, hacked to pieces, at the will of musician, scene-painter and *virtuoso*. Hence, all manner of contradictory impressions,—an incongruous whole, a degenerate style. How would it be, the author goes on to say, if Poetry, instead of being the submissive slave, became the intelligent ruler,—if, instead of being the pretext for the work, she was the soul of it,—if the action were grand and simple, if the music, subordinated to the drama, contented itself with strengthening and adorning the expression of the sentiments,—if the decorations were always in harmony with the emotions of the characters,—if the pantomime, instead of being a series of *ballets*, always out of place, should lend its aid only to give plastic beauty to the gestures of the actors, to their attitudes, to their natural grouping, and should compose under our eyes new and noble *tableaux vivants*,—if, in a word, the arts should act together under one sovereign inspiration, to forward one end: the eloquent representation and the poetic transfiguration of man, and of his destiny? Should we not then have a work a hundred times stronger and truer, and would it not leave in the soul a more profound and more harmonious impression? Here then, says the author, in conclusion, is the living and perfect form, towards which the opera, during two centuries, has been slowly making its way; this is the ideal, which we sought while yet ignorant what it would be, and which, henceforth, we must pursue with full knowledge. Far from assuming that he has attained this ideal in his own works, he confesses that he is still distant from it; he declares only, that he seeks it, and believing it possible, and even necessary, he sets it before his contemporaries as an object worth their bravest efforts;—not so did the critics choose to understand him. Leaving out of the account all the ideas which the author has brought forward, they seized upon the title of his book and turned it as a weapon against himself. According to them, Wagner, unable to gain ad-

miration in the present, gave himself out as the musician of the future. The *mot* was well received, it has made the tour of Europe. Such is the origin of that famous "music of the future" of which such a bugbear has been made. Like the epithet "romantic" in 1830, the simple word becomes a reproach, and takes the place of argument.

Much weight was added to this summary criticism, from the fact that the world in general seemed to confirm its decrees. The operas of Wagner were spreading very slowly through Germany; *Lohengrin* had not even been represented. All the directors were afraid of them, and the author himself, now in exile, had renounced all hope of success. Less disposed than ever to yield to public opinion, he still kept at work, in obedience to that necessity of creating which rests upon the true artist. In this isolation he had the good fortune to meet an ardent champion, who did more for his cause in Germany, than he could have done for himself. François Liszt, then *chef d'orchestre* at Weimar, had seen by accident the score of Lohengrin, and was passionately taken by it. This generous, spontaneous, electrical enthusiasm which Wagner's music has many a time excited in fine and elevated natures, is not the least stamp of distinction placed upon his works. Then ensued a rare sight; a *chef d'orchestre* bringing out an opera from no motive of material interest, in spite of the apprehensions of the director, through pure artistic conviction, persuaded that by his own enthusiasm he should be able to bring the public to feel the beauty which he himself so deeply felt. Liszt had understood *Lohengrin* by inspiration; he directed the rehearsals with an enthusiasm that those who witnessed remember to this day; for many months he devoted himself to the work, till he fired with his own ardor the orchestra and the actors. Naturally, the performance was admirable; the success, brilliant. Performed for the first time at Weimar, Aug. 28, 1850, the birth-day of Goethe, *Lohengrin* was received with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. Now in this case it was not the public who imposed their caprice upon the master, it was the master who brought what he knew to be good before the public, and directed the public taste to approve it. Should it not be so always! When art becomes degenerate, it is the fault of the artists. Almost invariably, their concessions to the frivolities of fashion are unworthy and base. It is past disputing, the grand and the true always succeed with the crowd, when those who stand as interpreters believe, themselves, with all their hearts.

From this day forward, the operas of Wagner conquered the opposition of the German public. There was still no lack of hostility, it is true; but *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* made the entire circuit of Germany. They took their place in the *repertoire* of every great theatre, and acquired a wide popularity. Further, the most independent thinkers hastened to encourage this brave reformer, who made himself the champion of the musical drama, that is, of dramatic truth in the opera. Adolphe Starr was one of the first to recognize the merits of the poet-composer, and proclaimed them in his book, *Weimar und Jena* (1852) with that generous rashness which characterizes him. Later, the suffrages of such musical authorities as Ambros Marx and Brendel, were given in. Some distinguished musicians gathered about him, and great artists of the lyric drama, such as M. and Mme. Schnorr von Karolsfeld became his enthusiastic disciples.

We will say nothing of *Tristan und Isolde*, represented in 1865, at Munich, and so wonderfully rendered by M. and Mme. Schnorr, nor of *Die Walkyrie* and *Siegfried*, which have not yet been put on the stage, except that, in a poetic point of view, they surpass the preceding works, and considered as musical compositions, the author has valiantly carried out in them his principles. In his latest work to conclude, Wagner has entered upon a new field. Deserting the mythic region, he has placed himself full in the 16th century, among the organized society, known as the Master-singers of Nuremberg. In this picturesque and national setting, he has brought forward a subject of great originality and which must be dear to every lover of free and true art. His idea is the victory of spontaneous, poetic genius over the pedantry of the schools.

Such is briefly the career of this man, so attacked, so decried: such the [illegible] of his works seen at a bird's eye glance. What does this rapid review bring before us? An artist of daring genius, early freed from restraints, self-developed with the strongest originality, following strictly the law of his own being, driven to constant work by the stress of the creative instinct. As a worshipper of the Ideal, exalted, rash, sometimes extravagant, but strong even in his exaggerations, we have seen him gaining his rightful place, never sustained and borne forward by surrounding society, but always at war with it, not favored by the rules of art of his time, but hampered by them, not with the age, but in spite of the age; something wonderful as a proof that the artist is not always the product of the conditions in which he lives. He took from his century its fever of revolution, only to carry it into the domain of art; and from the great composers of his nation, only their most advanced ideas in regard to music. Poet and musician at once, from the time of *The Flying Dutchman* he is thoroughly original. From that time forth he is mastered by one dominant idea, to give to opera the unity, the richness, all the dramatic charm of the grandest tragedy; to create works which shall be able to bring up public taste to the most noble sentiments and the most elevated ideas. Filled with this desire, he breaks with the traditional opera, enters upon the career of the musical drama, and strives to bring poetry and music together into the front rank. Henceforth, he stops at nothing, he rules over his own domain, and in each successive work extends its boundaries. It remains to us to judge, by some example, of this new form of opera. We select his latest, *The Master-singers of Nuremberg.*

(To be Continued.)

Christine Nilsson.

(From the London Orchestra.)

VII.

When Mlle. Nilsson rested from her labors in the autumn of 1867, she had earned several triumphs, and could bear away from British shores many pleasant recollections. Among the conquests was the *Margarethe* of Goethe and Gounod. Everybody has more or less formed his ideal of *Gretchen*—either from the original pages, or through the translations of Bulwer and Martin, or through Scheffer's pictorial art, or through the opera. There is perhaps no more concrete embodiment of a poet's dream than Margerete. Desdemona is a mere ideal; Imogen may be fair or dark, tall or *petite*; Miranda might take shape in a dozen forms; so widely do dramatic realizations differ. Perhaps the most distinctly defined type is a non-dramatic one—that of Byron's Haidee; but she has the distinctiveness of dress rather than of spirit and feature. Given the Greek adornments, the tasselled head-dress and the dark hair, and a certain resemblance must pervade all efforts at illustration.

But Margerete is one and indivisible. Who has not in his mind's eye the slender Saxon type, the blond hair, flat upon a nubile forehead and falling in plaits behind; the low stomacher, the lithe, supple form just emerging into womanhood as she crosses the path of a lover prepared to "see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt"?

"Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say."

And the ideal has survived.

So absolute is Gretchen's individuality that on the stage it is difficult to vivify the model with exactitude. Operatic singers in particular have felt themselves restricted to a certain accepted notion at variance more or less with their natural manner; and when, tired of constraint, they have relapsed into their natural manner, they have strayed further from the ideal. Tietjens cleaves to the flaxen tresses, and piles a wig over her own hair which gives her a Watteau appearance. It is a Margerete of laborious simplicity whom we see; a stately Margerete, inclined to embonpoint. Patti forswears the wig and comes out as a brune Gretchen, black haired and dark-eyed; a pretty specimen of miscegenation; an Italian girl singing a French personification of a German ideal. Lucca, who by nationality is well fitted (as indeed Tietjens is) to appreciate Goethe, apparently frames her conception upon the lines

"So ist sie sitt- und tugendreich,
Und etwas schnippisch doch zugleich."

But then she insists too strongly upon the *schnippisch*. With her Margerete is a saucy little person, fully open to a flirtation, and disposed in the first meeting with Faust only to *recevoir pour* [illegible]. There is an air of "Follow me if you dare," when she rejects Faust's arm and escort. Hers is a Gretchen of the *Gassen*: we almost expect to hear her "chaff" Mephistopheles in the Berlin *patois*; and when the serious interest deepens and passion supervenes on stage, she develops more Southern proclivities than even Patti.

Until Nilsson's assumption of the part, therefore, a full realization of Gretchen was wanting. But there now entered into competition one fitted alike by nature, by youth, and by culture, to do justice to Goethe's conception and Gounod's illustration. The Scandinavian type was near enough to the German to render disguise unnecessary; the slender form and young grace needed no disguise; the gentleness was only natural. So, when she crossed the scene, clad in white, with downcast eyes and clasping her missal, Scheffer's picture of Margerete suddenly stood realized before the spectators. There was no need to write "This is Margerete" under the illustration; there was equally no compulsion to add "This is Margerete with a difference," when she began to sing. The "No, Signor" of her first phrase might, barring language, have been the "Bin weder Fräulein weder schön" of the original. And the truth of the conception was preserved throughout, though the French version wanders from the German text, and represents Margarete under various circumstances for which there is no warrant in the original, but which are necessary for the composer's purpose.

To give effect to such variations without wandering from the one first aim is no small point in an artist's favor. Take for example the soliloquy of Gretchen over the jewels placed for a soul trap by Mephistopheles. How pathetic is Goethe Gretchen's reflection as she stands before the mirror:

"Man lobt euch halb mit Erbarmen,
Nach Golde drängt,

Am Golde hängt
Doch alles, Ach, wir Armen!"

Contrast this with the burst of Grisette gratification wherewith Gounod's Marguerite hails the spangles; the delight to which the Italian version gives expression in "E strano poter." The one is a poet's unity of imagination, the other a musician's capacity for creating an effect of contrast. In conflicting readings like this, Christine Nilsson manages a happy compromise. She deals justly with the music, but she does not lose sight of the poetic purpose. She is no Grisette suddenly vanquished at the sight of the pretty gewgaws; yet she has to sing delight over them in woman-like fashion. "It was," wrote one English critic of her first appearance in Margherita, "as if a bird were carolling over a poison berry." Again, the soliloquy wherein Margarete cons over Faust's love, as she appears at the window, is given by Mlle. Nilsson in a calm, happy reverie, rising by subtle gradations into ecstacy when she concludes by invoking his presence. There is nothing in all this of Southern languors or of French *abandon*, yet it lacks not fervor. The vein of German sentiment runs throughout; but the passion which is not of one nation, but of all nature, speaks in every silvery tone and shines in every eloquent look and gesture.

VIII.

Up to this time Christine Nilsson's French triumphs had been earned at the Theatre Lyrique. At that establishment she had continued to play, in friendly rivalry to Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the singer of an old and famous reputation and the wife of the manager. There were not wanting mischievous writers who insinuated a relationship of small cordiality between the old and the new prima donna, between the manager's wife and the star. Actually no such jealousy existed; but it pleased the French feuilletonistes to imagine it. It enabled them to say wicked little pleasantries from time to time. A French joke becomes all the more piquant for a spice of malice and personality.

Thus when "*Faust*" was revived at the Lyrique for the opportunity of presenting Nilsson in Marguerite, one spiteful critic—albeit he meant no spite, only a coarse form of jocosity—announced the playing of the part as "a splendid triumph—for Mme. Carvalho." The insinuation being that Nilsson had failed in the impersonation, and that Mme. Carvalho, who had formerly been identified with Marguerite, would be pleased at her rival's disaster.

Now among all Christine Nilsson's triumphs there is none perhaps so strikingly illustrative of genius as this attempt in Paris to personate Marguerite. Herein she was doomed for the first time in her career to encounter a vast opposing force of prejudices, and to be defeated by them at first, and at last to overcome them. The Parisians did not like her conception of Gretchen. They had formed their own ideal of Gretchen—an ideal of the Boulevards: they had imagined her as a sort of saucy soubrette, with the manner of a shop-girl: a trifle unfortunate, perhaps, and therefore in some measure to be pitied, but to be pitied in the way one may bestow a degree of sentiment upon a girl who has been victimized by a gentleman and a devil in partnership. Any underlying formation of character, any tone of sentiment beyond or above this Boulevard appreciation of the young person, was not in the French mind. If it existed, it was foreign, it was German, and therefore not worth analyzing or bothering about in any way. The Germans were a queer, mystical, transcendental race of theorizers: they smoked more than was good for them and ate *choucroute* mordinately; they were *têtes carrées*, and not a little stupid and cloudy. As for them—the French—accepting a German point of view of a character which Gounod, their own Gounod, had incorporated and Gallicized, it was not to be thought of. Parisian audiences had seen Marguerite dressed and played *à la Française*, and they were satisfied, and wanted nothing more.

In this humor they were unprepared for Mlle. Nilsson's new rendering. She herself had not desired the ordeal; she had begged that the part might be left in the hands of Mme. Carvalho, who had graced it before, and who was always associated with it. But the manager insisted, and Christine reluctantly attempted the task. She undertook it, however, in her own fashion, embodying her own knowledge of German literature and German habits; she realized her own conception of the artless girl such as Goethe created and Ary Scheffer and Kaulbach depicted. The faithfulness of demeanor, the accuracy of dress, the fidelity of spirit, were presented as we are accustomed to see them in the bearing of Christine Nilsson. It was the same sweet, tender conception which subsequently made her famous in Paris, and has counted among her triumphs in this country. "She is the impersonation," wrote the Paris correspondent of a New York paper at the time, "of unsuspecting purity—guileless, sweet, candid, modest, and self-restrained—but with a tinge, perhaps, of melancholy in her face and bearing, as if the gentle mirror of her soul already reflected the dark shadows of evil gathering about her, and soon to wrap her away in storm and darkness and death.

Nevertheless this conception offended the French critics at that time, and displeased the audience. They accused Nilsson of dullness of coldness; she has no animation they cried; even her voice had fallen off; and—gravest fault in a Parisian eye—she was becoming stupid. Something more alert, more saucy, more "bouncing," was what they had looked for in Marguerite. "It was a triumph—for Mme. Carvalho;" but a signal failure for Nilsson. One critic demanded the instant withdrawal of the opera. Even the *Revue de Deux Mondes* stooped to blame. It seemed, indeed, as if the great artist had failed upon the very issue which should have earned her greatest glory. Unaccustomed to such harsh treatment, she might well, at this point of her career, have lost heart.

Luckily for her, luckily also for the subsequent pleasure of Paris, the verdict was not unanimous. Théophile Gautier, one of the keenest intellects and readiest pens in the service of dramatic literature, justified Nilsson's rendering in the *Journal Officiel*; Ernest Feydeau, in the columns of the *Revue Nationale*, stemmed the tide of disapprobation: and among spectators the English and American components of the audience stood by Christine. To them German literature was not such a sealed book as to the Parisians *pur sang*; they thus could appreciate the truthfulness of the rendering. There were German residents also in Paris, who naturally knew that Nilsson was right and her detractors wrong. Lastly, the critic of *Galignani* battled bravely for the Swedish artist, averring that he had seen the part played by every eminent singer in Europe, and not one of them could approach Christine Nilsson in spirituality and loving fidelity to the poet.

The tide turned. The opposition had had one good effect: it advertised the singer. As a result, during the last twenty or thirty nights of the engagement, every seat in the theatre was secured at a high premium. Not a box, not a stall, not standing room even, but was eagerly taken, long in advance: the audiences were delighted, the critics veered round to a man. Rarely, if ever, has a fuller conquest been obtained over ignorance and prejudice and national jealousy. After all, a Paris public is not unaccustomed to reverse its judgments. It did so in the notorious instance of Rossini's "*Guillaume Tell*," utterly tabooed at its first performance. Superadded to the proverbial fickleness of the multitude, there is always the hostile force of private rivalry and envy and dislike, which is sometimes permitted to suggest, if not to organize, the outward opposition. What a world of intrigue and bitter strife is the world behind the scenes; what innumerable enemies must a rising artist conquer before his empire is secured! Victor Hugo, though personally he has had little to complain of in his career as a dramatist, knows the meanness and the bitterness of the faction-fight which every great man must encounter in that arena, be he author or composer or artist; and on the life to be there undergone the poet has fixed his broad, emphatic mark. "God grant me," he writes in one of his prefaces, "proper repentance for having exposed the virgin obscurity of my name and person to the snares and squalls of the theatre, and above all to the wretched broils of the *coulisses*; for having entered into that most fitful, foggy, stormy atmosphere, where ignorance dogmatizes, where envy hisses, where cabal reigns or crawls, where the probity of talent is so often unrecognized, where the noble candor of genius is so generally displaced, where mediocrity triumphs by reducing superiority to its own level; in short, where there are so many little men for one great man, so many nullities for each Talma, so many myrmidons for each Achilles."

IX.

Mlle. Nilsson's reputation had by this time grown too large to be limited by the walls of the Lyrique. She had swelled it in appearances at many concerts and private *salons*, and now the opera coveted so rare a singer: Imperial art put in a claim. In a country like France, where the State is the patron of national art, a great artist becomes an object of national importance. It had become, too, a matter of great exigency to secure the Swedish singer, as M. Ambroise Thomas had just finished his opera of "*Hamlet*," upon a libretto adapted from Shakspeare's play. In its original form—or rather through versions which more or less departed from Shakspeare's text, but were sufficiently original to satisfy French criticism, "*Hamlet*" was fairly enough known to Paris playgoers. Alexandre Dumas, the elder had had a turn at it, doing the blank verse into rhymed alexandrines, and clipping and trimming the stout English into finikin French conceits. Like all his fellow-dramatists, Dumas had not scrupled to improve Shakespeare where in his judgment such process became necessary. The Gallic mind is never even to this day fully emancipated from the influence of Voltaire, and Shakspeare continues to be regarded as somewhat barbarous; as rough; as wanting that polish which is the special boast of French literature. Therefore he has to be rhymed; to be divested of his strong materialistic way of treating things; to be sentimentalized; to be knocked into classic shape; to be generally bewigged and perfumed, before the cultured sense of France can endure him. In his barbarous, defiant originality he is much too 'shoking.'

A great improvement was introduced into "*Hamlet*" in the shape of a classic urn, containing the ashes of the defunct King of Denmark. Over this urn the Parisian Hamlet poses himself elegantly, and delivers some prettily-turned sentiments of the "Affliction sore long time I bore" order. This improvement on the unrefined English poet commended itself to French intelligence as being true alike to nature and art—especially the art of Père la Chaise. When therefore the knowledge spread that Ambroise Thomas had turned the tragedy into an opera, and that this opera was to be produced at the chief lyrical house, everybody knew pretty well the nature of the subject and the sort of artists who would be required for its interpretation. People knew that the hero of the tragedy was a sombre, melancholy, brooding personage, whose character could only be delineated through a bass voice, and that among bassi Faure was pre-eminent; to Faure, therefore Hamlet would fall. They knew also that the fair and gentle attributes of Ophelia demanded one interpretess—one whose birth and education, whose natural bias and art training alike suited her to the part. Who so thoroughly fitted to present the sweet Danish lady as the Swedish singer? All eyes were instinctively turned to Christine Nilsson.

In due time it was known that Christine would leave the Place du Châtelet for the Rue le Peletier, and that she would undertake, as everybody had anticipated, the first rôle in M. Thomas's opera. A great concourse assembled to bid her farewell. Though she was but exchanging one theatre for another, though all Paris could still delight in her appearances, the demonstra-

tion was as great as though she were taking leave of the stage entirely. The "*Bluets*" by M. Cohen was her valedictory opera; a work which depended entirely upon Nilsson's grace in filling the principal part, and which withered at her departure. "M Cohen," said one generous critic on the occasion, "préfère retirer sa partition que la laisser dépouillée de son prestige féminin." In harsher words, he had no help for it: the opera possessed no vitality beyond Nilsson's charm. But had it been the dullest work extant, the audience were prepared to honor it for the prima donna's sake; thus the theatre was crowded, and the demonstration became a frenzy. Such bravoes; such a rain of flowers—garlands, principally composed of artificial cornflowers (*bluets*, the namesake of the opera); wreaths and crowns wherein rare jewels were not wanting; bouquets with a visiting card, mostly crested or coronoted, in the heart of each, *pour première coup*; poetic epigrams, too, attached to the gifts, after the dainty Continental manner; in short a thorough ovation. This was Nilsson's last night at the Lyrique, previous to her début at the Opéra, on the 9th of March 1868, in the part of Ophelie.

(To be continued).

Music at Baden-Baden.

Mr Chorley's letter, in the *Athenæum*, dated at Baden-Baden, August 9, gives interesting particulars as to musical affairs in that gay centre of continental life:—

The musical attractions of this watering-place are, for the moment, without stint or limit. The established orchestral band is better than I recollect it any previous season. Among the guests are numbered some of the best living musicians of Germany and Belgium, to name only M. Leonard (violin), Herr Cossman (violoncello), who has ripened into one of the best players on this instrument extant; Herr and Mme. Trautmann Jaell; Herr Brahms; Herr Lassen, from Weimar; Herr Emil Naumann; Herr Milde, and other less eminent, but still meritorious. There has been, accordingly, a chance for the amateur (who is in England and Paris somewhat jaded by the incessant repetition of a few unimpeachable masterpieces) to make acquaintance with some of the newest creations of German instrumental music.

The name of Herr Brahms as a composer from whom great things were to be expected, has, for some years past, been known in England. Every work from his pen which has been given out contains some of those touches of happy thought and real invention which distinguish the master from the manufacturer. A pianoforte quartet in A major; a set of duet variations for the pianoforte; another for piano solo, on a stately theme from one of Handel's harpsichord lessons; a trio for pianoforte, violin and horn—an unsatisfactory mixture—may be specified; each of them built on phrases which the ear clings to and retains. But, whether it be from over-solicitude to escape from the well used classical combinations of form and sequence, the development of all these will fail to satisfy those who demand clearness and sustaining power in music. The episodical matter is too vague; the harmonies, though arranged with a view to climax, too harsh and untoward. It may be feared that at the outset of his career the taste of Herr Brahms has been warped beyond the power of time and counsel to set it straight. The impression made on myself, at least, is one of tantalized expectation and weariness consequent on unperformed promises.

It was only by an exercise of blind faith in good intentions, or that craving for novelty which accepts confusion for originality, till at length the ear and the mind become confused, I could arrive at the "Young German" point of admiration, which is based on the happy conviction that we have to day a school of inventors who begin where Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn ended as pioneers. To me (for it would be absurd to lay down a law as infallible) the chamber music of Herr Brahms ranks at some distance behind that of Herr Rubinstein. When I compare a pianoforte concerto, a quartet, a trio, a sonata with violin by him with the music I heard the other evening the Russian composer, though, like Herr Brahms, he may be too prolix, too vague, too disdainful, possibly, of self correction, rises in right of force, fire, and mastery far above his contemporary. Both, it may be, suffer from living in a time of turbulence and lawless revolution, during which "foul" and "fair" are strangely confounded and made synonymous, and the satirist's rhyme—

> Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
> And nought is everything, and everything is nought—

represents a reality.

From this shapeless and fatiguing music, an excellent concerto for the violoncello, by Herr Eckert, excellently played by Herr Cossmann, and another for the violin, which was no less skilfully rendered by its composer, M. Léonard, offered a welcome relief to the ear, and a proof, no less welcome, that novelty is possible without eccentricity. Both, as being rational, spirited and attractive, may be characterized as among the best things of our time, and gave real pleasure to their hearers. A word, too, is due to the clever playing of Herr and Mme. Trautmann Jaell combined, in Schumann's duet variations for two pianofortes, on an affected theme. Why these should be largely preferred to a similar *suite* by Mendelssohn (too seldom selected) I have never been able to understand. Better rendered than they were on the occasion referred to they could not have been. By contrast, the violent and monotonous pianoforte playing of Mlle. Marie Wieck could not but excite a disadvantageous contrast. The lady has complete power over the keyboard of the pianoforte, but it is a power totally untempered by grace or sensitiveness, and, as such, fails to impress, persuade, or fascinate the ear.

Mlle. Battu has been singing here; also Herr Milde, from the Opera at Weimar. In these days, when what is rough and unfinished (falsely rated as strenuous and classical) is so largely the rule of German vocal execution, the purity, finish, and elasticity of his tuneful baritone voice and the excellence of his style cannot be too highly estimated. It is a pity that so much talent and accomplishment should be shut up within limits so narrow as those of Weimar. But Goethe's town has always been fortunate in attracting and retaining real talent. The present *Kapellmeister* there, Herr Lassen, is a real artist of whom one would be glad to hear more. Four "Lieder" by him, sung by Herr Milde, are as good as German *lieder* can be, deserving to rank next to those of Schubert and Schumann. Of Herr Lassen's German "Lieder" it may be said that the *cantilena* is good and expressive, but not trite; that the accompaniment is rich and various, in itself full of interest, and yet arranged so as to be a support, not a disturbance, to the singer.

The Story of Mozart's Requiem.

Novello's *Musical Times*, London, contains a series of articles, by William Pole, F.R.S. Mus. Doc. Oxon., reviewing at great length the personal documents relating to the much mooted question of Mozart's *Requiem*, and ending with the following "connected narrative:"

At a place called Stuppach, in Lower Austria, four and a half miles from Vienna, on the high road to Trieste, resided a large landed proprietor, named Count von Walsegg. He was a great lover of music, kept a number of musicians in his service, and had frequent musical performances, in which he himself took part, playing the violin or flute. He had received only an indifferent musical education, but had the ambition to be thought an eminent musician. He had maintained relations with several composers, from whom he purchased, on liberal terms, quartets and other works, which he transcribed with his own hand, and passed off as his own.

His Countess, to whom he was much attached, died early in 1791; and the idea occurred to him of doing honor at once to her and to himself, by the performance of a grand Requiem, ostensibly of his own composition. He had heard of the fame of Mozart, whom he decided to employ to write the work, under the seal of strict secrecy, and under such precautions as should prevent discovery. Some months elapsed before he carried his intentions into effect; but in 1791 he instructed one of his stewards, a man named Leutgeb, residing at Schwarzau, a village near Stuppach, belonging to the Count, to pay a visit to Mozart at Vienna, for the purpose of executing his commission.

Accordingly, shortly before Mozart received the invitation to visit Prague, and produce there his opera of *La Clemenza di Tito* for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, a stranger appeared before him, bearing a letter without signature, in which, after much flattering of Mozart's talent, the writer inquired whether he was willing to undertake the composition of a Requiem, and if so, for what remuneration, and in what time. The messenger was a tall, lank looking man, with a solemn expression of countenance, and clad in sombre gray; and the strange and unusual apparition made on Mozart a deep and lasting impression. He consulted his wife, and expressed his wish to attempt this species of composition, particularly as, he said, the higher pathetic kind of church music had ever been his favorite style, and he would endeavor to write a work of this kind which, after his death, both his friends and his enemies should admire and study. His wife advised him to accept the commission; and Mozart answered that he would compose the Requiem for fifty (or, according to other accounts, for 100) ducats. He was unable to state precisely when it would be completed, but he desired to know the place where he should deliver it when it was ready. After some time, the messenger again appeared, and brought with him not only the sum demanded, but also the promise of a considerable additional payment on the delivery of the score, as the demand had been so moderate. Full permission was given for the composer to write according to his own fancy and inclination, but he was forbidden to make any attempt to discover the name of the person ordering the work, which would certainly be in vain.

In the meantime, Mozart had arranged to go to Prague; and, as he and his wife were stepping into the carriage, the mysterious messenger again appeared, like a spirit, standing by their side, he pulled Mme. Mozart by her dress, and asked, "What will now become of the Requiem?" Mozart excused himself on the ground of the necessity of the journey, and the impossibility of giving his unknown patron notice of his intention, promising, however, that it should be his first work on his return, if the person would wait so long. With this answer the messenger appeared fully satisfied.

Mozart returned, in the middle of September, to Vienna, and set to work at the Requiem, but he was called off from it for the *Zauberflöte*, which was then pressed forward by Schikaneder, and which was produced for the first time on the 30th of that month. After this he was free, and he set himself zealously to work to complete the composition. His friend, Joseph von Jacquin, came to him to request him to give lessons to a lady, and he found him at his writing table at work at the Requiem. Mozart asked for a short delay; for, he said, he had a work in hand which was pressing, and which lay heavily on his mind, and that till this was finished he could think of nothing else. Other friends also afterwards remembered that this work exclusively occupied him.

The mystery in which the commission was enveloped appeared to take a strong hold of his imagination. He sank into a deeply thoughtful state of mind; and, regardless of all advice, worked at the score with untiring earnestness and energy. The interest he took in it appeared to increase with every hour, and he wrote constantly, day and night. This exertion, however, was too much for his feeble frame, which had suffered by illness shortly before at Prague, and his weakness increased to such an extent that he would sometimes faint at his labor. His wife noticed, with deep concern, his failing health, and tried to enliven him with society, but in vain, for he remained absent and melancholy. She, however, took him occasionally for a drive in the Prater. On these occasions she noticed he would sit silent and thoughtful; and on one fine autumn day, as they were sitting alone during their drive, he began to speak of his death, and declared that he was writing the Requiem for himself. Tears stood in his eyes; and as she endeavored to prove to him the fallacy of this sad foreboding, he said "No, no! I feel it too strongly; I am not much longer for this world!" From this idea he was not to be turned. He gave utterance to other strange fancies about the mysterious appearance and the commission of the unknown messenger; and when his friends attempted to reason him out of them, he remained silent, but unconvinced.

His wife, finding his illness increasing, and believing that his work at the Requiem was too much for him, consulted his physician, and took the score out of his hands. After this, his state somewhat improved, and he was able, on the 15th of November, to compose the little Cantata, *Das Lob der Freundschaft*, the successful performance of which, and the great applause it obtained, gave him new spirits. He again asked for the Requiem, in order to continue and complete it, and his wife felt now no hesitation in restoring it to him. But this hopeful state did not last long. In a few days he relapsed into his former melancholy; he became constantly weaker, until at last he took to his bed, from which he never rose again.

But still he worked on at the Requiem as hard as his failing powers would allow him. When he had finished any part he would get it sung, and played the instrumental part on the pianoforte by his bedside. On the day of his death, he caused the score to be brought to him, and sung as usual. Schak (who relates the anecdote) sang the soprano; Mozart the

self the alto; Hofer, Mozart's brother-in-law, the tenor; and Gerle (afterwards a public singer in Mannheim) the bass. They were singing the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart began to weep bitterly (he was always easily moved to tears by music) and laid the score aside. This was at 2 P.M. on the 4th of December. In the course of the afternoon his wife's sister found Sussmayer at Mozart's bedside in eager conversation with him about the Requiem. "Have I not told you," said the dying man, as with tearful eyes he turned over the score, "that I was writing this Requiem for myself?" He soon became worse; but even in his last moments the Requiem seemed to occupy his thoughts. He puffed out his cheeks and tried to imitate the effect of the drums. Soon afterwards, he raised himself up, but his eyes were glazed; he leaned his head against the wall and seemed to slumber; and an hour after midnight his spirit passed peaceably away.

After the funeral, when the widow had time to look around her, her first attention was directed to the Requiem, which Mozart had left unfinished. She was in very bad circumstances; and she feared that when the person who had ordered it came to know it was left incomplete, he would refuse to take it, and demand a return of his money. In this state of things, the idea occurred to her and her friends that it might be possible to get the Requiem finished by some other hand, and so to give it over in a complete state to the unknown owner. Several musicians were applied to, and, among the number, was Eybler, the chief of the court orchestra at Vienna, who undertook the work under a formal agreement, dated 21st December, 1791, binding himself to secrecy. He began to fill in the instrumentation, and to continue the *Lacrymosa*; but, being dissatisfied with his work, he declined to continue it. Probably others who were applied to hesitated to measure their capabilities against those of Mozart, or refused to be parties to the deception; and at length it was offered to Süssmayer, who appears to have had no scruples in the matter. Leaving untouched the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*, which had been finished by Mozart, he copied out, note for note, the subsequent parts which Mozart had written, filling in the instrumentation according to Mozart's design. The parts which were wanting to complete the work, and which Mozart had not commenced, Süssmayer composed, he says, entirely himself. The score, so copied and completed by Süssmayer, was written, as before stated, in a handwriting so remarkably similar to Mozart's, as to pass perfectly well for it. It was accordingly joined to the *Requiem* and *Kyrie* (really in Mozart's hand), and so formed a complete Requiem, which, after it had been copied for the widow's use, was given over to Count Wallsegg's messenger. From the copy retained by the widow, the work was afterwards performed and published.

It remains to trace the history of the two principal manuscripts, namely:—

(1) The complete score, partly in Mozart's and partly in Süssmayer's hand, given to Count Wallsegg; and—

(2) Mozart's original unfinished manuscript of the portions of the work following the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*.

(1) When Count Wallsegg received the score from his messenger Leutgeb (who had been bound over to secrecy, and had, as he conceived, secured similar secrecy on the part of the real composer), he shut himself up in his writing room, and made a copy of it in his own hand, putting on it the title, "Requiem composto dal Conte Wallsegg." This copy afterwards passed into the possession of the Count's sister, the Countess Sternberg; and it must have been this which Zawrzel saw, when partly finished, as stated in his letter to André.

From this copy the Count proceeded to have the work rehearsed and, ultimately, performed, giving it out as his own composition. Performances took place, first in Neustadt, near Vienna, and afterwards at an estate of his on the Sömmering; and detailed particulars connected with these performances are given by Krüchten and Herzog.

It seems strange that a new work of this magnitude and merit should have been performed at Vienna and at Neustadt, only about fifteen miles apart, at about the same time, and under two different composers' names, without the anomaly exciting attention; but this is only one of the many strange things in the story. We may, however, take it for granted that, though the Vienna public knew nothing of the Count's assumption, the Count very soon heard of the performance of the work under Mozart's name at Vienna; and we imagine that this performance, and the public knowledge of the work to which it gave rise, were not very palatable to him. He kept, however, his own counsel till he heard of the proposed publication by Breitkopf and Härtel, and of the claim set up by Süssmayer for a share in the composition; for there can be no doubt that he was originally given to understand by Mme. Mozart that the complete score given to him was not only entirely Mozart's composition, but was in Mozart's own hand. At these disclosures his forbearance would hold out no longer, and he set his advocate upon the widow in the way already related; and after his pacification by Stadler and Nissen, we lose sight of him in the history. He died in November, 1827, soon after the commencement of the great controversy in which he was so nearly concerned.

The Mozart-Süssmayer score of the Requiem had been carefully locked up in his library; and, on his death, it was sold along with the rest of his music. It passed through several hands, until, in 1838, one of the officers of the Imperial Library at Vienna became aware of its existence, purchased it for fifty ducats, and lodged it safely in the Library, where it remains, open to public inspection.

(2) The history of the other, or unfinished manuscript is not so clear. It remained in the widow's hands for some time after Süssmayer had copied it to make Count Wallsegg's score, and it was submitted by her to André in 1800. After this, it would appear that she pulled it to pieces, and sold it, in detached parts, to different persons, with so little care or attention to its inestimable value, that it could not afterwards be traced, and so it was lost sight of entirely for many years. The first we hear of it afterwards is, that at the time when the Abbé Stadler was hotly engaged in the dispute with Weber, the detached parts were put into his hands, to aid him in establishing his argument; and that they were there formally examined by a number of eminent men, as we before related.

From this time they were taken care of; and we find them existing in two portions. One portion belonged to Stadler, and the other to Eybler; but the source from whence they obtained them are unknown. They were afterwards both bequeathed to the Imperial Library in Vienna, where they still remain, with the Wallsegg score.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 11, 1869.

Handel's Operas.

When old works of great masters, long gone from sight, are brought into the living world again, the dust of time carefully removed, and a beautiful creation given to mankind, what lover of art does not rejoice? Where so much time and labor are spent in excavating fragmentary sculptures of a period we name classic, to stand these incomplete pieces,—symbols of lost beauty—in museums where comparatively few see them, is it not strange that noble works of music are left to their solitary and dusty shelf existence? This has been the fate of the Handel operas. Musicians have either too carelessly turned over the old leaves, or have trusted the common report that Handel's young efforts were wasted in his operas, and so they have neglected to examine them.

A greater mistake cannot be imagined. Instead of wasted efforts, the seeker will find some of the most beautiful productions of Handel's genius. The works are over-running with fresh and vigorous thoughts. The explanation of the neglect with which these operas have been treated is not to be sought in their own weakness, but rather in the imperfect education of the majority of musicians of our day. The old style of writing had long gone by, ere Mozart and Mendelssohn, following in the steps of Mosel, gave their generation an insight into the beauties and wonders of the Oratorios. These were written in nearly the same style as the operas: namely with one and two-voiced accompaniment, with the harmony ciphered below. Sometimes there is but a simple bass alone. Down to Mosel's time the oratorios had suffered the same fate as the operas. *Judas Maccabæus*, *Jephtha*, the *Messiah*, *Samson*, *Israel in Egypt*, and the others, gradually came to light. The operas were left almost untouched. Composed at the time of the height of song and following each other in rapid succession, they lived their short lives to give way to other productions. Many of them had a good run; but, dependent upon the fickle taste of a court, who can wonder at their mercurial existence? They were the embyro of modern opera.

The demand of each succeeding generation for a closer union of music and the drama gradually let the Handel Operas fall into their present state of neglect. The light, champagne-y character of modern opera requires something more theatrical, in the strictest sense of the word, than the Handel operas offer. This is natural and concomitant with the development of operatic form. It does not account for, however, nor excuse the total throwing aside of them. The reason is rather to be found in the fact that musicians are inadequate to the task of re-arranging the works of so eminent a master and giving them his character. In the score they lie before you mostly two-voiced, with the harmony ciphered below. In Bach's and Handel's day, it being part of a musician's education to learn to extemporize on any given theme, in which Handel himself was master—much was left to the accompanist's education and talent: of course in piano and organ accompaniment. It was also customary for the conductor to accompany. Much that could have been written out in full was merely signified by a theme and bass. That it was Handel's intention to trust much to the accompanist, we have proof enough. The "*Il Pensieroso*," for instance, is a chorus followed by a choral. The accompaniment is entirely wanting, with the exception of a simple one-voiced bass; but just above it Handel has written: "The motive of the accompaniment is to be found in the following choral." In other places the aria runs on alone, with nothing whatever in the piano part. The same occurs often in Bach's works. This gap in the accompaniment it was the task of the conductor to fill. How many organists of to-day could at sight accompany an aria, when suddenly a long blank in the organ part occurs? In Handel's time this was child's play; to-day an art of the past.

They are just as few, also, who can with study work out in true Handelian style the motive of an aria or chorus in all its bearings: or in other words, are able to arrange a work of Handel in complete form. I saw lately an edition of "*Il Pensieroso*," published at Leipsic. So far as carrying out that master's idea of musical form is concerned, it is a failure. The work was merely a filling out of the few harmony ciphers which Handel saw fit to write. The well-known style of repeating in the accompaniment as prelude, interlude, or postlude, the theme of the aria, is disregarded. At the conclusion of a phrase, instead of continuing the motion and carrying out the original idea, the accompaniment falls into a sluggish and stiff arrangement of the harmony as it stands ciphered in the original score; spoiling the beauty of the piece and misrepresenting Handel.

To supply these oft occurring blanks an accompanist must be perfect master of musical form and must have a keen power of analysis; added to which a deep musical nature. Each of these necessary qualities ROBERT FRANZ possesses to

an eminent degree. This composer, so well known in America, has devoted much time of late to the studying and re-arranging of the Handel Operas. There have been published in Leipsic, during the past month, Twelve Arias each for the four different voices. The score for orchestra and organ will soon follow, with complete re-arrangement of the choruses. The thought of their being wasted early efforts of Handel, will give way, upon hearing, to one of admiration. Some of the favorite numbers of the oratorios have been taken *verbatim* from the operas, to which the *Messiah* forms no exception. The Arias will become favorites of the concert room, and the public, as well as singers, will be grateful for such a new fund of classic music. Among the Alto Arias, "Confusa si miri l'infida consorte," from *Rodelinda*, is especially beautiful; and of the Soprano: "Ritorna o caro e dolce," from *Rodelinda*, and "Empio diro tu sei," from *Julius Cæsar*. The Italian is attended by a German translation. It is the first time that these noble arias have been brought before the public in so complete a form. Here and there you may find a note which is not in the original theme; but the whole is so true to Handel, so free from foreign element, so devoid of any personal and egotistical exhibition on the part of Franz, that our Handel-loving public cannot but give them a hearty welcome, and musicians be thankful to have once more in an intelligent form these long neglected creations of the genius of Handel. O.

Devrient's Recollections of Mendelssohn.

Almost every one who ever knew Mendelssohn personally, or who was at any time in correspondence with him, seems to feel called upon of late to write a book about him. "Reminiscences" abound. The most widely circulated and most popular in this country and in England, no doubt, are those by the somewhat sentimental musical romancer, the German lady who rejoices in the *nom de plume* of Elise Polko. The Polko book, which has been republished here (Leypoldt and Holt, New York), is certainly readable, and in some ways brings one nearer to the man as he looked and moved in the musical and social world of Leipzig. Especially does it illustrate the enthusiastic worship he excited among music-loving and impressible young German girls in the gushing, hero-worshipping period of their life. Nor here have we any reason to question its veracity, making allowance for a great deal of *couleur de rose*.

A far different book is that by Edward Devrient, a distinguished actor and singer (not the great Emil Devrient), an intimate friend of Felix from his youth, associated with him in many of his most important doings, and particularly in all that related to his well known desire to compose an opera. We fully agree with all that is said of the book in the article which we copy below from the London *Athenæum*. It does give us a deeper insight than any other into the real character and nature of the man. It deals soberly and wisely with its subject, without exaggeration or romance. We have made numerous translations from it during the past year for the benefit of our readers, and should have continued them, but that a translation of the whole work (it is small) was announced in London. We quite agree, too, with what the *Athenæum* says of Lady Wallace's translations of the "Letters," and are disposed to take on trust its assurance of the greater faithfulness of Devrient's translator. Why will not Messrs. Leypold & Holt add this to their beautiful reprints of other works of the same class?

My Recollections of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and his Letters to Me. By Edward Devrient. Translated from the German by Natalia Macfarren. (London, Bentley.)

Meine Erinnerungen an Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, und seine Briefe an mich. Von Edward Devrient. (Leipzig: Weber.)

Of all the books yet published on Mendelssohn, this gives the reader the clearest insight into the character of the most gifted musician of our time. The earnest, conscientious nature of the man, his unceasing striving to attain perfection, his sympathy with every elevating pursuit, his strong affection for family and intimate friends, his impatience of opposition and contradiction, his extreme sensitiveness, and his occasional irritability, are here fully and unreservedly displayed. Herr Devrient first shows us the little prodigy of twelve years old, and allows us to follow his progress year by year, often week by week, until the sad catastrophe that robbed the world of so much promise. The form into which the narrative is thrown gives the reader peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with Mendelssohn's characteristics. The numerous letters—even more charming, because still more unconstrained than those delightful notes of travel published some years ago—are so many windows, through which we gaze at our will at Mendelssohn's simple, frank, guileless nature, while the shrewd, though sympathetic comments of Herr Devrient convey the impression produced by the composer on his personal friends and on the world at large. Singularly real and lifelike is the account of how the two friends were bent upon having a performance of Sebastian Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew,"—how they called with this object upon rough old Zelter,—how, in spite of much discouragement and many difficulties, they at length carried their point,—and how, from the first performance of this work under Mendelssohn's direction, dates the recently rekindled love for the long neglected master. Well might this great scholar exclaim with pride, "And to think that it should be an actor and a Jew who gave back to the people the greatest of Christian works!" Especially interesting to us is all that relates to Mendelssohn's frequent journeys to England. He writes his opinion of us without the least reserve; but although the confession tells against ourselves, we must confess that the strictures are just. And it is pleasant to observe that Mendelssohn grows more attached to England with each visit. Even when he is most severe upon us, he finds still more fault with the Berliners, to whom he has so strong an antipathy. "Here," he says, "music is treated as a business; it is calculated, paid for, and bargained over, and much indeed is wanting; but the difference between a musical festival here and in Germany shows where the disparity lies . . . When I think of the musicians of Berlin, I overflow with gall and wormwood; they are miserable shams, with all their sentimentality and devotion to art. I have no intention to sing the praises of English musicians; but when they eat an apple-pie, at all events they do not talk about the abstract nature of a pie, and of the affinities of its constituent crust and apples, but they heartily eat it down. May the devil have his own!"

The perpetual craving of Mendelssohn to make a name as an operatic composer comes out very strongly in this volume,—too strongly perhaps, seeing that Herr Devrient was the unceasing instigator, and that it was from the singer playwright that the composer hoped to receive the libretto which would come up to his ideal of what an opera book should be. To the anxiety of Mendelssohn to write for the stage, and to his extreme punctiliousness in choosing a subject, we owe many valuable indications of the high principles which governed his artistic life. Thus, in one valuable letter on the subject, he writes thus:—Ever since I began to compose, I have remained true to my starting principle not to write a page because no matter what public or what pretty girl wanted it to be thus or thus; but to write solely as I myself thought best, and as it gave me pleasure. I will not depart from this principle in writing an opera, and this makes it so very hard, since most people, as well as most poets, look upon an opera merely as a thing to be popular. I am aware that popularity is more essential and natural to an opera than to a symphony or oratorio, pianoforte pieces, and such like; nevertheless, with these even, it takes time before one stands sufficiently firm to be above all danger of being misled by external considerations, and this leaves me hope that I may yet write an opera with joy, and the good conscience that my principle has not wavered." A hope, never, alas! to be fully realized.

Later on, Mendelssohn suggests 'Lear' or 'Faust' adding, "I always return to the latter."

These extracts are from the above-cited English translation, which, on the whole, has been admirably executed, the translator adding many interesting notes, and in several important matters setting Herr Devrient right on questions of fact. So faithfully has the version been made, that the English, frequently harsh and unidiomatic, suffers. But this is a fault on the right side. After the slipshod, blundering translation of the 'Reisebriefe,' this conscientious version of Herr Devrient's 'Recollections' is especially to be prized.

THE HUMBOLDT CELEBRATION, at the Music Hall, next Tuesday afternoon, must not be forgotten. The arrangements are complete, and it promises in every way to be one of the most interesting celebrations ever yet held in this country. Besides the address by AGASSIZ, there will be noble music admirably in keeping with his subject and the whole thought of the occasion. Mr PAINE will open the exercises with Bach's Toccata in F upon the organ. A fine orchestra, under Mr. ZERRAHN, will play Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture before the address, and the Introduction and first movement of Beethoven's 7th Symphony after it. The singing will be by the Orpheus, enlarged by other German Clubs, to the number of some 80 voices, also directed by Mr. Zerrahn, and will consist of the Chorus of Priests in the *Zauberflöte* (Consecration of "the noble youth") and Mendelssohn's part song: "*Der frohe Wandersmann*," which happens to have an equal fitness in connection with the proposed "Humboldt Scholarship"; also a fine Hymn "*Das ist das Meer*," by Vincent Lachner.

The Germans also have a celebration of their own in the same Hall in the evening.

ENGLISH OPERA.—Mme. PAREPA-ROSA seems bent upon giving us something more complete and excellent in this line than we have had before. Her self at least, she has made up her company of good materials by all account. Miss ROSE HERSEE, a new prima donna, is described as young, pretty, and very clever, with a high, light, Soprano voice, having the reputation in London of combining eminent effective talent with modest worth. She is to make her New York debut in the "Sonnambula." Then, besides the SEGUINS, Mr. CASTLE and Mr CAMPBELL, there is Mr ALBERTO LAWRENCE, a good actor, with a superb high baritone, we hear, who has won reputation in Italy as well as London, and there is Mr NORDBLUM, the young Swedish tenor, brought to this country and in some sense educated by the Rosas for this special sphere. We hear that he sang very finely in the *Creation* at Chicago.

Their season opens at the French Theatre, New York, this evening, with Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter," a light, popular opera full of flowing melody, new to America, which saw a hundred nights in London. Mme Rosa sang there in it, and counts it among her favorite parts. Miss Hersée is to sing also in Auber's *Fra Diavolo*. Other operas mentioned for performance are, "Fra Diavolo," "Maritana," Gounod's "Faust," &c. But far the finest hope of all is raised by the promise of Weber's *Oberon*, and Mozart's *Figaro*. The company will visit Boston in due time of course.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.—The best comment upon some things one meets with now and then in print, is to post them up, letting them speak for themselves. Here are two:

1. (From the Daily Sentinel, Indianapolis, Aug 17.)

A Boston amateur pianist, with the euphonious high sounding title of "Ernst Perabo," (German Frenchman, "you know,") gave a very commonplace soiree yesterday, to the musical element of our city, most of whom were good judges of very ordinary music, but sadly at a loss to comprehend Perabo's great forte. It certainly did not lay in his manipulation of the piano, to impart any new light to our youngsters, and his display here was simply what any number of our young Misses can perform without any extra practice.

2. (From Loomis' Musical Journal, New Haven, August.)

Meaner than all the rest is it for a paper like *Dwight's Journal*, located in Boston, and one that should support the thing [viz. Peace Jubilee] with heart and pen, to indulge in such a spirit of calumny and apparent revenge, that is so evident in their issue of July 31. If Mr. Dwight was not made President of the Association or Chairman of the Music Committee he need not show his wrath in such a boyish way. He appears as J. S. D., in a long letter in the *Atlas*, which is very plausibly written and reads very prettily, but is thoroughly unjust and takes a very false view of the whole matter. We should excuse Mr. Dwight's course if we could, but he has made it utterly impossible for us to do so.

Mr. S. N. Penfield, organist, of Rochester, N. Y., after two years study in Leipsic, has returned to this country and established himself professionally in Chicago. One of the Rochester papers translates, from the *Leipziger Tageblatt*, of June 11, a notice of his performance on the organ at the Nicolai Church, as follows:

On Thursday, June 9th, occurred the organ exhibition of the pupils of the conservatory, under the direction of Prof. Richter and Dr. Papperitz, which furnished a brilliant testimonial to superior style and careful instruction. Especially worthy of note as the crowning point of the performances (which were throughout very praiseworthy) was the rendering of Bach's compositions by Mr. S. N. Penfield, from Rochester, U. S. A. It indicated a comprehension of the character of the instrument in most worthy style, a cultivation in manual and pedal playing, and sure observance of a clear and finished technic. Such study will work out the highest success in art culture.

The *Athenæum* by no means flatters the Tonic Sol-faists. With reference to their display at the Crystal Palace lately, it speaks thus:—

"The success of the Tonic Sol-fa Concert at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, was hardly equal to its pretentions. Its pretentions were great, apart from the superiority claimed for what is styled "the new notation." Each of the singers (nominally there were 4,500 in the orchestra) had passed an examination, and obtained an 'elementary certificate of proficency' at least; while, we are assured many had reached a higher grade. Moreover, criticism was especially challenged by the performance at sight of a piece never before heard in public. We may consider, therefore that the choir was a finished product of Sol-faism, and that it fairly represented what the method can do. Under these circumstances the concert must be set down as a failure. All though many of the selections were easy, and none more difficult than Handel's 'Theme Sublime' or the 'Benedictus' from Weber's Mass in G, few were given really well. The voices were often out of tune with the organ; the 'attack' of the various parts was extremely weak; and the delivery of tone rough and inartistic throughout. These faults were very noticeable in the first, or sacred portion of the programme, and may account for the fact that only one piece, the well-worn 'Gloria' of Pergolesi, made any effect. The secular music was better rendered, and had a better reception. Against the faults named it is only fair to place the merit of steadiness. Nowhere was there more than the slightest wavering in the immense choir singing together—we believe, without any general rehearsal. To the sight-singing test we do not attach the importance which would belong to it under more exacting conditions. The piece selected—part of an anthem by Henry Smart—is simply harmonized, limited to the tonic and dominant keys, and abounds in passages of imitation. Moreover, before all the copies were distributed, a large portion of the choir had time to give it as much study as was necessary for any but an absolute beginner. That, under such favorable conditions, the little piece was read off remarkably well, can surprise nobody. The Tonic Sol-faists are, without doubt, doing a good work by spreading musical knowledge among the humbler classes; but they have yet to show, in a practical manner, that their system is an improvement upon the one they wish to supersede."

Hamburg.—The Singacademie, formerly under the direction of Grund, then of Stockhausen, and, at present of Herr von Bernuth, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary this autumn. Among the works selected for performance on this occaston are Handel's *Solomon* and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Wildenwang.—The subscription for the Gluck monument to be erected here has reached the sum of 1750 florins: Of this, the King of Bavaria gave 400 florins; the King of Wurtemburg 100 florins; the King of Saxony 52 florins; the Grand Duke of Hesse 100 florins; and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin 87 florins. Liberal German Potentates! About seventy-four pounds raised among five of them for a monument to Gluck.

Herr Wagner's "Meistersinger" is definitely accepted for the Berlin Opera, and will be brought out at the end of October, with Herr Niemann as *Walter*, Mlle. Mallinger as *Eva*, and Mlle. Brandt as *Madelaine*. As a set-off against this triumph, a parody of the same opera is having great success at Mayence. The piece is called "Les Maitres Chanteurs, ou le Judaisme en Musique," and its chief characters are *Richard Démence, Félix Mendel**bonn, Meyer**bach, and Offen**beer*. Judging by these names its satire must be heavy; but the Mayence folk are said to laugh at it with singular heartiness.

The Pesar fete in honor of Rossini began on the 21st with a performance of Cherubini's D minor Mass in the church of St. Francis. It was to last five days.

The Parisians will lose their darling, M. Capoul, awhile, if it be true that Mr. Strakosch has engaged him for a tour in the United States. *La France Musicale* says, pathetically, "Esperons qu'il n'en sera rien.

The Marquis and Marquise de Caux are in Homburg, where the Marquise sings for fourteen nights; then for two at Baden; after which she returns to Paris, and gives M. Bagier October, and then goes to St. Petersberg.

The *Musical Standard* states that a statue of Goethe is to be inaugurated at Munich in the early part of September. On this occasion three productions of the illustrious poet will be given—"Iphigenia in Tauris," "Torquato Tasso," and "Faust."

The dearth of musical news is rather remarkable. Here are a few gleanings from the New York *Weekly Review*:

Carlotta Patti.—Great expectations are raised to hear this celebrated vocalist, who has been the great concert star of Europe for the last four or five years. Carlotta has not only wonderfully improved in voice and execution, but also in appearance. To judge from various photographs shown us, European life has agreed with her. She, as well as Messrs. Ritter, Jean Prume, and Max trakosch, will be here in a few days, Mr. Theodo e Ritter is not a German, as we stated last week, but a Frenchman, hailing from Marseilles. We are pleased to see Mr. Strakosch has secured the services of this eminent pianist, who will form an attraction in himself, although the marvellous singing of Miss Patti will of course be the feature of the concerts—to commence on the 20th of this month.

Adelaide Phillipps is at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in attendance at the bed side of her father, who is dangerously ill. Miss Phillipps has given up her Paris engagement, and refuses all offers of business, on account of this domestic trouble and duty.

A new singer, whose voice was commended by Rossini as remarkably fine, is shortly to make her appearance here in the concert room. She is a Spanish Lady, Mlle. Marie Cortez, and is reported to be both beautiful and talented. The lady will arrive here, we are assured, in about two weeks.

A German opera company, chiefly composed of the German singers "of note" in this city, intends to open a short season at the French Theatre, either on the 18th or 25th of October. The management is entrusted to Mr. Wertheimer and the conductor's *baton* to Mr. Carl Anschutz.

Mr Theodore Thomas treated the lovers of music last night, at the Central Park Garden, to Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen," Wagner's Bridal Procession from "Lohengrin," three parts of Mozart's Symphony in D, and Liszt's "Marche Hongroise." Mr. Levy played Rossini's "Una voce," and achieved as usual a genuine success.

A New Batch of Prodigies;—We quote the following from the New York *Season*: "There has recently arrived from Berlin a remarkable family of five children, called the Franko Family, whose ages range from seven to fourteen years—all of whom are most accomplished performers alike on the violin anb piano, and are exponents of the most classical and difficult muisc on either instrument. Their public performances in Berlin, and other leading German cities, have elicited the most unqualified admiration, and those who have heard them privately since their arrival, assert that they are fully warranted. The public will, however, shortly have an opportunity of judging for themselves at their inaugural concert, at Steinway Hall. Though receiving their musical education at Berlin, they were all born in New Orleans."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sleep, my Baby, Sleep. 3. E*b* to f *Clement.* 30
A sweet lullaby, combined with a graceful sentiment in the verses. Has a good chorus.

Clochette. 2. F to *g*. *Molloy.* 30
This quaint title names a charming little song about pretty "Clochette," who could 'nt help being a coquette, but was finally cured of it. A taking song to sing before company.

Annie's winning Smile. 3. A*b* to e. *Blamphin.* 30
About a moonlight walk to the stile, the waving corn and the summer night, illumined by "Annie's winning smile" Very pleasing song with a good chorus.

Act on the Square. 2. G to d. *Lee.* 30
Capital advice, not only to Masons, but all good men. Effective song before a company.

Say, my Heart, why art thou beating. (Was ich still). 3. E*b* to *g*. *Abt.* 30
Somewhat in the style of "Thou art so near, and yet so far," and quite elegant. The imagery of "dreams," "shadows" &c., is well brought in.

The Wanderer's Dream. (Mir singt in Hain). 3. F to e. *Abt.* 30
A "first class" song of classic beauty.

Stay gentle Morn awhile. 3. G to e.. *Abt.* 40
If "Morn" has an ear for music, it will certainly "stay" to hear such singing. An admirable song, in which the beauties of the fresh morning are finely portrayed

Adieu to the Woodlands. (Abschied vom Walde). Duet. 3. C to *g*. *Abt.* 30
A very beautiful duet forming, with the others, a set of pieces of which Abt need not be ashamed.

Only at Home. 3. A to f. *Gabriel.* 30
The old beautiful sentiment well expressed. Among the best of the "Home" songs. Take it "home" with you.

Sweet Dora. 3. G to f. *Allen.* 30
Pretty Dora's three innocent "wishes" were hardly uttered before the things wished for came to pass. A pretty idea, nicely brought on in words and music.

Somebody's Wife; or, O, I'd go and see my Mother. *Jackson.* 30

Walk off, big Shoes! *Holder.* 30
New contributions to comic musical literature. The more the merrier, and these are merry enough.

Down by the River side I stray. 3 F to f. *Thomas.* 50
Very sweet ballad Of course he did not stray alone, and the "wedding" scene on one corner of the fine lithograph title informs us well enough as to what came after those pleasant walks.

Instrumental.

Prince Arthur Galop. 3. F. *Prince.* 30
A wide awake little thing, like the young prince whose name it bears. A pleasant run and good reception to both.

Rip Van Winkle Galop. 3. B*b*. *Wellman.* 40
A sort of steady movement, characteristic and pleasing.

Music at Eve. Reverie. *Mack.* 40
Rosy Morn. Mazourka. " 40
Water Witch. Barcarole. " 40
Three pieces by this favorite author, quite famous for excellent arrangements.

Potpouri. Fidelio. 4. *Wels.* 75
This selection from the melodies of what many consider the best of all operas, will be welcomed by all players.

Warrior Polka. 3. E*b*. *Turner.* 30
Original, and with a striking melody.

Spring Fairy. 3. B*b*. *Englebrecht.* 60
A new edition of a great favorite, good for an instructive piece, and good any way. The lithograph title is a "success" and quite ornamental.

Grotto Polka. 3. E*b*. *Turner.* 30
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The Musical Drama and the Works of Richard Wagner.

From the French of Edouard Schuré.

(Concluded from page 109).

To this noisy and grotesque night succeeds a radiant day. The third act gives us the interior of Sachs' house. The shop has a holiday air. The table glitters. All is in order. The modest windows, garnished with pots of flowers, admit the morning sunshine. The master sits in a great arm-chair. He holds a folio open upon his knees, and reads with profound attention. David, who comes in rejoicing in the ribbons and flowers with which Madeleine has decorated him, tries in vain to attract the old man's attention. He walks around him, calls him by his name in a low voice, then louder. Sachs never stirs, and the youth, in anxiety lest his master is very angry, begins to beg in suppliant tones the pardon for last night's misdeeds. At last the book is closed with a loud noise, and the frightened apprentice drops upon his knees. But the master is as serene as one just come back from the other world. He kindly bids the lad recite the verse for the day, then sends him off to dress for the fête. Master Sachs is a true philosopher. When he reads in his "History of the World," when he meditates upon human destinies, he understands all things, and does not allow trifles to disturb his composure. Left alone once more, he goes on with his reflections, and thus we get a glimpse of this manful and gentle soul. Going over the events of the past night, he asks himself what imp of mischief could have stirred up the peaceful citizens of Nuremberg to such violence. "It is the old madness," he says; "it is the everlasting illusion, which is needful for success, and which must be mastered at all hazards. After the foolish night comes the day! Let us see if Hans Sachs cannot bring some grand thing out of this hour of madness."

At this moment Walter comes in. "Courage," says the old man to him. "Compose for me a master's song!" Walter smiles. He has given up all hope of a reconciliation with the school, and is not willing even to hear it mentioned. Sachs does not agree with him, and promises him the victory if he will bend his genius to certain rules. "How shall I do it?" "Relate to me your dream of this morning." This dream, like all its kind, is vague, but all the more delicious for that. He seems to have been wandering in a garden, radiant with dewy flowers, where a beautiful woman, an Eve in loveliness, calls him to the tree of life and bids him gather the fruit. Fascinated, he has fallen asleep under the glances of his enchantress. Night falls, and through the sombre foliage he sees a crown of stars which hovers above the head of this wondrous-eyed woman. As related by Walter, it takes the form of two melodious strophes of a sweet and noble rhythm. The master is delighted. In the joy of his heart he writes the words down upon a piece of paper. "And now," he says, "all we need is courage. Let us prepare for the fête."

Hardly have they left the room, when in comes the Recorder, who has been roaming about in the streets. He makes his appearance walking lame, for he has not forgotten his serenade of the preceding evening, and its *caravanes*. He chances to see the piece of paper which lies upon a table, where it has been accidentally left. He recognizes the handwriting of Sachs. A love-song by him! Has the old hobnailer the audacity to aspire to Eva's hand? The thought strikes him like a flash. At this moment the master comes in, in gala-dress. Beckmesser overwhelms him with sarcasms and reproaches. "I have never intended to compete for the prize," says Sachs, with a smile, "and in proof of it I am willing to give you the verses. You may do what you please with them." Beckmesser falls head foremost into the snare, and goes off with the poem, believing that now he has victory safe in his pocket.

Next arrives Eva, robed in white, richly arrayed for the festival. Sachs compliments her on her appearance, but with a sad and petulant air she reproaches him with not *having worn the shoe pinches*. The shoemaker takes her at her word, has her put her foot upon a bench, while he examines the ill-disposited shoe. Too large here, too small there. Eva finds all manner of faults with it. Suddenly Walter appears in the door-way, and stands nailed to the spot before the dazzling apparition. The starry crown, which he saw in his dream floating over the head of his ideal Eve, now in reality shines in Eva's hair, and it is a crown of betrothal. The dream is accomplished, the poetic vision is become a living reality. In his delight, the third strophe of his song escapes from his lips, and resounds with its lyric accompaniment like a true hosanna of betrothal. Eva listens, motionless as a statue. "Very good," Sachs says, as he gives back the shoe. "Is it right now? Try, walk a step and see!" Now, at last, Eva sees how the good master stands her friend, and she falls upon his neck. After a paternal embrace, Sachs releasing her, Walter springs forward and clasps her in his arms. David and Madeleine have arrived as if by accident, and the scene ends with a *quintet*, in which all hearts unite in a hymn of joy and hope.

The curtain falls a moment and rises upon a grand popular scene. A wide meadow extends along the banks of the Pegnitz. In the background, the towers and citadel of Nuremberg. At the left a stage is raised. Country people arrive in boats and are received by the apprentices, who, dressed as heralds, gaily brandish their ribboned sceptres. The corporations follow, and set up their banners around the tribune of the master-singers. The tailors, the shoe-makers and the bakers, sing a couplet in honor of their patron; the trumpets of the city sound a flourish, and the people applaud. The festivity is at its height, when a boat arrives filled with peasant girls. The apprentices run to claim them, the fifes strike up a rustic tune, couples are arranged in the twinkling of an eye, and the dance begins. A sudden outcry cuts short this extemporized ball. The girls fly into corners, the apprentices form ranks respectfully, while the brass instruments, resuming the solemn march of the overture, announce the arrival of the master-singers. They take their places upon the tribune, Pogner conducting his daughter, who bears in her hand the wreath for the victor. Hans Sachs comes in last. Perceiving their favorite, the crowd no longer restrain their enthusiasm, but with common impulse join in a beautiful ode on the Reformation, of which the words are really composed by Sachs himself. The effect is superb. There is something at once gentle, and very terrible, and which strikes to the very marrow of one's bones, in the suave *pianissimo*, which swells from note to note to most resounding *fortissimo*. One would say, the voice of a nation, moved in the depths of its soul with a religious, tender emotion, then suddenly lifting its tremendous rejoicing to the skies, in a cry of liberty. Twice, the heavy roll of drums is heard beneath those brilliant strains, like a far-off clash of arms: you can detect the muttered thunder of a revolution. It is the very soul of reform which breathes through this ode,—not a narrow and limited reform, but that great and eternal revolution which has for its motto: freedom to mankind, the free expansion of the soul, the brotherhood of the whole human race. It was the thought of a great artist to preserve the protestant tinge in this ode, and yet to fill it with so liberal a sentiment. The effect is so majestic that one may compare it with Schiller's Hymn of Joy, which has been placed by Beethoven at the end of his Ninth Symphony.

Sachs receives this homage with calm dignity. Standing motionless at the edge of the tribune, he looks far beyond the crowd into the distant horizon, as if his gaze buried itself in the future. The performances commence. Beckmesser first enters the arena. His manner at once occasions laughter in the crowd; his singing completes the ludicrous effect. The unfortunate Recorder gets the words wrong in Walter's composition, and makes complete nonsense of it; then he sings the incongruous verses to his own serenade, plentifully garnished with flourishes and *ritournelles*. After the first *strophe* the masters exchange glances of surprise; after the second, a stir comes in the crowd; after the third, follow peals of laughter.

Then Walter steps forward and bravely confronts the assembly. A murmur of approbation greets the young man, and amid profound silence he resumes the first *strophe* of his Hymn. The noble melody spreads wide its majestic waves over the enchanted crowd, and a sympathetic shiver runs through the audience. Assured, henceforth, of success, Walter yields himself to the demon of inspiration; his bold thought ventures a new flight. For the first time he has felt his power over men. In the murmurous voices of the crowd he has detected the echoes of his

own inspired voice, he has experienced the magnetic vibration of hearts. At this supreme moment of his existence, the secret of his destiny reveals itself to him, the mystery of his splendid vision is unveiled before his eyes. It is now no longer the Eve of Paradise, nor is it the simple young girl of Nuremberg; a more sublime bride is shown him. The muse herself, the muse of his nation appears before him, in her sacred and smiling beauty. She calls him to the sacred fountain; her presence is to him like a baptism of fire. It is she whom he seeks, whom he has at last found, and whom he hails with a daring song of love. The crowd is carried away by these hitherto unheard accents, which bear them to another world upon the wings of poesy, and the master-singers, moved and conquered in spite of themselves, cannot control their admiration. Walter advances to the tribune, and, kneeling before Eva, receives from her hand the myrtle and laurel crown. So ends the victory of the true poet. The apprentices clap their hands, the crowd wave hats and banners, and the curtain falls amid repeated cries, Long live Hans Sachs!

IV.

A detailed sketch of this drama appeared to us indispensable in order to give the reader an impression of the originality of the work. There is no trace here of the absurdities and platitudes of the conventional *libretto*. Life circulates, broad and free, through the drama. A noble thought rules it, and that which strikes the hearer most of all, is its perfect unity.

Walter and Sachs are the heroes, and from this mutual relation of theirs is suggested a thought that is not without grandeur. The *dénoûement* of the drama is at the same time the victory of an idea. It is by the alliance of the poet of noble race with the popular poet that the victory of poetry is achieved. They come from opposite regions, to meet at the same point. The knight has grown to manhood in the isolation of his feudal château. His soul has awaked amid the murmurs of the old forest, amid the eternal youth of nature. During his long vigils, he has read "the old books left him by his grandsire," and the great inspired ones of the heroic ages have appeared to him. Then arose in his heart dreams, broad as the vast forests, thoughts, lofty as the sky; but for whose sake shall it flow, this fountain which springs up in his heart? He desires to lavish it upon beings as noble as himself. But where do they live? He must find them. This drives him out into the world; he flies forth as an eagle from its eyry, with full heart and wide-spread wings. Sachs, on the other hand, is but a poor artisan, growing up among the people, one of themselves. Supported by his daily labor, he has lived his life. Day and night he has handled the hammer and the awl, in his little workshop, in the heart of the busy city. All the time his brave spirit is never idle. The people, who are so dear to him, inspire him with his enthusiasm and his good humor. They sing with him, and for him, night and morning. He seans his song to blows of the hammer.—what matter, so it is gay? He looks merrily upon humanity, as into a magic lantern, where peasants, lords, kings and people, dance a fantastic saraband. He watches with calm eyes this strange world. He is strong and firm upon his native soil; he feels that he is the voice of his people. Thus we see the old workman in the decline of life, still young in soul and free of heart, salute with manly song the dawning of the great day of reform. This Hans Sachs is at once a resurrection and a creation. The artisan-poet of the sixteenth century, whose name is still revered in Germany, here appears with his true portrait transfigured by an ideal ray. He represents the inventive spirit, the untiring imagination of the people, in its frankness and simplicity. How healthy, rich and profound the nature! Towards the outside world, the rough exterior, the simplicity, the sly jokes, of the artisan; under the rugged bark, behind which he shelters himself against the foolish and the mischievous, depths of tenderness and poetry, of revery, of manly sadness, and at the very heart of all, a wise man, full of strength and joy. Different as they are, Hans Sachs and Walter von Stolzing were made to understand each other and be one another's complement. One arrives from the sublime heights of ideal thought and dream, the other comes from the inner heart of the common people; one burns to come down and share his inspiration, the other would fain ascend and bathe in purer air. Proudly the knight lays his hand into the rude hand of the artisan, in the presence of the people. They applaud, for they feel that it is the alliance of revealing enthusiasm with national tradition, of grand art with simple art, of genius with nature.

This work, regarded as a poem only, has all the elements of vitality; from the music, however, it receives an intensity of coloring and a power of expression which one would not expect from reading it. Detach the music from the words, and you have fragments, grand or graceful, as the case may be, but the meaning is a sealed book; restore the drama to its place, and all is lighted up with the clearest radiance. The overture is, like that of *Tannhäuser*, an abridgement of the drama itself. It commences effectively, with the grave and formal march of the master-singers. Soon a dreamy phrase, commencing with the flute, taken up by the hautboy and continued by the violins, comes to interrupt. It steals like the breath of some perfumed zephyr through the heavy columns of a church. It is the *motif* of Walter, as yet only a floating and mysterious germ, whence shall emerge a whole symphony. From this moment commences a warfare between the two *motifs*. The march, taken up by the trumpets, persistently and inflexibly returns; but the melodious phrase steals upon it, wraps it in its wavy outlines, hides it at last under its tuneful stress. It is like exuberant vegetation, pushing among the broken flags of some ruined cloister, twining around the massive pillars with its tufts of foliage, at last, hanging from the highest arches in its wild flowering festoons. Here we have an image and a forecasting of the strife between Walter and the school.

The original and captivating charm of this music consists in the active part it takes in the developing of the characters. The orchestra has a richness of coloring, glowing tones, effects of *chiar 'oscuro*, which strike and fascinate. Not only does Wagner sketch his characters by means of the most remarkable *motifs*; to each he ascribes a particular *timbre*, giving us the immediate and intense apprehension of the peculiar temperament, and, so to speak, the inner vibration of the being of each. One could make a study of the unfolding of character of Walter and of Sachs in the music, of the interesting part played by the worthy Pogner, of the amusing Beckmesser, and of David the apprentice, laughing boy, with heart worn on his sleeve. It is enough to say that the music acts directly upon the soul, without involving the reasoning faculties, if only one will yield one's self willingly to its effect. Though some scenes are certainly very long, the melody in the dialogue is always lively and original. For instance, in the charming scene between Eva and Sachs, there is neither *aria*, nor song, nor *recitative*, and yet how much melody! The hautboys, the violins, the horns, outline a charming figure, which extends its cadenced rhythm through all the scene. Eva's insinuating questions, the master's mischievous replies—all that caressing and happy dialogue twines its capricious loveliness around the instrumental outline, as gracefully as a branch of honeysuckle in the trefoil of a pointed arch; and all is so animated, so carefully shaded, so true, that you forget they are singing; they seem to be speaking, and that, too, accurately, and exactly to the point.

The future will show, with more certainty than we are able to do now, what have been the imperfections and the asperities which were, perhaps, inevitable in the work of so bold a reformer as Richard Wagner. This one can safely affirm, he has made a decisive step in the history of the opera. His ambition is bold, but valiant and generous. Poet at heart, no less than impassioned composer, he has dreamed for the opera a nobility of idea, grandeur of characters, energy and mirthfulness of expression, and a profound and harmonious sympathy between the words and the music. Carrying out the idea of Gluck, he claims for the musical drama, in which all the arts join hands, the human beauty and the high social dignity of the Greek tragedy. No man can possess with impunity faith and courage like this. He who seeks to introduce a new spirit into an institution that is already strong and deeply rooted, has against him all those who, nearer or more remotely, are connected with this institution. Such was the event in Wagner's case, when he pronounced for the first time these words—"The Musical Drama." Directors, musicians, actors, believed themselves invaded in their rights, threatened in their privileges, and, imagining the house was on fire over their heads, cried out against the incendiary. But let an idea have truth in it, and it makes its own way. The idea of the musical drama is not dead — far from it. Always attacked, never thrown down, a hundred times pompously interred by the high priests of German criticism, a hundred times resuscitated in the open theatre before an astonished crowd, it has gained gradually upon all who frankly and bravely desire progress. As to Wagner's musical works, they have always powerfully seized upon the public mind. In Germany their success grows more secure every year. *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* have become national types, and have inspired painters and sculptors. The *Master-Singers* was a victory hotly applauded by the public, timidly contested by the opposing camp. Since Munich —Dresden, Vienna and Carlsruhe have given the work entire. Whether one regrets or rejoices, the musical drama is now no longer only an idea; in Germany it has become a fact.

What will be the destiny of this new form of

opera in France? Time alone will tell. It is natural not to accept, at the first attack, things which make their appearance in an unaccustomed form. It is in the French character to distrust works coming from a foreign land, and breaking thus with all tradition. Let us be just, however, and above all, let us be clear-sighted. Let us not shut our eyes to what goes on among our neighbors, when a series of events give ground to believe that an inevitable movement of mind in a new direction is preparing itself. Now in Germany, as in France, the élite of authors, of critics and of the public, are tending instinctively to give up the old form of the opera. This movement tends logically towards the musical drama. Do we say that in admitting this new form one implies condemnation of the immortal *chefs d'œuvre* of the past? Such a view is most narrow. As an opera, nothing can ever be more perfect than *Don Giovanni*. But art does not remain stationary; it is infinite as nature in the forms which it puts on, from age to age. To assign it limits is as idle as to restrict the flora of the globe to a single family. Every new form which develops itself with the vigor and unity of a living organism, has its right to exist. The musical drama, inaugurated by Gluck, taken up and enlarged by Wagner, is certainly one of the most vital and grand forms of art.

Wagner has by no means said the last word; but we ought to recognize his mighty effort towards that ideal. He has been the first to make out its principles, and to apply them with a courage and a perseverance which will make him forever famous. To imitate servilely his method and his processes would be absurd. Every great artist makes his system, or, to speak more truly, carries it ready made in his head, and can only put it in formula after he has applied it. This Wagner does. At the same time, among the general principles affirmed by the author of *Lohengrin* and *The Master-Singers*, there are some which must prevail even among those persons who are avowedly hostile. They are these: In the musical drama, this truth is incontestible, though often forgotten, that the poem is of the chief importance; the drama is the end, not the means. There must then be a depth of true inspiration—the action strong and simple, and the characters living and vigorous. As to the music, it is there, not alone to charm the ear, but to express the poetic thought in all its richness. This principle once admitted, two others follow naturally. Whatever the musical forms selected by the composer—to be truly persuasive, to satisfy us fully, it will not do to join beautiful melodies to commonplace words; the words and the melody must be alike beautiful, that the music may seem to spring out of the verse and be, as it were, its flower. Finally, if the orchestra is to move us in aid of the drama, let it have a constant part in the action, support the pantomime of the *dramatis personæ*, concur in the delineation of character. Is it needful to say that these principles apply to the most varied subjects, and to individualities the most diverse? All the great composers have been guided by them in the finest parts of their operas; but have they done it with that consistency and fidelity which is called for at the present day, by our need of dramatic truth? Yet to create works perfectly harmonious and intelligible, they ought to have applied exactly these principles faithfully. That the musical drama, thus conceived, demands a concurrence of talents, of strength, of devotion, of resources, truly extraordinary, and especially, a true poet and a true musician working together—a thing rarely met in one and the same person—is certainly true. But because this is difficult, it does not follow that it is impossible. The future strife between the opera and the musical drama can thus be foreseen. Those who ask on the lyric stage only the most gorgeous spectacles, ornamented with superb fragments of vocal and instrumental music, will follow the opera of tradition; those who do not look at it as a musical entertainment solely, who desire, as in the declaimed drama, an opportunity to represent before the public all the power of man, all the grandeur of humanity,—these will attach themselves to the musical drama. It is the glory of Gluck that he has marked out this road; it is the honor of Richard Wagner that he has gone forward in it.

The Story of Mozart's Requiem.

By William Pole, F. R. S., Mus. Doc., Oxon.

[Continued from page 102.]

In conclusion, now that we know all that we are likely to know of the history of the Requiem, it is desirable to sum up the evidence we have as to the part which Mozart had in its composition.

We may consider it absolutely demonstrated that the work was not completed by Mozart. The manuscript which at one time led to that belief has been proved to be a forgery by internal evidence, and the external testimony entirely corroborates this judgment. He was interrupted by the hand of death in writing out a copy; that imperfect copy is preserved, bearing the most positive signs of being what it is stated to be, and it is impossible reasonably to believe that any perfect copy could have been prepared by him, or to doubt that the completed copy must have been written by Sussmayer.

To explain clearly the state of the evidence in regard to the authorship, it is necessary to divide the work off in three portions, as follows:—

A.—Portions known to be entirely Mozart's—
No. 1. Requiem and Kyrie.
B.—Portions known to be essentially Mozart's—
No. 2. Dies Iræ.
3. Tuba mirum.
4. Rex tremendæ.
5. Recordare.
6. Confutatis.
Part of No. 7. Lacrymosa, namely, the first eight bars.
8. Domine Jesu.
9. Hostias.
C.—Portions in which it is not positively known that Mozart had any part at all.
No. 7. From the ninth bar to the end.
10. Sanctus.
11. Benedictus.
*12. Agnus Dei.

We will offer a few remarks on each of these heads.

A. The first class refers to those portions of the work which are known to be entirely Mozart's, having been completed by him. This class unfortunately comprises only one number, the *Requiem and Kyrie*. These, in the original manuscript, formed a part of the score delivered to Count Wallsegg, and about them there can be no question.

B. The second class comprises the portions which are known to be *essentially* Mozart's work, having been completed by him in the more important parts, but left unfinished in the less important ones. The essential features were all either completed or clearly indicated. The vocal parts were written out fully, together with the fundamental bass completely figured. The instrumental accompaniments were the only parts left unfinished. These were always put in where they had to go without the voices; and where they had to accompany the voices the commencement was written, so as to indicate clearly how they were to be carried on. Thus the work of the completer was confined to carrying out these indications, and filling in the accompaniments in accordance with the composer's intention. *Composition*, in the highest sense of the word, there was none to do.

Sussmayer appears to have been the most suitable person for this work that could have been found, as he had not only been often employed by Mozart to do work of a similar character, but had had, as he confesses in his letter, special and frequent communications with Mozart as to the carrying out of this very work. It must be admitted that he has done his part with great ability, but, as it involves nothing original, we may look on this portion, which really forms the main body of the Requiem, with almost as much satisfaction as if every note had been written by Mozart himself.

C. But now we come upon different ground altogether, namely, to those portions in regard to which there is no positive evidence of Mozart's authorship in any way. Not a scrap of his writing having reference to any of these portions has ever been produced; nor is there the least definite testimony that even any indications for them were at any time made by him. And yet, strange to say, some of these parts are among the most popular of the whole Requiem, and those which the admirers of the work and of the master are the least willing to abandon his claim to. On this account, it is necessary to state carefully how the evidence stands on either side. The arguments against Mozart's authorship are almost all external; those in favor almost all internal; and it is very seldom, in historical investigations, that the two kinds of argument are so opposed to each other as they are here.

Sussmayer claims this part as "ganz neu von mir verfertiget." The verb *verfertigen* is rather a peculiar one; it undoubtedly admits of the meaning "to compose," in the sense of writing entirely original music, and no doubt this is the most obvious interpretation of his claim. But I am told by German musicians that the more proper meaning of the word has a narrower signification, namely, "manufactured," "made up," "prepared." As an illustration of this meaning, an eminent Leipsic professor said to me, pointing to a part of his clothing, "This is *verfertigt*." It is, therefore, not impossible that Sussmayer may have intended the expression to admit of the interpretation that he had "manufactured," "made up," or "prepared," these portions, using therein material furnished him by his great instructor. It may be well to see what degree of credibility generally Sussmayer's letter bears. In the first place, all his other statements were, with some slight exceptions, subsequently proved to be true. This important letter gave the first clear indication of what Mozart did. It gave it in full detail; and it corresponded with what was shown by the manuscripts discovered long afterwards. The points where Sussmayer's statements were wrong were, that he included No. 1 among the *unfinished* portions, and that he gave Mozart credit for only six bars of the *Lacrymosa*, instead of eight; but as he, in all probability, wrote from memory of what had taken place ten years before, these slight discrepancies ought scarcely to be considered as detracting from the weight which the general corroboration of so large a body of detailed assertions gives to his testimony. This fact, combined with the air of modesty and straightforwardness about the whole letter, and the diffidence with which he speaks of his own work, in comparison with that of Mozart, render it difficult to set him down as a presumptuous impostor, whose aim was to assume the position of the "crow in peacock's feathers," he himself so pertinently mentions.

But Sussmayer's claim does not stand on his own assertion alone. His statement is distinctly corroborated by the widow, and with much greater weight by the Abbé Stadler. The legal investigations which took place on Count Wallsegg's behalf shortly after the publication of Sussmayer's letter, must certainly have led to the exposure of his imposition, had it been such; but so far from this, we are told that in this investigation the respective parts of the two composers, very nearly as described by Sussmayer himself, were distinctly pointed out to the Count's advocate.

The only external evidence pointing to the work of Mozart in these portions of the Requiem, is contained in the statement of the Abbé Stadler, as follows ("Defence," p. 16):—

"The 1st verse of the 'Lacrymosa,' the 'Sanctus,' the 'Benedictus' and the 'Agnus Dei,' were composed by Sussmayer. Whether he made use therein of any of Mozart's ideas cannot be proved. The widow told me that, after Mozart's death, there were found on his writing-desk some scraps of paper with music [einige Noten mit Musik], which she gave over to Sussmayer. What they contained, and what use Sussmayer may have made of them, she did not know."

It is difficult to suppose that these scraps could have referred to anything but the Requiem, as for some time before Mozart's death this had wholly engaged his attention. It was his practice, on journeys, to carry little scraps of music paper on which to write down passing thoughts; and he was accustomed to make preparatory sketches of works of importance, particularly such as required contrapuntal treatment. Hence, it is quite possible that he may have jotted down on these little scraps of music paper any important ideas that might have occurred to him, in anticipation of his writing them

* No. 12 may be excluded from consideration, being merely a repetition of No. 1.

out in the score. It is quite conceivable, for example, that the opening of the *Sanctus*, the subject of the Osanna, some of the ideas in the *Benedictus*, or the violin figure, and other parts of the *Agnus*, may, any or all of them, have been sketched out in this way, and that the movements may have been still "verfertigt" by Sussmayer, as he claims.

Then we must consider the possibility and, indeed, the probability of Mozart having communicated some of the ideas to Süssmayer personally. The latter says, in his letter,—

"It was known that, during Mozart's lifetime, I had often played and sung through with him the parts already put to music; that he had very often conversed with me about the working out of this composition, and had communicated to me the principal features [den Gang und die Gründe] of his instrumentation. I can only wish that I may have succeeded, at least, in so working that connoisseurs may here and there find some traces of his never to be forgotten teaching.

The following testimony also bears out this fact. The widow, at a later time, said to Stadler, "When Mozart felt weak, Süssmayer had often to sing through, with him and me, what was written, and so he obtained formal instruction from Mozart. And I can yet hear how often Mozart would say to Süssmayer, 'Ah, there again stick the oxen fast upon the hill; you are yet far from understanding that!'" A reproof which, considering the relative position of the parties, does not so much tell against the pupil, as confirm the pains taken by the master.

Now, though probably these remarks were intended, both by Süssmayer and the widow, to apply chiefly to the parts which Mozart had already begun, may it not apply, to some extent, to the others also? What more natural than that Mozart (who was well known to compose everything perfectly in his head before he wrote it down) while he and Süssmayer were playing and singing together the parts he had already written, should also have played over the parts he *intended* to write? And if so, we may be sure that such indications would not fall barren on the ear of such an apt scholar. At any rate, this supposition, taken together with the fact about the scraps of music, form the whole of the external evidence as to the possibility of Mozart's having had a share in this part of the Requiem.

But now, what as to the *internal* evidence? This is more delicate ground; and, fortunately, every musician who is a student and admirer of Mozart's works (and what musician worthy the name is not?) has, in the score itself, the means of forming his own judgment. It may, however, be well to add a few remarks which will aid in the consideration of the matter, and to put on record the opinions expressed by some competent critics.

In the first place, it will not do to dismiss Süssmayer's claims too summarily, on the ground of his being an unknown man. It is often said by those who hear of his pretensions for the first time, and to whom his name may probably be entirely unknown, that if he had been able to write works like these, which would pass as Mozart's for half a century, he would not have remained so obscure, but would have made for himself, by other and acknowledged compositions, a character that would have preserved his name from oblivion. But this argument must be used with considerable reserve. It must be recollected that the popular knowledge of musical composers of the past age is exceedingly limited, particularly in England, where fashion has such large influence, and where some five or six of the most eminent composers are allowed to engross the whole public attention. Everybody who has looked into the less known music of the Continent must have met with the works of many very meritorious composers, whose names have hardly ever been heard on this side of the Channel; and Sussmayer was undoubtedly one of these. The sketch already given of his life, will show he was no unknown person in the musical circles of his time. Gerber, in his Lexicon, calls him "one of the most popular and meritorious dramatic composers of the present age." He speaks of his *Moses* as containing "many noble, pathetic, and masterly traits." Fétis, in his *Biographie des Musiciens*, called him a "compositeur de mérite," and a "compositeur distingué." Mozart himself had a high opinion of him and called in his aid in the composition of *La Clemenza di Tito*, for which he wrote the recitatives; and filled in largely the instrumentation. Seyfried,* who was a fellow-scholar with Sussmayer, under Mozart, calls him "Mozart's inseparable companion," and adds as follows: "The hourly communication imbued him thoroughly with the master's spirit, particularly in his peculiar and novel style of instrumentation. He had appropriated Mozart's individuality so perfectly, that many works in the serious style are known to me which I should unconditionally hold to be Mozart's work were I not assured of the contrary."

Sievers speaks very highly of an opera of Sussmayer's, produced about 1790, *Der Spiegel von Arcadien*, a masterpiece of its kind, the production of a cheerful, genial humor, and containing evidence of surprising depth. He says it excited universal admiration throughout Germany, and was ranked near the *Zauberflöte*. The reason it disappeared from the stage was the very bad text. He cites several portions which he remembers with admiration, and among them a bass air which was as popular, in its style, as Mozart's "In diesen heil'gen Hallen." The opera was arranged over and over again in all sorts of ways, and published in all parts of Germany.

Jahn says he was informed by Hauptmann (the eminent professor of composition at Leipsic) of instrumental compositions by Sussmayer, which would pass for lighter works of Mozart. He examined the work so approvingly spoken of by Sievers, and found an easy but superficial inventive power, a clear and smooth workmanship, and almost throughout an obvious imitation of Mozart's manner. He adds that both this and another opera, *Soliman II*, composed in 1800, were widely known and admired, and were occasionally given at later periods. A ballet by him, *Il noce de Benevento*, was received in Milan, so late as 1825, with great applause. Gerber mentions an opera buffa, called *I due Gobbi*, which Sussmayer composed jointly with Paer, and which obtained extraordinary popularity in London, in 1796, some airs out of it having been published in this country.

The writer of this essay has not been able to get sight of any acknowledged composition by him; but in the great Thematic Catalogue of Mozart's works, lately brought out by Herr von Köchel, it is shown, on good authority, that the Mass in B flat (No. 7 of Novello's collection) generally attributed to Mozart, is really Sussmayer's composition. And if we look to the work in the Requiem itself, which we know Sussmayer did, namely, the filling in of the instrumental parts (which, be it remembered, the Hofkapellmeister Eybler had attempted, but given up in despair), we cannot help seeing traces of considerable skill, and a perfect appreciation of Mozart's intention. The *Recordare*, for example, among its many transcendent beauties, is universally admired for its exquisite instrumentation; but we know that much of this is entirely filled in by Sussmayer.

We may, for these reasons, fairly conclude that, although we must not attribute to Sussmayer powers capable of producing original works stamped with a genius like Mozart's, he was unquestionably a musician of much talent, thoroughly imbued with Mozart's spirit and style of composition, and who, moreover, in this particular case, was working under the rare advantage of having received Mozart's special directions.

[Conclusion next time.]

* "Cecilia," No. 16. Seyfried attributes to Süssmayer the composition of certain parts of the "Titus," but this was afterwards disproved.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 28.—The musical season has fairly commenced, and already we have entered upon a brilliant campaign. Week before last there were two or three benefit and complimentary concerts, and Madame Parepa's season of English Opera began at the French Theatre. On Wednesday of last week a short season of French opera (not *bouffe*) was opened at the Academy, with artists hitherto unknown to fame, at least among us. On Sunday evening Sept. 19, Mlle. Filomeno—the Chilian pianist—gave a concert in aid of the Cuban cause at Apollo Hall. She was assisted by various people of more or less ability, and also by a small and rather incapable orchestra. It does not seem that she has in any way made any artistic progress since last season.

On Sunday evening, Sept. 25, occurred the first of the "Patti concerts." The artists were Mlle Carlotta Patti, Theodore Ritter (pianist), F. J. Prume (violinist), Habelmann (tenor); and there was also an orchestra of some thirty-five under the direction of Max Maretzek. I quote some portions of the programme:—

Overture, "Tell.".....Rossini.
P. F. Concerto, C minor [Mr. Ritter]..... Beethoven.
3d Violin Concerto, [Mr. Prume]..... Vieuxtemps.

Mr. Prume has self-possession, much execution, and a very good, if somewhat thin, tone. His faults are a certain scrapiness and an inordinate tendency to an excessive use of the violin bow. He received some applause, but created no very decided sensation.

Mr. Ritter played the difficult Concerto in a technically accurate and wonderfully clear manner, and seemed thoroughly at ease and devoid of the embarrassment supposably natural upon such an occasion. I may mention that about twenty-five hundred people were present, and that at least twenty-four hundred and fifty found the Concerto hopelessly uninteresting and tedious. Mr. Ritter also played, in the second part of the programme, a Gavotte (D minor) by Bach, and a morceau of his own called "Les Courriers." These were so admirably played—particularly the latter—that he was tumultuously encored. He then played, in a perfectly delicious way, a light, airy Barcarolle in A major, in which he displayed an amazing dexterity of finger, and a touch of exquisite delicacy. His manner, quiet and unassuming, is grace and ease itself, and there was no kid-glove fussing, or any such ridiculous operation gone through with.

I have omitted to mention one thing: the *cadenza* in the Beethoven Concerto was composed by Mr. R. I regret to say that in style it was essentially Frenchy and totally infelicitous.

Mlle. Patti achieved a genuine success, and took the audience by storm. Her voice is a clear, pure, penetrating soprano, of unusual compass, exceedingly strong in the upper and middle register, and less so in the lower ones. Of course it lacks the grandeur, the richness and the incomparable volume of Mme. Parepa's; but its bird-like quality is very charming, and her execution is something astonishing. She touched, with no apparent effort, the upper E, and indeed trilled upon D flat and E flat, which is rather a difficult thing to do. She might perhaps throw Adelina (her sister) in the shade, if her unfortunate lameness did not prevent her going upon the stage. She is unquestionably the freshest and best soprano who has visited us in many years always excepting Mme. Parepa.

The orchestra—evidently a "picked up" affair—was hopelessly bad. In the first place, it was poorly balanced, for there was too much brass for the strings; in the second place, there seemed to be neither concord nor unanimity of purpose; in the third place, the luckless contrabassists would persist in playing a quarter of a tone below, which produced an eminently pleasing effect. All these matters must be seen to by Mr Strakosch, if he wishes his concerts to be successful. There will be three more of the present series during this week.

Mr. Theo Thomas has given nearly 160 of his concerts at the Central Park Garden, and these charming entertainments will cease on Tuesday evening. F.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 21.—For a long time we were woefully deficient here in good organs and good organists. Our best instruments were old-fashioned affairs, on which no fine effects could be produced (they were so poorly voiced), and with *pedales* so meagre as to forbid adequate performance of severe organ music. About three years ago the First Baptist Church erected a large organ from the factory of Wm. A Johnson, of Westfield (Mass). This instrument has three manuals, a *pedale* of six stops, and in all about fifty four stops. The case, which was built here, is a very imposing one. The organ itself, although scarcely equal to the claims set up for it, is one worthy of respectful consideration. It gave an impulse to all after-coming building-committees. The following year the centenary Methodist Episcopal church bought an organ of the Messrs. Hook. This beautiful instrument has forty-four stops, three manuals and a *pedale* of four stops. The centenary organ was regarded by its builders as a very perfect piece of voicing and mechanism, and stands to day, by general consent, the most perfect organ in Chicago. Some time later, the Hooks built two other similar instruments here, and one very fine one

of two manuals and ten composition pedals. Johnson also erected three or four very full two-manual organs, which were well received by the public generally. Still we had no men especially strong in organ playing. True, we had a round dozen of good average accompanying organists, every man of whom had a few fugues (comfortable ones), and a few Batiste and Wely pieces.

About a year ago, however, Mr. Louis Falk returned from three years of study in Germany, of which one year was in Leipsic, and the remainder under Volkmar. Mr. Falk has good technique, but lacks the skill to temper the wind of classic music to the shorn lambs of the public, and so failed to make much impression.

Presently there followed him Mr. A. J. Creswold, from England, a gentleman with that peculiar faculty of regarding his own efforts with sublime complacency, undisturbable by any ordinary fault finding. Mr. Creswold has a good idea of organ effects, and a somewhat showy but superficial technique, with a great facility of manipulation.

Then came Mr. Dudley Buck, whose Eastern reputation is such as to make it unnecessary for me to refer to him more at length, except to say that he is unquestionably the most competent organist we yet have. Then came Mr. Penfield, of whom you recently made a notice, who is also a strong man. So that at present we have four strong players, all of whom are well versed in the better class of real organ works.

Just now, however, still another development has been made. Mr. Dudley Buck has erected a little music hall, about twenty-five feet by fifty, adjoining his residence, and in it Mr Wm. A. Johnson has placed an organ, the largest ever built for the use of a private individual, and of this I subjoin a specification :—

Three Manuals, C C to A3... ..... 58 Keys.
Pedale C C C, to F .... 30 keys.

Great Organ

1 Principal, 8 feet, metal ..... 58 Pipes.
2. Gamba, " " " ..... " "
3. Rohr Flote, 8 " wood and metal..... " "
4 Octave, 4 " " " ..... " "
5. Mixture, 2 ranks.. ..... " "
6. " 3 " ..... " "
7. Trumpet, 8 feet .. .. " "

Swell Organ.

8 Principal, 8 feet..... 58 Pipes.
9 Saucional, 8 " ..... " "
10. Stopped Diapason, 8 feet..... " "
11. Violin, 4 feet ..... " "
12. Traverse Flute..... 46 "
13. Oboe, 8 feet..... 58 "

Solo Organ

14 Keraulophon, 8 feet — 17 Flute Harmonique, 4 feet
15. Dulciana, " " — 18. Piccolo, 2 feet
16. Melodia, " " — 19 Clarinet, 8 "

Pedale Organ

20. Principal, 16 feet
21. Bourdon, " " — 22 Flute, 8 "

Mechanical Movement.

23 Swell to Great. — 28. Great to Pedale.
24 Swell to Solo. — 29 Solo to Pedale.
25 Solo to Great — 30 Tremulant.
26. Solo to Great (sub octave). — 31 Pedal check.
27. Swell to Pedale. — 32. Engine.

Combination Pedals

1 and 2 act on Great Organ.
3 and 4 act on Solo.
5 and 6 act on Swell Organ
7 acts on Pedal Ventil.
8 acts on Great to Pedal copula.
9 acts on Tremulant
10 acts on Solo to Great, sub-octave coupler

The exterior is very lovely. Many have pronounced it the most artistic they have ever seen.

The voicing of the string toned registers is considered very superior. The flutes are fine. The diapason is perhaps a shade too stringy, but has a good body and resonance. The tone of the full organ is well balanced and telling. Taken singly and in combination, the stops are so appropriately voiced as to meet the complete approval of the distinguished organist for whom it was built, and of the most discerning critics who have had opportunity to examine it.

The mechanical appliances are very complete. The couplers are placed just over the swell manual. The "great to pedal" coupler operates both by the draw-knob and by pedal. The pedal is so contrived that when pressed down it always reverses the condition of the coupler. If it were previously on, the pedal takes it off. If it were off, the pedal brings it on. And it never fails to operate, however the knob may have been shifted. The ten composition pedals have ivory labels placed over the great organ keys, each name in a vertical line over the corresponding pedal.

The instrument is blown by one of Stannard's "Organ-blowing Apparatus." This water engine, although the second ever built, is a most complete success. The organ, you will observe, is larger than average church organs. Yet this engine, which is smaller than the regular size, fed by a two inch stream of water, at a pressure of twelve to fifteen pounds to the square inch, furnishes all the wind wanted, adapts itself instantly to the shifting demands of the organ, according as more or less wind is required, and keeps the top of the bellows within three inches of a uniform height. That is to say, after a soft passage, during which the engine has slackened its efforts, when the full organ is taken, the top of the bellows runs down about three inches before the engine can so accelerate its action as to meet the increased demand; but in a few seconds the bellows is full again. Moreover, if a loud passage be suddenly succeeded by a soft one, you never hear wind escaping. The engine stops instantly, if necessary, to prevent the bellows from overblowing. Furthermore, the wind is *perfectly steady*. Not the slightest wavering is perceptible.

So, taken all in all, with his fine accomplishments, his elegant and convenient hall for receiving friends or pupils, and his beautiful organ for lessons and practice, it will at once be seen that, thanks to Mr. Buck, Chicago has begun to show, in respect to the organ and organ playing, some of that enterprise she manifests in other respects.

I ought to mention, further, that at least four more large organs will be erected here within a few months or a year. But, the present incumbents of the several positions intend to play them. So let no one cast longing eyes hitherward!

DER FERYSHUTZ

Music Abroad.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—Of the fourth day, Thursday, Sept. 2, the *Musical World* reporter says :

The scheme of this morning formed an agreeable contrast to that of yesterday, when the portions of Mr. Pierson's labored, pretentious and unsatisfactory *Hezekiah*, and Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*, which, notwithstanding all its cleverness, is heavy (at times to dullness), constituted the programme. How the committee came to place two such compositions in juxtaposition, is one of those things that, as Lord Dundreary says, "No fellow can understand."

The sacred cantata of Mr. Horace Hill, first presented to the public today, is smoothly written, lying well for the voice, nicely scored, and, if not distinguished by any great originality, reminiscences of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Spohr (whose school Mr. Hill seems to have mostly affected), frequently flitting through one's mind, it has, at any rate, the merit of being pleasant to listen to, not necessitating any violent strain on one's powers of attention, and, as a whole, leaving an agreeable impression on the hearer. Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Patey, Messrs. Cummings and Santley, sang the principal parts, with the greatest care and efficiency, the composer conducting the work, and receiving very general and deserved applause, both on entering and quitting the orchestra.

As in Paris, London, and wherever it has been performed, Rossini's *Messa di Gloria* made a most profound effect. Mr. Benedict has rearranged the organ part (which is an improvement), and took all possible pains to ensure a perfect rendering. The principal artists were Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, and her husband, with Mr. Santley, a quartet that it would be almost impossible to surpass, and the result was that the music has never been heard to greater perfection.

After the almost sensuous strains of Rossini (described in the printed programmes as *G. Rossini*, for fear of mistakes), and the fully developed resources of the modern orchestra, of which the Italian *maestro* has so freely availed himself, the music of the grand old Saxon giant, Handel, in the *Dettingen Te Deum*, sounded at first strangely—a greater contrast than the two works could hardly be imagined—each a masterpiece in its way, but having nothing whatever in common beyond illustrating the widely diverse range of art, and being both productions of great masters.

Now let the *Orchestra* take up the strain and bring it to a close, somewhat cut short on our part :

On Thursday evening the last of the miscellaneous concerts came off with the following programme :—

PART I

Overture—Leonora..... Beethoven.
Song "The Ray of Hope," Clarionet Obbligato (Mr Lazarus) ..... Sir H Bishop.
Aria "Sorgete," Mametto..... Rossini.
Quartet—"Lero quel fiero istante" Mlle Tietjens, Mme Trebelli Bettini, Mr. W H Cummings, and Mr Santley.... ..... Sir M. Costa
Mandolinata—Signor Bettini ..... Paladilhe.
Cradle Song—"Peacefully Slumber" Mme Patey with accompaniment of Pianoforte, Viole, and Violoncelli..... Randegger
Cavatina—"Nulla da te"— Mr. Vernon Rigby Benedict.
Aria—"Bel raggio"—(Semiramide)—Mlle Tietjens ..... Rossini
Song and Chorus "The Forging of the Anchor" Mr Santley..... Benedict
Aria, "Gli angui d'inferno", (Flauto Magico) Mlle Emma de Murska ..... Mozart
Song, "The Angel at Home," Mr W H. Cummings ..... H Smart.
La Serenade, "Quand tu chantes." Mme Trebelli-Bettini.. ..... Gounod
Chorus, "Sound, immortal harp"..... H Hugh Pierson

PART II

Overture to Kiel's Drama "Der Prinz von Homburg" ..... Benedict.
Aria, "La mia vendetta" (Lucrezia Borgia) Signor Foli.... ..... Donizetti
Romance, "La fiancée du Marin," Mlle. Tietjens ..... H S Oakley
Song, "The Thorn," Mr Vernon Rigby.. ..Shield
Song, "O fair Dove," Mme Patey ..... A S Gatty.
Duo, "Serbami ognor" (Semiramide), Mlle Tietjens and Mme. Trebelli-Bettini..... .. Rossini.
Cavatina, "O luce di quest' anima" (Linda) Mlle Emma de Murska..... ..... Donizetti.
Song, "I wish to tune my quivering lyre" Mr Santley..... ....A. Sullivan.
Duet "Per valli, per boschi," Mme. Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Bettini ....Biangini
Cornelius March..... ..... Mendelssohn.

The new compositions of Mr. Benedict—his overture and the descriptive song—created great interest. The first—taking them in order of performance—drew down a warm encore. We notice that Mr. Boucicault is anxious that he should not be accredited with the authorship of the words of "The Forging of the Anchor." He simply adapted them from somebody else—much as he adapts his plays. Mr. Boucicault is not a poet, and has the courage to confess it. Of Mr. Benedict's overture to "*Der Prinz von Homburg*" good report may be made. There is in the opening movement in D minor some happy employment of the brass, forming a capital foil to subsequent effects with stringed instruments. The allegro in D minor swells into spirited strains, which evidence the composer's capacity for climax and his mastery over every form of orchestration. The overture was much applauded. An earnest plaudatory compliment was also paid to Signor Randegger's pleasant cradle song, sung by Mme. Patey. Mr. Pierson's chorus "Sound, immortal harp," was more suggestive of the sound than the immortality.

On Friday, as usual, the festival closed with the "*Messiah*." Mlle Tietjens, Mmes. Talbot-Cherer, Patey, and Trebelli Bettini, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Foli, and Mr Santley, were the solo vocalists. The band mustered in full force, the chorus were irreproachable, and nothing failed to render the performance thoroughly satisfactory. The full-dress ball, in St. Andrew's Hall, attended by about 400 ladies and gentlemen, who kept up dancing till three o'clock, wound up a gathering the success of which must be measured with an artistic rather than a financial footrule. For the fact cannot be ignored that the Norwich Festival of this year has turned out, pecuniarily, a failure.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—The 186th gathering for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, began in Worcester Cathedral on Monday, Sept. 6. After the religious celebration, and the Mayor's breakfast in the Guildhall, the Musical Festival proper began at noon with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The orchestra numbered 70 instruments, the chorus 250 singers; conductor, Mr. Done, the Cathedral organist; principal singers: Mlle Tietjens, Mme. Sherrington, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini,

Mme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Attendance large.—There was an evening concert in the College Hall. Mr. John Francis Barrett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, occupied the first part, confirming the favorable impression at Birmingham in 1867. The rest was miscellaneous. We hasten to what is said of the much expected work of Arthur Sullivan, and let the *Orchestra* lead off.

On Wednesday a considerable degree of interest centred in the production of Mr. A. Sullivan's new sacred cantata, "*The Prodigal Son*." The position which Mr. Sullivan occupies in the world of Art—a position in advance of his years, but gained by progressive triumphs, all of which have testified to the true *vis* in him—evoked much expectancy as to his first step in the highest of all musical achievements, the composition of an oratorio. The work in question was composed for the Worcester Festival; and its production justified the good things anticipated of it. The conception formed of his subject, and the mode in which he has set to work it out, are elucidated by Mr. Sullivan in his preface, which runs as follows:—

It is a remarkable fact that the Parable of the Prodigal Son should never before have been chosen as the text of a sacred musical composition. The story is so natural and pathetic and forms so complete a whole; its lesson is so thoroughly Christian; the characters, though few, are so perfectly contrasted, and the opportunity for the employment of "local color" is so obvious, that it is indeed astonishing to find the subject so long overlooked. The only drawback is the shortness of the narrative, and the consequent necessity for filling it out with material drawn from elsewhere. In the present case this has been done as sparingly as possible, and entirely from the Scriptures. In so doing the Prodigal himself has been conceived, not as of a naturally wicked and depraved disposition—a view taken by many commentators with apparently little knowledge of human nature, and no recollection of their own youthful impulses; but rather as a buoyant, restless youth, tired of the monotony of home, and anxious to see what lay beyond the narrow confines of his father's farm, going forth in the confidence of his own simplicity and ardor, and led gradually away into follies and sins which at the outset would have been as distasteful as they were strange to him. The episode with which the parable concludes has no dramatic connection with the former and principal portion, and has therefore not been treated.

Mr. Sullivan's memory slips when he assumes that the Parable of *The Prodigal Son* has not previously been set. Dr. Arnold's oratorio of *The Prodigal Son* was given in 1773, being the third original oratorio of this composer. It was received most favorably, and in consequence of "its superior renown" it was given at Oxford on the installation of Lord North as Chancellor. Dr. Arnold, then Mr. Arnold, thought the occasion a fit and proper one for proceeding to the degree of Doctor in Music, and accordingly wrote an exercise which he sent to the then Professor of Music, Dr. William Hayes. The Professor returned the exercise unopened, giving as his reason that it was quite unnecessary to examine an exercise composed by the author of *The Prodigal Son*. Two years afterwards Dr. Arnold produced the oratorio of *Elijah; or, the Shunamite*, the libretto from the pen of Mr. Thomas Hull. It was given in the Haymarket Theatre, and "most deservedly added to the composer's reputation." Dr. Arnold speaking of the extraordinary memory of Jonathan Battishill said, "Battishill played from memory several songs from my oratorio of *The Prodigal Son* which he had not heard for twenty years, and which I had myself nearly forgotten."

The present cantata is divided into seventeen vocal numbers, opening with an overture in F flat [?] on a pastoral subject sustained by the violin and the lighter wind instruments, leading to the first chorus in D major, "There is joy in the presence of the Angels of the Lord:" a decided felicity in choral effect, in which there is a peculiarly happy contrast. A solo for tenor which follows on the words, "A certain man had two sons," shows again the composer's power of antithesis: the allegro in G minor, "Father, give me a portion of goods," has an agitato accompaniment of violins intending to represent the trembling eagerness of the demand. This portion of the narrative is interrupted with admonition and aphorism in the prevailing manner of oratorial composition of the day; thus the father's claim for attention, "My son, attend to my words," is followed by a cantabile' "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart," and a coda, "The path of the just is as a shining light;" in the treatment of which Mr. Sullivan has been particularly successful. Instrumentation forms a prominent part in the illustration of the various emotions of eagerness, regret, hot youthful desire, and paternal tenderness. After the soprano recitative, "And the younger son gathered all together," the revel is introduced in rather boisterous form, which however alternates with the warnings given to chorus and contralto solo: the latter beautifully sung by Mme. Trebelli-Bettini: "Love not the world" is the title of an air singularly simple and sweet, and full of poetic beauty. Then more agitation in the orchestra, expressive of the rapid waste of health and wealth and content; and then the soprano takes up the story of riot and famine, the latter pathetically indicated on the words, "And no man gave unto him." At this point an air is assigned to the soprano, who has hitherto merely recited the history—a full, pathetic melody, set to the reproachful admonition, "O that thou hadst harkened to my commandments." The most *réussi* effort of the composer is the treatment of the verse "I will arise," so often treated before. It begins with soft arpeggios on the reflection upon the father's hired servants, till the prodigal conceives the resolution to return, at first humbly expressed, then gathering fervor as it proceeds, and displaying the fulness of contrition and emotional agitation in the confession, "Father I have sinned." Soft and sustained chords denote the sinner's repentance, and are replete with expression. Nor could a better execution of the solo be conceived than that of Mr. Sims Reeves, to whom it was assigned. After a little more aphoristic reflection on the part of the chorus, the incident of the return is reached, and the duet between father and son follows, in which the alternation of penitence and joy, of remorse and forgiveness is shortly—too shortly—exemplified. The full fatherly satisfaction is reserved for a following number, "For this my son was dead and is alive again," which is much happier, and a brilliant passage for violins illustrates the deep gratitude which takes shape in the aspiration, "Blessed be God, who hath heard my prayer," pointing the choral moral in F minor, "O that men would praise the Lord." The episode of the envious brother is not introduced: Mr. Sullivan has no heart to devote to the petty vices. Penitence and forgiveness are his theme, and the religious spirit in which he has set to work to expound them admits of no qualification. In only one instance does the worldly character intrude—in the revel scene, and here he may defend himself on dramatic grounds. The work is a high work, full not only of pretension but of admirable performance. We may have opportunity to refer to it on a future occasion, merely taking here occasion to remark on the excellence of its execution at the hands of Mme. Tietjens, Mme. Bettini, Messrs. Sims Reeves, and Santley. Mr. Sullivan conducted in person.

A selection from "*Judas Maccabæus*" filled up the remainder of the morning, including the overture, several of the finest choruses, and most of the favorite solos, by Mlle. Tietjens, Mmes. Lemmens Sherrington and Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

The concert of the evening included a selection of Rossini's works under the title "Hommage à Rossini;" comprising the Preghiera from "*Mosè in Egitto*," the overture from "*Guillaume Tell*," the quartet, "Cielo il mio labbro." Mmes. Lemmens and Bettini, MM. Bettini and Santley were the artists. In addition to the Rossinian element the music to the "*Walpurgisnacht*" and a selection from "*Oberon*" were given. The excellence of the programme will thus be recognised, and we may add, it was as excellently carried out.

Mr. Sullivan's star seems to be in the ascendant, all critical England ringing with his praises.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 9, 1869.

The Opening Season.

The Organ Concerts lately show that Bach is in the wind. Our musicians are aware that the *Passion Music* is to be taken up in earnest by the Handel and Haydn Society,—after a sop or two to Cerberus in the shape of *Naaman* and what not. Such straws as these are lifted: Mr. THAYER, in his last two performances on the Great Organ, has introduced what may be called experimental arrangements of three of the choruses from the Passion Music: viz., that trustful and repose-ful one: *So schlafen unsre Sünden ein* ("So slumber shall our sins befall"), which alternates with tenor solo: *Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen*; the tremendous one, calling down Heaven's wrath on the great wrong: "Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in clouds are ye vanish'd?" and the profoundly beautiful threnody which concludes the work: *Wir setzen uns mit Thränen nieder*. The second seemed less manageable on the organ than the other two, which proved deeply interesting.

Then the Toccata in F has been revived, both by Mrs. FROHOCK, and by the young organist from Worcester, pupil of Mr. Lang. Mr. G. W. SUMNER, who made his début at the Great Organ, playing also one of the Mendelssohn Sonatas, winning praise from those who know what organ playing should be. Then again one or more of the Orchestral *Suites*, or parts of them, are prominent candidates for a place among the novelties of the coming Symphony Concert season. Mr. LANG, at one of his last turns at the Organ, played one of Schumann's Fugues on the letters of Bach's name, besides a Mendelssohn Sonata, and (are we sorry that we did not hear it?) a transcription of Liszt's "Preludes"!

Very interesting, in another way, was a little affair on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 30, at Chickering Hall, when by invitation of young Mr. SUMNER (alluded to above) and Mr. G. ARTHUR ADAMS, another young pupil of Lang's, a roomfull of music lovers listened to "a performance of the following piano-forte music":—

Rondo in C major, for two piano-fortes (posthumous). Chopin.
Capriccio in B minor, Op. 22.....Mendelssohn.
Concerto No. 5, in E flat major. Op. 73.....Beethoven.
Concerto in E minor. Op. 11 .....Chopin
Romance—Rondo.

We know not what we are coming to:—so many young men and young women spring up among us, who in a quiet way have in some sense mastered the highest tasks in classical piano-forte music! Here is a still, pale Massachusetts boy, the first we ever knew of whom was hearing him on this occasion actually play with certainty and power and good *aplomb* the greatest of Concertos, the "Emperor" of Beethoven. That Mr. Adams's rendering had all the fineness of mature conception, or sympathetic depth of nature, which we look for in a real artist, we of course do not say; but it was remarkably well done, making due allowances. Mr. Sumner showed to equal advantage, and even greater in respect to musical feeling, so it seemed to us, in the Chopin Concerto. In both cases Mr. Lang sketched in the orchestral parts on a second piano. Indeed the whole programme, consisting of the choicest things, was well read, clearly and effectively interpreted, and without any outward fuss or unnecessary waste of force. The whole air of both the young men was quiet, self-possessed, ingenuous and modest.

What Next?

The full and proper opening of our musical season will come with the first of the SYMPHONY CONCERTS of the Harvard Musical Association, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4. This will be the fifth season of these concerts, and there will be ten of them (in the subscription series), as there were last year, given once a fortnight, except that there will be an interval of three weeks between the five before and the five after New Year. Already the guaranty subscription among the members of the Association

is rapidly filling up, and the sale of season tickets will be open to the public by the 19th or 20th of this month. The musical arrangements are nearly completed. Mr. ZERRAHN will conduct an Orchestra fully as complete and excellent as that of last year (notwithstanding the absence of the Quintette Club), with Mr. BERNARD LISTEMANN at the head of the violins. Among the artists who will play piano Concertos will be certainly PERABO and LEONHARD, probably Miss ALIDE TOPP, Mr. PARKER, and others. There will be violin solos by Listemann and others; vocal solos, choice, but sparingly introduced; and probably some chorus singing by the German Clubs uniting round the Orpheus as a nucleus; a mixed chorus also may be called into service once or twice.

The first programme is definitively agreed on, opening with the *Zauberflöte* Overture by Mozart, followed by the beautiful Aria of Pamina in the same opera. *"Ah, lo so,"* &c (*Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden*), to be sung by Miss WHITTEN; then the Symphony: *"Weihe der Töne"* (Consecration of Tones) by Spohr, concluding the first part. Part second begins with Beethoven's Overture in C, op. 115; followed by a couple of the Soprano Arias which Robert Franz has exhumed and arranged with all his sympathetic art from the scores of Handel's Italian operas (about which buried treasures we had an article a few numbers back). These are gems of fresh and noble song, full of the genius of Handel's youth. The two to be sung by Miss Whitten are: *"Sommi Dei"* from his *Radamisto*, and *"Il vostro Maggio"* from *Rinaldo*; and we are much mistaken if this first taste do not create a pretty eager demand for more of them; Franz has already published twelve, to be followed by twelve more for each of the other voices. The concert will close with one of Boieldieu's genial and graceful Overtures: to *"Jean de Paris."* All of these selections, except the Mozart Overture, will be new to the Symphony Concerts, while the Overture by Beethoven and the airs by Handel will be heard for the first time in Boston. The remaining programmes are not yet quite determined, but here are some of the ingredients:

Symphonies: Haydn: in B flat, No. 8, (second time), and perhaps a new one. One or more by Mozart. Of Beethoven, at least the "Eroica" and No. 4, in B flat. The great one in C, by Schubert, which was not heard last year. Mendelssohn's "Italian," perhaps. Of Schumann: No. 1, in B flat, and No. 2 in C; also (first time here) his "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," op. 52. Possibly a new Gade Symphony (No. 3, in A minor.)

Overtures. Gluck: to "Iphigenia." Beethoven: "Prometheus," "Coriolan," and "Leonora, No. 3. Cherubini: "Lodoiska" (first time), "Medea," and *Wasserträger*." Weber: "Euryanthe" and "Oberon." Schubert: "Alfonso and Estrella" (first time). Schumann; Genoveva, and (first time in these concerts) "Manfred." Spohr: "*Der Alchemist*" (first time). Mendelssohn: "Hebrides," "Melusina," "Ruy Blas." Spontini: "Vestale," (first time). Gade: "Ossian." Bennett: "Wood Nymph." Perhaps others; though there is already danger of a surplus, if not of a surfeit.

Orchestral Suites, &c. Suite by Bach, in D; perhaps also the Gavotte from his B minor Suite, preceded by the Pastoral Symphony in his Christmas Oratorio. A Suite for all the strings by Otto Grimm (modern).—A serenade for wind instruments by Mozart is under consideration.

Concertos, &c. Beethoven: in C minor, and in E flat; also his Choral Fantasia (first time) in C. Schumann: in A minor. Chopin: in F minor. One by Mozart (first time). *For Violin*: Beethoven: in D. Spohr: "Scena Cantante." Others perhaps, and the *Chaconne*, or something else, by Bach.

Of the vocal selections it is hardly seasonable to speak at present; but there will certainly be a Bass Aria (first time) by Mozart, and more of the Handel Opera songs; perhaps one or two Arias by way of foretaste of Bach's Passion Music. The German clubs will sing, among other things, the Chorus of Priests in "The Magic Flute," and the great Finale of the second act to "William Tell."—It will be seen that the real trouble in the making up of ten such programmes is the embarrasment of riches. After four such seasons, there is a natural desire to extend acquaintance into new fields of Symphony, &c. How to do this and yet to gratify the never ceasing call for so many grand old favorites, is a dilemma; one is reminded of the greedy hand in the slender-necked pitcher.

But now, to stand more on the order of their coming, the musical events in prospect are these:

CARLOTTA PATTI and her concert troupe will appear in the Music Hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings next week.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, on Saturday, the 16th, at Chickering's, will give us a Farewell on the eve of their departure westward. They will have the assistance of a new singer of distinction, Miss JENNY BUSK, who is to go with them, and of leading artists of the city, and the programme no doubt will address itself to their best audience.

We are to have a flying foretaste of Orchestral Music too, immediately before the Harvard concerts. No less an opportunity is offered us than that of hearing Mr. THEODORE THOMAS's famous New York orchestra in three concerts at the Music Hall. The programme will embrace both classical and popular, and doubtless will introduce to us some interesting compositions of the writers of to-day.

Mr PERABO's first series of Chamber Concerts will begin on Friday, the 29th inst., as we said before. The brilliant favorite, Miss ALIDE TOPP, too, has a short series of Piano Concerts in contemplation for the city which has received her with enthusiasm from the first.

There are furthermore announced a Sacred Concert to-morrow evening, in aid of the Catholic Fair at the Music Hall; and three "Grand Promenade" (Gift Enterprise) Concerts in the ruins of the Coliseum, for the thousands who desire a chance to draw its $15,000 worth of lumber, flags and furniture.

The late "National Musical Convention," resulting in a "National Musical Congress," is still too vague and big for us to form a very clear opinion of it; and as all objects occupy much room just in proportion to their vagueness, and we had little room to spare, we must forbear for awhile at least.

We learn that Messrs MASON BROTHERS, of the city of New York, have just disposed of their large and valuable catalogue of music books to OLIVER DITSON & Co., the well known music publishers. The Mason catalogue embraced upwards of seventy books, many of them of wide popularity, and included the "Mason and Hoadley Piano Method," "Root's Cabinet Organ Instructor," "New American Tune Book" (now in press), "Carmina Sacra," "Temple Choir," "Jubilee," etc., etc. We are informed that this acquisition to the already very extensive catalogue of Ditson & Co., makes it equal in extent and value to that of all the music publishers in the United States combined.—*New York Tribune*.

"Who Can Refute a Sneer?"

MR EDITOR:—At one of the sessions of the Musical Convention, recently held in your city, a prominent member of the Convention, in the course of some admirable remarks on the music of our churches and the bad taste and ignorance too often exhibited by those having charge of this important part of Divine worship, made a statement which seems to require a little explanation. He said that "on the last Sunday but one" he attended the service of a very large Episcopal church, where the full "cathedral service" was performed by a large and powerful choir. When the proper time for the *anthem* arrived, the clergyman announced that it would be sung, and the organist commenced the prelude; he was astonished to hear the familiar strains of an old college song, and could scarcely believe the evidence of his ears until the choir commenced the hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," to the once well known melody, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

He further added that after diligent inquiry he learned that the rector of this very important parish directly encouraged this sort of thing.

This is the substance of the gentleman's statement; now let us see if it will stand without qualification.

The beautiful hymn which he quoted, it is well known, is appropriate only to Christmas-tide, and it is very remarkable if it was sung in any Episcopal church on the "last Sunday but one," which was, according to the church calendar, the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. It is not usual anywhere, and particularly not in places where the choral service is used, to announce an *anthem* and then to sing a metrical *tune* in common measure. And in regard to the encouragement said to have been given by the rector to such a style of music,—by which I suppose the gentleman meant the deplorable and, unfortunately, too common practice of debasing God's service by adapting sacred words to the popular melodies of the street, the concert room and the opera—is it not possible that the melody, said to have been used, may never have been known in any other connection by those having charge of the music of the parish? The song is rarely heard at present, and perhaps the fault may rest with the adapter, rather than with the users.

Why did the gentleman lay such stress upon the fact of this having been done in an *Episcopal* church? He did not think it necessary to inform the convention of the denomination of the churches in which he had heard *Batti, batti* and *Che faró* and of which he gave such capital illustrations. I take no exceptions to the general tone of the gentleman's remarks. They were admirable, and I thank him for having made them; but if he will explain the points to which I have referred, he will greatly oblige

RIPIENO.

(Crowded out last time.)

The Humboldt Festival.

The Centennial Anniversary of the Birth of Alexander von Humboldt was celebrated throughout this country, wherever there were Germans, and in some cities also by Americans. Music lent its aid so largely, and in most instances so fitly, that it would be interesting, had we room, to chronicle the programmes furnished by the various *Männerchöre* and orchestras. By far the most complete, significant and beautiful of all the celebrations was that held in the Boston Music Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History. There the great naturalist of our day, our own AGASSIZ, spoke of his great friend and master. His summing up of the vast labors, the contributions to science and human progress, the rich, full, noble life, and generous spirit of his hero,—so simple, glowing, fully rounded and complete—was in itself a symphony; and so the great orchestral music which formed the prelude and the postlude to it, those master strains of Mozart and Beethoven, seemed in perfect keeping with the spoken word, a fit ideal frame to it, and sounded more significant than ever. This was the programme:

Organ Prelude. Toccata in F. ....J. S. Bach
J. K. Paine
Chorus. Hymn to Music.................. V. Lachner
Orpheus Musical Society and other German Clubs.
Prayer by Rev. James Walker, D. D.
Overture. "Magic Flute."..........................Mozart
Address by Professor Agassiz
Symphony No. 7. Introduction and Allegro ..Beethoven.
[a] Chorus of Priests. "O Isis and Osiris," with Orchestra, from Mozart's "Magic Flute."
"The splendor of the sun scatters the gloom of night. Soon feels the noble youth new life. Soon will he be wholly dedicated to the service of Truth. His spirit is bold, his heart is pure," &c.
[b] Part song. "Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen."
Mendelssohn

"To whom God special favor grants,
Him sends he out into the wide world,
Shows him the wonders of creation
In mountain and forest, stream and field," &c.
Orpheus and other German Clubs.

Many in that audience, hearing that Overture and Symphony movement in an atmosphere of kindred great thoughts, felt their beauty and their meaning as they would not perhaps in other circumstances. The Orchestra, conducted by Zerrahn, played finely. Bach's Organ Toccata, at once intricate and full of a rejoicing, lusty life and enterprise, was no less true to the scientific thought and key note of the hour, the pursuit of unity in infinite variety.

The pieces by the German Clubs, some 80 voices, were sung with fine effect. The first, the "Hymn to Music," had no special application, but was a rich and manly piece of harmony, which also helped to set the right tone. Unfortunately the *Priesterchor*, that solemn, noble strain of Mozart, the consecration of "the noble youth" to the "service of truth," could not be sung for want of parts; but the short, serious strain to Goethe's lines, "*Unter allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*," by Lenz, which was given in place of it, was so beautiful that the audience were hardly satisfied to hear it only once. The Mendelssohn part-song came very fitly at the end, in allusion to the project of a "Humboldt scholarship."

Our German fellow citizens had their own peculiarly German celebration, with an address by Mr. Karl Heinzen, in the same Hall, in the evening. This was the music:—

Organ: Grand Fugue in E minor, Handel, Mr. H. P. Chelius; Jubel-Ouverture, C. M. Von Weber, Orchestra; Hymne an die Musik, Lachner, Chorus; Volkslied: Fuerstenlob auf der Wartburg, Liszt, Orchestra; Wanderers Nachtlied, Lenz; Der frohe Wandermann, Mendelssohn, Chorus; Triumph-zug aut der Oper "Conradin," F. Hiller, Orchestra.

Organ Playing: Its Uses and Abuses.

(Conclusion of Mr. J. P. Morgan's Paper.)

II.

We now turn our attention to the other, more important, use of the organ.

Organ Playing as a Part of Divine Service.

Surely no one will deny that here much which we have said in speaking of its use as a concert instrument applies with greater force.

Here the powers of this majestic instrument are to be employed in assisting us to bring most fitly our offerings of prayer and praise to our Maker,—to beautify the services of God's house by presenting and contemplating in his presence the best and purest results of the use of his gift to man, of the power to create and the soul to feel music. Who can doubt that the music, like the architecture, of God's house should be such, and such only, as shall most fitly lead our souls away from all that is impure, from all which can remind us of the selfishness and vanity of man, to Him who is the author of all our gifts and to whom our account of their use or abuse shall be rendered?

What can, then, be more foolish and impious than to abuse our responsible position as organists by a vain exhibition of ourselves and our accomplishments, to introduce a mere show of gymnastic feats to excite the wonder of our foolish fellow men? God forbid that we should do this *knowingly*, but many of us do it thoughtlessly and in ignorance.

What should, then, be the character of organ playing as a part of divine service?

We answer: It should be the utterance of dignified, pure musical thought. Grandeur is in place; delicate and elaborate beauty is in place; these are fit offerings to bring, and the contemplation of them and a full entrance into their spirit is calculated to prepare the mind for participation in the exercises befitting the hour of worship. This is the reason why so much of the music of Bach is, beyond all other, appropriate for the church.

Many object to fugues as voluntaries, because they say the people do not understand their *construction* and hence cannot be impressed by them. *Neither do people understand the construction of the simplest melody, song, or choral.* People do not understand the construction of a Gothic cathedral, of a painting or any work of art, without having first become familiar with it and studied it,—and yet they are impressed, if it be really grand or beautiful.

A great fugue is the embodiment and expression of the very *essence* of musical truth. In it a simple, noble idea is brought to the most complete development, as regards form and accompaniment, known to art. Simplicity and purity are its essential elements. It is thoughtful, forcible, and often majestic, by virtue of its very nature as fugue. It is the most highly-wrought dramatic form conceivable, on account of the individuality necessarily preserved by each of the voices engaged in the discussion of the theme; and, if it be rightly performed, is impressive to him who is musically susceptible, whether he be an educated musician or not, provided it is not so strange to him as not to be listened to with thoughtful attention. It is this very lack of frequent hearing, of familiarity, which is the cause of the unsatisfactory result of the few attempts of organists who love them, to play fugues as voluntaries.

We consider the organist unfortunate who, from a lack of capacity in his organ, or want of ability as an executant, is obliged to dispense with fugues as a part of the church service where he presides. Of course other kinds of organ music are appropriate—music of a supplicatory character, movements of a purely joyful, even ecstatically jubilant character, but *never* anything *sentimental* or *frivolous*.

We wish to speak lastly of a species of organ composition, playing a very important part in the church music of Germany, but almost entirely unknown in *our* churches. We refer to the *Choral Prelude*.

This is a composition based upon a choral and played as introduction to it, the choral itself being afterwards sung by the congregation, and, of course, familiar to the people generally. The prelude is frequently in the form of a *trio*, perhaps of a quiet, thoughtful character, with carefully contrasted registers upon the different manuals and pedal, the strains of the choral being heard at intervals brought out by some prominent register. Again, when the choral is of a joyful or majestic character, the prelude takes the form of a movement for the full organ, in which a theme from the choral is treated as subject of a fugato, or each strain in turn becomes subject for polyphonic treatment.

It is plain that such composition may assume an endless variety of forms, each having its particular beauty and fitness for especial purposes.

The great advantage of this form is that its use enables the organist to preserve much greater *unity* in the service than would be possible without it, and to present to the ears of the congregation elaborate organ compositions built of material so familiar that they can hardly fail of appealing to the intellect as well as thesensibility; and a great point is gained in the attempt to educate a congregation, when we succeed in inducing it to regard the music as an object of *thought*.

We have some chorals in common use in our churches, affording excellent material for compositions of this species, and a very attractive field, as yet almost untouched, in which organists of ability as composers may accomplish much good.

It is in this form, also, that an organist having the requisite contrapuntal knowledge can most profitably exercise himself in *improvisation*. If time permitted we might well say much upon this point, knowing well the predominance of an *aimless, formless* style of extempore playing, in which the organist often forgets even the *key* in which his voluntary is begun, wandering at large, oblivious of everything except, perhaps, his talent for modulation and the new chords he has learned. But we have already taxed your patience too long.

We hope that this Convention may be able to exert such an influence, by the expression of our common convictions upon these important subjects, that organists in this country may be emancipated from their too common position as slaves of vain and ignorant congregations, and, learning to respect themselves and their office as they should, make such use of the talents bestowed upon them as to glorify the Giver.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

My darling Sadie. 3. D to e. *G. A. Venzie.* 35

A sweet ballad in popular style, which has the peculiarity of a chorus longer than the solo part, ingeniously arranged, and which would by itself make a good quartet.

Wake us at Dawn, Mother! 3. D to e. *Nish.* 35

A very taking description of the sunny hours of childhood, when the whole earth seemed "a beautiful garden of flowers," and the day was not half long enough for the play-times, which left off too soon. Very good melody, and a nice chorus.

The Daisy Valley. *Nish.* 35

Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. " 30

Two pretty songs of different characters, the "Daisy" song being a pleasing ballad, and Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu, a comic song of that innocent kind that takes so well among children. "No school should be without it," as the numerous mis-spellings amuse the juveniles hugely, while all will be ready to join in the "Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu," at the end of each verse.

Listening on the hill. *Smart.* 30

Pleasing ballad by a good composer.

Instrumental.

Mendelssohn's Celebrated Songs, Transcribed for for Piano by *Osborne* In 4 books. each 60

Book 1.—May Song. (Mayenlied).
Retrospection. (Romance).
Welcome to Spring. (Im Grünen).
Sontagslied.

Book 2.—In Autumn. (Im Herbst).
Pilgrim's Song. (Pilgerspruch).
Spring Song. (Frühlingslied).
Husband's Song. (Reiselied).

Book 3.—Spring Advancing. (Frühlingsglaube).
Winter Song. (Winterlied).
Old Love Song. (Minnelied).
Verlust.

Book 4.—Ferne.
Resignation. (Entsagung).
The Nun. (Die Nonne).
Joy of Spring. (Frühlingslied).

Mendelssohn's compositions are yet too recent to have gone through all the transformations which have brought out the many-sided beauties of airs of older composers. So we have, probably for the first time, an extended list of his songs, arranged for the piano alone. They are graceful and pleasing, well arranged, and proper companions for the well-known "Songs without Words."

Sunny Side Waltz. 3. B*b*. *Fernald.* 35

Not only Sunny-sided, but sunny all around. A light and cheerful waltz.

Florence Schottisch. 3. C. *Lemon.* 35

Of striking beauty. Will be a decided favorite.

Pot-pouri. "Fra Diavolo." 4. *Wels.* 75

Fra Diavolo is a fine opera to be thus arranged. Try it.

Overture to Pique Dame 4 hds. 4 *Franz Suppé.* 1.00

A bright and rattling thing, which is, in addition, quite novel.

Evening Calm. Melody. 4. E*b*. *E. M. Lott* 30

A very graceful and soothing piece, very satisfying while it lasts, and is not long enough to weary.

Constantia Galop. 2. C. *Incho.* 30

A nice little instructive piece, just right for a beginner.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music) Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 715. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 16.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Oriental Lyrics.*

THE FALLEN STAR.—HAFIZ.

A star, from his chill and glittering splendor,
Fell in the grass, warm, fragrant, green, tender.
He saw around him the flowering meadow;
Oh, how he loved its sunshine and shadow!
The herds played near him, their little bells swinging,
Pleased was he with that silvery ringing
He saw the steed over the desert heath flying,
The leafy woodland beyond him lying,
The hamlet, breathing contentment unspoken,
Himself on the earth, lost, clouded, broken;
All filled him with joy, starry joys excelling,
No more cared he for his heavenly dwelling
Glad to have fallen from his desolate splendor,
He lay at peace in the spring-grass tender!

HAFIZA'S BEAUTY.—MIRZA SCHAFI.

In the public Bazaar I sang
The song of Hafiza's beauty;
Its lofty arcades loud rang
With the song of her soft-eyed beauty.

Frank and Moslem, Tartar and Kurd,
Haik's sons, at their stations fruity,
To silence were all allured,
By the song of her rose-checked beauty.

And the singers were listening there
To word and tone as a duty;
All over the world they bear,
Now, the praise of her perfect beauty.

Far away the close veil is flung,
That shaded thy flower-sweet beauty,
Familiar to old and young
Is the fame of thy foam-fresh beauty.

For my boldness let this atone
Thy bloom may become Time's booty;
But ages its charm shall own,
In the song that sings of thy beauty!

LOUISA.—I. M.

Bright Sultana of all hearts,
Laughing, lovely Frank, Louisa,
Source of soul-felt cares and smarts,
Captivating young Louisa!

Fiery spears the heart impale
Of each fated youth who sees her;
Yet may never cruel veil
Hide the face of sweet Louisa!

Joy in Islam I have lost,
I can think but how to please her;
By a heretic passion tost
For the peerless Frank, Louisa!

Though, my soul, this love should bear
Thee where tortures burn and freeze,—ah!
Say, would'st count that price unfair,
Could I thereby gain Louisa!

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

* The title of the last of Mrs. Ritter's Oriental Lyrics, in our Journal of Aug. 28, was erroneously printed "Hafist" instead of "Hafiza."—ED.

Mr. Sullivan's Oratorio.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette, Sept. 9.)

Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's oratorio, *The Prodigal Son*, was heard yesterday in Worcester Cathedral. Its composer's ability has now been put to the severest test, and we know with sufficient accuracy what he can do. There is some cause for congratulation in this. Mr. Sullivan has long been the hope of English music; the man whose promise for the future seemed most trustworthy. Till yesterday the musical world looked to him expectantly, and though it expects still, it is with a difference.

Mr. Sullivan could have taken no more decisive step than the composition of an oratorio. We may congratulate Mr. Sullivan upon the modesty and sound judgment displayed at the outset of his task. Looking for a subject, he took no heed of the many grand but exacting themes which must have presented themselves. The stories of patriarchs, prophets, kings and apostles were passed over in favor of the touching and life-like parable which, more familiar than any other, also excites a deeper sympathy. Mr. Sullivan has not given to the world a grand religious drama—the time for that may come with riper powers and larger experience; he has been satisfied to illustrate a simple tale of repentance and forgiveness. The limits he thus set himself were narrow, yet wide enough for work the greatest master might in one sense undertake. To what purpose Mr. Sullivan has used the opportunity we shall presently see.

The general design of *The Prodigal Son* resembles that of Professor Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*. There is very little attempt at dramatic effect, the didactic form being almost exclusively employed. Hence, though the music of the son is confined to one voice, and that of the father to another, there are, strictly speaking, no characters in the oratorio. The story is told, not enacted; while both soli and chorus are used to comment upon the various incidents described. Mr. Sullivan has chosen his words, on the whole, happily. The appropriateness of each text cannot be disputed; though, perhaps, objection might be made in certain cases where the words do not readily submit to musical treatment. Such a passage as "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness," must have been more trouble than it is worth, besides being too prosaic even for a didactic oratorio. There is, however, little room for such fault finding.

It follows from the plan of the work, as well as the character of the story, that the music is essentially religious. Dealing only with such themes as sin, repentance, forgiveness, and the joy of reconciliation (the querulous "elder brother" is ignored), Mr. Sullivan, like Professor Bennett in *The Woman of Samaria*, had no choice but to write with sober and sustained dignity. His task was thereby made the more formidable. Variety of subject and incident, and plenty of room for "tone painting," are the best friends of oratorio composers; securing relief to powers both creative and receptive that might otherwise tire. Not the least important feature of *The Prodigal Son* is the success attained without this help. Piece sedately follows piece, yet neither ear nor mind grows weary and cries for change. Giving Mr. Sullivan the praise he has thus justly earned, we must, at the same time, express a wish that he had kept the religious character of his work undiluted. In so serious a homily a description of the prodigal's revels is out of place; they should be suggested, not actually introduced. The noisy riot breaks in upon the sweet gravity of the oratorio like a coarse and vulgar intruder, whose coming is a pain which only his departure can relieve. However treated, the carouse would be open to this objection; but Mr. Sullivan has made matters worse by going to the barbaric for his chief effect. Adopting the unvarying repetition of a short phrase, which is a characteristic of eastern music, he has sacrificed much for its sake. In deference to this bit of realism he has cramped his "revel," and given additional cause for rejoicing when its one-bar theme is heard for the last time. With Mr. Sullivan's workmanship we find no fault. The idea is carried out in a strikingly clever manner, but our objection is to the idea itself.

Mr. Sullivan begins his oratorio with an orchestral movement in E flat major, of quiet and unpretending character. Its themes are independent—that is to say, they are not borrowed from subsequent numbers; and the music, chiefly in four-part harmony for strings, has no very obvious connection with the story. It is, however, extremely pleasing, and aptly prepares the ear for the suave melody given to the sopranos at the commencement of the first chorus, "There is joy in the presence of God." The latter is in D major, and to pass smoothly from the key of the introduction without offending the ear compelled a lengthy modulation. Mr. Sullivan, doubtless, had good reasons for his choice of keys, but they are not on the surface that all may see them. Having reached the chorus just named, few will trouble themselves about the way—so charming is the entire number. Adopting the Mendelssohnian form of two well-contrasted subjects, worked separately, and also more or less in combination, Mr. Sullivan, thus early in the oratorio, shows himself a master of choral effect. The ear-haunting first theme, so full of tender beauty, sets off, and, in turn, is set off by the bold "fugletta" which follows; while the *coda*, "They shall hunger no more," has a touching character altogether its own. After this evidence of power, the most sceptical must have faith in what is yet to come. The solo for tenor, "A certain man had two sons," affords another striking contrast. An agitated accompaniment suggests the feelings with which the prodigal asks for his "portion of goods," not less happily than the steady march of the orchestra, after a change to the tonic major, illustrates his firm belief that "every man should eat, drink, and enjoy the fruits of his labor." The effect of this solo chiefly depends upon the orchestra, and in a masterly fashion have its resources been employed. An air for bass, "My son, attend to my words," embodies the father's grave advice in answer. It is broken into several distinct portions, the chief being a beautiful *cantabile*, "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart," followed by a *coda*, "The path of the just is as a shining light," which we recognize as one of the most legitimately successful portions of the work. A recitative for soprano, "And the younger son gathered all together," introduces the "revel;" the latter in turn preceding a recitative (for contralto) and chorus, "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning." We have already said we think the treatment of the "revel" somewhat injudicious; but nothing could be more solemn than the choral unison which in measured tones declares that all unholy joys must end. A solo for contralto, "Love not the world," belongs to the class at the head of which stands Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord." It is smoothly written, and aptly illustrative of the quiet, unwavering confidence expressed by the text. An agitated orchestral episode heralds the story of the famine and the prodigal's misery. In this recitative (for soprano) there are some effective touches; as, for example, when the unaccompanied vocal cadence in A minor, on the words, "And no man gave unto him," is followed by the dominant seventh, of G major, leading at once to the half-reproachful, wholly pathetic, air, "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments." The latter is a stream of broad, pure melody, in which—for the accompaniment is simplicity itself—reliance is chiefly placed for effect. Mr. Sullivan well judged its power. The ear asks for nothing more than that flow of delicious tune. In setting the familiar words, "I will arise and go to my father," Mr. Sullivan has accomplished the greatest effort in the work; an effort so great in point of fact, that it alone would justify any belief, however sanguine, as to the composer's future. Soft *arpeggios* begin the movement, leading to passages of repeated quavers

on the tonic pedal, which introduce the revery, "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare!" Then follows the resolve to arise and go home; at first quietly expressed, but gathering warmth as it proceeds, till, on the words, "Father, I have sinned," the repeated quavers of the accompaniment give way to long-sustained *pianissimo* chords, with a touching effect which must be heard to be appreciated. The air is still further developed, always happily, and not least so in the closing bars, where a chromatic passage of sustained notes for violoncellos, from the dominant to the seventh of the scale, set off by fitful chords from the other instruments, is worthy of anything that has gone before. The whole number belongs to the highest order of sacred music, and as such, if there be any justice in public opinion, it will rank. In a short but weighty chorus, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," Mr. Sullivan makes the tenors give out the first theme of his opening chorus, accompanied by massive five-part harmony for voices and organ. The construction of this number is singular, but success justifies its form. No more purely religious music, as religious music is understood among us, was ever written. The meeting between father and son—the supreme incident of the story—is treated, we cannot but think, in a manner scarcely adequate to its importance. To this event all that preceded has led up, and from it all that comes after flows. It was reasonable, therefore, to expect that Mr. Sullivan would devote to it all his power. He assuredly has done nothing of the kind. The scene is brief and dangerouly near to the commonplace. Happily, the mischief can be remedied in some such moment of inspiration as that which suggested to Mr. Sullivan the prodigal's great air. In the recitative, "Bring forth the best robe," and song, "For this my son was dead and is alive again," the composer once more has done his best. He has given vigorous expression to the father's joy, and invested his solemn aspiration, "Blessed be God who hath heard my prayer," with a devotional feeling nothing short of intense. Hardly less interesting than the air itself are the brilliant accompaniments which show conclusively enough the composer's mastery of orchestral writing. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness," is the most elaborate chorus in the work of which it forms really the climax. A short *andante maestoso* leads to a canon on the major ninth for basses and sopranos, with an accompaniment of detached chords. The canon is repeated by the other parts, after which a change is made to the tonic major, and a modification of the theme appears as a canon on the fourth, for basses and sopranos, in combination with a "free" canon, also on the fourth, for tenors and altos. The number concludes with a fugue and an extended *coda*. We have no space for an adequate analysis of this remarkable example of the composer's science, and must be satisfied to call it remarkable in the strictest sense of the word. After long-sustained attention to Mr. Sullivan's devices and the excitement of a splendid *coda*, it is not easy to appreciate the smoothly flowing air for tenor, "Come ye children, hearken unto me." This, however, differs in some respects from any previous solo, and is a good example of placid devotional music. The melody is charming, but not a little of the effect produced arises from tasteful instrumentation—a branch of his art in which Mr. Sullivan's excellence has never been questioned. An unaccompanied quartet, "The Lord is nigh," calls for no special remark; but the concluding chorus, "Thou, O Lord, art our Father," while making no pretension to the importance of "Oh, that men would praise the Lord," is animated and vigorous.

There is little to say further about Mr. Sullivan's important work. Much, however, might be said about its consequences. Mr. Sullivan now occupies a very different position from that in which he stood before the production of his oratorio, and he is not likely to be unmindful of *noblesse oblige*.

Wagner's "Rheingold."

The latest work of Richard Wagner has been rehearsed at Munich, and the rehearsal has led to a postponement of the production. In connection with Wagner and his vagaries we may notice that a paragraph has been going the round of the musical press of this country and America referring to a burlesque upon *Das Judenthum in der Musik*, at Mayence, wherein the name of the chief character is *Richard Demence*. The information appears to have been furnished by some French paper, since the *nom de théâtre* is not *Demence* but *Wahnsinnig*, a parody of *Wagner*. As *wahnsinnig* signifies "demented," the French informant seems to have translated it freely, and the English papers copied from the Frenchman. We mention this slight matter because at first reading it does not appear at whom the satire involved in a *Richard Demence* is aimed. Even when the German joke is fully explained, it is heavy and remote enough.

"*Rheingold*" is the prologue to the Nibelungen trilogy which the composer contemplates. Its rehearsal, which is equivalent to a first performance, occupied two hours and a half; and we gather from the account furnished by Mr Chorley to the *Athenæum* from Munich, where he has been residing, and where he witnessed this rehearsal, that the production was as dreary as could well be imagined. For the occasion the orchestra of the opera house had been strengthened, especially in the harp department; it had also been sunk out of sight. Both innovations, the writer states, had a poor effect; the accompaniments sounded weak, wiry and ill-balanced, the harps no more potent than so many gnats. Much was anticipated from the scenic resources to be lavished upon "*Rheingold*:" but even these were inferior to what has often been witnessed in Paris, London and Berlin. Concerning the scope and purpose of the opera we leave Mr. Chorley to speak for himself.

"*Das Rheingold*" consists of four scenes—the first framing three swimming and singing nymphs, who caracole up and down the hill peaks at the bottom of the Rhine, with painfully acrobatic gestures, to a gibberish of vowel sounds, recalling similar cries in the *Faust* of Berlioz, and—*proh pudor!*—the barking dogs in M. Offenbach's *Roi Barkouf!* After this water-music enters the hero, to the following euphonious line—

Garstig Glatter glitsch'riger Glimmer.

The entire *libretto* is wrought out in language varying between such hideous cacophony as the above, and a euphuistic alliteration no less remarkable, the source of the verse considered. The march of the story (which marches not) is no less singular and Wagnerian. The legend is conducted by a series of monologues, with the occasional production of bystanders who have nothing to say and do. There is small apparent reason why (Herr Wagner's courage holding out) it should not have been prolonged for some ten hours and as many scenes more! And *Das Rheingold*, be it recollected, is represented as only the first of a series of four Festival Performances!

It had been supposed that the "*Rheingold*" would reveal an entire change in Wagner's style; that it would be composed of intelligible melody. Nothing of the sort is manifested. It is fully as complicated, tortuous, rebellious, as those former productions which have rendered him the most *impayable* composer of the century. In lieu of original melodic phrases Wagner has appropriated in the most unblushing manner ideas from these very composers against whom his wrathful satire has been aimed.

The opening prelude on a meagre four-bar phrase may be said to produce a monotonous and flowing water-effect by its repetition and climax. There is a stately entrance for the bass voice at the second scene. The appearance of the Rhine Nymphs is announced by a phrase judiciously borrowed from Mendelssohn's "Melusine" overture. Later, in the music for the giants, Meyerbeer's resuscitation of the Nuns in "Robert," with its peculiar 9/8 rhythm, has been no less coolly appropriated by the unblushing insulter of Judaism in music! The diatonic descending scale, which marks the character of one of the giants, is noticeable in the dearth of better ideas. On the other hand, a chromatic progression ascending and descending becomes most tiresome to the ear, because of its unmeaning triteness. The perpetual use of the *tremolando* to support the recitatives is no less significant of poverty of resource. The vapidity and ungracefulness of the declamatory music will make itself most wearily felt by all who remember what Gluck and (perhaps a fairer comparison) Weber could make of their dialogue. I cannot but think that the orchestra is ill handled. As has been formerly observed in Herr Wagner's scores, the stringed quartet is lean, and wants the support of central sound in its tenor portion; even in his use of the harp our iconoclast is puny and ineffective as compared with Meyerbeer and Berlioz.

The performance went off very lamely: even the faithful were forced to make excuses, while the majority of amateurs, who had been attracted to Munich out of curiosity, did not attempt to disguise their opinion.

The announcement of the performance, more than once postponed, had drawn together a large and intelligent audience of *dilettanti* artists and critics, some from places as far a-field as London, Paris and Florence, proud to get admission to the rehearsal, and the majority, at least, disposed to believe and accept whatever the arch-image of modern German opera might vouchsafe to set before them. Curious it was to observe how the most fervent of the congregation began to shrink and look anxiously hither and thither as the "allegory" at the bottom of the Rhine was unfolded—nay, should I not rather say, enveloped in fresh mystery? There was a weak attempt at moribund enthusiasm when all was over; but this was as significantly transient as it was weak. Subsequently the faithful have made some attempt to rally in nooks and corners by the declaration, as old as theatrical defeat, that the work had been too hastily produced and unfairly treated.

All manner of excuses were sought to account for the scant appreciation of the work.

For the utter absence of anything like cordiality at the rehearsal on the part of the audience, "packed" as it was, some reason must needs be given, and Herr Richter is said to have pleaded for more rehearsal, being seconded by telegraphic instructions to that effect from Herr Wagner. The scenery was not good enough for the music, or the music did not fit the scenery, or the actors failed to act properly (where there is nothing to act), or to sing correctly music (in every scene of which a hundred false notes, more or less, would make not the slightest difference). Thus ran the excuses, after ten weeks' intense and arduous preparation! To this a peremptory refusal was returned by the Court manager of the theatre, Baron von Perfall, and, it may be presumed with the consent of Herr Wagner's "kingly friend,"—Herr Richter was, on the spot, suspended, and, to my certain knowledge, half a dozen *Kapellmeisters*, who had been drawn to Munich by curiosity, were tempted to assume the dangerous responsibility. All save one declined. But matters, as I left them, were at a dead lock, owing to the assumptions of Herr Wagner, who is nothing if not persecuted, or when brewing a storm.

The idea of eking out meagre music with gorgeous scenery is, if not new, at least more unfortunate than usual. The notion of a practical rainbow, up which certain of the characters should ascend is at all events novel, but even this sensation has enjoyed but a poor result.—*Orchestra.*

The Story of Mozart's Requiem.

By William Pole, F. R. S., Mus. Doc., Oxon.

(Concluded).

The portions of the Requiem we are now considering have been well studied by German critics with a view to discover in them the traces of Mozart's hand. At the time Breitkopf and Härtel published Süssmayer's letter, they hinted at a critical comparison between these parts and Süssmayer's known compositions; and Weber, in the very article attacking the Requiem, declared that Mozart's spirit shone specially out in the parts claimed by Süssmayer; adding, it was scarcely possible for such flowers to have grown entirely in Süssmayer's garden. He instances the *Sanctus*, "so truly worthy of the most High," alluding to the indescribable effect produced by the entrance of the bass on the C natural in the sixth bar; also the *Benedictus*, so wonderfully noble and sublime, and at the same time so simple and devotional. "Are we not tempted to suspect" says he, "that among the sketches there may have been here and there some little scraps more than are ac-

knowledged in Süssmayer's letter such, for example, as a very little morsel of the *Sanctus*, or of the *Benedictus*, or a wee bit of paper containing the beginning of the *Agnus*, and so on?" Other reviewers in the *Cecilia* corroborated their chief's opinions adding that Mozart's genius undoubtedly shone out through these parts, though in a different spirit to that of the other portions.

Marx,* one of the first musical critics of the age, says: "Where is there in the Requiem a single movement that does not show at least a trace of Mozart's art? Test this view by the *Agnus Dei*. Who can attribute to Süssmayer the violin figure, and the three phrases, *Dona eis requiem*? If Mozart did not write these—well! then is he who wrote them a Mozart!"

Seyfried says it is "more than probable" that Süssmayer must have found sketches of these parts.

Rochlitz, in his review of the first publication of the work, and of Süssmayer's letter, says: "That a great part of the instrumental accompaniments may belong to Süssmayer, is quite possible; but his works already known subject his assertion of an important share in the Requiem to a tolerably severe criticism." He says of the *Sanctus*, "A true Sanctus, full of exalted simplicity, magnificence and dignity. What mortal has more powerfully portrayed the repose and the immeasurable fullness of eternity, than is done here by the strengthened unison on the C natural, and following passage? The *Benedictus* is indisputably one of the most simple, agreeable, and universally captivating compositions either in the Requiem or elsewhere, on account of the easy, comprehensible, and natural melodies and harmonies which prevail throughout. It is impossible to extract separate beauties; on account of the great unity, and almost unexampled resemblance and correspondence of the separate parts, the beautiful and varied connections and combinations, saying nothing of many other excellencies, it would be necessary to bring up the whole." Regarding the *Agnus Dei*, he says, "This chorus also has many prominent characteristic beauties, particularly the noble, touching, and passionate expression of the prayer for eternal repose, three times repeated in different keys, to the words, *Dona eis requiem*." He concludes: "After the opinions I have formerly expressed about Suessmayer, can it be supposed that I should attribute to such a composer compositions which I consider worthy of such praise as this?"

Rochlitz believes that the repetition of the first movement was an intention of Mozart's, and that if the altered introduction to it be not his, it is as he would have written it.

Mosel wonders how the Abbé Stadler could have put faith in Suessmayer's exclusive claims; and expresses his astonishment that Suessmayer could have newly composed three essential movements in such a way as to have deceived the first art connoisseurs, for forty years, into the belief that they were Mozart's work.

Zelter, Mendelssohn's master, said of the *Benedictus*, in his correspondence with Goethe, "The *Benedictus* is as excellent as it is possible to be, but the school decides it cannot be by Mozart. Suessmayer was acquainted with Mozart's school, but he had not been thoroughly initiated in it, had not practiced it in his youth, and indications of this are found here and there in the beautiful *Benedictus*."

Oulibicheff, whose masterly work deserves to share in the immortality of its hero, speaks strongly, fully, and repeatedly, in favor of Mozart's claim to these portions of the Requiem. He says:—

"Suessmayer claims to have composed these; we have no proof in his favor, nor have we any evidence to the contrary. And if in matters of art we had to give a judgment as in matters of civil law, we must admit his claim, as no one comes forward to dispute it with him. But criticism is not bound down to the forms of law; the true proofs of the authenticity of a master work lie in the work itself. The traveller who boasted that he made an extraordinary leap in Rhodes, may be asked by the critics, 'Why do you not also jump as high or as far here?' I do not wish to be thought unjust to Suessmayer, but, among his many works, not one has outlived him, and he owes all his present notoriety to Weber. If he, however, as a young man, was capable of composing three movements of the Requiem which, although they stand, in certain things, below the former ones, do not contrast unfavorably, either in idea, or style, or coloring, with a score which is acknowledged to form the highest masterpiece of the greatest musical genius of all time;—if this is so, we must necessarily admit one of two things; either Suessmayer has therewith begun to be Mozart and ceased to be Suessmayer, or the spirit of the master has come down from heaven to the scholar, for the purpose of inspiring him with the conclusion of the Requiem; and in this case we must admit that this celestial visitor has never paid him more than one visit. If we must believe in one of these miracles, I prefer the latter.

"We are certain (so far as there can be a moral certainty about anything) that Suessmayer did not compose these things entirely afresh. Whether he found any written indications for the fundamental ideas in them, or whether he received them from Mozart at the piano, with verbal explanations as to the instrumentation, will now never be fully known. So much, however, is certain, that some indications must have served him as the guide to his work. I will go further, and assert that the places are easily to be discovered where the indications have been sufficient, where they were insufficient, and where they were entirely wanting.

"For example, in the *Benedictus* and the *Agnus*, Mozart's ideas were indicated with sufficient clearness to make it possible to carry out these movements to the extent originally designed. In the *Sanctus*, on the contrary, this was not the case, as it is only at the commencement that it promises to surpass every other Sanctus in sublimity. What solemn grandeur! We prepare to listen with our whole soul, and we strain every auditory nerve;—but in a moment all is gone by!† Who would be liberal enough to make a present of these ten bars to Suessmayer? Nobody; not even Weber. The Osanna, however, is only the beginning of a fugue, which reminds one of Handel's finest subjects, and which deserved more development, if the writer had been in a position to carry it out. Suessmayer himself has indicated where the leading strings failed him. Where the master stops, the pupil stops also. He says: 'In order to give the work more uniformity, I have taken the liberty of repeating the Kyrie fugue in the words, *Cum sanctis tuis*.' A fine way, indeed, to give a work more unity, to conclude it with the beginning! What sensible man would be satisfied with such a miserable excuse? If he was able to compose three new movements, he would certainly have composed the fourth also. We see from all this what extraordinary care Suessmayer took to avoid doing more of his own than was absolutely necessary. He would not place himself in the position of the 'crow in peacock's feathers,' and for this the world owes him eternal gratitude."

Oulibicheff, in another place, lays great stress on the "scraps of paper," which, he insists, must have been for the unfinished portions of the Requiem, and which he concludes Mozart must have written in and in the same manner as he was accustomed to write similar scraps in travelling. At the end of his book he returns to the subject again. In the *Benedictus*, he mentions the admirable and inexhaustible variety of the thematic ideas, instancing the passage in thirds and sixths between soprano and tenor. It is, he says, *only* a passage of thirds and sixths, and yet it forces from one a cry of admiration! All this, he adds, says indeed much for Suessmayer!

In the *Agnus*, he agrees with Marx; and, indeed, as to this movement there are not two opinions. At length he takes up the former strain:—

"How wonderful! I repeat it again! Suessmayer, who gives himself out for the author of the ten sublime bars of the *Sanctus*;—of the altogether admirable *Benedictus*;—and of the angelic, or rather divine *Agnus Dei*;—Suessmayer avoids developing the fugue of the Osanna, and, when he arrives at the *Lux æterna* he can find nothing better to do than to repeat the *Requiem* and *Kyrie*! I ask again, is not this the strongest and most striking of all imaginable moral proofs, that Suessmayer has carefully avoided introducing, in his work as completer, or rather as intelligent copyist, a single idea that did not belong to the master? In spite of the absence of material evidence as to the three last numbers of the Requiem, the Almighty has not willed that even the least reasonable doubt should lie over a work which is not only one of the finest monuments of his worship, but, under its historical teaching, one of the most shining manifestations of his Providence!"

Otto Jahn, in his great Life of Mozart, devotes much attention to this question, not only as a very competent critic himself but taking advantage of all that had been written on the subject before him. He calls attention in the first place, to the much more copious use of the trombones through the whole of this portion of the Requiem, than in the former parts, as an evidence of a decided change; for, although these instruments were at that time, much used by church writers in support of the voices, it was Mozart's custom to use them very sparingly. The conclusion of the *Lacrymosa* he praises for its grand solemnity. The *Sanctus* and Osanna he scarcely holds to be decisive, for he does not think that the general character of dignified magnificence, and the truly majestic point of the C natural, are sufficient to disprove Suessmayer's claim. He believes these movements to be not equal to the best of the preceding, and though there is nothing to show that Mozart could not have written them, yet it would be difficult to find certain proof that they might not have been produced by a talented and well-instructed musician like Suessmayer.

The *Benedictus* Jahn considers in another category, as he agrees with Zelter that the school decides against its being entirely Mozart's composition. He says:—

"The first *motivo*, and the idea of the several voices replying to each other, may well be Mozart's; but the working out certainly cannot be. The motion is obviously interrupted when the soprano, after the alto, again enters in the tonic; and the passage into the dominant is very lame. Still lamer, after the close of the first part, are the laborious continuance in F major and, (instead of the development naturally expected here) the immediate return by the chord of the seventh to the first part, which is then repeated entire. Neither the design nor the execution of all this is worthy of Mozart. And further, it is hardly credible that, in the interlude, he would have copied the *Et lux perpetua*, from the first movement, in such a strange fashion as it is here done, without any reason for an allusion to that place."

Then he alludes to the thick and full instrumentation, which appears more closely connected here with the general design than in other movements, and which is so unlike the rest, particularly in the use of two trombones, which Mozart never used elsewhere, and which here supply the place of horns. Finally the character of the whole is not only soft and delicate, but in many places somewhat effeminate and lax, and contrasts remarkably in this respect with the severe earnestness of the other movements, even of the *Tuba mirum*.

With the *Agnus Dei* we come, says Jahn, into a totally different region. Here we find the deep inner feeling, the noble beauty, and the individuality of invention which we so much admire in the first portion of the Requiem. The fine, expressive flowing violin figure pervading the whole of the first period, is admirably enhanced by its harmonic treatment, to which the soft counter phrase in its peaceful motion gives a most soothing conclusion. The repetition twice over is effectively varied, and the close is brought out more prominently by a novel and beautiful turn. Everything is perfect and masterly. He has seen nothing, he adds, in Suessmayer's works which can warrant the ascription of this movement to him, and is convinced that at least the chief ideas must be Mozart's, and that Suessmayer can scarcely have had a more important hand in this than in the earlier movements.

Suessmayer's claim to the whole of this part must, he remarks, be considerably shaken if a well-grounded doubt can be thrown on any single point; but he does not venture to assert with confidence that in the *Sanctus* and *Benedictus*, Suessmayer must have availed himself of sketches by Mozart himself.

Mr. Macfarren, one of our most esteemed musical critics and an enthusiastic admirer of Mozart, has favored me with the following communication:—

April 10th, 1869.

MY DEAR DR. POPE,—Since you ask for my views as to the intrinsic evidence of Mozart's authorship of the pieces in the Requiem claimed by Suessmayer, I offer you the following:—

Lacrymosa.—From the entry of the voices in the third bar, to their full close in the key of F, on the word "Domine," in the nineteenth, is one continuous musical idea. It seems to me utterly impossible that any man can have entered into another's incompleted thought, and carried it on in unbroken unity of phrasing and of feeling, as Suessmayer pretends to have done in this instance; and, commencing after the word "favilla," in the fourth bar, as he says, to have so appropriated the original intention so as obviously to have fulfilled it. As well might it be assumed that any stanza of poetry had been finished by another imagination than his who conceived the first line,—that any sentence of an argument could be completed by another power of thought than his who indited the initial words. I am certain that the first seventeen bars for the voices were comprised in a single progressive thought, and that the mental process of their composition had no interruption. Whoever conceived the first four bars, then, included the next thirteen in the self-same action of the mind. I think that Mozart never wrote anything more identical with his own peculiar manner than the beautiful phrase to the words, "Huic ergo parce Deus, pie Jesu, Jesu Domine." If, as I cannot doubt, this be his, so, certainly, must be the antecedent. The next

* Berlin Musikalische Zeitung 1825, page 379.

† I do not see the force of this remark. Nearly all Handel's grande effects are very short, as, on obvious æsthetical principles, they ought to be.

bars are a repetition, for instruments only, of these last. Then follows a resumption of the opening phrase, and, with a new completion of this, the movement is rounded to its conclusion. Hence, I believe that the whole was the work of one mind, if not of one moment, which mind was Mozart's.

Sanctus.—The grandeur of the opening is worthy of any one; but the stupendous effect of the high C for the basses upon the word, "pleni," with all the string instruments in unison upon the note, and the magnificent rendering of the idea in the text, are evidence of the greatest genius under happiest inspiration. I cannot believe this really sublime thought to have emanated from a man of whose many attested works not one note is remembered.

Osanna.—This might have been written by any sufficiently practised contrapuntist; but I know of no evidence that the pretended composer was a sufficiently practised contrapuntist.

Benedictus.—The beauty of the melody, and its admirable sustainment, moreover, the peculiar turn of its phrases, all indicate Mozart as the originator of this piece. The device of changing the modulation into F for the soprano, for a modulation into E flat for the tenor, when, in the second part of the movement, the melody needs modification to induce its close in the original key instead of that of the dominant, is a stroke of great mastership. The allusion to the passage with brass instruments in the Introit on the words, "et lux perpetua," may have been accidental; it may have been designed to suggest that "He who cometh" is the "perpetual light." It is a good relief in the general coloring of the piece; and, whether upon this purely technical ground, whether with such suggestive design as has been hinted, or whether by mere accident, its appearance is admirably effective, and may well betoken the work of a master-hand. Scarcely so does the half close in the key of F that ensues, with the recommencement with the bass voice in the same key. I suppose that Mozart might have made the instrumental interlude terminate with a full close, as a confirmation of the foregoing vocal cadence: and might have made the passage for the voices that brings about the return to the subject continuous of this, instead of a new beginning. This is a supposition only, and must be received as such. I am still more doubtful of Mozart's having touched the instrumentation of this piece, further than to indicate the employment of the bass in the passage to which allusion has been made. I think that he could not have sanctioned the frivolous use of the alto and tenor trombones that stands in the score, nor the duplication of the bassoons in some passages that seem to demand the delicacy of a single instrument, nor the want of symmetry which there is in the treatment of the vocal theme in F, and the recurrence of the same in B flat. The same evidence of a stranger's interference, however, is notable in the inappropriate passage for the trombone, in the "Tuba mirum;" and I am disposed to think that if, as is alleged, this stands in Mozart's writing, he can only have set down the notes sketchily, to preserve the idea, intending always to transfer them to the part for some other instrument.

Agnus.—The figure for the violins, the infinite beauty of the first passage to the words, "dona eis," and the character of the whole, strongly indicate the power of Mozart throughout this piece,—strongly protest against the claim of any one but himself to its authorship.

I think that there being no complete copy of the work in his writing no more disproves Mozart's having written one, than the same fact disproves Shakspere's authorship of Hamlet. Even the questionable orchestration in the pieces above noticed may have been a mask, purposed to screen the fraud of an impostor, who concealed or destroyed the completed autograph, in order that he might take to himself the incredible credit of having had part in the master's masterpiece. I can aver that one musician has played an unwritten piece to another, who has reminded him of the entire flow of his own thought when himself has forgotten it; Mozart may have played to Suessmayer some portions of the Requiem which he lived not to write; Suessmayer may have recollected the purport, but not all the details of these, and he may have composed when he could not remember. He may, however, be worse knave than fool, in wilfully altering what I suppose to be the points of weakness.

Faithfully yours,

G. A. Macfarren

I have spoken with many other eminent musicians on the subject, and find generally the same opinions held as in Germany, but with perhaps an inclination to attribute a larger share to Mozart. Professor Sterndale Bennett, however, speaks strongly of the unevenness of the work, and, in particular, is disinclined to admit Mozart's hand in the "Lacrymosa."

For my own part, after an earnest endeavor with the aid of a tolerable knowledge of Mozart's music, to arrive at some discrimination between what is and what is not to be ascribed to him in these parts of the Requiem, I am content to give up the problem as insoluble.

Such is all the evidence we can bring to throw light on this interesting question. It amounts to this; that although no historical proof exists of Mozart having had any part in these portions of the Requiem, yet the fact of the scraps of music being given to Suessmayer, and his personal communications with Mozart, render it possible that the ideas of the great master may have been used therein; a supposition which the testimony of the music itself, as interpreted by the best critics, renders more than probable, if not absolutely certain.

But be this as it may, there is enough in the work, taken as a whole, to identify it as the grandest effort of the genius of this immortal composer, and to justify the emphatic designation of it with which we commenced this wonderful story, "OPUS SUMMUM VIRI SUMMI."

The Hof Theatre at Dresden.

Beautiful Dresden, famous for combining the twin charms of nature and art, has been deprived of one of its principal attractions. The Theatre is burnt down. An architectural masterpiece, and tenanted by one of the best *troupes* in the country, it was equally celebrated for symmetry of construction as for accomplished performances in every department of the dramatic art. Many a traveller, I dare say, on reading these lines will remember the pleasant evenings he has spent in this finished home of the Thespian goddess, where all the muses in rare concord united to provide a feast for eye and soul. In a single hour all this beauty was annihilated. About noon on the 21st ult. the roof of the building was suddenly enveloped in smoke. A few moments later a lurid glow lighted up the windows of the upper story. Another few seconds and red flashes were seen flickering inside, until, with terrible simultaneousness, the glass panes were burst open, and the flames leapt forth to the sky from every aperture. Within fifteen minutes the stately pile, quiet, majestic, bearing the same solid front for so many years, was conquered by a whirl of merciless flames.

But out ran a bevy of ballet-dancers, with a number of little girls in white, youthful *élèves* of the theatre, surprised in the middle of a rehearsal. Out jumped from windows, or slid down ropes, artizans, scene shifters, and other *employés* fearfully disturbed in their preparations for the evening's entertainment. Before all could escape, the friezes and statues round the roof began to fall from their pedestals. The deadly work proceeded with overwhelming and, it seems, unparalleled rapidity. By the time the first engine arrived on the spot the building was doomed. One after the other the different wings assumed a fiery prominence. Now it was the northern side whose sheets of liquid flame rose high above the volcanic crater formed by the rest; then the raging element shifted to the west; then the centre sent up a million sparks out of a mantling volume of dense, dull smoke. At last, if it be appropriate to speak of first and last in an occurrence which occupied little more than an hour, and to the stunned spectators appeared much less, the whole structure stood in ruddy glare, a seething cauldron of fire. As though the theatre meant to be true to the last to the purpose it had served during a short but honorable existence, there was a perfect theatrical climax in the process of destruction.

A vast crowd had assembled in the neighboring square, on the bridge, and the Brühl'sche Terrasse, to witness the awful spectacle. In its palmiest nights the house had never delighted so vast an audience inside as now gazed with mingled feelings from every possible point of view on the beautiful but terrible closing performance. The brigade, which had turned out in force, stood by, looking on impotently. There was nothing to be done but to protect the adjacent buildings. For hours during and after the conflagration the Hotel de Belle Vue—about as well known a resort of travelling humanity as Rigi Kulm, or the Grimsel Hospice,—the Catholic Church, the small popular restaurants on the banks of the river, and, above all, the Picture Gallery, with its invaluable and unreplacable contents were drenched with water. Fortunately the wind, which had been blowing for a fortnight, subsided on that fatal day. But for this lucky circumstance, Raphael's Sistine Madonna, Holbein's Virgin, and Vandyke's Charles I., might now exist only in copies.

At one time the prospect of preserving the Gallery appeared so precarious as to cause the best pictures to be removed from the front to the back wing. It is, or, at any rate, ought to be, unlikely that the theatre, with its multitude of inflammable stuff, will be rebuilt in its old place. By 3 o'clock the house was converted into a smouldering ruin. An empty shell, the four walls stood, enclosing waste and rubbish. From a projecting corner of the roof Rietschel's famous group, "Orestes pursued by the Furies," looked down on the desolation below, rendering it more palpable by its own intactness. Hähnel's frieze representing the Bacchantes, from an admired piece of art, was reduced to a heap of broken stones, and Weber's statue in the promenade at the back, melancholy as ever, had now a *vis à vis* suited to its mournful expression. With the theatre were destroyed a costly collection of mediæval arms and furniture, the gift of Royal munificence for dramatic purposes. The greater part of the side scenes and costumes, as well as the library, the scores and most of the musical instruments, not being kept in the house, remain for future use. Notwithstanding that these valuable things have been saved, the loss is estimated at a million thalers (£150,000), of which sum little more than a tenth is insured.

The accounts concerning the origin of the fire, conflicting as usual on a sudden and rapid catastrophe, seemed to leave no doubt that it might have been easily obviated, or, at any rate, more effectively contended against when once kindled. In a loft immediately above the centre chandelier some workmen were employed in preparing canvass for transportable gas pipes. For this purpose they used a solution containing benzoin, and notwithstanding the inflammable nature of this stuff, were permitted to light pastilles to drive away the unpleasant smell. Now this was a threefold blunder. It is unwise to apply benzoin for such a purpose at all; it is equally so to put it on within the walls of a theatre; and it is an additional aggravation to permit the fire to be brought near such a combustible substance, especially in a place so liable to blaze up on the shortest notice. As to the prudence of selecting for the commission of these careless tricks the driest room in the house, exposed to the sun all day, and to the ascending heat of the chandelier a good portion of the night, we will say nothing. But it deserves to be noticed that, though the accident occurred at mid-day, and with plenty of people in the house, no one thought of turning off the gas. It was this oversight which made the case hopeless from the very outset. If it had been intended to experimentize on the velocity with which the igniting spark is capable of being communicated throughout a large structure, no better provision could have been made than to erect such a mass of wood and canvass, overlay it with a network of gas-pipes, and keeping the main pipe open, light it from the top where the draught is strongest. There seems to be a fatality about these theatres at Dresden. Several have been burnt down within the memory of man, and the present house, the finest of all, has stood only 20 years. It was the work of Semper, the most renowned German architect of the day. Until a new theatre can be built, a task of years, the performances will be given elsewhere, probably in the Riding-School or the *Gewand-Haus*. Dresden, deriving such advantage from strangers and travellers, less than any other town can afford to miss this prolific source of entertainment. There are 20,000 resident foreigners in the place, not to speak of the shoals of itinerants visiting the Saxon capital during six months of the year. Large enough to offer all the conveniences of a refined civilization, situate in a picturesque neighborhood, and not too expensive for residents, it has long maintained an eminent place among those German towns where the various enjoyments of life can perhaps, be procured more easily than anywhere else. Compared to Berlin, which is as expensive as London, as tightly ground down to work as New York, and begins to be again as intellectually active as it was in the more stirring periods of its history—compared to this money-making, money-spending, and excited capital of Germany, Dresden is an elysium of ease, peace, and cultivated repose. In Dresden, the theatre was an institution, and the performance a rite; in Berlin the one is a speculation and the other a pastime.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

[From the Englishwoman's Magazine.]

Handel's Acis and Galatea.

Just a century and a half ago the illustrious German composer—of whom an eminent writer, Aaron Hill, said, "The Spirit of God, which directly inspired the songs of David, and has since been concealed, has reappeared in the soul of Handel"—composed, in 1721, this elegant and beautiful poem-in-music at the magnificent mansion of "Cannons," the ancestral seat of the English Mæcenas, the wealthy and bountiful Duke of Chandos.

Besides the liberality and patronage of genius for which this nobleman was so eminently distinguished, there is an incident in his domestic life which may interest our fair readers, and which shows that he had also a deep appreciation of the charms of the gentler sex, having taken upon himself Hymen's rosy chains no less than three times. The story of his third marriage is a romance in reality.

One day, when the generous and kind hearted Duke was absent from his home on a journey, he saw at the door of a rustic inn, where they stopped to change horses, a groom or stable helper brutally beating a young servant girl with a horsewhip.

Touched with pity for this helpless victim of barbarity, the Duke went to interpose, when he was told that interference was useless, as the groom and the girl were man and wife. Such was the state of the law at that time in this country, that husbands were permitted to beat their better halves to any extent that stopped short of death. Thank Heaven, we have changed all that! The groom, thinking he saw a chance of getting rid of his bargain, accosted the Duke with the offer that he might rescue his wife at once and forever by buying her if he thought proper, a proposal which the Duke accepted on the spur of the moment. Such sales were not then regarded in the monstrous and unnatural light in which we should now consider them. But when the bargain was struck the Duke was puzzled what to do with his new acquisition. He was not then a widower, his second Duchess being still in existence, so he sent the poor girl to school, and had her educated, and ultimately raised her to the elevated position of third Duchess of Chandos, a station in which, it is said, she comported herself with perfect dignity. As if to remove all obstacles and scruples as to the legitimacy of her union with her noble husband, her former tyrant had previously drunk himself to death with the purchase money that had been paid for her.

It was at this nobleman's princely mansion, that "Acis and Galatea" first saw the light, in 1721, its composer being a guest there, as was also the writer of the poem, the simple hearted, gentle mannered poet Gay, who was aided in his work by other *literati* who also frequented there. The words of the beautiful trio, beginning, "The flocks shall leave the mountains," are by no less a writer than Pope, and the really charming lines, full of poetic grace and delicacy, "Would you gain the tender creature?" are by the poet Hughes, contributions being also levied on a work of Dryden's.

Its first regular public performance took place in 1732, and it is curious to read the announcements, and compare them with those that have so recently appeared in this year of grace 1869—the similarity is striking. Here is the opening paragraph, or what Mr. Puff, in the *Critic*, calls "the puff preliminary," from the *Daily Post* of the 24 of May, 1732:—

"We hear that the proprietors of the English opera will very shortly perform a celebrated pastoral opera, called 'Acis and Galatea,' composed by Mr. Handel, with the grand choruses and other decorations, as it was performed before his Grace, the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons. It is now in rehearsal." Four days after this was followed by the regular official announcement:—

"At the new theatre in the Haymarket, on Thursday next, the 11th of May, will be performed, in English, a pastoral opera, 'Acis and Galatea,' with all the choruses, scenes, machines, and other decorations, as performed before his Grace, the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons, being the first time it was performed in a theatrical way. The part of Acis, by Mr. Montier, being the first time of his appearing in character on any stage; *Galatea*, Miss Arne."

This lady was a relative of the afterward celebrated Dr. Arne, and it was under the auspices of his father, a cabinet maker and upholsterer in King street, Covent Garden, that this enterprize at the English Opera House was conducted. The performance was postponed in consequence of it "being impossible to get ready the decorations, scenes and machines before that time," till the 17th of May, when it took place, though apparently without the sanction or approbation of the composer, and, strange as it may now seem to our strict notions of the law of copyright, close beside his own theatre, the Opera House in the Haymarket, which he then conducted. Handel, however, took up the gauntlet of rivalry which had been thrown down to him, and on the 5th of the June following, issued an announcement in the *Daily Journal*, to the effect that, "In the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, on Saturday, the 10th of June will be performed a serenata, called 'Acis and Galatea' formerly composed by Mr. Handel, and now revised by him, with several additions, and to be performed by a great number of the best voices and instruments. There will be no action on the stage, but the scene will represent, in a picturesque manner, a rural prospect, with rocks, groves, fountains and grottoes, among which will be disposed a chorus of nymphs and shepherds; the habits, and every other decoration, suited to the subject."

The several additions are of a nature to surprise us, and would probably provoke criticism if attempted at the present time by a manager, though then introduced by the composer of the piece, prompted doubtless by the desire to increase the attraction to his own theatre. What Handel added to the original score were several Italian airs and one chorus in Italian; and, as the leading parts of *Galatea*, *Acis*, and the giant *Polyphemus* were undertaken by Italian artists; Signora Strada and Signori Senesino and Montagnana, the result was the performance of the pastoral in an olla podrida of Italian and English, which must have had rather a droll effect. This masterpiece of grace and freshness in musical composition does not seem to have hit the English taste on its first production, since it was only performed four times in that, and the same number in the following season.

We must pass over succeeding revivals, with the exception of one that took place in 1739, when Handel returned to the simplicity of his English version, and which is further remarkable as being the occasion when he added to the original work the delicious chorus, "Happy, happy, we;" and the later one of a century after, when the eminent tragedian and accomplished scholar, William Charles Macready, placed it with all the luxury of scenic and stage embellishment upon the Drury Lane stage. To come to the last production of this beautiful pastoral opera by Mr. George Vining, on the occasion of the reopening of the Princess's, on the 23d of August, 1869 and which, produced on the model of that of 1842 may be justly described as a perfect combination of the most exquisite music, admirably illustrated by the perfection and classic correctness of the scenic and stage accessories.

The scenes, which are all copied from the original designs of Clarkson Stanfield, are beautiful to a degree, in particular the opening one of the rolling wave which, now dashing in foaming billows, now gently tripping over the smooth sands, bears the sea nymph *Galatea* in her shell on its sparkling bosom.

The story is short as it is simple. The scene is laid on the coast of Sicily. *Galatea*, a beautiful Nereid, occasionally visits the shore to sport with her nymphs. Under the influence of Cupid she falls deeply in love with *Acis*, a shepherd youth, who returns her passion; but their happiness is interrupted by the giant *Polyphemus*, a hideous Cyclops, who also becomes enamored of the charms of the maritime sea nymph and begs to make her his own. Fired with rage and jealousy at her refusal of his loathed caresses, he causes the in fact death of his hated rival by hurling a huge rock upon him which crushes him to death. *Galatea*, after lightly mourning her lost love, resolves to exert her supernatural powers, and by means of these *Acis* is turned into a river god.

This simple mythological story Handel has enriched with some of the choicest effusions of his divine genius. The beautiful chorus of vinegarherers, that opens scene 2, "Oh, the pleasures of the plains," as well as the fine "Wretched lovers! fate has passed," in which the affrighted shepherds announce the approach of the dreaded monster *Polyphemus*, are, each in their separate way, models of beautiful writing. The last is highly dramatic, and it is only fair to add, is rendered in truly admirable style by the well-trained chorus at the Princess's. Among the most exquisite of the morceaux are the two soli for the soprano *Galatea*, "Hush! ye pretty, warbling choir," with its fine recitative, "Ye verdant plains," and the florid but melodious finale, "Heart, thou seat of soft delight." The duet between *Acis* and *Galatea*, "Happy, happy, happy, we!" is a gem of pure melody, as is the air for *Acis*, "Love in her eyes sits playing," and that for *Damon*, "Would you gain the tender creature?"

Much of the music is partic'larly the famous scena for *Polyphemus* "Oh ruddier than the cherry!" a truly noble composition, has been long made familiar to the public through the medium of the concert room, but among the present generation there must exist a large proportion who have never had an opportunity of witnessing in its entirety this charming composition of one of the mightiest composers of any age.

BREMEN.—The Stadt theatre re opened with Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

COBURG.—On the 1st October, Herr Hofmann's comic one act opera, *Cordelia*, was to be produced at the Ducal Theatre.

DARMSTADT.—*Die Vestalin*, by Spontini, has been revived with considerable splendor and some success.

Music Abroad.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—A correspondent of the London *Musical World*, in summing up, describes some of the curious features of the "Festival of the Three Choirs," as follows:

Apart from Mr. Sullivan's oratorio little in the doings at Worcester called for criticism. The managers were satisfied with one novelty, and determined upon making the rest of their programme safe. With *Elijah* for Tuesday, a selection from *Judas Maccabæus* (along with the *Prodigal Son*) for Wednesday, Rossini's Mass and the *Lobgesang* for Thursday, and the *Messiah* for Friday, they carried out their purpose well. At the evening concerts even greater precautions were taken. Mr. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, the *Walpurgis Night*, and the comprehensive assortment of odds and ends, ranging from Beethoven's eighth symphony to a song by Blumenthal (all more or less familiar), had exclusive possession of the programme. The result was crowded audiences, larger in the aggregate even, than those which, in 1866, protested against Earl Dudley's attempt to stop the Festival from being held. As the noble Lord is still in opposition, he may once more have helped towards success; but the chief influence, apart from the music, was that of the Cathedral. The fine old edifice, restored sufficiently to attract by its beauty, and not so much as to prevent choir and transepts from being available for the audience, as well as nave and aisles, had no mean share in drawing crowds to the Festival performances day after day. So much cannot be said for the College Hall, in which ancient but extremely inconvenient building the secular concerts were held. The audiences could have given no more convincing proof of a love for operatic airs, than their submission to the crowding and the heat entailed by hearing them. As for the artists, they were even in worse plight. If it was found impossible to remain in a small unventilated den set apart for their use, the Chapter House (which gem of Norman architecture has lately been restored) was available, but only after encountering the chill draughts of the cloisters. Worcester has the best Cathedral for Festival purposes of the three sister towns, and it ought to set about building a concert room forthwith. We observe that suitable provision can be made for "the great Maclagan" and other music hall luminaries; why not for high as well as low art?

There is reason to fear that the people of Worcester care very little about their Festival. At any rate, if they care much, their method of showing it is not demonstrative. Worcester in Festival time is not even Worcester *en fête*. One flag on the top of a steeple, and five or six from as many bedroom windows, represented last week the rejoicings of the citizens, who had seemingly directed all their energies to the exhibition of wares. We should like to know the proportion of townsfolk to strangers in the Festival audiences. Judging from the influx of the latter by rail and road, and the devotion to business of the former, it must have been small indeed. But let us not hastily judge the Worcestrians. Their Mayor gave a breakfast on Tuesday morning in his official capacity, and that may have been the chosen outlet of the town's enthusiasm. The hospitality was certainly uncommon. Of eight hundred invited guests more than four hundred accepted, including county magnates, cathedral clergy, distinguished strangers, and famous artists. There was much speaking, and a little singing; "Mr. Arthur Sullivan," says a local paper, "led the National Anthem with a fine voice." (!) The Mayor of Worcester toasted the Mayor of Gloucester, the Dean of Worcester toasted his Worship in the chair, and a good deal of mutual laudation took place. Nobody, however, seems to have thought about the artists, whose healths were of by far the greatest consequence at the moment, especially as they had to proceed directly from feasting to singing. All else save this breakfast was tame and spiritless, including the procession from the Guildhall to the Cathedral, in which however, the splendor of the city officials had an imposing effect. A greater number of big men in robes carried mysterious symbols than we recollect ever seeing out of an Odd Fellows' show. But the spectators were not more puzzled at this than the big men seem to have been by the Cathedral proceedings. One of them, after taking his seat and looking at the orchestra with astonishment, buried his head in his hat as a preliminary of what he evidently thought a peculiar kind of service. The idea of service in some form or other pervaded the listeners at each concert, if we may judge by the little provocation on which they rose to their feet. In this respect the *Messe Solennelle* was a probable source of confusion. All stood

through the first movement of the "Credo," but half sat down while Mlle Tietjens sang the touching "Crucifixus," and rising and falling went on till the last notes of the "et vitam" were heard. Such are the results of George III.'s half involuntary homage to the "Hallelujah." Some arrangement is needed in the matter, for if worship must join itself to pleasure the union should be regulated by accepted forms.

There were two classes among the Festival audiences which, for different reasons, are worthy of special notice. Both were to be seen in a state of chronic restlessness, wandering hither and thither with the vaguest of purposes. They differed, however, by doing so, the one with supreme self satisfaction, the other with unconcealed discontent. The former wore rosettes and were called stewards; badge and title together giving the prerogative of fussiness. Experience more and more confirms the idea that no sooner does a worthy gentleman adorn himself with the Festival ribbon than he sees something wrong at the opposite extremity of the Cathedral which requires his immediate attention, and which is never set right. As there are a great number of stewards the confusion they create may be imagined. It would, however, be hard to interfere with them, so much do they enjoy themselves; and this pleasure is all they get for the risk of undertaking to make good a possible deficiency. The other class of wanderers are the representatives of the press, who are turned loose into the Cathedral, with perfect liberty to stand wherever they can find room. That the managers wish to be courteous towards the gentlemen who report the proceedings of the Festival, we have not the smallest doubt; and it is very likely they consider a roving ticket the highest of privileges. The notion that liberty to walk everywhere (with a right to sit nowhere) is connected with the freedom of the press seems to have got into their heads, and they act upon it most carefully. A musical critic in motion or propping himself up in a corner is unassailable. Seated, he is likely to have half a dozen stewards bear down and sweep him away.

When writing upon these Three-Choir Festivals it is hard to refrain from making a contrast between what they are now and what they were more than a century ago. Year by year the public is told of their founder, Dr. Bisse, and his humble beginning of that which is now a great musical institution. Without discussing either the Doctor or his work, we may point out the very few features of the past retained by the present. There is the special service which inaugurates the proceedings, and at which the "Three Choirs" are still presumed to assist. This was, in the beginning, all the Festival; it is now of lessening importance, chiefly because no pains are taken with the music. The "choirs" do their work, if possible, even in a more perfunctory manner than on common occasions, and it would be far better to have an ordinary service rather than one which makes disappointment inevitable. Another relic of past days is the organist conductor, a curious hybrid to be seen nowhere else. When conductors sat at the organ, the predecessors of Messrs. Done, Smith and Wesley were in their right places; but now that the bâton, an instrument even more powerful for evil than for good, has come into fashion, and its wielder is expected to be the prompter and animating spirit of those under him, the gentlemen we have named occupy a position fairly entitling them to pity. They do their best, but their best is sometimes fruitful of harm. Happily the orchestra proves equal to most emergencies, and the spectacle of band and chorus running away with their chief is no uncommon episode at the Three Choir Festivals. We do not join in the cry for a London conductor, because it is sufficiently obvious that the change would be fatal. Remove the local organist from his post and local interest in the affair would want its chief stimulus.

Baden.—A unique operatic performance was given, a short time since, at Madame Viardot's villa. The opera was *Le dernier des Sorciers*: the performers being Madame Viardot, who composed the music; M. Turgenieff, who wrote the book; Madame Viardot's fair pupils, and Madame Viardot's son, a young gentleman of fourteen. The only man's part, that of the old sorcerer, was sustained by M. Turgenieff. As, however, he cannot sing, the vocal music belonging to the part was sung behind the scenes by Herr von Milde, from Weimar, M. Turgenieff making the corresponding gestures upon the stage, nay, upon the execution of *roulades*, opening his mouth and fetching breath as though he were really singing.

Munich.—It appears that Herr von Perfall gave his Majesty of Bavaria to understand that he must make up his mind to see Herr R. Wagner's influence summarily terminated, or to accept his (Herr von Perfall's) resignation. His Bavarian Majesty chose the former alternative.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 23, 1869.

Concert Review.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club have gone! They set out on their western tour last Monday, only to return with Summer, for we have no Spring. They took their leave most gracefully and feelingly by giving us their only concert here this season, last Saturday evening, in the Chickering Hall, the wonted place, redolent with the aroma of their music for so many years. Of course the room was filled, and by those most in sympathy, and longest, with classical chamber music of the kind which these men have interpreted among us winter after winter now for twenty years. These? We mean the Club; of the original members only Wulf Fries, and Thomas Ryan still have part in it. That concert brought out many old faces, pleasant indeed to see, who were among the faithful from the first; they came to renew their youth in the old and still live strains which lifted them out of the prosy commonplace of life so many years ago. Nor were they disappointed. The concert must have realized to all, the hope with which they went to it.

Was it only that the moral and subjective conditions were so favoring; that it happened just to meet our mood and take us just when we most needed it; that the occasion rendered the hearer more impressible and *clairvoyant* to the masterworks than usual? or did they really sound better than they ever did to us before? Did the Club really play better than their wont, feeling so sure of sympathy, and wishing to leave a very significant somewhat of themselves behind? At any rate it seemed so to us. The compositions hardly ever came to us so clearly, so full of nerve and delicacy; never have they seemed more fresh and new-created. The tones of Fries's 'Cello were richer, sweeter, nobler than ever—so it seemed,—and it was hard to part with them. And Schultze's leading violin lacked not a like tantalizing eloquence. The "middle parts" never sounded quite so warm and full of feeling.

The three works performed by the Club were of the noblest in themselves, and identified with the best moments in its history. For the opening, they gave the first of Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" Quartets, (Op. 59, in F), with its noble Allegro led in by the 'cello melody, its most imaginative and frolic *Allegretto Scherzando*, its melancholy, deep Adagio, and the Finale with the pert little Russian theme which it plays with so capriciously and daintily. For the close, was chosen the B-flat Quintet of Mendelssohn (op. 87), a never failing old favorite, which may be called the corner stone on which the Club began to build itself up twenty years ago. In the middle of the programme was placed the great Schumann Quintet with piano (in E flat, with the solemn march movement in the middle). Mr. Carlyle Petersilea played the piano part with brilliant mastery, and the whole work was intensely relished.

There were choice vocal selections also. Miss Jenny Busk, of Baltimore, who had studied long in Leipzig, and has won distinction since, the lady engaged to accompany the Club on their tour, sang the second of the Queen of the Night's Arias in the "Magic Flute," showing a pure, sweet, firm soprano, of high range enough to execute its extra high bravura passages, and singing in an intelligent, good, honest, unaffected German manner. A further display of bright and birdlike execution she gave in "The Russian Nightingale" by Alienoff. Mr. M. W. Whitney, with his superb *basso*, sang Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" about as admirably as one could wish to hear; there was nothing for it but he must repeat it.

Carlotta Patti.—The four concerts given during the past week by this renowned *cantatrice* made a marked impression. We heard but two of them, the first and the last, but these afforded, doubtless, all the data for a fair estimate of what the whole amounted to. For our part, we had never heard Carlotta before; while she was singing in Boston in 1861 we were listening to her sister Adelina in London. We were therefore, when she came upon the stage, surprised to see her physically so lame, and in the matter of toilet so elaborately and artificially made up; the charming naturalness and simplicity of the younger sister was wanting, yet she is handsome, and has a genial, bright, and amiable expression. Her singing is, as has been commonly reported, of the florid, birdlike character,—the very perfection, so far as our memory goes, of facile, brilliant, wonderfully varied *bravura* execution. It gave us a new sensation, not by any means of the noblest kind, but certainly delightful for the moment. It is a pleasure to hear anything done perfectly. Her voice is of the finest quality for its peculiar work; not large of course in volume, not with a "tear" in it, but sweet, pure, vibrating with a peculiar lifesomeness, not the velvety, tame sort of sweetness or smoothness, but with a certain wild flavor which stimulates instead of acting as a soporific on the nerves. Imagine such an organ cultivated to the highest degree, imagine it performing, with wondrous ease and certainty, with every grace of light and shade, whatever can be done by flute or clarinet ("Carnival of Venice" variations, for instance); imagine it also startling the ear at times with strange impromptu (calculated) escapades,—and what more need be said? Yes, something more; this is not singing in the highest and most soulful sense in which the art of song has ever been esteemed divine. Spirituality, pathos,— lofty, impersonal, religious sentiment,—intensely personal dramatic passion,— are not among its distinguishing characteristics. In the Oratorio one could hardly think of it. In Opera its sphere would be the playful, florid, comic style, and there no doubt plenty of grace, intelligence, *espiegherie* and liveliness of all sorts would go with the voice. Nor can we deny a fair degree of just, refined expression; this appeared clearly enough in the more serious passages of the air from *Linda* and the duet from *L'Elisir d'amore*, in the Andante part of the Mozart Aria of the Queen of Night (in the "Sacred" concert), as well as in Gounod's modern sentimental melody imposed upon Bach's simply complete little Prelude. That Mlle Patti has arch humor was apparent in her delivery of "Comin' thro' the Rye," one of the selections of her "Sacred" concert.

As to the filling out of the programme, the average both of solo talent and selections was much above that of popular "star" concerts generally. There was comparatively little trash inflicted. Next to Mlle. Patti, the pianist, Mr. Theodore Ritter, bore away the honors. He is young, and unaffected in manner. His touch, for clearness and vitality, his art of finely distributing the accent over all parts of a phrase or passage,—in a word his *phrasing*, light and shade, &c., are remarkable to a degree amounting almost to originality. Nothing could be finer than his rendering of the little *Gavotte*, by Bach, and a couple of dashing, graceful fancies of his own ("*Le Courier*," and "*Tourbillon*," if we remember rightly the name of the "sacred" selection). The variations in the "Kreutzer" Sonata showed him at home, too, on classical ground; yet we were astonished that one so competent should reproduce so little of the essential character and charm of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Mr. Preme is a finished, sound, true violinist, as we have known here before, and gave a good rendering of the Andante and Rondo of Mendelssohn's Concerto, the "Kreutzer" variations, several fantasias, &c. The need of an orchestra for the best hearing of both these artists was much felt; owing to out-of town engagements of so many of our musicians, we are told, it was not possible to procure one. For other singing, Sig. Ronconi, Herr Habelmann and Herr Hermanns, each according to his kind, contributed acceptably.

Next in Order. The first of Mr. Ernst Perabo's four matinées, at Chickering Hall, will be on Friday next, Oct. 29, at 4 P. M. His programme opens with Beethoven's Overture, op. 124, in C ("Dedication of the House"), of which he will play a piano arrangement by E. Pauer. Miss Whitten follows with one of Loewe's Ballads, works which have waited too long to be known here, at least in

the concert room. Then Mr. P. will play two of the Studies by Moscheles, from his best creative period. After a Schubert Song from Miss Whitten ("*Le Message d'Amour*"), the most formidable of all Sonatas, Beethoven's op. 106, will conclude the concert.—At the second matinée (Nov. 12) Mr. LISTEMANN will join him in the "Kreutzer Sonata."

— On the same evening, a novelty to Boston ears in the way of Orchestral music. THEODORE THOMAS, of New York, with his "Grand Orchestra, of over Fifty Performers," and a number of eminent soloists, will give then the first of his three concerts. The programmes, as we understand, will be such as we have often had reported of his New York concerts, a mingling of classical and popular, embracing several Symphonies, Overtures, &c., by the most recent of the German composers.

— The LISTEMANN QUARTET MATINEES are arranged for Nov. 24th, Dec. 8th, 22d and 29th. The party consists, as before, of the brothers LISTEMANN (1st and 2d violin), Mr. HEINDL (viola), and Mr. A. SUCK (violoncello). The Quartet was so good, in its first season's trial, that now, after a year more of practice and mutual assimilation, it must be excellent. The following string Quartets will be played during the short season: Haydn, in C, op. 76, No. 3; Mozart, in D; Beethoven, in F, op. 59, No. 1—the same that we heard at the farewell of the Quintette Club; Schubert, in D minor, (posthumous); Schumann, in F, op. 41, No. 2; Raff (new man), in D minor, op. 77; and Volkmann (ditto), in E flat, op. 43. Beethoven's great B flat Trio, op. 97—we suppose with PERABO at the piano—will also have a place in one of the programmes.

— The first SYMPHONY CONCERT of the Harvard Musical Association, we need hardly remind our readers, comes week after next, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4. The programme was given in our last. The orchestra is larger than before, and with Listemann's violin to trace the melodic outline, and a truly rich and noble *ensemble* of tone, cannot fail to make the revival of Spohr's descriptive Symphony, "The Consecration of Tones," effective. Miss WHITTEN'S song selections, too, are very choice. Great will be the crowd, and the only regret is that there are not best seats for all. There has been some complaint because a third part (*not* "two thirds") of the seats in the Music Hall had been subscribed for privately among the members of the Association before the public sale. But it is this method which has guaranteed these concerts now for five years; without it, the concerts originally could not have been risked at all. Moreover, it ensures to real music-lovers, to the constant patrons of the higher music, a greater certainty of hearing it under the pleasant conditions of comfortable seats, near society of friends, &c., than they could have in the rough and tumble system of "first come, first served" at the window of the ticket office. It has been the wish of the members to accommodate all, impartially, who desired to partake of these rare feasts; no one has refused an applicant, whether friend or stranger, a chance in the preliminary (or guaranty) subscription, provided he applied in season and before the list had grown so large that it was purposely closed in order to allow a better chance to the public. We have not room here to explain this fully enough, but we are confident that we could satisfy "An Old Concert Goer," who complains in Wednesday's *Evening Transcript*, could we talk with him.

— Miss AUGUSTA ENDRES, daughter of the well known violinist in our orchestra, who has been taught with great care since she was seven years old, will give her first Grand Concert at the Tremont Temple, Nov. 20. She will sing the celebrated "Letter Aria," from *Don Giovanni*, Mozart; *Il Brindisi*, from Verdi's *Macbeth*, and the "Carnival of Venice," with its most difficult variations (*à la* Patti). She will be assisted by the following distinguished artists: Mr. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, pianist, Mr. BERNARD LISTEMANN, violinist, Mr. J. F. RUDOLPHSEN, baritone, Mr. TH. BLECHER, solo bassoonist (his first appearance in a solo in Boston), and the full Germania Orchestra, with CARL ZERRAHN as Conductor.

ELSEWHERE. The Worcester County Musical Convention has been holding its 12th annual Festival this week, at Mechanics' Hall. The Worcester Convention seems to take the lead among others in the aspiration towards higher and nobler tasks of musical performance. There was a time when Symphony Concerts and whole Handel Oratorios had not become Convention al. The *Palladium* tells us:

The Convention opened on Monday morning, with most encouraging prospects of success. The chorus was larger than at any previous opening, and all entered into the work with eagerness. The hours during the day have thus far been devoted to the study of church music, under the direction of Mr. Geo. F. Root, and the evenings to "Samson" under Mr. Zerrahn's lead. The two matinées have proved very interesting, and one is announced for each afternoon, Friday excepted. The first concert will be given tonight under the direction of Mr. Root, with a miscellaneous programme. To-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, he will give his views relating to Church Music as a part of Worship, to which he invites all clergymen. In the evening Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be given with accompaniment by a select orchestra of ten pieces; including sufficient wind instruments to make it brilliant and effective; and an instrumental selection will be given by this orchestra in the miscellaneous portion of the programme. Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. A. C. Munroe, and Messrs. Simpson and Whitney will sustain the solos. Friday afternoon brings the gem of the week, the always delightful Symphony Concert by the Orchestral Union; the Symphony will be Haydn's in E flat, and other choice selections will make up the programme. Friday evening closes the week with Handel's oratorio of *Samson*, with large chorus, and full accompaniment; a work new to a Worcester audience.

In New York, a season of three concerts of sterling works of Ecclesiastical Music,—Masses, Motets, Anthems, &c., by Palestrina, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, performed *as they are written*, with full orchestra—has been organized by JAMES PECH, Mus. Doc. Oxon., which promises richly to the subscribers and their friends, for they are to be strictly private, and the reporter element kept out. Some fifty of the leading citizens of New York have subscribed $100 a piece to enable Dr. Peck to make these concerts all they should be to satisfy his own high ideal.

In Philadelphia, Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN presents a plan for a "Beethoven Society," to bring out such choral works as Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," &c. Two concerts will be given each season; but the one particular task of this first season is the study of the choruses of the Ninth Symphony, "for a fit celebration of the Master's Centennial Birthday," Dec. 17, 1870. Mr. W. also suggests the creating, out of any surplus money, of a "Beethoven Stipendium" for the musical education of students of rare musical ability but poor in means.

We had something to say of the opening of the new German organ of the First Church, and of Mr. THAYER'S Organ Recitals there, but no room remains at present. We copy a description of the Organ on another page.

NEW YORK, OCT. 18.—MAX MARETZEK is really going to try his hand at Italian Opera this winter, although he was supposed to have retired from active service last season. From his prospectus I learn that we are to be blessed with several vocalists of more or less note, among whom will be Miss Kellogg (who made such a *fiasco* here last year in Rossini's "Messe Solennelle"); Miss Jenny Landsmann (formerly a fearfully crude singer), Sig. Antonucci, Sig. Ronconi, and Sig. Massimiliani. We are also promised a hearing of Mlle. Carlotta Patti, who, it would seem, is hardly capable of much acting, owing to her physical misfortune. There are also some new voices to be heard, and time will of course develope their capabilities or incapabilities. The season will commence about Nov. 1, and will continue for twenty nights, with Saturday matinées. The second season (for another is projected) will open on Feb. 1, 1870. Among the new works to be produced here for the first time will be Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, and a work by Petrella (author of *Ione*). It is also intended that Mozart's *Magic Flute* shall be revived; in the latter event it will be absolutely essential to give to Mlle. Patti the part of the "Queen of Night", for I know of no one else in this country who can sing the music as it should be sung.

During the present week Mlle. Patti will give three concerts in this city. She will be assisted by Ritter, Prume, Habelmann, Hermanns (Basso) and Max Maretzek's interesting orchestra. The first series (of nine or ten concerts) was very successful, pecuniarily, and there is no reason to doubt that the second series will be ditto, if not more so.

It would seem that Adelina Patti is really coming to the United States on a professional tour. According to newspaper reports, her engagement with Strakosch extends from Sept. 1, 1871 to Sept. 1, 1872. She will receive $2,000 per night for one hundred performances; at least, so Strakosch says, but he has been known to exaggerate. The speculation will be a very ruinous one for him, if he is really to pay her any such fabulous sum. Possibly, as Mlle. Patti is a *Marquise*—and we Americans "dearly love a lord" and worship a title—she may draw larger audiences and at greater prices than I can now imagine possible.

You will observe that no one—in the managerial line—even suggests or hints at the reestablishment of that musical monstrosity, "*opera buffa*." It is dearer than a door nail, and for this and other mercies may we be duly thankful!

On Saturday, Oct. 23, our Liederkranz will open their hall, which has been undergoing extensive alterations during the summer, with a concert in which the full chorus of the Society, a grand orchestra, and Miss Adele Topp will assist. I will give you a report of the same in my next communication.

The Philharmonic Society will give its first concert of the present season on Saturday evening, Nov. 27, and the first rehearsal will occur on Friday afternoon, Nov. 12. F.

"Truth Sometimes Sneers."

"Repieno," in your issue of Oct. 9, says that the statement made by me (for to me he refers) at the Musical Convention, held at the Music Hall in September last, demands explanation. I heartily thank him for calling my attention to the matter, and cheerfully give such "qualification" as appears to be needed.

I had stated, and truly, that I heard at an Episcopal church the old melody of "Drink to me only with thine eyes" (words by "rare old Ben Jonson"), sung by a full choir as *an anthem* (so called) at an evening service. In giving words to it, I happened, by a mere accident of memory, to recall the hymn, "While shepherds watch," as fitting the measure of the melody, not intending to be understood as quoting the words used to the miscalled anthem by the choir in question; for I was so fully offended by the extreme inappropriateness of the music, as wholly to lose the words themselves, though a clerical friend has since told me that the words were a part of the Psalms of the day, which makes it all the worse. On the occasion referred to, the officiating clergyman, seemingly not *en rapport* with the organist, first read the words of a hymn, and on being corrected, simply said, "The choir will now sing an anthem," the words of which of course, he did not read.

If the parties having charge of the music of the parish "did not know it in any other connection," it only proves that the care of the music was placed in incompetent hands, and specially that the organist is not a very well read musician. The very style of the melody indicates its non-sacred origin.

I spoke of "this having been done in an Episcopal church," because it was so done and there I heard it; but with no more idea of reflecting upon that church, than I had of reflecting upon the church at

Philippi. Your sensitive friend, "Ripieno," forgets the compliment I paid to the splendid productions of Croft, Kent, Attwood, Walmisley, and the many gifted and learned writers, who had, under the influence of the church, honored the church and themselves, and benefitted the cause of true church music by their noble Anthems and Services. The very abundance and richness of their works make the modern innovations less worthy of pardon, and show all such irreverent trifling to be but little less than wicked. There is enough of true music inside the sacred fields—true music in every sense of the words, inspirations almost divine—and he who garners from outside the light, the trifling, or even the more sober, if allied and associated with unholy things, is unfit for the work he attempts, whether as an adapter or as leader of a choir.

If I had attempted to inform the Convention of the denomination of the various churches in which I had heard "*Batti, batti, bel Masetto* (called in the tune book "Smyrna"), or "*Che farò senza Eurydice*," called "Zion," I should have been compelled to quote the whole catalogue of Christian denominations, Episcopal and dissenting, for all have sinned in this matter, and my allowance of time would have been too short. I condemn this sacrilege, everywhere and always. In a work prepared for my own denomination the same wrong thing has been done, and there I find "The Bonnie Boat" and the "Battle of Roncesvalles," and this same "*Batti, batti,*" and "*Che farò,*" the latter called "Zion", though the vicinity where Orpheus is represented as singing this song was at a very great remove from anything like Zion. And, by the way, I am sorry to see that this same "*Che farò*" appears to have been converted into "Zion" by Dr. Southard himself, who spoke so justly and eloquently against the adoption of such music into the church.

One of the many excuses, though they are all inadequate, for this wrong doing, is that very few persons, if any, know the music in its real origin and first use, and therefore to them it brings no offence, or unhallowed association. St. Paul says, if meat cause a brother to offend, he will eat no meat. He desires not to offend even *one* brother. Now I commend St. Paul's tender forbearance to all adapters and users of such music, for in *every* congregation one would suppose there might be at least one brother whose feelings might be wounded thereat, and in many congregations there would be very many so wounded. Let there be, in the name of religious and *sacred* music, no more of this.

HENRY K. OLIVER.

Another Walcker Organ in Boston.

The *Transcript* contained the following description of the Organ shortly before its completion:

The new German Organ, which is now being placed in the First Church, in this city (Rev. Rufus Ellis's), is rapidly approaching completeness, and will probably be publicly exhibited next week. The following description of its mechanism and its strong points and features will be read with interest, as this is the first German church organ set up in this city, in the building of which reference has been made rather to sound church-like qualities, than to concert effects, as in the Music Hall organ. We believe that the builders, the Messrs. Walcker, have achieved for this new work of theirs as signal a reputation as for their famous Music Hall instrument.

The organ has three manuals, with a compass from CC, to twice-marked *f*, and the pedals from CC to tenor *d*, which is a proper standard for pedals in organs great or small. The usual manual compass is three notes more in the upper part, but for church organs this is neither useful nor desirable. The wind is supplied by two bellows and three feeders of unusual capacity, the paramount fault of organs—want of *lungs*—being avoided. From these are two different pressures, for the loud and soft registers of the organ, regulated by two other very large compensation bellows—placed upon the wind canals, which are of double the usual size.

The wind chests are seven in number, and it is safe to say that no organ in this country except it be the Music Hall organ by the same builders—has wind chests that can compare—so strong and so finely finished are they in every respect. It is the action, however, which claims chief attention, for in this respect the organ is a marvel of strength and finish, and planned with geometrical regularity.

Another important and even *absolutely necessary* feature of this work is, that, although it is three stories in height, there are alley-ways on each story wide enough for one to walk with perfect ease to every part and pipe in the whole organ, a feature which cannot be too strongly recommended. The pipes, of which about two-thirds are metal and the other third wood, show the same artistic finish and care as the other parts of the organ; the wooden pipes being of *Tannenholz*, a wood resembling the finest of our hard pine or spruce. Nearly all the metal pipes are of proof tin; those in the front being of pure Cornwall tin, giving the purest tone imaginable.

The *Claviaturen*, or key boards, are like those of the Music Hall organ, of ivory and rosewood; and the draw stops of the same artistic grouping of colors, with the further improvement that the stops do not have to be pushed in by the player, but only touched, the response to which is instant—a desideratum in making rapid combinations. The organ has seven combination pedals, all of which are double, and some of which are *sextuple* in their action; only obtained in organs with the valves of Walcker's manufacture, which, with his method, can be multiplied to any extent at trifling cost, a modern improvement which all organists greatly value.

We give below the specification, not of course having room for more than an enumeration of the registers, although a more minute description would be sure to interest our musical readers, and also, we believe, prove valuable as furnishing a standard for organ *purchasers*, who too often are deceived by a mere list of registers, without knowing how they are, or should be made.

MANUAL I.—HAUPTWERK.

1. Principal, 16 feet; pure tin.
2. Principal, 8 feet; pure tin.
3. Hohlflute, 8 feet; wood.
4. Gamba, 8 feet; proof tin.
5. Gedekt, 8 feet; wood.
6. Rohrflute, 4 feet; proof tin.
7. Octave, 4 feet; proof tin
8. Nasard, 2 2-3 feet; metal.
9. Octave, 2 feet; proof tin.
10. Mixture, 5 ranks; proof tin.
11. Trompet, 8 feet; reeds and proof tin.

MANUAL II.—SOLO ORGAN.

1. Bordun, 16 feet; wood.
2. Principal, 8 feet; proof tin.
3. Spitzflote, 8 feet; proof tin.
4. Bordun, 8 feet; wood.
5. Salicional, 8 feet; proof tin.
6. Flute d'Amour, 4 feet; pure tin.
7. Octave, 4 feet; proof tin
8. Flautino, 2 feet; pure tin.
9. Cornet 4 ranks; proof tin.
10. Fagott and Clarinet, 8 feet; reeds and wood.

MANUAL III.—SWELL ORGAN.

1. Principal, 8 feet; proof tin.
2. Flote, 8 feet; wood
3. Lieblich Gedekt, 8 feet; wood.
4. Aeoline, 8 feet; proof tin.
5. Dulce, 8 feet; proof tin.
6. Fugara, 4 feet; proof tin.
7. Traverse Flote, 4 feet; wood.
8. Picolo, 2 feet, proof tin
9. Cimbel, 4 ranks; proof tin.
10. Physharmonica, 8 feet; free reeds.

PEDALE.

1. Principal, 16 feet; wood.
2. Violone, 16 feet; wood
3. Subbass, 16 feet; wood
4. Bombardon, 16 feet; reeds.
5. Grosse Quinte, 10 2-3 feet; wood.
6. Violoncello, 8 feet; wood.
7. Octave, 8 feet; pooof tin.
8. Trompet, 8 feet; reeds and proof tin.

COLLECTIV PEDALE, ETC.

1. Pedal zum Hauptwerk.
2. Pedal zum Solo Mannal.
3. Mezzo Forte.
4. Volles Werk.
5. Coppel zur Physharmonica.
6. Tremolo zur Physharmonica.
7. Volle Schwellung.
8. Man 2 piano.
9. Man. 2 forte.
10. Man. 1-Rohrwerk.
11. Coppel Man. 1 and 2.
12. Coppel Man. 2 and 3.
13. Calcant.

The wind is to be furnished by a hydraulic engine of sufficient power. Already the organ has been visited by many of the leading builders, organists and musicians, and pronounced by them to be a finished masterwork. Its mechanical perfection, and tone-promise have stimulated other churches to negotiate with the Messrs. Walckers for the construction of similar instruments, and we cannot doubt that this foreign rivalry will serve a good purpose in advancing the standard of American organ manufacture, already so well established and esteemed.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

By the Blue Sea. 3. F to e. *Swart.* 35

Sweet Home of my Childhood. 3. D to d. *Veazie.* 30

Stay gentle Morn awhile. 3 G to e. *Abt.* 40

If "Morn" has an ear for music, it will certainly "stay" to hear such singing. An admirable song, in which the beauties of the fresh morning are finely portrayed

The Happy Gipsy. 3. A to f. *Nelson.* 35

I'm a timid nervous man. 2. G to d. *Cherry.* 30

Half past Nine 3. G to e. *Macfarren.* 40

The Wanderer's Dream. (Mir singt in Hain). 3. F to e. *Abt.* 30

A "first class" song of classic beauty.

The Little Brown Jug. 2. B*b* to d. *A. L.* 30

Under the Hazel Tree. 2. E*b* to f. *Guzlielini.* 30

I know a Song, a song of love. 3. F to f. *Benedict.* 35

Danish Boy's Whistle. 2. E*b* to e. *Crosby.* 30

The Love of other days. Song and Chorus, 3. A*b* to *d*. *Turner.* 30

Somewhat mournful, but expressive, and with a very musical chorus.

My darling Sadie. 3. D to e. *G. A. Veazie.* 35

A sweet ballad in popular style, which has the peculiarity of a chorus longer than the solo part, ingeniously arranged, and which would by itself make a good quartet.

Instrumental.

Overture. Pique Dame. 5. D. *Suppé.* 75

A brilliant and effective composition.

Joie du Cœur Mazourka. 3. F. *Wele.* 50

Lively and elegant.

Good Humor Galop. 3. B*b*. *Grass.* 30

Souvenir de New York. 5. E*b*. *Sutter.* 60

Somebody's Wife; or, O, I'd go and see my Mother. *Jackson* 30

Walk off, big Shoes! *Holder.* 30

New contributions to comic musical literature. The more the merrier, and these are merry enough.

Moonlight Nights. 18 Morceaux. *Heller.*

No. 1. C. 30

" 2. A min. 30

" 3. G. 25

" 4. E min. 40

Sunbeam Mazurka. Sentimental. 4. E*b*. *Lewis.* 50

A graceful and agreeable piano piece.

La Joyeuse Morceaux de Salon. 4. F. *Kuhe.* 50

Valse des Fleurs. 4. A*b*. *Ketterer.* 75

Coliseum Polka. 2 G. *Jordan.* 30

Blue Bells Variations. *Wyman.* 60

The old beautiful melody, skilfully varied.

Books.

THE PICNIC. A Cantata. By *J. R. Thomas.* 1.00

A pretty affair with an unpretending title, which is hardly good enough for the music, that being very pleasing. Arranged for mixed voices, but an added staff renders it equally available for three female voices. So it is just the thing for Seminaries, as well as for the outside world. Incidents and Pieces are The Gathering, The Departure (Boat song), The Arrival, Swinging Song, Flower Song, Waltz Song, Laughing Glee, Skipping Song, The Storm, The Sunshine after Rain, Farewell, and Homeward Bound.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 746. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1869. Vol. XXIX. No. 17.

Praxiteles and Phryne.

A thousand silent years ago,
The starlight faint and pale
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done."

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
The rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For art can grant what love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told;

"This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved:
So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

W. W. Story

The Singing Lesson.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon,
And wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in arm with a thrush,
Came saunt'ring up to the place:
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed a dove:
"O nightingale! what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't sulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral I know,
If you'll try to find it out!

Christian Standard.

Handel's Messianic Tradition.

It is singular that the great dramatic scenes of Handel, sung by the greatest singers the world ever knew, should have passed away without tradition. History records the extraordinary impression produced night after night upon crowded audiences by the delivery of these masterpieces, and we learn that the reputation of such incomparable artists as Senesino and Farinelli, Faustina and Cuzzoni, were much enhanced by these opportunities for varied and passionate vocalization. Nothing, however, remains but the music, which, although it speaks the feelings of the human heart, and is of such vivid and marked conception as to be translatable into the language of all civilized nations, is now wanting in all record, save the paper and print that has preserved it. It is not so with Handel's Oratorio of the "*Messiah*." Charity has effected that which neither fashion nor art could do for his operatic compositions; and yet Handel never experienced the gratification of hearing his Messianic songs sung by the foremost vocalists of his day. And if we are to believe Horace Walpole, he made his great religious Oratorio popular by one singer, "who had only one note in her voice," and by another who "had ne'er a one." We know he felt strongly when he wrote down his strong thoughts, and we may rest assured that it was one great labor of his life to get out all his fire and dignity, his majesty and tenderness, from the mouths and hearts of his singers. For when Carestini refused to sing his short but wonderful *largo* song in the opera of "*Ottone*," conceiving it to be totally ineffective, and ridiculously simple for so consummate an artist, Handel at once settled his objections by saying "You dog, don't I know better than you what is best for you to sing; if you do not sing this song I will not pay you one stiver." When Mme. Cuzzoni declined to sing his great *Largo* in the opera of "*Otho*," he seized her by the waist and swore he would throw her out of the window if she did not instantly begin. All that practice and ability, taste and refinement, could do for the expression of his music, he extracted from his executants, and the annual performance of the Oratorio for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, and the Society of Decayed Musicians, kept up his teaching, and established it a memorable and unalterable tradition. But Art is not stationary, nor is it possible for two great singers to think alike or work in the same groove. The celebrated Ancient Concerts were established purposely to disseminate and preserve these special readings of the Great Master, and there was no marked innovation until the advent of Mme. Mara. The famous singer in plain chant and who would not allow anyone to be called a singer who could not properly intone a phrase of the old chant, when told of a forthcoming rival, was accustomed to say, "Oh we shall see. Can she sing six notes of the plain chant?" Mme. Mara made the song "I know that my Redeemer liveth" a new conception to the English mind. She is said to have immortalized her own name in association with this song. Like Mrs. Siddons, she was not remarkable for tenderness, but she held a mastery over her audience by the strength and intensity of her reading. She sang of death, resurrection, judgment, perfect peace, and future felicity, in tones so rich and powerful, and with a portraiture so unaffected and yet so pre-eminent, that the new rendering was at once received as the truest expression of the words of the Arabian Patriarch, and the right interpretation of this almost inspired music.

Mme. Mara, by splendid natural faculties and immense artistic requirements, stamped a greater style upon the songs of the "*Messiah*" than any English singer preceding her day had been able to accomplish. The Mara interpretation continued until the appearance of Mme. Catalani, who, in giving the Christmas recitatives, overwhelmed and astonished the minds of her audience as by one tremendous blow. She gave the words, "The glory of the Lord shone round them" with the full magnificence of her wonderful delivery and prodigious quantity of tone, and then enunciated the words "And they were sore afraid," slowly, separately, and distinctly, but in a whisper so low and solemn, that the awe stricken audience seemed at once to realize the very scene.

This remarkable vocalist carried by storm the well settled traditions of the Messianic songs, and so long as she retained her overwhelming torrent of tone, and her wondrous energy and force, the audience could not resist these influences and fully sympathized with her impulsive and impassioned interpretations. Her reading of the Christmas recitations became a tradition, but her contemporaries, Miss Stephens, Miss M. Tree, and those who followed, such as Miss Paton, and Mme. Caradori-Allan, declined to adopt more of the Catalani readings, and one and all held to the subtle and refined school of Mme. Mara.

Miss Stephens certainly did no more, possibly less, with the songs of the "*Messiah*" than did Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Salmon, and Miss Corri, who each had their characteristics, but not sufficiently distinctive to constitute a speciality. Miss Stephens was for many years queen of the Oratorio and maintained her sway, not by high attributes of art, but by a purely sympathetic tone. She had no great fire, no great feeling, commendable elocution, not always correct in intonation; but what she did was done in an elegant, appreciative, and well-bred manner. There was far more force and brilliancy, pathos and passion in the reading of Miss Paton, a singer who never failed to make her audience overlook an imperfect method, by the noble spirit and just expression she gave to all she attempted. Mme. Caradori-Allan is to be remembered for a particular neatness and an extreme finish, but

she was not one to melt the heart or draw the tear. Who can forget the exquisite purity of tone, the unvarying brilliancy, and unbroken stream of Clara Novello? Unrivalled in vocal mechanism, but wanting in all the other attributes of the great artist, the liquid sweetness of her tone seemed in her to have absorbed all other feeling; and as she gave no evidence of sensibility or suffering on her own part, she excited no such emotions on the part of her auditory.

For some time past the soprano songs in the "*Messiah*" have been in abeyance. No new power has been brought upon them, no fresh conception, and they have been subdued somewhat below the old traditions. For the moment a bright luminary flashed over us, and in Jenny Lind was heard a significancy and potency of conception and mastery which promised an eclipse of all that either Mara or Catalani had created. Jenny Lind sang the Messianic songs with surpassing power and effect, bearing witness to the truth of the principles upon which she had been taught. This lady possessed great school and great genius, and what she did was beyond imitation. The field has been long open for vocalists educated in the great school; and the difficulty has been to induce the foreign artist to study the English language sufficiently, so as to bring great artistic requirement before the English public, without being marred by improper accents and misrepresentations of words, so ordinarily heard in the Handelian singings by French and Italian artists. The great vocalist was to be heard in Covent Garden but not in Exeter Hall. The cloud has passed away, and two new stars have shed resplendent light upon the recent performance of the "*Messiah*" in Exeter Hall. The singing of Mme. Trebelli Bettini in Handel's "*Messiah*" is of such high and substantial character as to recall the traditions of Mrs. Cibber on the performance of the oratorio in Dublin. It is recorded that so impressively did Mrs. Cibber render the aria, "He was despised," that a naughty Irish dean rose up and said, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven." As there was no naughty Mrs. Cibber at Exeter Hall the other evening, so there was no naughty dean to make such a naughty speech, although there were very many present equally carried away by their feelings as was the Irish dignitary.

Mlle. Nilsson has studied her share of the Messianic songs somewhat in the same spirit as did Mme. Catalani; she possessed her own coruscations of brilliant fancy, and a decided and fully defined characteristic expression. Certain in intonation, of extraordinary felicity, her taste and judgment have full play and her impulses are so sympathetic that she overwhelms the audience and raises it to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Her declamation of the Shepherd Recitatives revealed a determination to think for herself and to decline the hypocritical rôle of an imitator. The reading was large, and massed with a light and shade that commanded instant attention, which culminated into the most demonstrative marks of approval and delight. The audience were evidently unprepared for the rushing force with which she gave that trying and teazing aria, "Rejoice greatly;" and it is only the artist that can fully comprehend the difficulty of continuing volume of tone throughout the extended space of divisions which forms the subject-matter of this venerable bravura. The Cavatinas "Come unto Him" and "How beautiful are the feet" found a deep repose, and opened full opportunities for the sweet and delicious tones of Mlle. Nilsson's magnificent organ. The singing of the great aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was received with one long continued roll of acclamation, and the utmost endeavors were made to gain the encore. So great is the reverential and holy spirit of this aria it will well bear the large Andante its composer intended, and its rendering in all its full feeling, and intense faith ought to satisfy the hearer and subdue the impulse for a repetition. To give it twice is too great a strain on the powers of the vocalists, and must weaken the heightened imagination of the audience. We may hereafter touch upon the traditions of the tenor and bass songs in the "*Messiah*," but for the present we must forbear.—*Orchestra.*

Critics and the Criticized.

The following remarks, from the London *Orchestra*, are quite as applicable to musical as to theatrical artists and managers.

We would like, for mere curiosity's sake, to be able to determine the amount of critical laudation which should cease to have a value in the actor's or the manager's eye, by reason of excess. Would it be possible to lay the praise on too thick? Could the force of the dictionary, with all its sesquipedalian adjectives of ecstacy, be brought to bear so that the actor should say, "No, come, I don't deserve all this?" We very much doubt it. We believe that under the most fulsome flattery the mind of man could produce, an ordinary actor or actress would sit down with complacency and observe, "Really a very judicious writer, that; quite a superior sort of penetration altogether." Certainly the histrionic bosom never sickens with excess of praise. We do not believe there is a player living who ever in his heart of hearts confessed that So-and-so, critic of plays, overrated his abilities in print. If such nausea were possible in the dramatic breast, the behavior from time to time of a band of ecstatic writers towards a certain young lady on the boards would provoke some mild deprecation. But it never does. Though she be invested with Helen's beauty, and Hebe's freshness, and Medea's intensity, though she be made the incarnation of the three Graces, and nine Muses, and for dramatic intellect be a Jordan, Bracegirdle, Siddons, Rachel, Ristori, all at once, it is quite right—no more than her due. We have seen such redundancy of effusive epithets lavished upon this young lady—who would do well if she were less greedy of praise and less indulged with it—that one would say she must inevitably revolt at the heaping of the adjectives. We never heard that she did revolt—except when anybody hinted that she had yet much to learn.

In contradiction to this omnivorous capacity for eulogy—the actor's as to his art, the manager's as to his enterprise—it is curious to note the excessive sensitiveness of both to the slightest form of dispraise. The sickliest encomium is not too much for their appetite: the tiniest discouragement is too huge a pill. It is as though an ostrich should choke with a peppercorn. Dispraise they consider such a very extraordinary and altogether abnormal thing, that it cannot exist consistently with truth. If you disapprove of the actor's art or the manager's policy, it follows that you must have a bad motive somewhere. You cannot possibly do so on honest grounds; you must have a prejudice, or a spite, or at all events a moral warp in some shape or other. And so self-evident is this warp to the eye of the criticized, that he thinks he has but to reproduce it in public to make everybody else see it also. Thus the manager of the Globe Theatre prefixes the announcement of the night's entertainment upon his playbill with an extract from a damaging notice which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* anent "*Progress.*" He does so without comment, further than remarking that the public may read and judge for themselves, or words to that effect. Of course he holds that the unfairness of disapproval speaks for itself, and needs no interpretation. He never attempts to argue the matter: why should he? His position is simply this: "You say that my play is badly written and badly acted: *de facto* you must be an utterly unfair, prejudiced, ill judging fellow altogether, and I have only to circulate your words to let everybody see how ill-conditioned you are." Now this *naïveté* on the manager's part would be amusing if it were singular. But it is exceedingly common, and is exemplified over and over again. Indeed it may be said to form the normal attitude of any manager and any actor who receives a dressing of unusual sharpness. He never asks himself whether he possibly deserves it. That hypothesis is utterly out of the question. No; it proceeds from that bad motive on the critic's part, which is so hard to discover, but which nevertheless must exist, or disapproval could not be.

We need not advert upon the precise criticism which Mr Sefton Parry exposes by republishing it in his playbills. Nor need we comment upon the general truthfulness, excellence, and thorough independence of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which render its dramatic critiques so trenchant and sincere. We merely instance the action of the Globe manager as illustrative of the condition of mind which obtains throughout the whole dramatic profession directly a word of disapproval is recorded in print.

A Word for Wagner.

(To the Editor of the "Athenæum.")

Sir,—As one of the few London musicians who have earnestly desired to become acquainted with the operas of Richard Wagner, I ask permission, at a time when his enemies are more than usually abusive, to say a few words on the subject. A Wagner opera must be considered as a drama with musical declamation—a work consisting of music, poetry, scenery, and action. Consequently, any attempt to measure it by the same standard of criticism as is applied to purely musical works must fail. The analysis of any detached musical phrase, of any single line of poetry, as a thing for itself, is as much out of place as was the notion of the clergyman who talked of the beauty of "a bar of Beethoven." Thus the usual channels by which an operatic composer becomes known are nearly closed for Wagner. Imagine a *Tannhäuser* "selection" at a promenade concert (alas! no mere supposition), a *morceau de salon* upon *Lohengrin*, the *Rheingold* quadrilles or the *Fliegender Holländer*, ground on the street corners!

My present object is to point out that a clear understanding of a Wagner opera must be obtained from an efficient performance of the same: in default of this, the only possible alternative consists in the intelligent rendering of some entire scene at the pianoforte, the words, of course, being sung. The admission of these two points appears to me most important. Any one thoroughly conversant with musical forms up to the latest Beethoven period, and aided by some experience, may certainly comprehend a difficult score by Brahms, or Heller, without an actual performance, or the assistance of a pianoforte; but in the case of Wagner, the mind must distinctly realize and retain a train of musical and poetical thought which has never before been expressed, which may occupy half an hour in its delivery, and which becomes more clear and definite after being actually heard than can possibly be the case after being merely imagined. Those who remember the first introduction of Beethoven's works will probably admit the truth of this. Imagine an accomplished musician of those days who could read a score of Haydn or Mozart with equal ease at the writing-table or at the piano, but who had as yet no knowledge of Beethoven. Would he be competent to picture to himself that master's *Missa Solemnis* by merely reading it? Any work not exceeding the already-known artistic boundaries would present no difficulties to him. But the creator of what is absolutely new, must be heard in order to be distinctly realized, I repeat, therefore, that for those who have no opportunity of hearing an efficient performance, and who wish to arrive at a clear understanding of a Wagner opera, it is necessary to hear some entire scene played and sung at the pianoforte. Let pianists not possessed of the requisite brain and finger qualifications beware! The almost invariable answer of a musical critic when questioned as to his knowledge of the much dreaded music is, "Oh! I have read it." Let those who have not only read, but played, judge of the value of such 'reading," and of the published criticisms which too often result from it.

I must exclude all reference to the earlier opera, *Rienzi*, from these remarks. I have also assumed that no one will undertake the study of Wagner's works without a thorough comprehension of the poems on which his music is founded. I have addressed myself solely to those who, having no preconceived prejudice, are really desirous of becoming acquainted with a subject which now attracts universal attention: any attempt to change the opinion of professional critics once pledged to uphold certain views, or of those (and their name is legion) who have been embittered by a recent *brochure* to which it would be too wide a digression here to allude, would assuredly be useless. Most warmly do I re-echo the sentiment of Mr. Chorley as expressed in last week's *Athenæum*—indeed, what he applies to the rehearsal of the *Rheingold* I would even extend to the whole Wagner question:—"never has partizanship been so unblushing and unscrupulous as on this occasion," Amen! Amen! with all my heart.

WALTER BACHE.

58, *Great Russell Street, Sept.* 15, 1869.

Last Words About "Das Rheingold."

Sept. 23, 1869.

Last week's *Athenæum* gave a new and amusing proof of the nature of the grounds on which such honest persons as bow the knee to Herr Wagner claim homage for their uncouth and shapeless musical idol. The concocter of "Das Rheingold" has, in Mr Walter Bache, found a champion more earnest than original, more peremptory than powerful or prudent. Let us look into the reason of such

championship. First, Mr Bache tells us, we "must consider a Wagner opera" as "a drama with musical declamation,—a work consisting of music, poetry, scenery and action." Ere thus bidden "to eat the leek," old fashioned students like myself, I submit, had already been instructed to consider that the above-cited four elements were indispensable to every opera, whether the aime was classical in the observance of unities, or romantic in its appeals to the fancy. Possibly Mr Bache intended to say that no single element should predominate; that the scene painter and the machinist should hold an equal place with that of the dramatist who devises the tale in poetry, of the musician who clothes it with all the garnitures of a beautiful art, subject to certain and definite laws, and that of the actors who exhibit the thoughts completed rather than nakedly expressed by the skill and science of the musician. All separation for the purpose of analysis of any of the elements aforesaid is thereby protested against by Mr. Bache. A green canvass tree is thereby asserted to be as "worthy" (to quote old grammar) as a musical phrase,—a thump on the drum as superb as any flash of genius on the part of a Pasta, a Lablache, a Malibran. Let such a fallacy pass, that we may come to a truism of its kind equally astounding. Mr. W. Bache insists that no clear understanding of the Wagnerian shows can be arrived at without the admirer, or recusant, as may be, having been present at an efficient performance of them, or the study of some entire scene at a pianoforte recital, accompanied by the voice. "By this means," continues our enthusiast, "in the case of Wagner, the mind must distinctly realize and retain a train of musical and poetical thought which has never before been expressed, which may occupy half an hour in its delivery, and which becomes more clear and definite after being actually heard than can possibly be the case after being merely imagined." It is certainly as well to know something about that which the hearer pretends to judge; but such an amazing concession does not help us to the solution of Mr Bache's difficulty. Audrey's question, "Is it a true thing?" remains unanswered. Are we considering a stately edifice,

—a pleasure dome of rare device,

and composed of precious material, pointing upwards to the skies? or some chaotic monster not meriting the name of a building, in which every accepted law and proportion are reversed or set aside, and in which, taking gold and marble and precious stones, we are bidden to accept, by way of novelty, such rubbish as great artificers of genius have cast aside by reason of its meanness and want of worth? No reiteration of flat and pompous truisms, I am convinced, will give grace, variety, or originality to the inane and meaning phrases allotted to the singers in 'Das Rheingold,' dramatic interest or poetry to its awkward and scarcely intelligible legend, told in flat or outrageous language,—nor practicability to scenic combinations ridiculous because impossible. Every condition that Mr Walter Bache demands (including that of preliminary study of the pianoforte score) was complied with by many who attended the careful and excellent, and all but complete, presentment of 'Das Rheingold' at its rehearsal. Of course, the impression of miserable weariness made on these by bad choice of the drama, by monotony and want of significance in ideas, worse arrangement of it for music, and an absurdity of scenery, is ascribed by Mr Bache to "preconceived prejudice," to "critical obstinacy and incompetence," and to a feeling embittered by Herr Wagner's polemical habit of exalting himself by abusing his betters (not forgetting his cant about Judaism). But Mr. Bache's assertions, unsupported by proof, will no more attract a public to the booth of a transcendental charlatan, than my impressions will destroy that which deserves to thrive and live, even as the music of the great masters has thriven and still lives on the opera stages of Germany, Italy, France, and England. There may be fits of disease and bad taste; but that which is true and real is great, and, as the adage says, "will prevail."

HENRY F. CHORLEY

The "Concerts Ancient and Modern," (N. Y.)

MR. EDITOR:—In your short notice of a Prospectus referring to a season of Three Concerts of Ancient and Modern music, to be given by subscription in New York, during the coming winter, occurs the following remark:—"from which the reporter element is to be excluded."

As this is likely to create some misconception of the meaning of the word "reporter," it will, perhaps not be out of place to explain, that the promoters of these Concerts are ladies and gentlemen of leisure, who desire to create, in a private way, an Art atmosphere, in which they can become acquainted with a class of compositions—sacred and secular—at present uncared for by a general public, to please which before whom, dependent on the whim and caprice of that myriad headed body, would be, as it has been again and again, attended by a pecuniary failure.

I had nothing whatever to do with drawing up the Prospectus, nor am I in any way responsible for the organization or business arrangements of these Concerts. This department is, very properly, out of my hands. The Church Music Association has simply done me the honor of making me the Musical Director and Conductor of the Concerts. That important element of success or non success, as the case may be, the Committee of Management, is composed of gentlemen of wealth and influence, whose social life has been tempered and refined by education and culture, and whose action in the affair will, to a large extent, be governed by the sense of the great body of subscribers. These subscribers desire that the undertaking should be private. Ordinary newspaper criticism, then, it is obvious, would be entirely out of place.

But, as the word "reporter," as it appears in the prospectus, may be misunderstood, I would beg to state, that I understand it to mean, one employed in the simple routine of transcription of words and actions, impression and feeling, as they arise, without any attempt at the expression of an opinion, or an analysis of the subject under consideration. Ordinary news, police reports, speeches and transactions of religious and political meetings, etc., are the proper arena of reporters. With the highest respect, then, for this class of very useful gentlemen, I may be permitted to state, that it would be utterly out of place, in an association of this kind, to invite the attendance of any such person in a critical capacity. They are, therefore, I think, very properly omitted.

There is, however, another person, of a higher type,—the "writer." *Him* the Church Music Association will always welcome, and for him, amongst others of the *Literati*, I am informed, will be assigned tickets of admission. He is invariably one who has been thoroughly grounded in the elements and first principles of the art and science he professes and has been engaged to discuss; and whose judgment, nurtured by a long series of years of experience, carries with it the right of authority. Should any gentleman of this class, member of the press, honor the performance with a review of the compositions and their interpretation, it might be of the utmost service in promoting a larger comprehension of the works under study.

It is hoped, however, that all reviews would be entirely free of personal allusions to the physical beauty of any particular voice, or to the especial talent of any individual performer forming a component part of the whole organization. That the analysis may be directed rather to the construction of the composition and the *ensemble* produced by the combined efforts of the orchestra, solo, and chorus, all of which in concerts of this description are equally important, than addressed to individual vanity, which, as a rule, is of no advantage to art or the public. Diversity of opinion, of course, is a spur to reflection; variety of sentiment, the source of excellence; while each slight hint and kind communication will assist in accomplishing a good work. It will excite the emulation of the performers and the approbation of all.

With this explanation I take my leave, trusting that these concerts will present to the *Sybarites*, the *Literati* and the *Art World* of New York, not only a good general taste of Musical Art, but also some of its deeper recesses. In the conscientious pursuit of this it is further hoped that the performances may win the approval of those who have initiated them, as well as the appreciation of that highly cultured audience which is to attend them.

I am Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES PECH

TRINITY PARISH, New York, Nov 23, 1869.

(From the Transcript.)

MUSIC: ITS WORKING, ITS USES AND ABUSES. *By Mrs. A. Beecher.* Music is an inspiration and an art. The inspiration thrills the soul with its swift and penetrating presence,—the art through whose perfected skill it is transmitted is only reduced by a long and careful process. This process or method is the subject of much theory and experiment, to say nothing of the empiricism which claims to have found the secret of easy and rapid acquisition through a series of leaps, instead of the slow and sure steps of a true growth in knowledge and perception. To learn is to open gradually, naturally and healthfully, to the newer and deeper understanding. To teach is to lend the helping hand, to brace the feeble steps, to stimulate the timid efforts. It is not to force, not to compel, not to urge to premature and sickly effects, but to aid the natural faculties to their natural manifestation. The true teacher takes his pupil as he finds him—taking into consideration his organization, temperament, disposition, and the capabilities which these include; finding the original bent, he does not attempt to change it; perceiving the tendency, he does not strive to counteract it, but to assist it to its characteristic expression. Thus the method is determined by the pupil, the course by the character, the expedients by the need of the case.

A good teacher has just as many methods as he has pupils—no more, no less. The groundwork of his influence lies in the sympathy which he is able to establish—the communion between himself and pupil; for without communion there is no interchange and without interchange there can be no teaching, the master's knowledge remains his own, and the pupil is none the wiser. This communion depends upon several indispensable conditions; a thoroughly good understanding and good will on the part of the pupil, and the absence of interruption. The presence of any third person during the lesson is an interruption; it breaks the accord and introduces a variety of strange and conflicting influences, besides overwhelming the pupil in that fatal self consciousness which it is the teacher's object to put to rest. Vanity gives rise to many silly and distressing emotions; the presence of a third person always excites the vain wish to excel, or the reverse side of vanity, despair of ever doing anything well, and timidity, hesitation, and nervous excitement are the inevitable results. Competition is an unworthy motive, that should never enter the domain of art; it may do for traffic and money making, although its results are doubtful even there; but one who aspires to be an artist should not strive to emulate any other, for his work is individual, the aspiration of his own soul and its efforts to express in original and pure utterances the worthiness consciousness that pervades its being. It bears no reference to any other measures itself by no other standard, conforms itself to no other decree.

Music as a study requires from the pupil devotion, from the teacher earnest care. Music is harmony; we approach it through love, attraction leads us within its charmed precincts. The pupil must love music, love his work, love the composition he is studying, love his scales and studies; for if he hates them in the slightest degree, that repulsion will drive them away from his grasp, and make attainment impossible. The teacher must not allow dislike in any form to invade the pupil's mind; he must kindle interest and keep it alive by every device in his power. The teacher must not stand in the way of the pupil; he must be attractive, but never obtrusive; fully adequate to the pupil's demand, yet never arbitrary. The music given to a pupil should be very nicely adapted to his degree of advancement; if too easy, it is insipid, and excites contempt; if too difficult, it is discouraging, and if too subtle and intricate, it simply bewilders and depresses the immature mind.

Mechanical skill should be kept strictly subservient; the spirit of a composition should be its own interpreter—disclosing its own meaning, guiding to its own performance governing alike the fingers and the instrument. Hopeless the attempt to galvanize a mechanical performance into the show of life; it is mere structure, but the life, the heart, the throb of emotion are not there. The teacher must ever call forth all that is noblest in the pupil, for the beautiful life is the only passport to the ideal regions of art; the talent can only become shining when illumined by the interior glory!

German Songs.

(From the "Atlantic Monthly.")

. . . My little book opens of itself to one song my friend sang,—that charming one of Uhland's, "The Landlady's Little Daughter." Translate it for you? No, it has been better done than I can do it, and you shall hear our friend Max Heinzen sing it some day. But I will tell you its story. "Three students

were travelling over the Rhine." Handsome young fellows, I know they were, with little caps of three colors set on their long curls, with amber moustaches soft as the silk of Indian corn, and with great blue Teutonic eyes, and fresh, fair cheeks, with a bit of a scar, perhaps, on one. "They stopped," it says, "when they came to the landlady's sign." Of course their first question—for Rhineland roads are dusty—was for beer and wine, and next for the landlady's little daughter. And Frau Wirthin answers that her beer and wine are as good as ever, but her little daughter lies ready for the grave. And they come quietly and sadly enough into the death-chamber, where she lies in the black coffin; and the first student, who has never seen her, turns back the shroud and looks long and earnestly upon the sweet, pale face, and says: "Wert thou but living now, I would love thee from this time henceforth." And the second covers again the well remembered features, and turns weeping away, saying: "I have loved thee long." But the third once more lifts up the veil, and kisses brow and mouth, and, with a sorrow passing tears, says:

> "I have loved thee ever, I love but thee,
> And thee will I love through eternity."

There was another pretty song in the dialect spoken in the Bavarian Highlands, of which the refrain ran:—

> "When I come, when I come, when I once more come,
> I return, my love, to thee."

It is a little *Volkslied*, but full of the simple, direct affection of humble life, which does not trouble itself about fine phrases any more than he who sings it about fine clothes. It is true to the sentiment of the wandering trade's-apprentice and the faithful plain-faced maiden who waits for him at home. But it is a capital marching song, such a one as you can step out to with a jolly, swinging stride.

It is a strange but profitable life, that roving one of the Handwerksbursch, for he sees all that Ulysses saw, "men and cities," and he learns the best ways of doing his appointed work which anywhere are practiced. Even the German waiters travel, to study the hotel keeping fashions of all Europe. I have met them in London coffee-houses painfully acquiring the "yes sir," "arf an' arf, sir," "rosemutton 'nd 'tatoes, sir," of the London Ganymedes and exchanging their "gleich! gleich!" for the "d'reckly, sir," with which the modern Francis of Eastcheap has replaced the "anon, anon," of Falstaff's and Bardolph's time. For, my dear in the season all nations meet at the German *table d'hôte*, and every civilized people has its little peculiarities. And, therefore, as home-keeping waiters, like other youth, will have but homely wits, the German Kellner is found far and wide learning English in the intervals of duty out of a greasy copy of the Vicar of Wakefield, —I suppose because the good Dr. Goldsmith was also a freeman of the guild of foot-travellers; and Italian out of "I Promessi Sposi"; and French—oo, my dear, though *you* often remind me that "Calypso, not being able to console herself after the departure of," etc., the German does not need to drink at that fonotaio in his maturer years; he knew all about French, except its accent, before he got out of his school boy jacket.

But you have led me into a digression, and so lost all that I had to tell you about the great tree-trunk in the heart of Vienna, which is set with nails until it is mail-clad, and into which every blacksmith's apprentice coming to Vienna must hammer a new one; and you have also lost the story one of the craft told me as we walked from Neckar Steinach to Heidelberg. I must get back to my song-birds again. This little book, Bertha, is a collection of German songs. You see, to save room, they are printed like prose; whereas our bards always make obvious to the eye that metrical quality which the ear might perhaps fail to find out. Economy of space *versus* economy of time. I have my finger on one of them, and if you will take it in a rough version, I will read it to you, it is so full of the spirit of vagabond life in the German summer time:

> "A farthing and a penny
> Were in this purse of mine;
> The farthing went for brown-bread,
> The penny went for wine.
>
> "The maidens and the landlords
> They cry, 'Alack and woe,'
> The landlords when I linger,
> The maidens when I go.
>
> "My boots they hang in tatters,
> My stockings they are strings,
> Yet out upon the meadows
> The small bird blithely sings.
>
> "O, were there ne'er a tavern,"

("Morial," as the minstrel of Viilkins and his Dinah says)

> "I'd bide in peace at home,
> And had the cask no spigot
> I could not drink therefrom."

This same gentleman, one would think, must have been the hero of Von Müller's capital song, of which the *naïveté* is hardly transferable into English. (I observe all great poets say this when they have fears that their translations will not produce the required sensation.) But such as I can do you shall receive:

> "Here I come out of the tavern 'all right.'
> Street, thou presentest a wonderful sight;
> Right hand and left hand, now this side, now that,
> Street, thou'rt in liquor,—I see it, that's flat!
>
> "What a squint countenance, moon, hast *thou* got!
> One eye he opens and one keeps he shut;
> Clearly I see it, moon, thou must be mellow:
> Shame on thee, shame on thee, jolly old fellow.
>
> "There go the lamp-posts, which used to stand still,
> Spinning around like the wheel of a mill,
> Dancing and prancing to left and to right;
> Seems to me everything's tipsy to-night.
>
> "All topsy-turvy, both little and great;
> Shall I go on and endanger my pate?
> That were presuming. No, no, it is plain,
> Better go back in the tavern again."

There are plenty more convivial songs, of all degrees of merit, from Schiller's transcendental "Punschlied" to one which I heard roared out in a Tyrolese Wirthhaus to a tune very like the infant-school song of

> "Children go, to and fro,
> In a merry, pretty row";

of which chorus and song were principally repetitions of the words "Bairisch Bier." But there are other things to sing of besides drink. I wish somebody would take up Uhland, and, picking out a half dozen poems I could select, give them in first rate versions. I cannot do it, my love; I can sit down with my dictionary and render word for word into passable doggerel imitations; but to get the soul, "to catch the aroma of a pound of tea," so to speak, as Vivian Grey proposed to the Marquis of Carabas in making punch, is another matter. They say Capri wine loses its flavor if you take it even to Rome, and that the fragrant Steinberger should never be uncorked save upon the banks of the Rhine. So it is with these delicious little German songs; they cannot stand a sea-voyage.

There is a river-song of Uhland's. A boat gliding down a river, its passengers all strangers, and sitting silent. By and by the old forester draws from under his blouse his hunting-horn, and tries a familiar air; the wandering apprentice is moved to unscrew the head and ferrule of his staff, and takes out of that his flute; and the pretty girl, with her brown hair neatly braided,—and no ugly bonnet, we may be sure,—finds courage, after a glance or two at her blushing face in the water, to add her voice. The oarsmen catch up the chorus, and the echoes join and repeat, and we may be sure the sun seems to shine out more brightly and the smooth water to break into more sparkling ripples—though the song does not say so,—and that every one is kind and friendly. Then the keel slips gently on to the smooth sandy shore, and the little company breaks up quite saddened at parting.

> "Farewell, brothers, e'er shall we
> In one bark together be?"

There is a rippling motion of the lines, which is very suggestive, and which the double rhymes, so abundant in German, help to cause.

There is a very wild gypsy song of Goethe's, which I often croon over, because of its chorus. I will try to remember it for you:

> "In the whirl of the mist, in the deep snow,
> In the wild wood, in the winter night,
> I heard the wolves' long hunger-howl,
> I heard the boding cry of the owl,
> Wille, wau, wau, wau,
> Wille, wo, wo, wo,
> Wito, hu!
>
> "I shot one day a cat by the hedge,
> Annie, the witch's old black cat
> Seven wehr-wolves came in the night to me,
> Each an old wife of the village was she.
> Wille, wau, wau, wau, etc.
>
> "I knew them all and I knew them well;
> The Annie, the Ursel, the Bess,
> The Lisa, the Barb'ra, the Eva, the Kate;
> They howled in a ring around my gate
> Wille, wau, wau, wau, etc.
>
> "I named them all by their names aloud,
> What wilt thou, Annie, what wilt thou, Bess?
> Themselves they wriggled, themselves they shook,
> And howling homeward their way they took.
> Wille, wau, wau, wau,
> Wille, wo, wo, wo,
> Wito, hu!

I wish I could hit as literally Goethe's serenade. But there is an untranslatable felicity which some German poems have, of repeating, as in this one, the third line of the preceding stanza as the first of the next, and keeping the same ending for each stanza. It is like a braid of gold and silver cord, where the same thread appears again under each entwining. Rückert and Heine both do the same. And, as I mention Heine, what a vision of Germany comes to me! His two volumes which I have here on my table are a series of pictures. He seems to have set life to music; and his life opera begins with a dark tragic overture, to end in the most comic and yet the saddest of finales. Love and despair, or love and satiety; and then the mocking chorus of the "Germania" at the close. His songs are little sketches,—a lonely street, and a figure pacing before an empty house; a watcher at the street-corner looking up at lighted windows; a voyager gazing at the stormy North Sea waves; the sea beach with the mists rolling in from beyond the light-house;—a passionate investiture of all natural objects with the burning Nessus shirt of the wearer. The water-lily pining for the moon (who is masculine in German, as the sun is the triumphant representative of the woman's rights question), the moon looking up from the lake to meet the water-lily's gaze;—all nature is the victim, according to Heine, of an "unrequited," or "prior, attachment." Then comes the time when nothing is too sacred for the daring muse, and then there are poems which no one of English blood ever would or could translate, being worse than atheistic.

But intermingled with these are the tenderest and loveliest of little poems, and, as I said, the most comic. When I first read his "Deutschland," I laughed till I cried over his description of his breaking down in his post-chaise in the forest, and the wolves assembling around, and the speech he makes to persuade them that he was a fellow-sympathizer with them, and had advocated the cause of the sheep only to save appearances.

I can turn, I find, to a little poem of his,—to one of his many lady-loves,—which I like very much for its simplicity, and which blends his two moods very prettily:

> "My child, we both were children,
> Two children blithe and gay,
> When we used to creep in the hen-house
> And hide ourselves in the hay.
>
> "We crowed just as the cocks crow,
> To puzzle the passers-by;
> Kikerikee! they thought it
> The genuine cockerel cry.
>
> "On the big chests in our garret
> Old shawls and carpets were laid;
> We lived in them together,
> And a famous house we made.
>
> "The old cat of our neighbor
> Came often on us to call;
> We met her bows and courtesies
> With complimentings and all.
>
> "We asked after all her kindred,
> Carefully naming each one,
> As with many an ancient tabby
> We have often since then done.
>
> We sat and we talked like the old folks
> In a solemn head-shaking way;
> Complaining that all things were better,
> Far better, than now, in our day;
>
> "That Love and Truth and Believing
> Out of the world were fled;
> And coffee was so much dearer,
> And money so scarce, we said
>
> "Gone are the childish fancies;
> And flying like dreams of youth
> Are the World and the Times and the Money,
> Believing, and Love, and Truth."

If you like that,—and having been a child I think you must,—here is one more of Heine's upon a different key,—one of his melancholy love-songs, which young gentlemen, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, should such read the Atlantic, are requested not to omit:

> "I love a flower, yet which it is I know not,
> And thence there comes my pain:
> And one by one each blossoom cup I gaze in,
> And seek a heart again.
>
> "The flowers are fragrant to the day's declining,
> The nightingale is heard:
> I seek a heart as fair and fond as mine is,
> A heart as deeply stirred
>
> "The nightingale is singing, and I listen
> The mystery of her moan;
> To both of us it is so lone and dreary
> So drear and lone."

Sentimental enough, I dare say; but as we grow older, my dear wife, we love sentiment. It is a harmless beverage,—the *eau sucré* which, when one is hot and dusty with the hard work of life, is very cooling and refreshing. Do you say I am getting prosy? For that I shall inflict another stanza on you, "The Origin of the Watch." Says Heine:

"Tell me who first the clock found out,
Parcelling hours and minutes out?
It was a shivering, sorrowful one,
Who sat and thought in the midnight lone,
And counted the steps of the knowing mouse,
And the death-watch's click in the weary house."

The antithesis to this—he who invented kisses—is not so good, so I will not translate it; but instead the little song which Heine calls "Doctrin," merely premising, my child, that the principle of Hegel's philosophy has been thus summed up: "Nothing is, but everything is going to be."

"Rattle the drumsticks and never fear,
And merrily kiss the vivandiere.
That is the whole of learning's sphere,
That is the big book's chiefest care.

"Drum up the people out of their sleep;
Beat the reveille with youthful arm,
Drumming and marching ever ahead;
That is the sum of learning's charm.

"That's the Hegelian philosophy,
The pith of the books both great and small;
I found it out because I am wise,
And because I'm a skillful drummer withal."

The charm of most of his little poems, however, lies partly in the deep passion poured out in them, and their exquisite little pictures of out door life. They are like vignettes or marginal etchings, such as, if I were rich enough, I would have to a unique copy of "Hyperion" that I have devised. I don't know of anybody save Tennyson who has written such in English. For a true song is just a single thought in a rich setting. There are love-poems which may be sung, and also many other poems which suffer the same change in the sea of music; but songs they can hardly be called. Men sometimes, not often, express themselves, in moments of great feeling, lyrically; but when they simply sing, it is not because they are thinking much, but just want to let out a pleasant or tender emotion in a simple way through music. Negro melodies, real ones, are a fair example of the singing impulse. The idea is subordinated to the air. Negro melodies manufactured are utterly opposed to every true principle of song making; are such as, except for sale, no mortal ever would dream of making. So are all Scotch songs not written by Scotchmen, and sea songs not written by sailors, convivial ditties written by young gentlemen in the Sophomore year of college, and the miscellaneous "poems" so entitled in most volumes of verse. A true song is one that will come into one's head as he walks in the woods of a pleasant day, and that runs over the lips unconsciously. He who writes one good song in his life may rest, like single-speech Hamilton, on his laurels.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 25.—In my last letter I mentioned the coming opening of the new "Liederkranz" Hall. On Saturday evening it took place, and a very enjoyable entertainment it proved to be. I append a programme of the concert

1 Overture. Magic Flute ... . Mozart
2 Hymn "To Music" (Male chorus .... ..Lachner.
3 Scherzo B moll op 31 (Miss Alide Topp).....Chopin
4 Chorus from the "Creation" (Mixed Chorus and Orchestra ....Haydn.
5 Coronation March ....Meyerbeer

The orchestral and vocal portions of the programme were extremely well done and reflected great credit upon the energy and care of the musical director, Herr Paur. The male chorus was emphatically the gem of the evening, and was sung in an almost faultless manner by the well drilled voices. The shading was very fine, while the *crescendos* and *diminuendos*, accurate and even, were superb. One could easily understand why this Society took the prize at the "Saengerfest," at Baltimore, during the past summer.

After the singing of the "Hymn," Mr. William Steinway, President of the Society, delivered a short and able address, in which he alluded to the past, present and future of the Society, thanked its members for their liberal contributions, made mention of their past artistic triumphs, and then, in a few well-chosen and appropriate sentences, concluded amid warm and hearty applause.

I regret to say that Miss Topp did justice neither to herself nor to the magnificent Scherzo; she missed notes quite frequently, and altogether failed to achieve an artistic success. She was recalled, however, and then played, in rather better style, Heller's exquisite transcription of Schubert's "Die Forelle." Much allowance must be made for her, inasmuch as she played upon a Knabe piano (which was the prize won by the Society at the Baltimore "Saengerfest), and it was unquestionably the poorest instrument I have ever heard in a respectable concert-room. It had a hard, wiry tone, and, besides, was not in tune.

At the conclusion of the concert (at about half past ten) the supper, which was sumptuous, took place; and at midnight commenced the ball which terminated somewhere among the small hours.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, which lay dormant for a time, has suddenly started up into active life, and is before the public this winter with a prospectus for the present season. The first concert will occur on Saturday evening, Nov. 13, and the musical affairs of the Society, including rehearsals, concerts, &c., will be under the direction of Carl Bergmann. I am very glad to know that our sister Society is once more upon its feet, and I most heartily wish for it a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Perhaps the experience of being without the concerts for a season may prove to be a salutary lesson to the Brooklyn people.

There have been three Patti concerts during the past week, which seem to have been quite as successful musically and pecuniarily as were the initial ones. Mlle. Patti executes her wonderful roulades and cadenzas with the same ease and grace. Habelmann has not improved; Prume plays decidedly better than he did at the opening concert, and the orchestra unmistakably bad. (It has also been reduced in size). M. Rotter is an admirable artist, and his quiet, gentlemanly manner of playing is something quite stupefying to audiences hitherto accustomed to clap-trap displays and monkey tricks with the keys. The Patti troupe starts for a very extended Western tour about Nov. 1st, and will probably visit Utah and California before returning to this city.

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. John N. Pattison—described by the S— as one of our "most brilliant *amateur* pianists"—was married to Miss Adelaide Morgan, daughter of D. R. Morgan, Esq., a wealthy gentleman residing on 5th Avenue. It is understood that Mr. Pattison retires from the profession.

One of our pianists (whose name I shall not mention) recently received a letter of half a dozen lines from Liszt. This letter, together with its envelope, and a photograph of the great pianist, have been framed and placed in the window of one of the most flourishing and successful music stores on Broadway. All of which pleasingly illustrates the modesty of mankind. r.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Our Philharmonic Society has issued its prospectus, and I shall endeavor to give a synopsis of it in as little space as possible. There will be seven Symphonies: Beethoven, No. 5, C minor; Schumann, No. 2, C major; Haydn, No. — D; Spohr, F, "Weihe der Töne;" Raff, No. 2, C; Mozart, E♭; Liszt, Dante Symphony. The Overtures to be played are mostly old favorites; the only new ones will be one by Jadassohn, and another by Goldmark. Choruses will be given from Wagner's "Meistersinger," and Liszt's "Elizabeth." In addition to these attractions, the entire "Midsummer Night's Dream" music will be performed (at the first concert), the poem being read by Mrs. Scott Siddons, while the choral accompaniment will be entrusted to the Arion Society. The solo artists already announced are S. B. Mills, Mme. Parepa Rosa, F. Bergner, Mlle. Alide Topp, Carl Rosa, and Ole Bull. It will be remembered that Mme. Rosa was to have appeared at one of last season's concerts, but was prevented from so doing by serious illness, which detained her for many weeks in Baltimore.

The concerts will be six in number (with the usual eighteen public rehearsals) and will occur on the evenings of Nov. 27, Jan. 8, Feb. 5, March 5, April 2, May 7.

And now for the Brooklyn Society, which is now once more on its feet, with 1,000 subscribers already, and prospects of more. There will be 5 concerts (and 15 public rehearsals) on the evenings of Nov. 13, Dec. 18, Jan. 22, Feb. 26, April 9. No comprehensive prospectus has yet appeared, but I am in possession—through the courtesy of G. W. Warren, Esq., one of the most active and energetic directors—of the programme for the first concert, which is certainly a good and attractive one:

Symphony, Eroica, No. 3.....Beethoven.
"Complainte de la Mendiante" .. .. Meyerbeer.
Miss Adelaide Philipps
Overture, "Wood Nymph" ... ... Sterndale Bennett.
P. F. Concerto, E flat major..... .. ..Liszt.
Mlle. Alide Topp.
Rondo, "Non piu mesta"..... .... Rossini.
Miss Philipps
Jubel, Overture ... . Von Weber.

Maretzek's opera season will commence on Wednesday evening with "Il Trovatore." The leading roles will be taken by Mme. Briol and Sig. Lefranc, both new to us. r.

CHICAGO, OCT. 29. The unusual interest that attaches to the Parepa-Rosa English Opera season here makes it incumbent on me to give you some idea of what you may presently expect in Boston when the troupe shall have completed their preliminary rehearsals in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc.

This troupe comprises, as you already know, Mme. Parepa-Rosa and Miss Hersee, chief prime donne; Mrs. Edward Seguin and Miss Fannie Stockton, contralti; Mr. William Castle and Mr. Henry Nordblom, tenori; Mr. Maurice de Solla, 2nd tenor, Mr. Albert Lawrence, baritono; Messrs. S. C. Campbell and Gustavus Hall, bassi cantanti, Edward Seguin, buffo; and Mr. Frank Howard, basso. It will be seen that this combination is sufficiently strong to admit of effective performances in the concerted pieces, and numerous enough to allow of daily performances.

The chorus is not large (thirty or forty), but it is very spirited, accurate, not offensively bad-looking, and the parts are well balanced. The dresses are new. The orchestra comprises about thirty, and of its make-up the *Tribune* says:

"Rebhelin, of the New York Philharmonic, has one of the first violins. Howard Glover, who has made himself a name in song, has a second violin. Howell, of London, the successor of the great Dragonetti, is in the orchestra, playing one of the old-fashioned three-stringed instruments. Alard, the solo 'cellist, whom every one knows, is also there, and Rocco, the superb harpist, a new feature of the opera orchestras in this country, etc."

The opening was Monday night, Oct. 25th, with Wallace's *Maritana*, Parepa-Rosa in the title role, Castle as *Don Cæsar*, Campbell as *Don Jose*, and Mrs. Seguin as *Lazarillo*. Parepa's singing of "The Harp in the air" was as perfect as possible, as also "Scenes that are brightest," and elicited hearty encores. The whole opera went well. The orchestra played with great reference to the proper accompaniment of the voices singing, and with a light and shade altogether new in operatic orchestras here since Anschutz was here with Grau's troupe four years ago, and this excellence is undoubtedly due to Carl Rosa's competent direction. Castle is said by all to sing far better than ever here before; his appearance on the stage is an unfailing signal for applause.

On Tuesday night Miss Rose Hersee made her debut here in the *Somnambula*. This young lady is small in figure, a blonde, with a profusion of golden hair, a pleasant, sparkling manner, a clear, pure voice, mezzo-soprano, and very bird like execution. She is young, and pretty, and apparently unaffected. I regard it as a great hit to have engaged her in this troupe;

as she is so complete a contrast to Mme. Parepa in point of personal appearance as to interest an audience, however she may fall short of filling the place of the great *cantratice*. Her Amina was a lovely personation, not, indeed, betraying a lifelong study of stage business, but indicative of dramatic talent, and by its freshness absolutely more delightful to the audience than a performance would have been that manifested a more prolonged acquaintance with the stage. In voice she was entirely equal to the demands of the music, leaving nothing to be desired, unless one compares her to Mme. Parepa-Rosa, when one would desire for Miss Hersee a little more volume of tone in the concerted pieces Mr. Castle gave us *Elvino* better than we have had it here before. Campbell was fearfully hoarse.

On Wednesday night Balfe's opera "The Puritan's Daughter" was given for the first time here, and Parepa-Rosa in the title role. Of this music space forbids to speak so fully as I could desire. It is evident, in short, that Balfe (as a rural friend remarked) "took in more ground than he could tend." The general design of the work is on the dimensions of an Italian grand opera, while Balfe's musical resources were inadequate to properly carry out his intention. Nevertheless the opening chorus is a fine one, and would be very effective for musical conventions and the like, and there are two or three male choruses that are very fine. The work abounds in recitative, and was regarded as a little tedious. I was superbly done. Castle sang a drinking song in the second act that was highly absurd, being *drunk* all the way through. In this, also, Mr. Gustavus Hall made his first appearance in opera here, as Charles II. He looked and sang the part well.

Thursday night "The Bohemian Girl" was given, with Miss Hersee as *Arline*, and Mr. Nordblom made his debut in opera as *Thaddeus*. Miss Hersee made, if possible, a more favorable impression than on Tuesday night. Mr. Nordblom was, of course, green on the stage, but his voice is excellent, and he promises to become a valuable acquisition to the operatic theatre. He was deservedly encored in "Then you'll remember me," which was sung in a manner to satisfy a critic. Mr. Hall had to undertake the *Count*, in place of Campbell, at short notice, and being unfamiliar with the business, was not expected to meet with great success. However, he disappointed all his friends by doing better than they had thought he could under the circumstances. If Mr. Hall would learn to enunciate words with that delicate and finished propriety that characterizes the singing of Mme. Parepa-Rosa and Miss Hersee, he would make a great advance toward artistic perfection. Campbell, also, has now and then an indistinct utterance, and a nasal tone that he would do well to mend in time. Some of the subordinate members of the troupe might also learn that twisting the body at the waist in singing, moving it at say M. M. 120, is no real assistance to expressive utterance, and simply looks ridiculous to the audience.

The audiences have been immense. The opera house is crowded every night. I have never seen the like here.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 6, 1869.

Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra.

The visit of this famous New York Orchestra has given our music lovers quite a new and quick sensation. Boston had not heard such orchestral performances before; and Boston, in the trankest humor, gave itself up to the complete enjoyment and unstinted praise of what it heard. The promise of the three concerts of last Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings was kept to the letter. It was truly and exclusively THOMAS'S New York Orchestra,—fifty-four instruments, picked men, most of them young, all of them artists, all looking as if thoroughly engaged in their work, eager above all things to make the music altogether sound as well as possible. And it was evident, from first to last, that they had perfect understanding with their leader and each other; that they were in admirable discipline, had played together very often and for years; and that they had been selected, with a determined eye to superiority in every part, in a community where good musicians are so numerous that a crude or lifeless member can always be easily replaced by a better; no holding on to places after faculty is gone, no dead wood in the tree. There was nothing which our people, our musicians needed so much as to hear just such an orchestra. They came most opportunely: for our musicians, teaching by example; for our public (and there is no better public in the world for music of the highest character than that which fills the Music Hall at all good Symphony Concerts), to show us that, with all our pride in our own orchestra, we are yet very far this side of perfection, and must take a lesson from what is better done elsewhere. Well informed musical persons here have always known of the superiority of the New York orchestras (the Philharmonic and that of Mr. Thomas) to our own; but such has not been the imagination of the public; their own glowing sympathy and aspiration, meeting the intentions of the noble music half way, have always fondly found the execution better than it was; nay more, the reluctantly confessed sense of weariness and ennui after many a noble composition has been too willing to accuse itself, if modest, or if not, that venerable "old fogy," the composer, never suspecting that the coarse, blurred, lifeless execution may have been at fault. We have an audience that deserves the best; we have at last a quickening example of what, in point of execution at least, comes very near the best thus far; it will be our own fault if we do not improve the lesson, and take a new start in orchestral music, finding it impossible now to shut out of sight the new and higher standard which has so vividly impressed itself on every mind.

But we are anticipating; we must report, and briefly try to weigh and estimate. In candor, what we have to set down as the "net result" artistically of the Thomas concerts, is not all in praise; and we anticipate a little further, just enough to give it as our calm and clear conviction, that, while his Orchestra play vastly better than our own, still ours remain the better Concerts. Does this seem paradoxical? Let us see. Here are the three programmes, which we quote together, that we may discuss the several elements in groups of like with like:

(Friday Evening, Oct. 29.)

Overture. "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.
Adagio. "Prometheus".....Beethoven.
L'Invitation a la Danse.....Weber.
(Instrumentation by Hector Berlioz).
Symphonic Poem. Preludes.....Liszt.

Overture. "William Tell".....Rossini.
Träumerei.....Schumann.
Waltz. "On the beautiful blue Danube".....Strauss.
Solo for Trombone. "The Tear".....Stigelli.
Mr. F. Leetsch.
Polka Mazurka. "Lob der Frauen" } .....Strauss.
Polka Schnell. "Jocus" }
Fackeltanz, in B, No. 1.....Meyerbeer.

(Saturday Evening).

Suite No. 3, in D.....Bach.
Introduction to Act III. of Medea.....Cherubini
Concerto for Piano, G minor.....Mendelssohn.
Mr. C. Petersilea.
Overture. "Leonora" No. 3.....Beethoven.

Fackeltanz, No. 3. C minor.....Meyerbeer
Nachtgesang.....Vogt.
Waltz. "Wiener Bonbons".....Strauss.
Grand March for Piano. "Puritani".....Liszt.
Mr. C. Petersilea
Reverie.....Vieuxtemps.
Polka Mazurka. "Libelle," } .....Strauss.
Polka Francaise. "Kreuzfidel," }

(Sunday Evening.)

Symphony, No 7. A.....Beethoven.
Trio for Two Horns and Trombone.....Bergmann.
Messrs. Schultz, Lotze and Leetsch.
Cosatschogue. Fantasie sur une danse Cosaque.
Dargomijsky.

Overture. "Rienzi".....Wagner.
Träumerei.....Schumann.
Ballet. "Faust." (New).....Gounod.
Composed expressly for the performances at the Imperial Grand Opera, Paris.
Fantasie "Ave Maria,".....Schubert.
March. "Mazeppa".....Liszt.

Plainly, in all this, the object was to show what a modern orchestra can do, and how well this particular orchestra can do it, rather than to convey any poetic unity of impression; to startle and delight for the moment, rather than to lift into a pure, ideal atmosphere. Artistic unity, and the well-motived contrasts which that implies, are out of the question in such programmes; instead of that we have the contrast of extremes, exciting wonder until wonder wearies of itself. First, we note, as the most prominent ingredient, those loud and ponderous *effect* pieces of the Liszt, Wagner, Meyerbeer school. Think of the *Tannhäuser* Overture, the Lisztian "Preludes," the "Tell" Overture (which, by itself considered, of course, is good), and a flaring, blazing, crashing *Fackeltanz* (midnight orgies by torchlight) of Meyerbeer, all in one concert! The *Tannhäuser* led off, as if to smite with the first blow, that easy victory might follow. Never did we hear it so well played (unless at the Opera in Vienna); never did we enjoy the work so little. It was Wagner exposed; robbed of his glamour, if he ever had any, by setting him in so strong a light, so mercilessly truthful. But whatever it did for Wagner, the orchestra itself showed, in its own strong light, to excellent advantage. The band was all alive in the first place, vital at every point; every instrument told; every part in the Quartet was substantial, unmistakable (nowhere did the superiority of this orchestra to our own assert itself so clearly as in the middle strings, where Boston has been always weak). The fine precision and pungent quality of the violins; the warmth and richness of those five 'cellos, massed in the front, and moving with one soul; the five double basses too; the excellence of all the brass; Ella's delicious oboe; indeed everything, to tympani and tambourine, won in turn its special share of admiration. Only in bassoons and clarinet have we as good to show. Choice materials admirably blended! In the matter of *tempo*, however, there was some room for criticism; the solemn, slow part of the overture was uncomfortably slow. There was some dragging also in *Les Preludes*, which, finely executed as it was, so beautifully on the part of the strings, and with all the coloring of which Liszt is a master made so palpable, still failed to give us the impression of great music.

The "Tell" overture was played superbly; we will only specify the rare perfection of the opening passage by the 'cellos, the singularly rich tone, and searching, true expression of the leading one (Bergner) particularly; and the fine oboe again, so rich in the lower tones here commonly given by the English Horn. The trumpets, first and second, told triumphantly in this; but more so in the two *Fackeltanze*, where they have such florid *obligato* passages. These were interesting novelties to hear, full of ingenious effects and startling or pleasing fancies, yet properly belonging to the category of musical extravaganzas. Most extravagant, fantastical, gro-

tesque of all was the Cossack dance on Sunday evening; a herd of buffaloes could not have burst in more tumultuously than it did; no doubt there is plenty of the Cossack character in it. Wagner's *Rienzi* is unmitigated noise; riot set to music, one would think, and in strains coarse and commonplace.

But this served the purpose (as did one of the *fortissimo* pieces each time) of exhibiting by extremest contrast the opposite element which figured in these programmes. We mean the delicate transcription for all the strings of little piano-forte pieces like Schumann's "*Träumerei*" (Reverie) and the "*Nachtgesang*" by Vogt, which were of course so popular, that no programme could be accepted as complete without them both. The effect of such Quartet rendering (they do whole Quartets so in Paris) was indeed most beautiful; the rich full tone and perfect harmony of so many strings, the light and shade, the refining of expression and of *pianissimo* to a point where it seemed more dream than reality,—all this caused a new and exquisite sensation, which everybody wished to have repeated and prolonged. But after all, this is *effect* music, and lacks artistic justification, does not properly belong in an artistic programme. For this is not interpretation; it is simply a *Study of Pianissimo*, using for a text a simple little piano-forte piece from Schuman's "*Kinderscenen*" (Scenes from Childhood), a piece never intended to be played with such exaggeration of expression. Admirable studies these for any orchestra; but we would no more put them into a Symphony or Philharmonic programme than we would the *Etudes de Velocité*," in a young lady's lesson book.

The refining influence of such practice, however appeared in all the classical interpretations of this admirable orchestra. As such we recall the beauti Adagio, with harp, from Beethoven's "Prometheus" ballet; the *Suite* by Bach (which is down for one of our own Symphony Concerts), and the very grand and tragical introduction from *Medea*, really *great* music, which, much simpler as it is, affects the imagination almost as powerfully as the introduction to the prison scene in *Fidelio*. These were wonderfully well done, especially the *Suite*, which was applauded with a heartiness that proved there is something in Bach that appeals to general sympathy, let him once be properly presented. We thank Mr. Thomas for these choice additions to our stock of high orchestral music.

In the familiar classical selections—Seventh Symphony, *Leonora* and *Freyschütz* Overtures, Mendelssohn Concerto,—and we may add the Berlioz arrangement of Weber's "Invitation"—there was the same masterly precision in the strings, the same certainty, truth of intonation, well blended coloring, on the part of the wind band also. The rendering of the Symphony, however, was not on the whole so much superior to some of the best by our own orchestra; indeed the difference between the two was less apparent here than in most of the pieces. Yet the temper and true habit of these men tell of course in everything they do; and we must bear witness to the wonderful *staccato* of the violins in the mysterious whispered passage near the end of the slow movement, to the perfect precision of all the instruments in the Scherzo (in spite of its being taken too fast), and the superb *brio* of the finale.

Mr Petersilea played the Concerto with his usual ease and brilliancy of *technique* on a very dry and dull piano, one of the Weber Grands. The Liszt *Puritani* March did not place him in a very flattering light. The only other solos were the one on the trombone, by Mr. Letsch, who makes its brazen throat sing with the warmth and smoothness of the middle tones of a horn; and the Trio for two horns and trombone, which, considering the many chromatic intervals and modulations, showed the rarest skill and taste on the part of all three artists.

In a word, then, we rejoice in the coming of this orchestra. It is just the kind of thing that we for years have longed for in view of our own progress here. We sincerely thank Mr. Thomas, first, for giving us a hearing, under the best advantages, of a number of works which were new to us; some of which can hardly claim a place in a classical programme, and therefore we are the more obliged to one who gratifies our curiosity about them in another way. But more we thank him for setting palpably before us a higher ideal of orchestral execution. We shall demand better of our own in future; they will demand it of themselves; they cannot witness this example without a newly kindled desire, followed by an effort to do likewise. With the impression fresh in every mind of performances which, it is not rash to say, may (for the number of instruments) compare with those of the best orchestras in Europe, improvement is necessity.

Ernst Perabo's first Matinée drew the best sort of audience, in full force, to Chickering Hall, on Friday afternoon, Oct. 29. This was the programme:

Overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses," op. 124, C major. Arranged by E. Pauer	Beethoven.
Ballade, "In die Ferne." First time in Boston.	Carl Loewe.
Two Studies, Op. 70, Book 1, Nos. 8 and 12	Moscheles.
Le Message d'Amour, from "Chant du Cygne," Vol. 1	Schubert
Sonata, op. 106, B flat major	Beethoven.

We had not supposed it possible to convey so much of the grandeur and beauty of that Beethoven Overture (called in our Symphony Concerts the "Dedication" Overture), on the piano, as Mr Perabo, with his firm, strong mastery, succeeded in doing: you could almost hear the several instruments, and the intricate fugued movement was singularly clear. He played it from memory, as he did also (the greatest problem in that kind we can imagine) that longest, strangest and most difficult of Beethoven's Sonatas, the op. 106. No one but Perabo has played it publicly in Boston; and it was indeed a triumph that he made it all enjoyable to the great mass of his audience, though we have yet to see the person who does not own himself puzzled by the last movement, with its intricacies and caprices. The two Studies by Moscheles date from that master's best and most genial period; they are full of airy grace and fancy, and were beautifully rendered.

Miss Whitney's selections were choice and new, and she sang them with the best expression; the sweetness of her voice, and her artistic use of it, improve upon acquaintance. The specimen of Löwe's Ballads, though very beautiful and full of feeling was hardly one of his most characteristic; his peculiar vein, we should say, lies more in the romantic and mysterious.

Next Friday Mr Perabo will play the "Kreutzer Sonata" with Mr Listemann.

Symphony Concerts. We go to press on the day of the first Concert (Thursday) and therefore cannot speak of it at present. The *second* concert, since Thanksgiving has been appointed for the 18th, has to be given a day earlier, namely, on *Wednesday, Nov. 17th*. It will also begin half an hour earlier than usual, to accommodate musicians going out of town. The programme is: Part I. "Ossian" Overture, *Gade*; Violin Concerto, *Beethoven*, played by B. Listemann.—Part II. Overture to "Manfred," *Schumann*; Violin Sonata "La Trille du Diable," *Tartini*; Italian Symphony, *Mendelssohn*.

The complaints about the sale of tickets to these concerts are fairly answered by an unknown friend in the *Daily Advertiser*, as follows:

The difficulties of pleasing the public did not end with the catastrophe narrated by Æsop. People still demand that the miller should walk, or make his son walk, or that father and son should carry the ass between them; and they will always do so.

The Harvard Musical Association numbering a little over a hundred members, having seen that all former attempts to give symphony concerts have either resulted in pecuniary loss, or in lowering the character of the music to meet the demands of an uncultivated public, undertook, a few years ago, what was considered a doubtful experiment, trusting that a combined effort in private circles might be more successful than appeals to the general public had been.

A committee of the association hired a large orchestra, becoming personally responsible for salaries, rent of hall and advertising bills, to the amount of nearly $10,000. With such a responsibility and warned by previous experience, they did not feel at liberty to trust wholly to the public; but through their members solicited subscriptions to a series of concerts, in order to have a material guaranty for inevitably large expenses. These concerts have cost the association much labor, unpaid, but cheerfully given. The subscription lists have been made up by no small effort; and the selection of programmes and attending to the necessary rehearsals and other business matters is not a trivial matter.

The public, i. e. those who would like to patronize music now that it has become fashionable, cannot get all the best seats in the hall and are wroth. What is to be done? Shall the association give up its efficient management and leave the cause of music in the hands of speculators? For if the members cannot be assured by subscriptions, they will not incur the necessary liabilities. And the association will not give its sanction to any musical enterprise without a controlling voice in selecting programmes.

The Harvard Association was not established for the purpose of giving concerts, and its officers would not be allowed to enter into any engagements of this kind in its name, unless there was a certainty that its treasury was secured against loss.

The total number of subscriptions for this season was less than 1000. Seats for these were located by the members or their friends before opening the lists to the public, as was natural and proper. If any one has any reasonable suggestions to make, and can tell us how a series of classical concerts can be maintained, free from the control of those who would make art serve mammon, and how a guaranty of $10,000 can be obtained from private persons without the basis of a subscription list, it will be far better to do so than to keep up an aimless growling in the newspapers.

The Harvard Musical Association, for this series of concerts and the many other public-spirited movements, deserves a kindlier recognition than it has received. Upsilon.

Music Abroad.

Kreuznach.—In celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Gymnasium, a performance of Sophocles's *Antigone*, in the original Greek, with Mendelssohn's music, was given by the pupils of the institution.

Bologna.—According to the Italian paper, *La Fama*, Signor Scalaberni, the manager of the theatre here, will produce next winter an unknown opera, *Giovanna d'Arco*, by no less a composer than Rossini himself, who is said to have written it more than thirty years ago to a libretto by M. Léon Pillet, formerly manager of the Grand Opera, Paris. (*Chi lo sa?*) Preparations are being made to produce Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. If the experiment prove successful, the Scala, Milan, will follow suit, either with the same opera, or with *Die Meistersinger*.

Salzburg.—The programme of the last concert given by the Mozarteum comprised: Prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, R. Wagner; Ritual from *Rosamunde*, Schubert; Pianoforte Concerto (E minor), Chopin; and *Die Walpurgisnacht*, Mendelssohn.

St. Petersburg.—The Russian operatic season commenced with Glinka's *Life for the Czar*. M. Gounod's *Faust* will shortly be produced in Russian.—The Italian Opera commences its season on the 1st November. The Sisters Marchisio are engaged in the place of Mme. Lucca.

Breslau.—The programme of the concert which Herr Ferdinand Hiller gave a short time since consisted exclusively of works of his own composition. They were: Third Sonata, Op. 78; Four Studies, for Piano and Violin; pieces from the *Operette ohne Text*; songs for piano, and vocal solos, and duets for female voices. Herr F. Hiller was supported by Mlles. Schönfeld and Herr Lüstner, who kindly gave their services on the occasion.—At the last concert given by the Singakademie the works performed were *Trauerode*, J. S. Bach, and the *Requiem*, Mozart.

MUNICH.—Herr R. Wagner's *Rheingold* has at length been given. It achieved only a very moderate success, even on the first night, when the Wagnerites mustered all their forces to support it. In every probability it will not be repeated very often. A writer in the *Neue Freie Presse* speaks of it in the following terms:—"I have just come from the first performance of *Rheingold* by R. Wagner. The King was present from the beginning to the end. For his courage in having the opera produced, in spite of Wagner's opposition, he ws received with tumultnous applause upon entering his box, but this fact rendered it impossible for the audience to express their feelings during the performance, because by a stupid piece of etiquette still in force among us, if a Royal, or any other such like personage has been publicly received, no marks of approbation are allowed to be bestowed upon art It was not till the end of the opera, when his Majesty left with most striking rapidity, that the audience were at liberty to give vent to their feelings. The machinery had worked properly and blamelessly; there had not been a hitch, either in any of the changes of scene, or in the much talked of rainbow, on which the Gods mount to the Walhalla; the singers and the band had done their duty; and Herr Wüllner, to whom the direction of the opera had been confided had honorably fulfilled his task of rendering it fit for performance in a fortnight, though nearly all the male characters had been cast afresh; so there was good reason for a party among the public beginning to applaud at the fall of the curtain; but another party opposed this. The first party, however, gained the day, and so, in obedience to a call, the singers appeared before the curtain. When they had done this the enthusiasm was over, and the public flocked out of the overcrowded theatre. Such was the result of the first performance of *Rheingold*."

The orchestra, specially reinforced, for Herr Wagner's *Rheingold*, consisted of 18 anvils (!) tuned to the proper pitch; 16 first violins; 16 second violins; 12 tenors; 12 violoncellos; 8 double basses; 2 harps; 3 flutes; 1 piccolo; 3 oboes; 1 English horn; 3 clarionets; 1 bass clarionet; 3 bassoons; 8 horns; 3 trumpets. 1 bass trumpet; 3 tromhones; 1 contra-bass trombone; 1 contra-bass tuba; a pair of kettle drums; triangle; cymbals, and gong. Thus there were 120 instruments actively employed. In addition to this, the members of the company exerted themselves to the very utmost; the scene-painters and carpenters effected wonders, while three thousand gas-burners were alight on and above the stage, and behind the scenes. And with what result? *Parturiunt omnes, nascitur ridiculum Rheingold!* Despite all that has been done for it in the way of trouble and expense, the last production of Herr Wagner's Muse fails to attract very greatly. Even at the third performance of this precious production, the attendance of the public had greatly diminished.—It is said that either Herr Wüllner, or Herr Max Zenger will be appointed Chapel-Master to the Court, in the place of Herr von Bülow, and, subsequently, of Herr Hans Richter.

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London.

CRYSTAL PALACE MUSIC.—The managers of the Saturday concerts have put forth a modest prospectus for the season just begun—modest, that is, by comparison with the announcement last year of a novelty for each programme. This time only a small number of new works are promised, on condition that no serious obstacle 'occur.' Looking at the list, we turn instinctively to Schubert's name, hoping that the historical cupboard of Dr Schneider may again have yielded up treasure. The result is disappointment. Though we have the authority of Mr. George Grove for believing the cupboard anything but bare, nothing has come out of it this time; while of such of the master's nine symphonies as are known, only No 5, the 'Tragic,' and the unfinished No. 8, are set down for performance. With Mendelssohn the case is hardly more favorable. Those who for years kept the dead composer's manuscripts under lock and key, as though posthumous music were sure to do the world a mischief, seem frightened at their recent liberty, and nothing more is forthcoming. True, a motet ('Tu es Petrus') and certain selections from the *Wedding of Camacho* are in the list of Crystal Palace novelties, but those belong to a former dole, and are of insignificant account. Schubert and Mendelssohn thus barren, the prospectus becomes uninteresting till we see that a really earnest attempt has been made to supply the deficiency from other quarters. The managers promise first hearings of a symphony by Haydn, No. 5 in D; of another by Mozart, No 8 in D; of another by Spohr, No 6, the 'Historical,' and of another by Ferdinand Hiller, the 'Approach of Spring' Moreover, they have looked about among English composers, and, finding that Dr. Sterndale Bennett is a symphonist, they promise his 'G minor,' in addition to Mr. G. A. Macfarren's cantata, *May Day*, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new oratorio, *The Prodigal Son*. Even if this did not supply the lacking interest, we should find it in the statement that due attention will be paid to the compositions of writers who either claim to be or are acknowledged "representatives of their great predecessors." As the acknowledged representatives of Mozart and Beethoven are, unhappily, very few, the managers' assurance is not so far important. But the works of those who claim to be such representatives will present a wide if not enticing field of choice, and the probability is that countless composers have already dispatched their manuscripts to the Crystal Palace. With the catalogue of standard works which the prospectus contains no fault can be found. Six of Beethoven's symphonies, the last two of Mendelssohn, the 'Rhenish' and 'D minor' of Schumann, together with a host of favorite overtures, *Acis and Galatea*, the *Mount of Olives*, the *Hymn of Praise*, the *First Walpurgis Night*, and *Paradise and the Peri*, are adapted to satisfy everybody, by pleasing every variety of classical taste. As regards the executive department nothing more is said than that the band is to be maintained in its old efficiency, and the chorus augmented and improved. We care little about the augmentation, but there is still great need of improvement.—*Pall Mall Gazette, Oct.* 4.

The first programme (Oct. 2) was as follows:

Overture ["Der Freischütz"].....Weber.
Arietta, "Io questa tomba oscura"..... ....Beethoven.
Air, "Love sounds the alarm" ["Acis and Galatea"] Handel.
Symphony, No 2 in D [Op 36].....Beethoven
Cavatina, "Ma la Sola" ["Beatrice di Tenda"]....Bellini.
Song, "The Thorn".....Shield.
Entr'acte in B flat—Ballet airs in G ["Rosamunde"] F. Schubert.
Cradle Song "Sleep, dearest, sleep".....Randegger.
Song, "Rose of Erin".....Benedict.
Overture ["A Midsummer Night's Dream"..Mendelssohn.

We quote from what the *Times* says of the second concert:

At the concert of Saturday (the second of the series) another work by Schubert was brought forward—one of the many rescued from neglect by Mr. G. Grove, during his visit to Vienna, in Nov., 1867. Shortly before, the Crystal Palace concerts had introduced to an English public Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, the first of his two "Italian" overtures, a "Salve Regina," and some of the incidental music to the drama of *Rosamunde* and *Miriam's Siegesgesang*. We have now a fresh obligation to record in the addition made at Saturday's concert, the programme of which was as follows:

Overture ["Die Freunde von Salamanka"]..... Schubert.
Symphony' "Reformation".....Mendelssohn.
Arioso, "Porgi amor" ["Nozze di Figaro"] .....Mozart.
Song, "O ruddier than the cherry" ["Acis and Galatea"] Handel.
Concerto—Pianoforte—in E flat [C. Hallé].. Beethoven.
Cradle Song, "Birds in the night".....A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "A Sister's Smile" ["Faust".....Gounod.
Solo—Pianoforte—"Clavierstück," in E flat minor Schubert.
Valse, "Godiam".....Bevignani.
Overture ["Giralda"] .....Adam.

Schubert's overture belongs to an operetta (in two acts) composed in 1815 to a libretto by Mayrhofer—the music alone being extant, having fortunately escaped the destruction which has befallen the manuscripts of other of the composer's dramatic productions. If the vocal portion of *Die Freunde von Salamanka* is equal to the instrumental prelude to the work, it is to be hoped that it may come to a speedy hearing—as, although not so characteristic of Schubert's individuality as his more mature productions, there is a melodious freshness and a genial charm of style in the overture which render it especially welcome amid the violent efforts at originality made by some contemporary composers devoid of imagination. When Schubert produced this work he was but eighteen, and his tendency was towards the clearness of form and the regularity of melodic phrase which are prominent features of Mozart's style. The young composer had not then felt the influence of the giant Beethoven, soon to be the object of Schubert's reverential admiration, and the prompting of his genius, which, in a gentler and milder aspect, had many points of analogy with that of Beethoven The overture performed on Saturday is throughout bright as sunshine, having no trace of that melancholy which, in later music, tinges at times even his lighter productions.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT'S oratorio, *Ruth*, revised by the composer, is to be given at Exeter Hall, early in November—Mme Lind-Goldschmidt, Mme Patey, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley sustaining the principal parts.

Special Notices.

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Plighted faith. (O luce di quest). 4. C to A. *Donizetti.* 50

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Priere. Pensèe Religeuse. 4. D*b*. *Sutter.* 35

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Handel and Bach.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

Turning to Bach's oratorios we at once see their distinctive difference from those of Handel. Bach did not like Handel, seek his subject: it overpowered him. He had no public before him, longing for new things, and eager to hear new singers. He was a servant of the Church. His originality lies not in the choice, but in the handling of his theme. He tried to make his Church music accord with the service of God, and, through it, to give an echo of the words of prayer or praise.

His Cantatas, with subjects drawn from the Gospels, number one hundred. [The MS. scores of nearly *three* hundred lie in the Royal Library at Berlin.—ED.] His Passion and Christmas music has its appointed place in the Lutheran service, and no other music of the kind can compare with his. His St. Matthew's Passion is the most powerful of all his productions of this kind, and the best known.

As Handel's music can be understood only through a knowledge of his career in Italy and England, so Bach can be understood only by those familiar with the German school of music. Joyousness of tone and manner are the characteristics of Italian music; but the old spirit of German art, before all things strives after character and truth. The words must have their full right: the music must only make them more clear and transparent. To bind words and manner harmoniously together, like body and soul, is Bach's great effort, and in it he has met with grand success.

The imperishable truth stands higher with him than the intellectual, beautiful form; therefore he dares express the thought with the utmost boldness, sometimes even with harshness. Every melody is characteristic; no one chorus like another. This estranges from him many ears. "Bach is as national as Goethe and Lessing, but not popular as Schiller and Mozart," has been justly said of him.

Bach's music is polyphonic, or many-toned. The ears of many cannot bear this. There are people so sluggish in hearing and thinking, that they must have everything perfectly plain in music. Handel can accomplish this, but Bach cannot. Every voice forms a part of the great whole, and must stand alone. A chorus of Bach's is a great conversation of voices, where each must be silent when he has nothing to say, and fall in at the right time. Often in the beginning and concluding chorus we are obliged to follow two or three melodies at a time. It has been truly said: "Bach's music is like a primitive forest, full of grotesque growth and gnarled branches. One should not send children into this wood."

Over-pregnant with thought and meaning, his music is especially the music of the future; still amidst all its depth, it contains a romantic element which makes it truly German. Whoever fully drinks in the spirit of his melodies, is as under a spell of enchantment. His orchestra, also, is different from Handel's; not only sustaining the music, but standing by it like its twin brother. Sometimes the sentiments are reflected in the voices; at others in the instruments. The orchestra, as well as the voices, can interest of itself. In the beautiful words of Hiller: "The orchestra of the Saint Matthew's Passion is a fine veil, behind which a tear-moistened, but most lovely, face shines forth."

In this fine, spiritual orchestration, this man has indeed followers, but no predecessor. The few instruments are finely chosen, and gently and impressively they move the thought of the aria. In the Saint Matthew's Passion, flutes, harps and oboes have their place, but here the clarions and trumpets are not heard. When Christ speaks, the string quartet softly sounds, accompanying; at the words, "My God! my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" even this is silent.

A mysterious power, depth and spirituality, are the signs manual of Bach's music. It is as if he spoke to us of a better world. He touches our finest sensibilities. We give him our hand, and he leads us into an intricate labyrinth of tones, but securely we go on by the Ariadne thread, and our feet stand at last in the Holy Place.

The musical world of the present is full of the praise of John Sebastian Bach. It may not love the simplicity and transcendent depth of his music, but it honors the master whom Beethoven has called "The great father of harmony." Over his nameless and unknown grave, many a one whom his strains have edified in spirit blesses him, and, in the consoling words of his Passion-chorus, says:

"Rest gently, gently rest."

To both Handel and Bach the Scriptures were the undoubted truth of God. No mortal could have written such music, had he not believed. To the full measure of their powers they sought to serve and honor Him, but each in his own way. Handel should not be called the more worldly of the two, if the words are to be taken in their usual sense. Like Paul at Athens he preached God from a worldly stage—the living God of history, speaking in deeds and miracles. From the Scriptures he seized whatever would most deeply move the soul, and knew how to present it in the clearest light. He could sing of the world's allurements and deceits, for he had known them all; and he could portray the whole scale of emotion, from despair to rapture, from the woes of Hell to the joys of heaven.

From his [illegible], like Luther, the principle [illegible] mightily increase it upon the minds of his hearers. He is the singer of the Old Testament: [illegible] for the Lord [illegible] and honor;—in [illegible] the whole [illegible] Psalms. His text-book Moses and the prophets, and from the summit of David's mountain he gazes afar to the morning twilight of the great redemption.

Bach is a Church believer, a pious man, who has God always before his eyes and in his heart. Not upon the theatre of the world, amid its honors and disgrace, its loves and hates, were unfolded to him the eternal truths of the Scriptures, but in a life of silent, blessed meditation, like that of a hermit in a forest sanctuary. He was a Lutheran, with an inward leaning toward a monastic life. Not the defiant Luther before the Imperial Diet, but Luther in the narrow cell, resembled Bach. A deep, mysterious strain runs through his music, which shows that he—the Lutheran Cantor—was capable of writing a high mass.

The sympathetic element was not wanting in Bach—he, too, could sing of mortal loves, and hates, and passions, but this human sympathy was only the back-ground before which appeared the shining image of his Lord. Not what God does for men with the strong arm, but what God does for men in his love, in his inconceivable condescension, affects his heart. Spiritually to sink himself in this history, to embody its eternal substance in his harmonies, this was Bach's art. To him the smallest passage of the Scriptures is full of meaning. He is not, like Handel, a preacher to the multitude; his power is not on the stage or in the concert-hall, but in the Church. If over his utterances the veil of mystery lies, still he explores into a hitherto unexplored kingdom, only to let us know how inexhaustible its treasures are.

His music seems to be ordained not for the people, but for only a consecrated circle. And still this is only seeming. We unjustly call Bach "a solitary artist without a public," because he is too high and too deep for the multitude. He who only says what all understand, will, in the end, have said but very little; and he who says more, will not of necessity be always incomprehensible.

Bach's music is a giant, Gothic dome, in which a forest of mighty pillars of harmony swells upward, their branches crossing and interlacing each other in the most wonderful and intricate forms. Cross and crosier fail not, and through the windows, painted with scenes from sacred history, stream in the broken beams of day. Every uncorrupted nature feels, without comprehending the great structure in all its parts, that the spot whereon he stands is holy ground. This is the secret power of Bach's music. It is with this music as with the stars of heaven. The unlearned man feels their greatness and sublimity, but the astronomer, who knows their orbits and their courses, admires and wonders still more.

Bach is the singer of the New Dispensation. He well knows how to sing of old things; but it is his delight to seek inspiration in the simple majesty of the Gospel, in the deep thoughts of Saint Paul. He knows the Lord as the king, the conqueror over death, and thus he represents him in the Cantata for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity; but still it is the mournful joy of the true Lutheran to stand under the cross of Jesus, to support his weary head, and, with gushing tears, follow him to the sepulchre, softly saying, "My Jesus, good night!"

In Handel [illegible] torch from the burning bush an armed and mantled prophet before all the people; in Bach, a silent priest goes into the holy of holies to light the candles, and burn incense before the Most High.

Two great masters have stood before our eyes, to comprehend whom in their deepest meaning it is given only to earnest souls. Handel and Bach have risen from forgetfulness, because in their works lies an eternal truth, which, though it may slumber for a time, can never die. To have brought these great masters from obscurity is an honor to our generation, but may Heaven forbid that to this or any other age they shall be in their music, what they once were, witnesses of God against the degeneracy of the time!—*Ladies' Repository.*

Musical Amateurs of the Period.

We confess we do not like musical amateurs. They are a weariness to us, and we listen to them with pain—especially when they are our own personal friends, and we are expected to applaud them. Amateur actors are bad enough; but it is permitted, from time to time, to laugh at them—at least we believe so—we always do so ourselves. Amateur singers must not be laughed at, however, and they resent it as a personal insult if you do not applaud them. We quite approve of amateur singers singing together for their own entertainment, if it really entertains them. What we object to is their inviting friends to come and listen to them, and then taking offence if those friends come when the concert is just at an end, and supper about to begin.

Partiality to the sex may have something to do with it, but we certainly prefer lady amateurs to their male friends and associates in the same line. In the second place they are more up to their work. The number of ladies who can play and sing tolerably well is infinitely greater than that of the gentlemen possessing the same talent and skill. The great fault of the ladies is, that

they are too ambitious. A girl who has a good voice, which is really effective in a small room, thinks—and herein deceives herself—that it will be equally effective in a large concert-room or theatre. She sings ballads admirably, as well, perhaps, as they need be sung. Therefore she attempts *bravura* airs, and does not sing them nearly so well as they would be sung by a fourth-rate *seconda donna* on the Italian stage.

We have spoken hitherto of the better class of amateur vocalists. But there are some really terrible specimens, especially among the men, as we descend in the scale.

From the amateur who "sings a good second" may heaven defend us! May queer things happen to him, and may he, some day, find himself in the company of other amateurs who also sing good seconds; and may they all (we being absent) sing good seconds together, while none sing first or thirds or fourths, but only seconds—good and bad. The amateur who says he can sing a good second is not necessarily a vain amateur; but oh, how ignorant! If he said he could improvise a melody it would be untrue; still it would be possible. But the notion of his improvising harmony is preposterous. It is all the same to the amateur who sings a good second whether he knows the melody to which he proposes to adapt his good second or not. He listens to the tune, makes a guess, after hearing the first few notes, as to how it is likely to go on, and then does what Mr. Bright calls "a little childish tinkering," in the way of furnishing an additional part. He soon gets utterly wrong, and after a certain time begins to suspect that he is not quite right. Then, being possibly a modest and more or less well meaning man, he pauses until he sees a safe opportunity for going in again, when his fine voice is once more heard a sixth below or a third above the notes of the melody (he is not particular which, nor, while aiming at these intervals does he always hit them); and the new concord of sweet sounds lasts sometimes for two or three bars together, until another obstacle, slight but sure, presents itself, and the amateur who sings a good second is a second time floored. It is amusing to see him at these moments (out of hearing him there is never any fun to be got), and to watch him looking round as if to discover whether any one has discovered him. At such a juncture a half-suppressed bravo is very effective; indeed, ironical applause is the only method by which the amateur who sings a good second can be civilly reduced to silence. "*O sainte ironie!*" cried Proudhon; and approbation punctually bestowed on every mistake cannot in the end fail to open the eyes even of the blunderer himself.

It must be admitted, however, that in the present day the amateur who sings a good second is not often to be met with in the society of educated or even of well-bred people. There is no secular edifice in which the present writer has encountered him for some time past. The avoidance may have been mutual—let us hope so. At all events we have not encountered him.

But is he for that reason extinct? Alas! no. Where, then, has the amateur who sings a good second taken refuge? By our use of the epithet "secular" we have already, *a contrario*, indicated his chosen asylum. With a refinement of cunning, so subtle as to be almost diabolical, he has fled to a place where he knows that we must all cease from applauding, and where, consequently, the amateur who sings a good second is at rest. He has retired to church, where he can sing any part or parts that he may consider suitable, without the slightest fear of being turned out, or even interfered with, in the practice of his harmonic and anti-harmonic recreations. If, from behind the jester's mask, we may be allowed to speak a few words in solemn seriousness, we would entreat bishops, priests, deacons, and all whom it may concern, to bring this weighty scandal to an end, through the agency of churchwardens, beadles, sextons, and, if necessary, gravediggers.

The organist is, of course, not consulted in the matter, or he would at once say, "If the congregation will sing, let them sing in unison or hold their peace." In the Protestant churches of Germany no maniacal attempts are made to "sing second." The organ furnishes the harmony, the congregation confine themselves to the melody. Even then the effect is not good, but it is at least as good as, under the circumstances, is possible. The proceeding, too, is orderly, whereas in our churches—owing, above all, to the presence of the amateur who sings a good second—hymn-singing is an anarchical proceeding, worthy, if for that reason alone, of the severest condemnation. A sad, discordant noise, which men would not tolerate, is impiously offered to the Divinity.

Worthy of being married to the gentleman amateur who sings a good second is the lady amateur who can "play an accompaniment to any air." She can, perhaps, do so as well as the late Mr. Charles Sloman, "the only English improvisatore,' could extemporize verses on any subject; but extemporized accompaniments, like extemporized verses, must of necessity be conventional and common-place; and the notion that they can be furnished at will to suit any melody, without reference to its character, is based on the delusion that accompaniment-writing is a mere process, demanding no originality of invention.

Is the amateur who plays by ear, who only needs to hear an air once to be able to reproduce it, who, after going to the opera, can come home and give you all the melodies on the piano, is he also to be spoken of? Such a one may really possess the talent attributed to him by his admiring friends. If so, let him understand that it is chiefly valuable as a possible sign of better things, and that it is worth very little in itself. Blind Tom, on hearing an air, or, indeed, a whole piece, once, could play something very like it on the piano; yet it is quite certain that Blind Tom was nearly an idiot. The secret of his power seems to have rested in the possession of a strong imitative faculty—the faculty, in short, which constitutes the genius of the buffoon. What Blind Tom could do, the greatest pianist of the day could *not* do. Nor would an educated musician think of attempting the feats performed more or less successfully by the amateur who plays by ear. After witnesssing a new drama, a servant girl may amuse herself by declaiming striking passages in imitation of the principal performers; but a person of taste, who wished to study the work, would, of course, do so from the book.

Here we are reminded that there is such a thing as the amateur in musical criticism. The gentleman who sings a good second, the lady who can supply an accompaniment to any air, the amateur, in particular, who plays by ear, may turn round upon us, even as we pull him by the ear, and say: "And you, my counsellor, instructor, and reprover, don't you criticize much as I play, the best way you can, and chiefly by ear? Talk of studying from the book, by which you imply that, instead of indulging in reminiscences, more or less precise, of a work, I should be better occupied in examining the score—what if I cannot read the score? I come away with certain impressions of works that I have just heard, and these impressions I can reproduce with some approach to accuracy on the piano. Can you do more, or even so much, in reproducing your impressions with the pen in the shape of criticisms?"

Having by an effort brought ourselves to a sufficiently charitable frame of mind to be able to overlook the impertinence of an amateur who should venture to address any such observations to us, we should, perhaps, confide to him our belief that, after all, he was not far wrong; and that, as he may succeed in amusing a small circle of persons more ignorant than himself, by his operations on the piano, so there are amateur critics who amuse (if they happen to be amusing) a large circle of readers by their observations on music. Certainly there are amateur critics, as there are amateur executants; and at least half our musical critics, though they may know something of music as an art, know little or nothing of it as a science. They could not, for instance, pass an examination in the elements of musical composition. We do not say that they would be much further advanced as critics if they could. We only say that they could not pass such an examination. The amateur critic, however, has a right to exist and perform his functions in the capacity of amateur critic, provided he will do so honestly and with modesty; not vainly pretending to a knowledge of things which are concealed from him, like the students whose perversity and presumption were so trying to St. Augustine. There are, indeed, very few critics of art, and not too many of literature, who possess at once a full knowledge of their subject, critical aptitude, and a good literary style. A musician may know a work by heart. He is not for that reason able to analyze it and explain the principles on which it is constructed, to show how it proceeds from this work, how it resembles that one, and to assign to it, ultimately, its definite position by itself, or by the side of other works. Who can be better acquainted with the music performed season after season at our opera-houses than Sir Michael Costa and Signor Arditi? It is not certain, however, that they could pen readable analyses or good general accounts of the works; and it is quite certain that one musical conductor who does duty in a morning paper as musical critic, writes as if with his own stick. Among English composers, we only know of one, a man of high reputation, writing under the initials, "G. A. M.," who criticizes music in print. To undoubted knowledge of his subject, he unites great critical aptitude—which, by the way, does not mean that we always agree with him; but there is no denying the fact that he occasionally writes like an amateur. He does not write with a stick, he writes with a very good pen; only he sometimes forgets to mend it.

The amateur critic is almost a necessary evil, then. But he is only an evil by comparison with that critic armed at all points, whom it is so difficult to find, though we know that he is not by any means beyond the reach of discovery. Indeed, the amateur critic, if he will keep to his own proper sphere, and write sincerely according to his own lights, may even do good; and he may prove a true benefactor to society, if, by judicious expostulation and satire, he helps to keep down the pretensions of amateur vocalists and musicians.—*Girls of the Period Miscellany.*

The Quackery of Concerts.

[From the Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia.]

The exhibition of music as an art, and one of the most refined and refining of arts, seems to have almost gone out of vogue. The good old days of really grand opera, of great dramatic singers, of vocal skill free from tricks, of conscientious study for instruments as well as voices, of enthusiasm free from quackery and of ambition that is not wholly sordid, seems to be gone forever. Even the men and women of great genius in music have become mere mercenaries. They are the hirelings of charlatans and showmen, who study the tastes of the most vulgar among the public, and degrade the gifts of the genius they employ to do such work as will please those whose admiration is excited by the monstrous rather than by the beautiful; by the marvelous rather than the artistic.

It is a misfortune to music and musical taste in America that New York is the chief port, we may say the only port, where foreign artists of all kinds land on coming to America to seek their fortunes. The business of art has thus come to resemble all other kinds of business in New York. It is a business of humbug, of deception, of gambling; resembling in manner, if not in degree, the business of Wall street or the Gold Room. The chief of the gold and stock gamblers, in fact, has been lately noted as one of the chief operators in musical speculations. The most scandalously managed railroad in the country is identified with what is called a "Grand Opera House." The manager of the railroad and the lessee of this Grand Opera being one, there is gambling and swindling in Erie, while there is vulgarity, nastiness and vice in music. The same system that resorts to a "corner" in a stock, or a "locking up" of gold or currency, resorts also to the exhibition of shameless women in a ballet, and filthy acting in what is avowedly a burlesque of music as well as morality in an opera. There is money to be made by the degradation of art as well as by the degradation of morals, and New York is full of speculators in vice of all kinds.

Even the most conscientious musical artists must pass through New York before going to Philadelphia and other great cities, and they must fall into the hands of those gamblers and speculators who have taken the musical or dramatic line of business as a safe and comparatively genteel line. It has become a pretty well established fact that few musical entertainments, given by strangers in New York, pay more than their expenses. An artist, arriving there, has to pay an agent; then the agent has to pay enormous advertising bills, and has also to pay the Bohemians of the press for first class notices; then come the expenses of a concert hall, of an orchestra, of printing, of a claque, of bouquets and baskets of flowers, and of various other things required to secure a tolerable reception in a packed audience of dead heads. It is pretended by the speculators that all this expenditure of money in New York is essential to the success of the artist in other cities. For when the New York papers report a reception such as we have described, the reports are expected to be copied or quoted from in other cities. Part of the business, indeed, of the agent or business manager is to cut out these so called "metropolitan" notices, and send or take them to the offices of papers in other cities, with the modest request that they be copied, and with promise of abundance of free tickets when the puffed artist arrives. A good many papers even in Philadelphia, have submitted to this imposition; though most of them have discovered that these polite agents are very sparing with their legitimate advertising, when the time arrives for the artist's debut. There are twice as many papers in New York in which concerts and operas have to be advertised, and the average cost of advertising is twice as high as in Philadelphia. The number of "dead head" tickets is, of course, proportionately greater in New York. So when the artist comes to Philadelphia, it is expected that the receipts of the concerts shall not only pay the artist, the troupe, the manager, the advertising, the rent and the other expenses here, but also the enormous expenses in New York, including the pay of the Bohemians, whose so called "critiques" we are expected to copy and commend.

In submitting to all this kind of humbug and imposition, consists the "provincialism" of the newspaper press outside of New York. Nobody really believes that the talent, the taste, or the incorruptibility of the criticism of America, is concentrated in New York. Philadelphia, Boston Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis and New Orleans have each their fair share of educated and honest writers on music and the other fine arts. But they are not always all bold enough to resist the exactions or the cajoleries of the ingenious, well trained, diplomatic professional managers of the New York school of agents for artists. There are many that are willing, for the sake of saving trouble and securing a small advertisement, to adopt and print the ready made puff that the agent hands them, along with a package of "complimentary" tickets. Against this sort of humbug the press outside of New York ought to protest; and first of all, the "dead head" ticket system for concerts, &c., ought to be abolished. This can only be done by concerted action among all the respectable newspapers; for if only one paper, or only two or three, in a large city like Philadelphia, reject the so called "complimentary" tickets, the rejection would be looked upon as quixotic or presumptuous. Harmony of action, among well-established papers, can do much towards correcting the taste that the New York press is vitiating, and securing a standard much higher, in morality as well as in taste, than that of New York. Then if, in addition to a reformation of newspaper criticism, there was a little more boldness in the audiences at our star-concerts and operas, there would be a decided gain for art and honesty. There is a great deal more virtue in a well directed hiss, than most people are aware of. If it were only sustained by courage equal to that of the hireling claque that always applauds, art and the public would be the gainers. It would be almost worth while to hire a claque, in the interests of true taste, to hiss many of the musical performances that are presented in our miscalled Academy of Music and our principal concert rooms.

In these remarks on concerts, we are referring to those known as "star concerts." The noble performances of the New York Philharmonic Society, of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and of some other recognized and legitimate organizations in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities, that show real earnestness in art, are not, of course to be classed with the entertainments that are managed by the professional charlatans, and their being free from the vices of the quack system gives them an additional claim upon the generous support of people of taste. But the system of humbug, deception and clap-trap, by which the travelling managers from New York impose on the press and the public, ought to be known and condemned, until a reformation becomes absolutely necessary.

Revival of the Oratorio.

[From the London Orchestra.]

If the "new cast" in the performance of Oratorio composition settle down into a fashion, modern composers will pay increased attention to this high school of writing, and there will be a revival of the dramatic religious mystery. The new drama will not stop at the hash up of some scriptural historiette; we shall have a resurrection of the old personages, the virgins and saints, pilgrims and martyrs, and the strange and weird myths from the Golden Legend; situations that will try the vaunted powers of descriptive music far more than anything yet attempted on the operatic stage. The Oratorio fever is no new disease. Between the years 1739 and 1769 there were at least a dozen new Oratorios presented for public entertainment, so thoroughly had Handel tutored the general ear into a patient listening to his semi theatrical exhibitions of song, duet, and chorus. There was a *Judith* by De Fesch, and a *Judith* by Dr Green, and a third by Dr Arne; a *Ruth* by Giardini, *Hannah* by Dr Worgan, a *Zion* by Stanley, *Abimelech* and the *Prodigal Son*, by Arnold, and half a score others made out of the comparatively unknown works of Handel. Tobit and the Angel; The good Samaritan, the thieves and their victim; Job and his three Comforters, with the hurricane and the new homesteads; Herodias, her daughter and the famous dance, and its tragic consequences—have all been realized in some sort of way, and are open to revivification. Good and grand as are the Oratorios of the *Messiah*, the *Creation*, and the *Elijah*, general interest has ceased with these works unless associated with some "new cast;" and new singers, especially new great singers, are not of every day occurrence. If Exeter Hall is to continue to be filled —and filled it easily and readily is when first-rate talent is announced—there must be fresh impulse shown in the grand school of composition and a new development of sacred drama. Verdi may better employ his time and talents in writing the religious dramatic than in joining in unworthy partnership with a dozen second rates in the concoction of a Requiem. The new sensation Oratorio is the true arena for a composer of such powerful and almost illimitable conceptions [illegible]

We have had no grand new Oratorios—the reduced demand has naturally led to the reduced supply. Italian and French artists, as a rule, do not read and recite in English, and without this accomplishment the foreign vocalist stands on no sure ground in the Oratorio. Our modern composers make a strong, and jump into the grand style with but the most moderate training in the principles and forms of choral writing, and with none of the higher necessity—the art of declamation in recitative and song, the true types of musical expression in the Oratorio. They grasp at a mastery over that which requires a combination of a Verdi and a Wagner—the unfailing flow of melody joined to the subtle portraiture of every incident, or moment or its opposite. And in these days musicians make stupendous great music at small pianos; big choruses at the keyboards of two-stringed piccolos. Is it any marvel that the result is unsatisfactory? Haydn wrote the *Creation* when sixty-five years old, and Handel the *Jephtha* when sixty-three, and these composers had been taught to work on paper without a piano and each had passed through the *tempestates* of composition half a century before. On leaving their tutors, the chapel masters, they were no doubt capable of composing an Oratorio; but they did not commence their career with testing such power, well knowing that nothing short of careful experience could clear their heads of elementary modulation and contrapuntal chaos. They had been familiarizing their heads and hands with the secrets of art, and before composing sacred dramas had to gain power over the heads and voices of vocalists, and to watch for and learn what in practice would touch and subdue the human heart. Haydn wrote the *Creation* without a first tenor part, for Vienna had no celebrated Tenor, but it had a magnificent Baritone for whom the new part of "Raphael" was specially composed. Mendelssohn wrote his *Elijah* for Jenny Lind and Staudigl, and the grand cast made the grand composition. The extraordinary and peculiar gifts of the two vocalists led to the new study and the distinctive character of the new music. There could be no following the common route with such help at hand.

Oratorio composition should be, and is, the true ideal of the dramatic. There may be in the Oratorio all that is in the Opera, but without anything that is low and mean, trivial and commonplace, meretricious or base. However heroic the action, if it be dull, cold, or tiresome it is unfit for the Oratorio. It must be of that interest as to please [illegible]; hence, if the action is proper, and the characters well supported, and the music be written in the right spirit and with right power, the course of time does not endanger its musical position, as is so constantly the case with regard to the Opera. The Oratorio deals with the good passions of humanity, the Opera oftentimes with the malevolent and the debilitating. There may be misfortune and misery, temptation and iniquity, in the themes of an Oratorio. But these things are never introduced so as to pervert the judgment or corrupt the heart. A tableau of uninterrupted high virtue, with no shadow, or error, or indiscretion, would prove antagonistic to the feelings of a mixed audience. The Athenians grew wearied of Aristides the Just. It is not for virtue to escape calamity; a good man may be the victim of distress. Nor does retribution always take place. We hear of the decapitation of St John the Baptist, but not of the awful judgment that swept away the sanguinary Herod. The distinguishing character of the Oratorio, is the fact that the course of events are of that high and absorbing nature as to forbid the association of light or low music.

With the revival of the Oratorio it would be desirable, for a time at least, to break away from the Scriptural hero and heroine. The novel theme of the *Creation* manifestly assisted in the new style of its composition. Haydn imagined his Cantata of the *Seasons* to be inferior to his Oratorio of the *Creation*; and accounted for the supposed fact, by being engaged with angels in the Oratorio, and with mere ordinary humanity in his Cantata. He was wrong; for the *Seasons* far transcend the *Creation*; his men and women in the former are realities, but angels discoursing over the first chapter of Genesis can with difficulty be supposed to be so. The *Creation* was the first advance. Cherubini had done something in his Oratorio of *David*—and Cherubini had been the favorite pupil of Durante—but the enormous power of developing movement manifested in the *Creation*, threw everything of its time into the shade. It is in the development of the forms of modern school in high and noble spirit that we look for the legitimate advance in Oratorio composition. Take for instance the one form—the duet between two male voices. Since the days of Handel what has been done with this? Nothing. What is there to approach the famous duet of "The Lord is a man of war?" There are splendid duets by Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Verdi for male voices, but nothing of the kind has been attempted in the Oratorio. One is led to imagine that Oratorio male singers were so many tailors, and that it required more than seventeen to make up two duets; not a new joke, but one as pertinent now as when first made, if the practice of our composers be looked into. Again, there is the dramatic chorus of the opposite emotions, of which Handel gives an illustration in his Oratorio of *Samson*—the believing Jews and the infidel Philistines. Modern Opera teems with examples of this striking combination, but nothing in the Oratorio has been done in shape, proportion or style, to rival or even approach these magnificent examples of high imagination and consummate skill. As to the Aria, the field is quite open, for not much has been really effected since the days of Haydn. The first tenor song in the *Elijah* is a parody from a modern German; the "Hammer Song" is written upon Handel; and the "Hear, ye, Israel" a close copy of Sebastian Bach. Mendelssohn has thrown all his sweet and seducing spirit into these Arias, and thus made them his own, but they are sympathetic associations, not original developments. There is nothing of that originality, felicity and perfect freedom that marks the arias in the *Creation*, although it is but justice to remark that Haydn is by no means original in his celebrated aria, "With verdure clad!" He kept a note book; so did Mendelssohn; a note book is dangerous at a pinch. Handel kept more than a note-book; he treasured up counts le manuscripts of high worth and walked into them boldly and nobly. The "new casts" of our popular Oratorios will, we trust, do something for English singing. We want new singers; native vocalists of real worth and talent. The youths and maidens of fine and rare voices must be secured and properly instructed. Why should not Oratorio singing pay? Why not pay as well as Opera singing? As a rule it has not paid, because the oratorio singer has not been the great singer. Oratorio singing has been remunerative to our really great native vocalists, but it will not support shams. So also with composers; the able man, the accomplished scholar in music, is well employed in the Oratorio and will be well paid. But the Oratorio is a stumbling-block for third-rate talent; and the common sense of the English mind is dangerously opposed to composers of this class.

THE INCAPACITY OF SINGERS is astonishing. Those who boast a musical education are popularly supposed to be able to read music at sight, and they certainly ought to be able to do so; but not more than one in a hundred can, except in the most limited way. If a composition departs from the beaten track which the voice has been accustomed to follow, they are at once in a maze, and only after special study and practice are they able to perform it. This is true of all amateur and many professional singers. We doubt if there is a person in Springfield or the whole Connecticut valley who is capable of singing any elaborate vocal part at sight, or after the careful reading over with the eye, which should fairly precede every test in sight-singing. We are not behind other sections in this matter; some of the famous soprano singers in Boston choirs are noted in musical circles for their "poor reading." Whether singers as a class are deficient in the perceptive faculties, is a matter we will leave to the phrenologists to settle; but their slowness and unreadiness in the respect we have mentioned cannot be questioned There are ten instrumental performers who are ready and expert readers of music that is new to them, where there is one vocalist of equal capacity. The singers who are said to "sing anything that is placed before them," don't do any such thing.

The chief reason for this incapacity is the superficial knowledge of music which most singers possess. Unfortunately it has not been considered necessary that a singer should know much more than musical notation and something about the management of the voice. A broader and deeper culture is needed A good singer ought to understand the laws which govern harmony and the structure of musical compositions. With this knowledge he is able to grasp the composer's idea (unless it be deeply concealed) almost at sight, and then can interpret intelligently the portion of it which is allotted to him to perform. Some singers discover these laws by intuition, but only those who have mastered them, and can give a reason for the faith that is in them, tread securely and on firm ground.—*Springfield Republican.*

A Musical Imposition.

I happened, one evening, to be at the house of the Baron de M., an intelligent and sincere lover of art, with one of my old fellow students at the Academy of Rome, the accomplished architect Duc. Everyone, except myself, was playing at cards, some at écarté, some at whist, and some at brelan. I hate cards. By dint of patience, and after the efforts of thirty years, I have succeeded in knowing no game of the kind, so as to be safe, under all circumstances, from being carried off bodily by players in want of a partner.

It was pretty evident that I was being rather bored, when Duc, turning round, said to me: "As you are doing nothing, you might as well write a little music for my album" "With all my heart," I replied I took a sheet of paper, and traced a few staves, on which there shortly appeared an *andantino* in four parts *for the organ.* I fancied I perceived in it a certain character of rural and simple mysteriousness, and the idea of fitting to the music words of the same description suggested itself to me. The piece of organ music vanished and became a "Chorus of the Shepherds of Bethlehem" bidding adieu to the infant Jesus, as the Holy Family are about setting out for Egypt. The players suspended their game at whist and brelan to listen to my sacred *fabliau.* They were as much amused by the mediæval cut of my verses as by that of my music. "Now," said I to Duc, 'I will put your name underneath, for I want to compromise you." "What an idea!" he exclaimed. "My friends know that I am utterly ignorant of composition." "Well, really, that is a fine reason for not composing," I answered. "Since, however, your vanity scouts the notion of adopting what I have done, I will just make a name of which yours shall form part. It shall be that of Pierre Ducré, whom I appoint chapelmaster at the Holy Chapel, Paris, in the seventeenth century. That will give my manuscript all the value of an archeological curiosity." As I said, so I did. But I had got in the vein of playing the part of a Chatterton Some days subsequently I wrote, at home, the piece of the "Repos de la Sainte-Famille"—commencing this time, however, with the words—and a little fugued overture, for a little band, in a little innocent style, in F sharp minor, without a major seventh, a mode which is no longer the fashion; which resembles plain chant, and which the learned will inform you is derived from some Phrygian, Dorian, or Mixo-Lydian mode of ancient Greece, a fact which has nothing at all to do with the question. In this mode there is evidently the melancholy and somewhat stupid character of popular laments.

In a month's time, I had forgotten all about my retrospective score, when we were disappointed of a chorus for the programme of a concert which I had to conduct. I thought it would be a good joke to replace it by that of the Shepherds of my MYSTERY, which I still announced under the name of Pierre Ducré, chapelmaster at the Holy Chapel, Paris (1679). The choristers at rehearsal, immediately conceived a great liking for this ancestral music "Where in the world did you disinter it?" they asked. "You are pretty well right in saying disinter," I replied without hesitation: "it was found, during the late restoration of the Holy Chapel, in a cupboard that had been walled up. But it was written on parchment, in the old notation, and I had great trouble in deciphering it."

The concert took place. The piece by Pierre Ducré was very well executed and received even better. The critics praised it two days afterwards, and congratulated me on my discovery. Only one expressed doubts of its authenticity and age, a fact which proves that there are clever men in all classes Another critic grew sentimental on the misfortune of the poor old master, whose musical inspiration had not been revealed to the Parisians till after a hundred and seventy-three years of obscurity, "for," he observed, "none of us had ever heard of him, and he is not mentioned in the *Dictionnaire biographique des Musiciens,* by M Fetis, though that work contains so many extraordinary things"

The Sunday following, Duc, being at the house of a young and handsome woman, who was very fond of ancient music, and expressed great contempt for modern productions, when their date was known, thus addressed her: "Well, madam, what did you think of our last concert?" "Oh! it was a great medley, as usual!" "And what do you say to the piece by Pierre Ducré?" "Perfect; delicious! that is music if you like Time has not robbed it of any of its freshness It is true melody, of the rarity of which modern composers render us very sensible. Your M Berlioz, for instance, will never give us anything like that" At these words, Duc could not help bursting into a laugh, and was imprudent enough to reply. "Alas! madam, it is my M Berlioz himself who is the author of the "Adieu des Bergers," which he wrote one evening, in my presence, on the edge of a card table." The fair hostess bit her lips, and the roses of vexation mounted to tint the paleness of her face. Turning her back on Duc, she launched at him the cruel phrase: "It is very impertinent of M Berlioz."

You may fancy how ashamed I felt, when Duc came and told me what she had said. I lost no time in offering reparation for my conduct. I published humbly in my own name the poor little production, but on the title page I put the words: "Attributed to Pierre Ducré, an imaginary chapelmaster," to remind me of my guilty imposition. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

A Torch-Dance, by Meyerbeer.

It is as instructive as interesting to observe how rapidly, in our days of universal intercourse, musical reputations adjust themselves, after the heat of immediate controversy has subsided. While Meyerbeer was writing,—reconsidering his operas,—agonizing himself over their preparation on the stage,—using every means of influence, direct and indirect, such as an ample fortune and an astute wit could compass,—in order to win golden opinions from those who are thought to direct judgment,—his merits as a stage composer were attacked and defended with an acrimony alike overstrained and insincere whether in attack or defence Now that he is dead and gone, the world is beginning to admit that he was more than an ingenious and opulent trickster—than a mere accumulator of sounds devised to tickle the ear at the expense of all truth and propriety: in brief, that he was an original individual man, who has left a mark on the music of his time which will not be very easily effaced.

Leaving undiscussed Meyerbeer's grasp over dramatic situation or passion, it may not be amiss to dwell for a moment on one of his excellences, which has been too generally overlooked—his power, felicity, and variety as a composer of dance-music. Why the subject of "the mirth of feet" should, in general, have been so disdainfully ignored by the critics and historians of Opera, I have never been able to comprehend Consideration of it is indispensable to all those who have to deal with melody, and who conceive that rhythm was engendered by the dance and not by the song. No appreciation, at all events, of the grand and peculiar series of dramas operatic, produced in and for Paris, by great men of every country, can be arrived at without a close study of ballet music. This, from the days of Lulli to those of Rameau, Gluck, Sacchini, Spontini, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer, has borne a most important and integral part in the show. As the last of a long and brilliant line of writers, no one among the list has been, in this department of the art, so heroic, so spontaneous, and so varied as the one last named. I need merely recall his dance-music in *Robert* (including the three fascination scenes), his gipsy dance and admirable stately minuet in *Les Huguenots,* his four dances in the ice scene of *Le Prophète,* to illustrate my meaning There is more beauty, genius, and elegance in any single specimen of the above mentioned "measures" than in the entire dreary *Tristan* and *Eberngahl* of the unblushing and amazing Herr Wagner, who aspires to blot the Jews from the face of music.

This was most unexpectedly brought home to me here at Scarborough a day or two since, with a force strong enough to justify putting a word of impression on record. Among the many attractions of a place which has become the fashion to praise in print, the excellent music, provided as a standing attraction for the visitor to Scarborough, has hardly been sufficiently dwelt on. The results—produced with limited forces, by Herr Meyer Lutz, the conductor, speak emphatically of his skill, intelligence, and energy. Of their kind and with reference to means, "times, and occasions," they are almost as praiseworthy as the performances at the Sydenham palace, organized by Mr. Manns, which have grown from modest beginnings into one of the most noteworthy institutions to be found anywhere. It is odd, and not over-creditable to those concerned, that the Londoner should have to go to Sydenham or Scarborough to make acquaintance with some of the most interesting music of modern time; such, for instance, as the ballet music of M Gounod in his *Nonne Sanglante,* and *Reine de Saba,* or (to come to my immediate subject) a pageant dance by Meyerbeer, commissioned, even as Handel's *Water-Music* was in his day, for a regal festivity.

The four torch dances of Meyerbeer, written during his court service at Berlin, exhibit the most individual phase of their composer's talent as a master and inventor of rhythm The one I have been hearing here—produced for the reception of the Crown Princess of Prussia, is in every respect admirable. The opening bar, a simple trumpet flourish, thrown into the stately *tempo* of a Polonaise, seizes the ear at once. The relief in the episode, which carries on the movement, more delicate and gracious in its melody than that of the principal theme, yet no less courtly and pompous, is admirable in its freedom and nature. The final climax, leading to the explosion of our national hymn, with the full force of the orchestra, is bolder, less shifty, and less tormented than other examples of the kind existing in Meyerbeer's more ambitious works, and which have led to the not unjustifiable idea that he was deficient in resource, owing to his imperfect scientific training. Be this as it may, it is long since I have heard anything so distinct, so bright, so admirably adapted to its purpose, as this music; let the transcendentalists abuse it as they please, in uneasy confession of their own impotence and want of idea

Scarborough, Oct. 18, 1869. HENRY F CHORLEY.

Music Abroad.

ELBERFELD.—Herr August Lange, the composer of *Die Fabier,* has entered upon his duties as *Capelmeister* at the Theatre.

DRESDEN.—First concert given by the board of General Direction of the Theatre Royal, and Royal Chapel: Overture to *Genoveva,* Schumann; Air, Handel; Violin-concerto, Beethoven (Herr Lauterbach); air from *Titus,* Mozart; "Variations," Rode; and C major Symphony, with Fugue.—First Soirée for Chamber Music, of Herren Lauterbach, Grützmacher, etc: Quartet in B flat major, Haydn; Quartet in E minor, Op 59, No. 1, Beethoven; and Sextet, Brahms.—Concert given by Mdlle. Mary Krebs: Italian Concerto, Bach; "Carneval," Schumann; Pieces for the Violoncello, Herr L. Grützmacher; Pianoforte Solos, Beethoven, Rameau, Rubenstein, Seeling, Ladassohn, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Moscheles, Scarlatti, Raff, and Liszt; and Songs, Schubert, Krebs, and Schumann.

— The King has most liberally resolved that, despite the destruction of the Theatre Royal, the engagements of all the company shall remain in full force, and the salaries be paid as heretofore. The members of the company have had a two months' leave of absence granted them. The construction of a temporary theatre will be commenced forthwith. Meanwhile, Nesmüller's Theatre is being prepared for a series of performances. So great was the rapidity with which the fire at the late The-

atre Royal spread, that it was impossible to save anything in the building. Fortunately, the library was kept elsewhere, as were also the scenery and costumes. Thus, with few exceptions, the different parts and the music were preserved. Nearly all the instruments required for the performance in the evening of the fire were likewise preserved, but a number of other instruments, which were in store, fell a prey to the flames. Among them was an old Italian double-bass of very fine quality.

DARMSTADT.—A short time since, there died here, in his eighty ninth year, Herr Ferdinand Pohl. He was born at Kreibitz in Bohemia, where his father was a manufacturer of musical glasses. Ferdinand Pohl, having soon become a proficient on these glasses, studied composition under Naumann, in Dresden. He then travelled through Germany, Poland, Russia, and Sweden, playing at concerts with great success. He resided at Berlin for six years (1810–1816), giving concerts every year. His last professional tour was along the Rhine, and through Switzerland and Italy. On his return, he took Stuttgardt and Darmstadt on his way, and, in the year 1818, was admitted a member of the Grand Ducal musical establishment at the latter town. In 1830, he was pensioned on account of ill health. He was, probably, the last virtuoso upon the once popular, but now long since forgotten *Glasharmonica*.

LEIPSIC.—Madame Norman-Neruda, the celebrated lady violinist, played, with great success, at the first Gewandhaus Concert.—Herr R. Wagner's *Rienzi* has been produced.

VIENNA.—The Society of the Friends of Music propose opening their rooms, on the 2nd January, with grand ceremony, the Emperor himself being expected to honor the Society with his presence. The works for the programme of the inaugural concerts will be furnished by Viennese composers, Beethoven contributing the overture to *Egmont* and the Sinfonia Eroica; Mozart, the "Ave Verum;" Schubert, the chorus, "Der Friede sei mit Euch;" and Haydn, the "Variations" from the "Kaiser Quartet." The programmes of the subsequent concerts will include, among other compositions, *Faust* Symphony (new), Liszt; Cantata (new), Weber; Reformations-Symphonie, and *Elijah*, Mendelssohn; *Paradies und die Peri*, Schumann; *L'Enfance du Christ*, Berlioz; and Pianoforte Fantasia (new), and *Der Thurmbau zu Babel*, a sacred opera (new), Rubinstein. Herr Herbeck, the new musical director at the Imperial Opera house, made his first appearance as conductor at that establishment a short time since, when he conducted M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*.

MILAN.—It is said that the first opera at the Scala, during the approaching Carnival season, will be *Pietro di Medici*, by Prince Poniatowski; and that the new *opera d'obbligo* will be furnished by Señor Gomez, the young Mexican [illegible]. There is some talk, also, of the production of *Amleto*, not by M. Ambroise Thomas, but by Signor Faccio, a young composer; who, according to his friends, has a brilliant future before him.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Herr Wilhelmj, unquestionably a violinist of the very first class, as far as manual dexterity is concerned, appeared at the first Museums Concert, and played Paganini's first Concerto, and Ernst's *Otello* Fantasia. His success with the public was naturally something extraordinary; critics, however, cannot be satisfied with Herr Wilhelmj's professional principles. It is now about a year that Herr Wilhelmj has played nothing but the same four pieces: a Violin Concerto, Rubinstein; the *Otello* Fantasia, and "Ungarische Lieder," Ernst; and the First Concerto, Paganini. Now, in our opinion, the automaton-like rendering—for, after all, such it must in the end become—of these pieces does not afford much proof of artistic feeling. It is plain that the artist is wearied by his own performance, and that his great object is to get it over as soon as possible, so as to repeat the same manœuvre at another concert. Were Herr Wilhelmj less highly gifted than he is, it would be unnecessary to waste a word upon the subject. But as he has been endowed by nature with the most eminent talent as a violinist, such a course ought to be most severely censured. It is to be hoped that Herr Wilhelmj will not allow his youth to pass away so uselessly; but, for the benefit of true art, that he will strive to attain that ideal, which, up to the present time, no one save his master, Joachim, has achieved. Let him do this, and he will assuredly reap a rich reward. —*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

At the first Gürzenich concert, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller appeared in the triple character of conductor, composer (the overture to *Demetrius*), and virtuoso (Mozart's concerto in A minor).

ST. PETERSBURGH.—It is the intention of the Philharmonic Society to give, during the approaching season, and on a plan drawn up by Professor J. Promberger, three grand historical concerts, which shall comprehend the most striking phases and stages of development in the history of music. The first concert will embrace the period from the Gregorian chant down to Bach and Handel inclusive; the second will be devoted to the great German reformers, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; while the third will represent the romantic school, with Beethoven (in his third period) and C. M. Weber at their head, followed by Schubert, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Schumann, Glinka, as the founder of national Russian opera, and Richard Wagner. In addition to the resources of the Philharmonic Society itself, all the Vocal Unions in the Russian capital will take part in these concerts, for which Herr J. Stockhausen is also engaged.

Two new Russian operas are to be produced at Moscow during the next season: *[illegible]*, by M. [illegible], and *[illegible]*, by M. Tschaikowsky. There is talk of a third: *La Cantatrice de Moscou*, [illegible], by M. [illegible]. Scratch a Russian nowadays, and we may find a musician.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Lorentz's opera, *[illegible]*, has been very successfully revived.

GENOA.—The new management of the Teatro Carlo Felice has announced [illegible] operas during the autumn season. Among them will be *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, by Cimarosa; and *Il Conte Ory*, by Rossini.

Musical Correspondence.

LEIPZIG, OCT. [illegible].—Thinking you may like to hear something about musical matters in Leipzig, and from a pupil of the Conservatorium, I take the liberty to address you a few lines. I am no correspondent, but simply a [illegible] student, and, I trust, a true lover of the divine art.

First, to tell you something about the Conservatorium. It has at present about two hundred scholars. For the violin there are just thirty. David tells me it is the largest number they have ever had at one time. For the 'Cello, I am sorry to say, there are only two or three pupils; one of them is a talented young man from [illegible], who [illegible] and in the Gewandhaus concerts. Among the violin pupils [illegible] for the orchestra. They have [illegible] solo players, but [illegible] seems to me, to make them [illegible]. Whether the fault lies in the [illegible] themselves, I will not undertake to say. I [illegible] that David is a great teacher [illegible] and takes a [illegible] in all his scholars. His School for the Violin, [illegible], is the best ever written. [illegible] Studies, Solos, Sonatas, &c., of the old masters, [illegible] in the best and [illegible], for which I think he [illegible] receive too great [illegible]. He has also done a great deal for orchestral playing, of which I will speak hereafter.

Concertmeister Röntgen, the second teacher—a pupil of David and the Conservatorium—is also very good; he teaches exactly the same as David. Their system for the Violin Classes is very good; for instance, Röntgen will have a class one day, and David the same class the next day, and the pupils will play the same thing over to David which they have played the day before to Röntgen; this makes everything quite perfect.

The course of studies, too, is very thorough. In fact, it is a regular School, such as [illegible] we have not yet have in America. The beginners and middle classes (for Violin) have four lessons a week, and the higher classes three. Besides these lessons, there are other great advantages for the pupils of stringed instruments. These are the [illegible], three times a week; and the Friday evening *Abendunterhaltung*. Monday afternoon, from four till six o'clock, we have Quartet and Orchestral playing, under the direction of David; one hour Quartet, and one hour Orchestral. The Quartet played is almost always that which is played the next Friday evening, in the *Abendunterhaltung*. For the Orchestral portion, the Overtures and Symphonies which are played in the Gewandhaus concerts are rehearsed, the wind instrument parts being played on the Piano. Wednesday, from three to five o'clock, the *Ensemble* is under the direction and teaching of Capellmeister Reinecke, when Sonatas for Violin and Piano, Piano Trios, Quartets and Quintets are played; sometimes Piano Concertos, with string accompaniment. Thursdays, from three to five, it is again under the direction of Concertmeister David, when the Quartet is again played, after which there come Piano Trios, Quartets, &c. Every pupil in the Conservatorium has the advantage of this Ensemble playing, either in performing or listening. Friday evenings, from six to eight, we have the *Abendunterhaltung* (evening entertainment), in which the pupils perform. First, a Quartet is played; then there are Piano Solos, Sonatas for Violin and Piano, Piano Trios, Quartets, singing, &c.

You will readily understand that all this tends to make good musicians of all the pupils of the Conservatorium. As probably you already know, this is one of the best, if not the best, school in Europe for the study of musical theory. Their system is very thorough; and if one wants to go through the whole course, he must remain here at least three years. The teachers, at present, for Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition, are Prof. Richter, Capellmeister Reinecke, Dr. Papperitz and Dr. Paul. Reinecke teaches Composition altogether. Richter, no doubt, is the best Teacher of Harmony. Papperitz and Paul are both pupils of Richter and Hauptmann. The teachers of the Piano now are Prof. Moscheles, Capellmeister Reinecke, Theodore Coccius, E. F. Wenzel and Dr. Papperitz. Moscheles has been a very admirable teacher as well as performer; but he is getting a little old (about seventy-five) and of course a little childish; still he is liked by many for his thorough knowledge of Beethoven's music, and the manner in which it should be rendered. He still plays well. Reinecke is one of the finest pianists I have heard in this country; his *technique* is not so great as that of Tausig and some others; but his expression and touch are beautiful. He is also an excellent teacher, especially for advanced scholars. Coccius is a very good teacher. Wenzel is eccentric, and does not play much, but is valued by many for his great knowledge of all kinds of piano composition. Papperitz as a Piano teacher, no doubt, has his good points, but his instrument, I believe, is the Organ. The teacher of the 'Cello is Emil Hegar, a pupil, I think, of David, the former teacher here; he plays very well.

Carl Gloggner is the present teacher of singing. He studied in Italy and Paris. I think he is pretty good, but has poor material to work with; his best pupil is an American, a Tenor. I hear few good voices in Germany; they are by no means a singing people.

With all the good things, this Conservatorium has faults; it is a little "old fogy." The building is very bad and in a miserable place. The pianos they use in the Conservatorium are also very bad; in fact, there are no very good pianos made here; still they might have better than they have. But, with all its faults, this is a good place to study. It seems to me it ought not to be a long time before we have in Boston a Conservatory even better than this. I hope the time is not far distant.

Now for the Gewandhaus concerts. We have had, so far, three, and very fine they have been, I assure you. Last season I heard all of them, twenty regular ones, and two extra, for benefits. This season

I have the pleasure of playing in them. It is very instructive, as well as a pleasure; all the advanced violin scholars of the Conservatorium play in these concerts. Here is the programme of the first concert of this season (Thursday, Oct. 7): First Part.—Overture: "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," Mendelssohn; "O Deus, ego te," by Cherubini, sung by Frau Josephine Zinck, Königl. Dänischer Hofopernsängerin; Concerto (F sharp minor) for the Pianoforte, composed and played by Carl Reinecke; Recitative and Cavatina from *La Donna del Lago*, Rossini, sung by Frau Zinck.—Second Part: Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven.—The programme of the second concert consisted of: Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture; Concerto for Violoncello, by Schumann, played by Herr Jules de Swert; Aria from Donizetti's *La Favorita*, by Frau Zinck; Air and Gavotte for 'Cello, Bach; Songs by Lindblad and Josephson (Frau Zinck); and, for Part Second, Schubert's great Symphony in C.

The third concert gave us: Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Adagio and Rondo from the Concerto in B minor for two Violins, by Spohr, played by the sisters Bertha and Emmy Hamilton, of Edinburgh; "Die Priesterin der Isis in Rome," by Max Bruch, sung by Frau Joachim; Variations for two violins, by Kalliwoda; Songs ("Von ewiger Liebe," Brahms; "Die Soldatenbraut, Schumann). Part II., Schumann's Symphony in C.

The Overture and Symphony were played as only the Gewandhaus Orchestra can play them, in a word, to perfection. Now why does this orchestra play so much better than most others? I cannot help thinking that David is the cause of it. He has brought it to this perfection. He marks all the bowings and fingerings in all the string parts, from the 1st violin down to the bass parts, and drills them to play everything as he has marked it. This, of course, makes all the parts play together like one man. And then they are made to pay the greatest attention to the expression; every *piano* and *forte* must be observed. This season there are fifteen or sixteen first violins; fourteen second; eight violas; eight 'cellos, and six basses, with the regular number of wind instruments. The wind instruments are good, but no better, and, it may be, not so good, as those in some other orchestras in Europe. Jules de Swert, the 'cellist, who played in the second concert, as you will see, is certainly the best I have ever heard; he is a Belgian, I think. I forgot to say that the Piano Concerto, composed and played by Reinecke, in the first concert, I liked very much; it is very well spoken of here. The third concert was also very fine. Frau Joachim sings very well, though perhaps she is not equal to Miss Phillips. The Hamilton sisters play very nicely together. Next Thursday we have Madame Schumann, which will be a rich treat.

Next Tuesday, the Euterpe concerts commence. The orchestra is not very good, but many times they have very good solo performers, and they play generally good music.

Nothing of account in the way of Opera has taken place in the theatre lately, excepting, perhaps, Wagner's "Rienzi." That has been given several times of late. I believe they will give soon Cherubini's *Medea*, which of course will be interesting. They give trashy operas here as well as in other places. Considerable Offenbach stuff has been given here this season, and it is well patronized, too. Still we get many good things during the season. The principal singers, with one exception, are poor; the chorus is pretty good; the orchestra is the best I have heard in any opera house in Germany, and I have heard those in Dresden, Berlin, and other places. The orchestra in this theatre numbers between fifty and sixty, and makes a splendid effect, the theatre being of just about the right size, and very good for sound.

New York, Nov. 8.—Max Maretzek commenced his season at the Academy on Wednesday evening, and has thus far given four representations with marked success. His company is an unusually strong one. He has made extensive and careful preparations for the campaign, and is unquestionably entitled to success. Mme Briol, the new prima donna, is extremely well spoken of by competent critics; while in Lefranc, the tenor, it seems to be universally conceded that Maretzek has secured a trump card. Opera-bouffe being laid out cold, Max has only to give us unhackneyed works, good chorus singing, fresh voices for leading roles, and his success is an assured fact. Miss Kellogg appeared on Friday evening in "Linda," and will appear this evening in "Crispino."

The Richings opera troupe has arrived here, and will appear in Fisk's Opera House on Monday evening, Nov. 15, in Wallace's "Maritana." Among the curious events of the season will be the production of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" *in English*.

Madame Anna Bishop, who has visited all the habitable and uninhabitable regions of the globe, is now in this city and will give her first concert on Wednesday evening at Steinway Hall. She will be assisted by several artists, among them Mr. Kowalski (a new pianist from Paris) and Stephen Massett (Jeems Pipes). Mme. B. has given concerts in India, China, Australia, and various other out-of-the-way places, and has returned from a four years' professional tour around the globe, during which she met with much pecuniary success, and encountered all sorts of romantic adventures. I believe it is her intention to reside permanently in New York.

Mr. F. L. Ritter, our eminent musician and composer will deliver, at Weber's pianoforte warerooms, a series of five lectures on the "History of Music," on the Tuesday evenings, Nov. 8, Nov. 23, Dec. 7, Dec 21, and Jan. 4, at 8 P. M. Mr. Ritter states in his prospectus that in undertaking this enterprise he is "prompted by an earnest desire to promote real musical knowledge, and through this a genuine and unprejudiced enjoyment of, and judgment in regard to, fine musical works of art." It has been his endeavor in writing these lectures to treat, in each of them, as completely and comprehensively as the difficult subject would admit, of a distinct period in the historical development of music. Mr. Ritter also announces a "second series of the Historical Recitals, which were given here and elsewhere last season with the assistance of Mills, Von Inten, and others." Mr. R. is a man of great ability and of unfaltering earnestness of purpose, and these Lectures and Recitals will undoubtedly be very interesting and instructive.

F.

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Nov. 16. Mlle. Anna Mehlig, a German pianiste of distinction, has arrived in this city and will soon appear in public. I heard her in London, in 1867, at one of the concerts of the "New Philharmonic Society," and remember that she impressed me favorably as being an artist of ability.

On Thursday evening the Arion Society gave its concert at Steinway Hall. There was an orchestra of about 40 members, under the direction of Carl Bergmann, which played a Concert Overture by Raff, and there were solos by various people, also choruses by the Arion. Mr. Mills played the Chopin Concerto (E minor) admirably, albeit he occasionally forced the tone of the piano. The other artists acquitted themselves creditably, and the large audience, perhaps 1,200 in number, behaved in a good un-American manner.

On Friday afternoon the first "Rehearsal" of our Philharmonic Society took place. Why it was called a rehearsal it would perhaps be difficult to tell; for out of the five programme numbers but two are to be performed at the concert. Mozart's Symphony and the Midsummer Night's Dream music were in rehearsal, while Weber's Oberon Overture and two vocal solos were thrown in to attract the general public. Mrs Moulton, the soloist upon this occasion, sang Mozart's "Voi che sapete," in a very enjoyable way. The lady is an amateur of acknowledged musical ability, is well known in social circles in this city, as well as in Boston and in Paris; and has a very rich, round, deliciously smooth mezzo soprano voice, which has been very highly cultivated. Her middle and upper notes are much better and stronger than her lower ones. She received much applause and evidently created quite a sensation. She is not to sing at the concert.

On Saturday evening occurred the first concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic society. The orchestra numbered about sixty, and the programme was the same that I quoted in my letter of Nov. 1, excepting that Miss Phillips substituted the Rinaldo aria "Lascia ch' io pianga" (Handel) for the one by Meyerbeer.

The fine and capable orchestra played the "Eroica" carefully and well, especially the first and last movements. In the Scherzo the trio was a little scratchy, owing to the uncertainty of the horns, which were weak, and occasionally failed altogether to be heard. The best orchestral playing of the evening was in Bennett's "Wood-Nymph" Overture; all the delicate points of shading, the crescendos, diminuendos, pianissimos, &c., were done with great fidelity and satisfactory attention to detail.

Liszt's Concerto is a pleasing illustration of the contempt shown by that author for all rules of musical syntax and prosody, and is apparently termed a "Concerto in E flat," for the excellent reason that this particular key is less used than is any other of the twenty-four. The piano part was superbly played (from memory) by Miss Topp, whose self-possession and thorough mastery of the instrument are simply amazing.

F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 20, 1869.

Concerts in Boston.

Harvard Musical Association. The fifth season of Symphony Concerts (ten in number) opened on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4, with every encouragement. The season subscription is larger even than it was last year, and the Music Hall seldom looks more full for mixed and popular entertainments than it did for this feast of pure and classical music. Indeed the demand has been beyond anticipation, and there can be little doubt that, could people be persuaded that *all* the seats in the Music Hall are good enough for hearing (as is the fact), in a crowd so cultivated, quiet, sympathetic, hundreds of tickets more would readily be taken. The orchestra numbered on this occasion just sixty-five instruments, being slightly increased (in the "Janissary" department) to meet the requirements of the Spohr Symphony. The regular force is *sixty-two*:—12 first violins, 10 second do., 9 violas, 6 violoncellos, and 7 double basses,—making 44 strings, with the usual proportion of wood and brass. Mr. Listemann leads the violins, Mr. A. Suck the 'cellos, the brothers Eichler still head the second violins, and Mr. Stein the basses, so that, much as Schultze and Wulf Fries and the others of the Quintette Club are missed, we are not without ground of contentment. The wind instruments remain essentially in the same hands as before; while in the rank and file of the strings there are several good accessions, and, we think, the average quality improved; at all events the tone and volume of the ensemble is richer and more satisfactory.

The quickening to the musical sense and to the musical ambition felt here after hearing Theodore Thomas's fine orchestra, has perhaps improved our own symphonic prospects more than

we can realize at once. If it has made our audience more exacting, so too it has made our musicians eager to come up to the new ideal. There was evidence of this already in the improved arrangement which Mr. ZERRAHN had made of his forces on the stage. The 'cellos, like Thomas's, were grouped together in a solid body in the middle front, the contrabassi behind them, and the wind band raised in two long rows above and behind all; the drums and heavy brass were better placed than Thomas's—the former back of the centre, instead of at the extremity of one wing, to stun those listening on that side.

The programme, as announced, stood thus:

Overture to "The Magic Flute,"	Mozart
Aria from the same: "Ah! lo so"	Mozart
Symphony "The Consecration of Tones"	Spohr
Overture, Op. 115, in C (first time in Boston),	Beethoven.
Soprano Arias, from Italian Operas [arranged by Robert Franz],	Handel
Overture to "Anacreon,"	Cherubini.

The symmetry and charm as a whole of this programme suffered somewhat by the untoward accident of Miss WHITTEN's illness, who was to have sung the Mozart aria, and the fresh melodies which Robert Franz has gathered from the neglected scores of Handel's operas. But an obliging and most welcome substitute appeared, at a few hours' notice, in Mrs. C. A. BARRY, who sang, between the two Overtures of the second part, three choice little songs to the apt accompaniment of Mr. LEONHARD. These were "*Quando miro*," by Mozart, "I saw in dreams," by Franz, and "O far away in visions," by Mendelssohn. Mrs. Barry never sang better; her voice seems to have gained in strength and richness, while the delicacy and purity of expression which has always marked her song interpretations was more than usually appreciated. The Franz song, particularly, made a deep impression.

Spohr's descriptive Symphony—on the whole the best of his orchestral works—had been heard here only once (six years ago) since the days of the "Germania." It was chosen with full knowledge that there would be various tastes and opinions about it. For our own part we are not partial to Spohr's music. It falls just short of inspiration, and often raises fine expectations which it as often disappoints. A rare musicianship, restlessly yet hopelessly refining on itself in the pursuit of delicate or strange modulations, till the effect grows monotonous, and its very beauty becomes mannerism, by no means devoid of feeling, of a certain drowsy sentimental kind, you cannot hear it long without satiety, and it with thankfulness, it is too much like that of the latter hours of a Thanksgiving day. But Spohr is one of the musical characters, one of the symphonic masters in his way; four seasons of these concerts have given us repeatedly about all of the *great* works in this kind; Spohr had never figured in them in any shape; he has too his great admirers; the *Weihe der Töne* Symphony, particularly, was remembered with great interest; how many new things are there better deserving a place? and, as the *Impromptus* are to come in in every programme, would not Spohr sound better before than after the renewed impression of these great ones? Hence his place in the first programme. There is objection too on principle with many, and very justly, to any kind of a descriptive, "programme" Symphony; and such this is, professedly and purposely. Spohr always placed before his audience the key to its intentions in the shape of a somewhat lengthy poem by Carl Pfeiffer; the following briefer "Argument" did duty, not for the first time, here:

1. The first part opens with a slow minor movement, of a dull and broken character, representing the dreary silence of all things before the creation of sound, or more properly of TONE, when

> "Lonely lay the fresh green meadows,
> In the flow'ry pride of Spring;
> Man amid the voiceless shadows,
> As in night, was wandering
> He his own wild impulse followed,
> Not the soft way of the heart;
> Love no wondrous tones had hallowed,
> Nature's meanings to impart."

Presently the music brightens, the harmony modulates into a more hopeful key, and the whole acquires a more eager and decided motion. TONE IS BORN! A soft, flowing, fascinating melody (in the pastoral key of F major, like Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony), is commenced by the violins, and threads its way through the mingled voices of awakened Nature, the rustling of leaves, the murmur of brooks, the songs of birds, etc. In the clarinets you hear the eargest, syncopated notes of the nightingale; in the flutes, snatches of smaller bird melodies; in the oboe, the quick stroke of the German *Wachtel*, translated "quail," though not *our* quail; in the horns, the cuckoo, etc., These cheerful sounds give way for a time to the wilder uproar of the elements but return to close the picture in sunshine and serenity, as it began.

II. To the music of Nature succeeds the music of Humanity. The tones commence their ministry with the infancy of life; first we have the mother's lullaby; the merry dances of childhood; then the lover's serenade, etc. There is a strange commingling of different kinds of measure here—how like the changing pulse of youth!

III. To the music of youth and joy, succeed the spirit-stirring tones of manly energy and duty. This part of the Symphony begins with a vigorous march, and describes the departure for battle, the feelings of those who remain at home, the return of the victors (to the first melody again), and a chorus of Thanksgiving. In this last, one of the old, simple Ambrosian Chorals is carried on in unison by a portion of the instruments, while the others play round it in a figurative accompaniment, echoing and imitating each other's little [illegible] phrases.

IV. The mournful ministry of tones. It opens with another old Ambrosial Choral, commonly sung at burials in Germany, here gravely [illegible] at intervals by the violoncello, while the harmonies are richly and deeply colored, and the pauses are filled out with various touching melodies and motives in the other instruments. "[illegible] in tears," is the title which the composer gives to the closing movement, which succeeds it like a soft summer shower caught by retiring sunshine. The piece ends in the pastoral key of F.

The Symphony was on the whole well played, [illegible] though those "[illegible] realms" as the [illegible] happily calls the [illegible] sounds, [illegible] movement, were not done by [illegible] as if they were [illegible] to the manner born." But [illegible] has led off beautifully, [illegible] the [illegible] opening theme with [illegible]. [illegible] the whole Symphony realized the promise of that [illegible] and leading melody, it would be [illegible] a noble work. It is not a little to the [illegible] that the mixed rhythms of [illegible] movement, [illegible] of which is very charming, [illegible] and the unity of the whole [illegible] sang itself out well in Mr. [illegible]. The march was buoyant [illegible] rous movements with [illegible] ive.—Yet how inspiring was the [illegible] of Beethoven after all that!

The Overture in C, op. 115, [illegible] because it was written for the [illegible] festivities of the Emperor Francis II., in Vienna, in 1814, is commonly regarded as [illegible] to the much larger and grander overture (op. 124) in the same key, "*Weihe des Hauses*," or Dedication Overture, as it was called when given here last year. It was not a work to be neglected in these concerts, though it is not one of Beethoven's [illegible]. But it is full of the Beethoven genius and vitality. The [illegible], at first seemingly sketchy, quick movement [illegible] with a marvellous, [illegible] strange expectation [illegible] that still surprises and delights. It requires to be rendered with extreme precision and [illegible] the orchestra were more successful [illegible] tured. At all events it [illegible]. This Overture, which ought to [illegible], will be given again in the fourth concert, which occurs Dec. 16, the day before Beethoven's birthday, when a programme made up wholly of his work will be presented.—The *Zauberflöte* Overture opened the concert in the best tone [illegible]; the only pity was that Pamina's Aria—one of [illegible] divinest moments—could not [illegible] pected! The *Anacreon* Overture, [illegible] ably well played, better [illegible] before. There was [illegible] and good light and shade throughout. All recognized the stimulus received from the Thomas orchestra, and the more than usual care which Mr. Zerrahn had given to rehearsal.

The second concert [illegible] week), owing to Thanksgiving, had to anticipate its date by one day, and took place on Wednesday. Miss WHITTEN having recovered the use of her voice, the programme was as follows: Part I. Gade's "Ossian" overture; Aria from *Zauberflöte*, "Ah! lo so" [illegible] Violin Concerto (first time [illegible]) by Mr. LISTEMANN. —Part II. Overture to "Manfred" (first time) by Schumann; "Devil's Sonata," for violin, Tartini; two Arias from Handel's Italian Operas; Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. We shall discuss it in our next, and, we hope, shall then be able to give the programmes for all the remaining concerts. That of the third concert, however, for Dec. 2, is in order now. It is this: Part I. Overture to "La Vestale," *Spontini*; Concert Aria (bass): "Mentre ti lascio," *Mozart*, (Mr. M. W. WHITNEY); Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Op. 52, *Schumann*,—all of these for the first time in Boston. Part II. Symphony No. 8 in B flat, (second time), *Haydn*; Ballads by *Franz* and *Schumann*; Overture to "Leonora," No. 3, *Beethoven*.

ERNST PERABO's second Matinee, Friday, Nov 12, excited so much interest that Chickering Hall was almost uncomfortably full. Three works were selected for interpretation,—all by Beethoven. First, an effective arrangement of the *Egmont* overture by Henselt, which the young pianist played with great fire and power; but we cannot help feeling that, while there is so much important matter written for the piano, overtures might as well be left to the orchestra,—we speak, of course, of the concert room, and not of private study. The second piece was the well known (but never *too* well) "Kreutzer Sonata," which was admirably played by LISTEMANN and PERABO. Finally came one of the least known and most remarkable of Beethoven's Sonatas, op. 109, in E major, the last but two of them all. It has only been played in Boston once before, namely, by Mr. Dresel in 1865. At that time we described the work somewhat in full but have no room to do so now. To us it is a work of rare interest, though in some parts strange. The real Sonata movement in this case is the second, the *Prestissimo*. The Andante, theme and variations are full of the profound Beethoven feeling, though one or two of them may seem fantastical. Would not a repetition repay? Especially the extreme heat of the room, that afternoon must have dulled even the liveliest musical sensibilities.

Next Friday, Mr. Perabo will play Beethoven's Sonata, op. 110 in A flat; and Mrs. BARRY will sing an Aria from a Cantata by Bach, and a Ballad by Loewe.

THEODORE THOMAS and his Orchestra returned to give us two more concerts, on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 5th & 6th, [illegible] showed how [illegible] their excellent performances are appreciated here. [illegible] Patti's [illegible]. We had [illegible]

[illegible]. This evening at the Music Hall, [illegible] concert with the [illegible] Miss [illegible] BELL [illegible] from New York; Mrs. [illegible], Mr. [illegible] Mr. J. K. PAINE at the Great Organ; Mr. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] accompanist.

Next Wednesday, at [illegible] Chickering Hall, the [illegible] Mr. WHITNEY [illegible] Mr. [illegible] "Two Grenadiers." Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] evening, Dec. [illegible] the Music Hall [illegible] Orchestra [illegible] which [illegible]

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" [illegible] with [illegible] of Mendelssohn's music [illegible] theatre [illegible]

MR. RITTER'S FIRST LECTURE.—The *Weekly Review*, of New York, gives the following interesting report:

At Weber's Hall, last Tuesday evening, Mr. F. L. Ritter gave the first of a series of lectures on the history of music. The [illegible] was characterized by [illegible] and [illegible] Mr. Ritter [illegible] all that he undertakes, [illegible] with the forms of [illegible] Harmony and the [illegible] Christian era to the [illegible] century. It must [illegible] works. While Mr. Ritter [illegible] every [illegible] the [illegible] works whose composers are mentioned. On this [illegible] several [illegible] art. As [illegible] will be published, when the entire series is [illegible] the public [illegible] value. The [illegible]

tion from other writers. Mr. Ritter's audience was not large, though sympathetic, and full of interest in the subject. Mr. Ritter did not expect to attract the general public at once. Interest in these subjects has yet to be created here. As a speaker, Mr. Ritter's manner is pleasing and unembarrassed, his voice is sufficiently powerful, and his foreign accent not so pronounced as to render the meaning of what he says in any way obscure. After introducing his subject, and touching on the condition of music in America, Mr. Ritter said:—"No one of the other arts is encumbered with so many prejudices as music. Many even consider it an unfit occupation for masculine minds; its right position in the family of arts is in many cases not understood at all; its philosophical and æsthetical meaning is entirely overlooked. While we possess exhaustive works on architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry, music has yet to struggle to find its true place. This is due, in some cases, to the one-sided education of musicians in general, and to their want of logical power. Thus, the interests of music are either in the hands of philosophers, devoid of the necessary technical education and experience, or in those of amateurs, who write about the art as their mistaken fancy dictates. Though there are everywhere honorable exceptions." After treating of the various arts, and their relations to each other, Mr. Ritter ranked their position thus:—Architecture as the lowest and most material; then the plastic arts of sculpture and painting; then music, in which "the world, with its emotions, its feelings, is driven back into the heart. The artist's ideal thus rests in his own bosom, and it is reproduced in tone forms. Thus, though deeply felt by every man, music's real nature is less understood than that of the more realistic plastic arts. It is intensely subjective, and does not possess the advantage of uniting subjectivity with objectivity in so well balanced a manner as its older sister, poetry." Then followed a sketch of the true artist's mission. Mr. Ritter then gave a clear and detailed description of the gradual rise of music as an art, from its cradle among the early Christians, with remarks on the Oriental, Greek, Roman, and even the barbarian efforts in a musical direction; a full account of the Gregorian chant, and of the services of St. Ambrose in the cause of sacred music. Many authentic and scarcely known anecdotes were related by the lecturer. "It needed but one step, and the solid foundation of that beautiful art temple, which stands in its wonderful glory today before us, would be laid; and this step was the discovery of harmony, and its general use in the practice of choral music." The gradual discoveries and improvements of Hucbald, Guido d'Arezzo, Franco of Cologne, and others, were clearly explained. "Thanks to the devotion and industry of these monks in their solitary cells, the remains of the great intellectual life of old Greece and Rome were saved from utter destruction. Through their speculations and experiments, no doubt often crude, pedantic, and, to the superficial mind, seemingly insignificant, they unwittingly sowed the seed of those art forms which delight us to day." Mr. Ritter concluded with a sketch of the history of the Folksong, which has existed for so many centuries, and which possesses so much significance in regard to the development of melody. "The Folksong is a naturalistic efflux of popular lyric song; the product of innate artistic instinct among gifted individuals of the people, seeking speech for those feelings which are awakened in the soul by the varied events of life." The whole of this portion of the lecture, treating of the bearing of the Gregorian chant and the Folksong upon each other, and on the music of the church, with observations on the minne-singers, etc., was especially interesting. "The Folksong," said Mr. Ritter, "long abandoned to itself, transplanted as chance would have it, to all the different climates of social and religious evolution and migration, overtook its more favored companion, the Gregorian chant, towards the beginning of the seventeenth century; and, as I shall prove in my lectures on the musical drama and instrumental music, supplanted it altogether. For, with the perfection of the musical drama and instrumental music, the tonality, which governed the Folksong, gradually became the pivot upon which all modern musical art forms were henceforward to turn."

More Elegant Extracts.

I. The *Orpheonist*, of New York, that spicy organ of the idiosyncracies of Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins, is rich in matter for this column. In his last, after some pretty contemptuous thrusts at other musical journals, Mr Hopkins honors *us* with one of his both-handed compliments:

Dwight's Boston *Journal of Music* is a delightful contrast to some of the above. It is like a glass of nectar taken to wash down a mouthful of dry ship biscuit. Here is at least *one* musical American periodical in which sound editorial scholarship and varied mental endowments are discernible on every page. Of course we do not swallow its old fogyism—we never could. But it is pleasant to *learn* something from a musical paper, if only from the novelty of the thing; and there is a great deal to be learned even from old fogies, bless their dear, *sincere* old hearts!

When Mr Beecher said that there was much to be learned on board of the Fulton ferry boats, it was not to show disrespect towards schools and colleges, but was only to prove that he cherished no contempt even for ferry-boats as schoolmasters. We always read *Dwight's*.

II. The New York *Weekly Review* furnishes our second extract, which is all we can afford this time; to-wit:

Hopkins and Havoc.—The *Orpheonist and Philharmonic Journal*, the first number of which has just reached us, objects to everybody and everything—excepting C. Jerome Hopkins, the Rev. John H. Hopkins, and the late Bishop of Vermont, whom we take to be Bishop Hopkins, the father of C. Jerome. Etiquette would have placed the father first; but the business sign of C. Jerome must read thus:—C. Jerome Hopkins, Rev. John H. Hopkins, and father. "Ourselves" and "we," whenever alluded to, are italicized. On page two is an article which is hard upon the directors of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn, more particularly one of them, Mr. George W. Warren, who wrote a mazurka called the "Little Gipsy," not the "Wind Demon" by C. J. H. Next, the *Review* catches it; but as our particular griefs do not concern the public, we will forbear to wipe our eyes on it. The next notice is to the effect that (our) C. Jerome Hopkins "did play and conduct as well as our poor abilities, and hearty laughter, would allow" in Boston. Dwight gets mang'ed next. Dr. Peck gets a hard rub for wearing "kid gloves" at an "oratorio" as conductor. Bernard Boekleman comes in for a column, in which his "grammar," "business," local habitation and name are rather indefinitely handled. F. L. Ritter gets a goodly share of "knock down." Mr. Ritter, who has the largest musical library in the country, comprising 3,000 volumes, in all languages, and who has written several symphonies, oratorios, overtures, classic songs, pianoforte pieces, and concertos for almost every instrument, dares to lecture on the subject of music! Poor Mr. Ritter, we believe, has abandoned the idea on account of these strictures in the *Orpheonist*, and will only appear on the nights announced. The recent so-called "National Musical Convention" gets the next cannister—in which a statement is made that "we," (Hopkins and the Hopkinses) feel like the Pharisee and are inclined to thank Providence 'that we are not as other men are.'" Other men are alike thankful for this arrangement. The Messrs. Steinway & Sons then get a shot. They unfortunately own a hall and organ, a "wheezy," "asthmatical" old machine. But the organ of the Young Men's Christian Association is praised on account of a "drum and bell accompaniment" which it contains. "These novelties," says the *Orpheonist*, consists of a "bass drum," "side drum," "cymbals," a "complete set of bells," "and an attachment by which to imitate a hail-storm!" And the Steinways are asked to furnish another kindred monster of discord. St. Cecilia forbid! Happily Hopkins cries havoc in vain. As was the case with Benedick, "nobody regards him"—save for merriment, and the marvel is that he will still keep talking.

Who is He? The following explanation will relieve the minds of any who were anxious.

Mr. Editor:—Lest some of my brother pianists be unjustly suspected of the crime mentioned by your N. Y. correspondent, I beg to relieve all possible anxiety of mind by confessing that *I am the man* who received the letter from Liszt, which letter is framed and exhibited in Ditson's window, in Broadway.

Instead, however, of consisting merely of "half a dozen lines" it is two pages long, and instead of being "recently received" it is dated "1859," so that I had "bottled it up" for *ten years* before allowing it to be exhibited.

By publishing these facts you will perhaps further justice by removing unjust and disgraceful suspicions from the innocent, and placing the disgrace upon the proper immodest and guilty head of your

Very obedient servant,

Jerome Hopkins.

Cooper Union, New York, Nov. 10th, 1869.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Oh hush thee, my Babie. Glee. *Sullivan.* 60
A desirable piece for vocal Societies.

Eva Ray. Song and Chorus. 3. B♭ to f. *Pratt.* 30
Calculated to please the admirers of the Lily Dale style, whose name is "Legion."

Diffidence. (La Diffidenza). Canzone. Italian and English words. 3. D to e. *Grese.* 35
Especially interesting to lovers, being the natural and anxious inquiry of a stricken swain, whether or no his *faire ladie* means him *fan* seeing that she bestows favorable attentions on another gay Lothario.

If I could be a light winged bird. (Un fossi un Rondine). Italian and English. 3. F to g. *Guglielmo.* 35
Similar in character to the preceding.

He loved me once. 2. G to e. *Crabtree.* 30

I am waiting love for thee. 3. F minor to f. *E. A. S.* 30

I wandered by the beech tree. Ballad. 3. B♭ to f. *Pratt.* 30
A choice Ballad well worthy the attention of popular soloists.

Silvery Bells. Companion to Beautiful Bells. Sung by the Zavistowski Sisters at Wood's Museum, N. Y. 3. A♭ to A♭. *Willman.* Plain title. 35
With portrait of Miss Zavistowski. 50

Oh well I remember when I was a child. 3. C to f. *Kappes.* 30
A touching reminiscence of childhood.

When the hour comes for sleep. Sacred Solo with Quartet. 3. A♭. *Bishee* 30

My Father own me for thy child. Sacred Song. E♭ to f. *Bishee.* 30
Both good for social or devotional use.

Instrumental.

Ronde de Nuit. Marche. 6. E♭. *Ritter.* 90
An energetic and original composition performed at the Patti Concerts by the author.

Prince Arthur's March. 4. C. *Parlow.* 30
A vigorous march in the Trio of which connoisseurs will recognize a strain from Mendelssohn's Songs without words.

Grand Army of the Republic March. 3. C. *Turner.* 40
An animated Quick March, with emblematic lithograph Vignette Title.

Fly Away Galop. 3. A. *Smither.* 40
A spirited high-flying Galop, well suited to the Ball-room.

Joie du Cœur Mazourka. 3. F. *Wels.* 50
Lively and elegant.

Overture. Pique Dame. 5. D. *Suppé.* 75
A brilliant and effective composition.

I'll meet thee in the lane. Waltzes. 3 D & G. *Musgrave.* 60
A popular setting, easy and pleasing.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 748. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 19.

[From the "London Musical World."]

Beethoveniana.

The articles of which the following is the first have been communicated to the *Musikalische Zeitung* of Leipsic by Herr Nottebohm, of Vienna, who is well known as a profound and exact student of Beethoven. Mr. Nottebohm has devoted himself for many years to the exploration of Beethoven's sketch books, of one of which he has published a reprint, accompanied by many useful and interesting comments,* and these articles bid fair to be a worthy continuation of that work, and of the new edition of Brietkopf and Härtel's Thematic Catalogue of Beethoven's works (1868), edited by Mr. Nottebohm, with many addition, and a most important contribution to the literature of the subject. [G.]

I.—OVERTURE IN C MAJOR—OP. 115.

The Overture, Op. 115, is occasionally mentioned in catalogues and concert programmes under the title "*Ouverture zur Namensfeier.*" The question arises: What right has it to this title? The original manuscript in the imperial library at Vienna bears the superscription: "*Ouvertüre von Le Biheen am ersten Weinmonath, 1814—abends zum Namenstag unsers Kaisers;*" from which it appears that the overture was written for the Festival of the Emperor's Name-day, and intended to be performed on that occasion. It was not, however, performed either on the 4th October, 1814, the name-day of the Emperor Francis II, or on the eve of that day; but on the 25th December, 1815, at a concert in the Great Redoutensaal, for the benefit of the City Hospital of St. Marx, on which occasion it was announced merely as "an Overture."

The following is an exact copy of the programme, from which it will be seen that there is no indication of the overture having any relation to the Emperor's, or any other name-day:

"Die dabei vorkommenden Musikstücke sind sämmtlich von der composition des Herrn van Beethoven, und bestehen:
1. Aus einer neuen Ouverture.
2. Aus einen neuen Chor über Goethe's Gedicht: die Meerestille und
3. Aus dem grossen Oratorium: Christus am Oelberge."†

It was performed for the second and third time under the direction of Hansel on the 16th and 23d April, 1818, at two musical evenings given by Messrs. Moscheles, Giuliani, and Mayseder. Upon the former of these the *Leipsic Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, for 1818, p. 150, remarks—"The concert opened with a new overture, by Herr L. van Beethoven, which has only been given once before in public;" and at a later date (p. 174) *apropos* to the two concerts, "The very beautiful and spirited new overture by Beethoven delighted all the connoisseurs." Schindler in his Biography, third edition, I. 248, and II. 153, says, that "on the 10th May, 1818, this overture was performed for the second time in a concert of Messrs. Mayseder, Moscheles, and Giuliani, under the title of *à la Chasse* (Schindler's date is evidently wrong, but this by the way): Beethoven," he continues, "enquired the reason of the title and who had permitted it, but upon this subject nothing satisfactory could be discovered, each of the persons concerned laying the responsibility upon the other. In the catalogue of Breitkopf and Hartel, the overture is entitled *Namensfeier*, probably because it was performed for the first time on Christmas day." On reading this passage it is necessary to remember that Schindler had no knowledge of the inscription quoted above from the original manuscript.

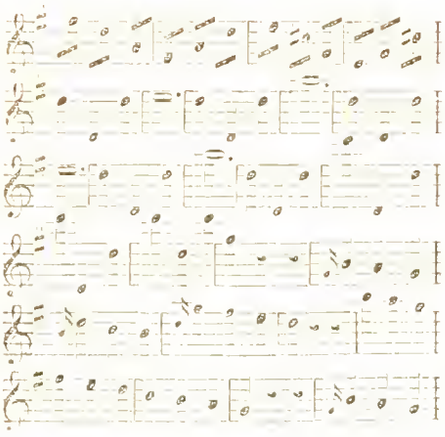
After this the overture was performed on the 6th Dec. 1818, in a concert by the brothers Wranitsky, in the criticisms upon which concert it is called *Jagdouverture*. Before leaving this part of the subject, we may mention that in the correspondence from Vienna, in the *Leipsic Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for 1819, p. 72, we find the following: "Beethoven's so-called *Jagdouverture* gave the same delight to its friends that it has always hitherto done." In Paris it appeared under the title of *La Chasse, grande ouverture en Ut, &c.*

The work was published by Beethoven himself (Steiner, Vienna), under the title, *Grosse Ouverture in C dur, gedichtet für grosses Orchester und Seiner Durchlaucht dem Fürsten und Herrn Herrn Heinrich Radzivil, &c., gewidmet, &c.* As a proof that Schindler is incorrect in stating (II. 123) that the work did not appear till after Beethoven's death, we may mention that in the tenth number of *Cecilia* (August, 1825) mention is made of "Beethoven's overture, Op. 115, lately published by Steiner in Vienna." A further notice appears in the 17th number of the same magazine (July, 1826).

These dates show unmistakably that if Beethoven did originally write the overture for the Emperor's name-day, he at a later period relinquished all indication of such a thing. The overture therefore can make no pretence to the title, *zur Namensfeier.*

The question still remains, Is there anything in its origin to entitle it to that designation? Was it written for any special occasion or was it not? Is there, for instance, any truth in the tradition that the two quavers which so often recur, are meant to express the word "viva"? We think not, and the following are our grounds for so doing:—

The first sketches for any composition containing a subject which is also employed in this overture, are found on loose sheets belonging at latest to the year 1811. It is a composition which Beethoven evidently intended to complete, and he has commenced writing it in score. What it would ultimately have been there is nothing to tell, as a few sheets only are in existence, and the score contains but one part (evidently the first violin) written on the top as follows:—

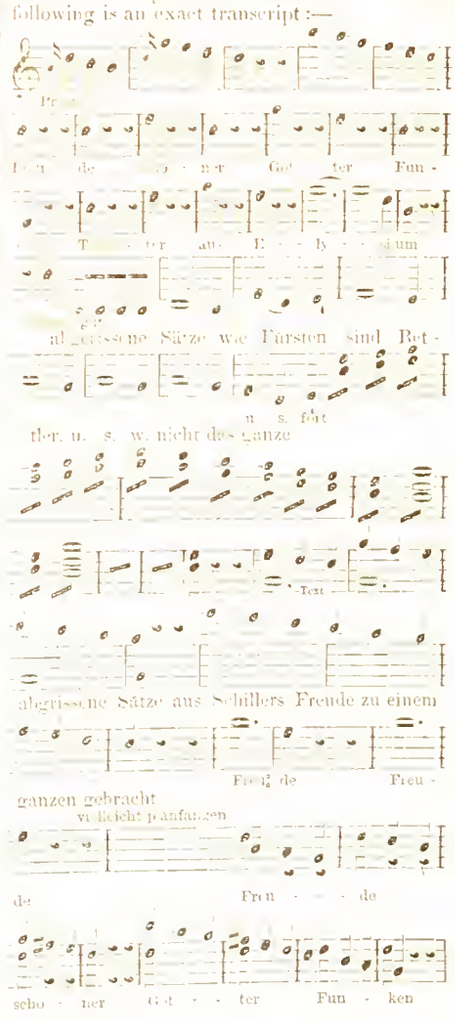


The remaining staves were left blank at the time, and have been subsequently filled up by Beethoven with other matter—sketches for the *finale* in *King Stephen*, and for the overture and other numbers in the *Ruins of Athens*, excepting the Turkish March, and the wind music behind the scenes.

It will be remembered that *King Stephen* and the *Ruins of Athens* were written in 1811, and first performed at Posth on February 9, 1812.

At a later period Beethoven resumed his first intention, though in a different manner from that in which he commenced, but before examining this it may be well to mention that Fischenich, writing from Bonn to Schiller's sister, Charlotte, about Beethoven, on the 26th January, 1793, says—"he intends to compose Schiller's *Freude* verse by verse;"—from which it is evident that Beethoven even at that early date, had the intention of setting Schiller's *Ode to Joy* to music. The sketch books contain continual references to such a composition, but the intention was never realized until the *finale* of the Ninth Symphony, in 1823.

In a sketch-book chiefly occupied with notes for the seventh and eighth symphonies, which Beethoven had with him at the Bohemian Baths, in the summer of 1812, and which is now in the possession of the representatives of the late Gustav Petter of Vienna, we find in the midst of the sketches for the first and last movements of the Eighth symphony, the following words:—*Freude schöner Götterfunken Tochter Overture ausarbeiten;*" and two pages later a sketch, of which the following is an exact transcript:—



* Ein Skizzenbuch von Beethoven: beschrieben und in Auszügen dargestellt. Breitkopf and Hartel. 1865.

† The "Wiener Zeitung," of Jan. 6, 1816, in its notice of this concert remarks that "Wranitsky conducted and Umlauf was at the piano." Why should Umlauf or any one else have been at the piano? Schindler (I. 248), says that Opp. 112 ("Meeres-stille") and 115, were first performed with the "Oelberge," on Christmas day, 1815, under the personal conduct of Beethoven himself. A report of the performance will be found also in the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" of Leipsic, for 1816, page 72.

From these sketches, there can be no doubt that the subjects of the chief and middle portions of the overture, Op. 115, were intended to be used to the text of Schiller's ode.

The remarks interspersed in the above sketches show first, that it was not Beethoven's intention to set the whole poem; and secondly, that the form he intended it to take was that of an overture; but it is not easy to see how it was possible without injury to the poem, to reject those stanzas in which Schiller rises to sublimity, as for instance—

"Ihr stürzt nieder, Millionen?
Ahndest du den Schöpfer, Welt?"

or on the other hand, how those stanzas were to be composed with the others into a consistent whole. Nor is it clear how the necessary vocal element for the illustration of the text could be infused into subjects of so eminently instrumental a character as those just quoted. Whether these considerations occurred to the composer or not, it is enough for us to know that the piece was never carried out according to this conception. In fact the attempt divided itself into two portions. Schiller's words assumed the necessary form, some ten years later, in the *finale* to the Ninth symphony, which is an extended system of variations, and of double counterpoint based on simple and broad foundations, giving opportunity at once for the greatest contrast and the greatest variety. With regard to the purely instrumental part, the "joy" which was inherent in it required a definite occasion to bring it to its proper development, and this may have been supplied either by the approaching Name-day, or by the prospect of a performance of the work. In this way its completion was hastened. Sooner or later some occasion was sure to arise for the production of the work. Thus the Overture, Opus 115, was neither in origin nor intention composed for any special occasion, but is the result of a study for the *finale* of the Ninth Symphony.

It is now easy to understand why Beethoven protested against the title, à *la Chasse*, and why both at the performance and in publication he allowed the overture to appear without any special title at all.

Before closing these remarks we would mention that, in a sketch-book belonging to the year 1814, and containing notes for this overture, the principal subject of the *allegro* appears, as in the quotations already made, in 3-4 time.

A Father of Opera.

Jean Baptiste de Lulli, the eminent French musician and composer, was born in Florence in 1633. When a mere child, he left the land of his birth; but not until an old shoemaker had taught him how to play the guitar. He was brought to Paris by the Chevalier de Guise, and presented by him to the Princess de Montpensier; for he had promised to bring her back a little boy from Italy. Subsequent history justified the selection the Chevalier had made; but at that time slight regard was paid to the foreign child, and he was sent into Mademoiselle's kitchen. Engaged in menial offices, he found recreation and delight in music. He purchased a cheap and broken-down violin, with which he made unto himself sweet music. It soon came to be known that the Italian boy could play skilfully. The Princess was told the story of it. She heard him, and preferred him in her corps of musicians. But Lulli was ungrateful. He spoke evil things of the Princess, and published verses reflecting injuriously upon her. He was dismissed, and from that time the vices of his Southern nature grew and strengthened themselves with the growth of his unrivalled talents.

He did not long remain without employment. The time was singularly favorable for the rapid rise of genius, and Lulli hastened to introduce himself to royal notice. He knew that if he could secure the king's favor he might defy competition. For it was the time of Louis XIV.—that bad and brilliant time, when great and illustrious thinkers engaged in miserable rivalry for for the sordid favors of the court, and beauty of form and expression was held to be of more value than the discovery of truth. The King was the patron of literary and artistic talent. The national intellect was enslaved and impoverished under the closest system of protection. To be recognized by the monarch was the only avenue to distinction. Lulli's first step was to obtain a position in the King's band of violins. From that time he enjoyed uninterrupted success. He set himself vigorously to work as a composer. He trained a new band of violins, which rapidly became the best band in France, and he had not then completed his twentieth year. He took a leading part in the games which the King furnished to the people. The airs de ballet, to which the King danced, were composed by him He was introduced to Molière, as great in France as Shakespeare in England, and wrote the airs for his comedies. Molière would employ no other pen than his. In return, Molière wrote parts for Lulli; and Lulli went upon the stage as a comedian and danseur. He played *Pourceaugnac* in 1669, and, in his flight from the doctors, jumped boldly in among the orchestra, smashing instruments, and causing consternation among the musicians, to the great delight of the King and spectators. No music pleased as did his. The King would listen to no other. Mme. de Sevigne could find no adequate expression for her admiration but in tears. "She could not think there was any other music in the heavens."

The King was no niggard in the bestowal of his favors. He showered goodness on his favorite, and the favorite got rich and saucy. He was naturalized as a French subject. Letters p en authorized him to found at Paris a Royal Academy of Music, out of which grew the French Opera, which Cardinal Mazarin had attempted to establish, but unsuccessfully. His work was immense, and his success amazing. He brought together and trained the actors and actresses, he re-organized the ballet, and established the orchestra, which up to that time had no existence. He was director of the theatre, manager, master of the ballet, composer of the music; and he had besides to preside over the complicated machinery for giving due and adequate representation to the compositions of his genius. Nineteen operas of his have come down to us, and are still high in the estimation of connoisseurs. Quinault, the unrivalled poet of French music, whose lines were already music before they came to the composer's hand, worked in partnership with Lulli. The method of mutual work was this: Quinault drew up sketches of operas, and laid them before the King, who selected one. Lulli studied the sketch plan, and made himself acquainted with it. He then wrote the music with variations, put in the dances and composed the overture, while the poet versified the piece. When Quinault had finished he read his work to the French Academy, and made such corrections in it as were suggested to him by that learned and cultivated body. If Lulli was satisfied with the poem, he wrote off the melody and the bass, and tossed the sheets, still wet, to his pupils, Lalonette and Colasse, who inserted the orchestral parts; for Lulli deeply detested the manual labor of composition. Then the piece was ready for representation.

Lulli was much sought after. His wit was bold and vagrant, and many noble men and women visited at his house and sat with him while he worked. Before the production of "Armide," one of his operas, he was very sick. His confessor insisted that he should burn the score of the opera, or he would not give him absolution. For at that time Romanism was at war with the theatre, and all professional actors were pronounced to be in a condition of mortal sin, and doomed, if they died in their profession, to eternal perdition. Lulli bought his absolution by apparent compliance. The Prince of Condi, who was visiting him the same day, said to him, "Baptiste, Baptiste, have you destroyed so valuable a work?" "Never mind," said the patient, "I knew what I was about; I have another copy." Sometimes his *brusquerie* paid scant respect to exalted people. At one of the plays given by the court, the King was wearied with the time spent in preparation, and sent to say so. Lulli replied, "The King is master here; he may weary himself as much as he chooses."

Lulli died in 1687, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His character has been much aspersed. He is represented as a low, grovelling, mean courtier, selfish and jealous, brutal and insolent to those beneath him. It is said that he made use of his position at court to ruin and humble every artist that stood in his way, or seemed likely to attract the Royal attention; that he persistently persecuted Caubert and Bernier, and drove his pupil Lalonette from the orchestra because he acknowledged himself the author of an incomparable piece of music. He is described as a little creature of shabby appearance and slovenly gait. His eyes, small and piercing, were edged with a red-ochreish color, and shone with a dim lustre, betraying no less malice than spirit. A mocking leering expression sat upon his features, and eager restless movements domineered in his manner. The same unfriendly hand states that he was feared for his cleverness and cunning, and died unregretted.

But such a portrait of Lulli must be received with great caution. It is drawn in anger, and by an enemy. No doubt he was ambitious, unscrupulous, avaricious; but, like most men, he had some redeeming qualities. Besides outwitting the priests, he was a good husband and a good father, and his wife had no fault to find with him. He labored incessantly, not, as we believe, because he loved money and loved power, but from a pure love of work for its own sake. He belonged to that hierarchy of talent to whom work is meat and drink—and idleness degradation. He married Madeline Lambert who brought him a substantial dowry. It was a happy marriage. Lulli knew how to make money, and Madame at home knew how to turn it to good account. His houses, of which he had several in Paris, were remarkable for their good management. Without waste and without sumptuousness of living there was no penuriousness. He had three sons, two of whom, with less success, followed their father's profession. He died enormously rich, 630,000 livres of gold being found in his possession.

As a musician, Lulli was celebrated for the versatility of his genius: operas, symphonies, airs de ballet, occasional pieces, variations, Miséreres, Liberas, Jubilates, Te Deums—all were familiar, easy work to him. But his fame chiefly reposes on the music of his operas and lyrical tragedies, which appeared in quick succession from the establishment of the French opera in 1672 to his death, fifteen years afterwards. If we compare his style with that of the great Italian musicians of his time, we shall find nothing at first sight which does not belong to them in common. The choruses and the system of instrumentation recall the manner of Carissimi; the airs are copied from Cavalli; but we do find a difference in the strength of the dramatic passion which lives in and animates his compositions. It was the passion of his southern nature, breathing of the vines, and glory, and gloom of Italy; the power of forcible expression, of deep feeling that gave his works their lasting strength and hold over men's hearts. They were the first fruits of true, noble art in France. Rameau, who came after him, with all his power, could not drive from the stage the works of his forerunner. It required no less than the sublime inspirations of Gluck to shatter the foundations of that great popularity. The last representation of an opera of Lulli's ("Theseus") was given in 1778. It was then 103 years since it had first appeared on the stage. In the same year were played "The Armide," "Iphigéne," and "Orphée," of Gluck, and the "Roland" of Piccini. In such imposing company were celebrated the musical obsequies of the founder of the French opera.

Lulli's works have their defects, and modern connoisseurship may smile disdainfully at the mention of his name. But be that as it may, the strains that he propounded struck a chord that vibrated through the land, and for more than a generation they were known and loved by a people educated, susceptible and discriminating. He wielded a magician's power in the

neness, strength and quality of his expression, though he was open to censure for his lame periods, his instrumentation, feeble at times, his halting finales, and the undue repetition of melodious phrases.—*Peoples' Magazine.*

Bach's Passion Music.

Bach wrote five oratorios, called *Passions*. Of the five, three are probably all that exist; and of the three, only two are printed and accessible. These two are "the Passion according to St. John," and that "according to St Matthew." The latter is the more important of the two, and probably the later; on the whole, it is the greatest work of the author. By a *Passion* is meant an oratorio which has for its subject the transactions of the last hours of the life of our Saviour. It has been the custom in the Protestant churches of Germany, ever since they existed, to perform a piece of music on the high festivals and solemn ecclesiastical days, as part of the religious service proper to the day—a custom probably originating in the "Mysteries" or Sacred Plays, common in mediæval times, and which still survive in the Marionette dramas annually played in the churches of the south of France and of Lombardy. On Good Fridays, the History of the Passion and Death of the Saviour would naturally be chosen as a subject of such a solemn music. In these compositions, the narrative of one of the Evangelists was taken, and delivered continuously in recitative by a solo voice, and the story was interrupted by verses, sung by the congregation, out of the Hymns appropriate to the occasion, drawn from the vast Hymnology in which Germany is so rich, set to those Chorales which form at once so individual and so interesting a part of her musical literature. This is exactly the method followed in the earliest Passion known, the date of which is 1573. By degrees, however, the strict and simply didactic form of the composition was much departed from; meditative and devotional poetry bearing on the subject was interpolated, and the Chorals were treated in a more scientific manner, or were varied in harmony, so as to lose the congregational character which they originally had. These changes were gradually introduced by the great masters of the German School, Keiser, Mattheson, Telemann, Graun: names strange to English ears, but in their own land highly honored; all of whom tried their highest flights in Passion-music. But the Matthew Passion of Bach far excels any of these works in dramatic power, and it would be perhaps impossible for anything to be acted with more effect if the solemn nature of the subject admitted of such a mode of performance.

The ignorance which exists with regard to all but a small proportion of the compositions of Bach, is truly remarkable. Besides more than 200 works for the organ; as many for the clavier solo; 30 for the orchestra; between 20 and 30 for the clavier and orchestra, including concertos for 3 or 4 pianos—besides all these, he left behind him no less than 250 great vocal works; Masses, Passions, Magnificats, Motets, and Cantatas or Anthems, containing music of the loftiest, alternating with the sweetest and most plaintive character. Many of these works are printed and to be had. They are of all kinds, severe and pleasing, easy and difficult. There is, therefore, no excuse for continued neglect of these great treasures. Let it cease to be the rule, that whenever a work of Bach is to be produced, the most difficult, harsh, and crude thing obtainable is chosen—let that false notion die, that he wrote nothing but difficulties, and that as long as his fugues were correct, he cared for nothing else.

Organs in England.

[From the "Orchestra," Oct. 29.]

I. The Organ and the Organ Player.

In after days these present will be signalized as the times for new organs. Never before in the history of this country have so many organs been erected in so short a time. Every new church and every new chapel, whether in connection with the establishment or outside it, has its organ; the instrument of moderate capabilities and unpretentious appearance being the ordinary type, although here and there crop up those of full growth and imposing exterior. The type has somewhat changed as to the character of these aids to church song. Our old organ as an artistic mechanism dates no further back than the days of Father Schmidt—the times of the great violin makers and the rise of concerto violin players—when the loud organ was made full of fire and force, and the soft organ was the very perfection of relief and contrast—a piano exquisitely distinct, sharp and clear. Father Schmidt's pipes cannot be commended for the beauty or symmetry of their shape; he thought fine tone of more value than exquisite workmanship, and resigned the pleasure of the eye to the industry and genius of the carvers. Schmidt's art work is to be found in his flying angels and oak-foliages, spread with generous profusion over the frontages and sides of his organ cases. There was no advance in organ construction until the days of Snetzler — the well known builder of the Halifax, and many other fine organs during the last century. This great builder conceived fine tone to depend much upon beauty of shape, and under his direction the interior of the organ displayed a well laid out plan, and much care and labor bestowed on the outward appearance of the pipes. Upon these two types English builders continued their work, no builder exceeding Father Schmidt in force and weight of tone, none rivalling Snetzler in clearness and delicacy. Both are now however voted to be mediæval—the modern term for describing the organ of 1680 up to 1850. Mediæval work, as it is called, required but few stops to make a strong and harmonious chorus organ; modern work demands double and treble the number of pipes, and gets noise and not infrequently astounding discord as the result. Mediæval work could extract the most lovely tones from small metal open pipes, and a singularly light brilliant tone from the half stopped, or chimney metal diapasons. Modern art contents itself with making honorable mention of mediæval doings in this respect, and resigns all pretensions to rivalry. The modern Anglican fabricator of organs is an imitator of the great French builder, Cavaillé Coll, following, however, at a very long distance. We have lost our old noble diapasons of Schmidt's breadth and Snetzler's round and grateful characters. The old English choir organ of its famous five registers is extinct, and we are now supplied with pipes loud and soft, as the case may be, but without volume and destitute of all true character. The pipes made on the principle of the ordinary whistle, no doubt whistle, and that is all that can be said of them. The wood closed pipes—the lovely stopped diapasons as they are termed—have more to the imagination than they suggest to the ear; and the harmonic compound registers, the sesquialtras, mixtures, and so forth, are hard, close, and copper toned, utterly innocent of the silver ring of the mediæval chorus. The modern trumpet, horn, and oboe stops are unquestionably infinitely better than the ancient work, and Parisian handling in these departments has come up to a high degree of perfection. Many of the French reed stops are wonderfully fine.

In every organ, whether large or small, each stop or register of pipes must sing its very best, for general beauty of tone can only result from individual beauty. Great vocalists make the finest chorus singers; and the combination of pure tones—soft, cheering, brilliant, inspiring, forcible and fiery—makes the grand organ. There are two things which have led to the deterioration of the modern English organ—the low price, and the freaks of the architect who ordinarily know nothing about an organ. The first great essential in the creation of an organ is *room* for it; all the fine organs in Europe attest the stern truth of this necessity. The pipes must not eat up each other; must not feed upon their mutual tone. The modern architect neither gives frontage, depth, nor height. The mediæval organ was commonly from 10 to 16 feet in frontage, 7 to 12 in depth and some three or four feet from the church wall, and from 18 to 36 feet high. The modern organ is often not more than 8 feet front, 6 feet in depth, and from 11 to 15 feet in height. Where Snetzler would plant twenty pipes our modern fabricator will stuff in double the number, and, as a matter of course, get just a quarter of his tone. Now that electricity can be applied to organs, that the key board may be at any distance from the sound boards, that one part of an organ may be in a chamber underground, another in the roof or next adjoining, and a third in the choir, and a fourth in the nave—that every possible kind of accompaniment is within the grasp of the player, if the organ builder has the brains, the place, the means, and the money—there is really no excuse for the present melancholy state of things. All that is touching and exquisite, graceful and elegant, noble and magnificent, is at the command of the organist, if the public will but pay, and the organ builder dwell over his work like an artist. There are violins to be had for half a sovereign, and there are those which are not to be had under a hundred and two hundred pounds—the difference arising from work and material. So it is with the organ. The real laborer must be paid, and properly paid, for his labor. Fine tone in the instrument is the expression of the patience and passion of the tone maker. It makes the great performer of sensibility and taste, and renders the audience universally sympathetic. It bears the character of its creator; it is the unchanging demonstration of his art-life, and invests the instrument with a warmth and a living quality that time cannot take away. Our modern organs are without sentiment and feeling; there is nothing *alive* about them. They are without character and without style.

All this has a disastrous effect upon the organ player. Only the genuine organ performer knows the delight and resources, the enlargement of thought, the heightening enthusiasm, which the command of masses of pure tone always afford. Old Bach was ever more of himself when playing on a large Silbermann; and Handel, when young, often locked himself in St. Paul's Cathedral to revel for an hour or two with Father Schmidt. No one can bestow the highest finish of performance upon imperfect mechanism, and tone that betrays absence of finish and style. The finest player becomes dull and sluggish at a bald, meagre, and harsh toned organ; and singers accustomed daily to sing to the accompaniment of a second-rate organ invariably fall into a negligent mode of producing their tone, and too frequently are found to have adopted some of the worst offences of the organ-tone maker. When there is an inferior instrument it would be well for the choir occasionally to sing an *A Capella* anthem without any accompaniment, and thus seek to avoid the possibility of a negligence which must necessarily accumulate into a habit if not carefully watched and constantly opposed.

Without fine ensemble in an organ, there can be no proper rendering of the master pieces of the old organists. The preludes and fugues of Sebastian Bach are absolutely hideous on a bad organ. One may smile at coarse, vulgar, and extravagant music on a miserable organ, but good music on such an instrument is tenfold more disagreeable. Fine composition requires its complementary auxiliary in fine tone; and the preservation of purity in the ear can only be attained by excellent work in the organ builder. Many a clever youth has been utterly ruined by a bad organ. The essential and vital principle of fine performance can never be gained, or indeed associated with impure tone and inaccurate tune. Much that we have depicted touching the modern organ is in some degree the consequence of want of due care on the part of the clergy. The harshness or sweetness of an organ is too often measured by its price, and a muffled heaviness of tone is atoned for by economy in outlay. This is sad injustice to the church, the organist and the congregation. There is a degree of perfection to be procured at moderate cost, and nothing below this degree ought ever to be used in divine service. Bad work in the long run is the dearest of all work.

[From the same, Nov. 5.]

II. Modern v. Mediæval Organs.

To the Editor of *The Orchestra*.

Sir, I must surely echo the feelings of many when I express my thanks for your able article on organs in your last impression.

While agreeing in the main with your opinions, permit me to supplement your remarks with two reasons why modern organs are inferior to mediævals, and with two reasons why they are superior to them. Modern organs are inferior.—1st, on account of excessive scales. I take it that the principal cause of the sweetness observable in the organs of Schmidt, &c., is, that the proportions of pressure and scale are accurately balanced. Some of your readers may need informing that, as organ building advances, there is a growing tendency to increase scale (*i. e.* circumference of pipe). This principle may be developed up to a certain maximum, and, so far so good. To obtain a round, full volume of sound, a large scale is, of course, necessary. But it may be increased beyond that maximum; and then it will be seen that the wind capabilities of the instrument are inadequate to the supply necessary to a pipe of very great breadth; hence the coarse, gurgling noise frequently heard in the powerful stops of modern organs. My opinion undoubtedly is, that this maximum has been exceeded by modern builders; and that, so long as the system continues, it will be vain to expect the round sweet tones of old organs. To prove my assertion, let any one take a pipe of a certain length (say four feet) and blow through the foot so as to cause a sound; then let him take gradually broader pipes of the same length, and he will find that his lungs are increasingly taxed, and that there is a breadth which will be beyond his power to inflate. Therefore, Sir, I think it would be well if our builders would somewhat diminish the present excessive scales.

2dly. I take the inferiority of modern organs to be occasioned by the presence of solo stops in the full organ. The proportions of diapason, octave and mutation stops are no human whim. They are

constructed upon a natural law of harmonies as suggested by the monochord; and, when covered by a good reed, present a perfectly homogeneous quality of tone. This characteristic I believe to be completely impaired by the presence of such stops as wald flute, harmonic flute, flageolet, gamba, claribel, bell diapason, &c., which create a totally contradictory tone, and in my opinion, destroy the purity of the full organ. Ardently as I admire those last named as solo stops, I would suggest that, when they must be placed in the great organ, they should not be acted upon by the full combination pedal; thus their presence would be excluded from full effects, while they would always be available separately and singly. But, when means are sufficient to provide choir and solo manuals, how important that such stops should be placed there, when they might stand upon a different pressure of wind from the rest of the organ.

Now as to the reverse case:—why modern organs are superior to mediævals—in addition to what you justly remark about modern reeds, I must place:

1st. The establishment of the C principle as opposed to the G; and, for the introduction of the former into England, allow me to say that we are indebted to no man so much as to Dr. Gauntlett, who, amid storms of opposition, persevered in the advocacy of its claims, and succeeded in convincing almost all the profession of its superiority.

2d. The adoption of the principle of equal temperament. However beautiful the tone of Schmidt's organs, music in extreme keys cannot be played upon them; *e. g.*, it is perfectly impossible to accompany Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on an old organ. In these days, when wolves are extinct in England, I would that we had an Edgar to extinguish our acoustical wolf. For efforts in this direction let us be grateful to that accomplished musician, Mr E. J. Hopkins, whose labors in this matter have been herculean.

Your remarks as to want of height in modern organs should be read by every clergyman and builder. I know of many instances where, for want of adequate height, pedal-pipes are actually laid horizontally on the floor, almost blowing in each other's mouths, and thus hundreds of pounds and months of labor are completely thrown, or rather blown away. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Margate, Nov. 2, 1869. W. C. FILBY.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

What is Music?

The answers to various questions differ as widely as the characters of those who offer their solutions. It depends altogether upon whom you ask, for upon the individual grade depends the quality of the answer. For instance, the magnitude and grandeur of human existence looms upon you, and you ask in the wonderment of dawning revelation, "What is a human being?" Question the anatomist. He will tell you of a marvellous bony structure, so exquisitely fashioned, so flexible so light, so perfect in mechanism, so responsive in motion, so obedient in repose, so vigorous yet so pliant, that it forms at once the armor protecting from without, and the power exerted from within; the shield in which the human is enclosed, and the instrumentality at one with the actor. Ask the physiologist. He will tell you of a wonderful organism, a tissue of muscles, veins, viscera inwoven and over-laid upon the osseous structure, and supplementing its foundation; a complication of function, a complete system of action and reaction, by which the human is sustained, and nourished and impelled. To the physiologist, man is a vital being, throbbing, and pulsating, and breathing, and moving under the sense of life, actuated by its propelling and resistless force. Ask the materialist. He will reply that the human being is a creature endowed with a mind, therein differing from other grades of animal life; the natural life is similar, but there is a presiding intelligence that lifts to a higher level and calls forth a higher range of faculties; the mind governs the body, but there is nothing higher to guide the mind and direct its action. Ask the metaphysician, and he will affirm that there is an abstract something which has eluded the scientist, and baffled the materialist, and confounded the curious investigator of all ages; which yet, subtle, intangible, elusive as it is, is the essence of the human, the spark from which all action is ignited, the centre in which all things are conceived, and from which form, structure, function, vitality, results, all are evolved. So after all, life is more than anatomy, physique, mentality, or the concerted action of these effective forces. It is something back of them and apart from them, using them or reframing, but in either case distinct and apart from the organism which it constructs as well as controls. Perfect form depends upon the symmetry of the concealed skeleton, perfect health depends upon the good condition of the internal viscera, perfect sanity depends upon the balance of the ever active mind; and yet when we witness the noble action, the graceful mien, the dignity and power, the wisdom and discretion of a fine human being, we forget the ribs and the spine, the blood and the muscles, aye, and even the brain, in recognition of the spirit that animates the true identity of the person.

This preamble is not digressive, for to the swift thought I have already carried music through the analogy, and it seems almost superfluous to add words in explanation. It is true of music, as of the life, that

> "Soul is form and doth the body make,
> For of the spirit body form doth take."

The truth is, we have too many anatomical musicians, who are not only confined to the form, but have not even filled in the skeleton, which is fleshless, bloodless, cold. To such it is yet, and will be for an age to come, twenty-four ribs, twenty four vertebrae, eight bones in the wrist, five in the body of the hand, and fourteen in the fingers and thumb; it is all clavicle, scapula, sternum, thorax, and spinal column. These prate on science and dote on thorough base, and so executants string their old bones together upon a wiry and rapid touch, and give you the glittering and polished outlines from which all substance has escaped,—empty ribs void of inspiration, hollow sockets bereft of vision, and smiling jaws that would fain assert the superiority of the remains that survive the life. Especially is this true of pianists—our modern pianists. The keys under their professional fingers rattle as glibly and dovetail as nicely as the bones of the skeleton, or rather, it is the mechanical action of their own fingers and wrist upon an instrument adapted to their dexterous manipulation; an action which fails to reach or touch even that sentimental organ, the heart, of which the physiological musician is so justly proud. To the latter music is vital, ruddy with the heart's blood, throbbing with passion, quivering with pathos, beaming with sentiment, surcharged with the natural emotions, and expressive of the natural relations and changes of this mortal existence; it shadows forth death in all its terrors, love in its intoxication, human hopes and fears in their bewilderments, and is always over-wrought, intense, exhilarating, sensuous, and fanciful in its effects. The Opera is of this school, and all warm-blooded, ardent, susceptible and easily affected characters are its admirers. Then there are the learned musicians, less fervent but more thoroughly skilled, who revere the wonderful thought-processes, and the rare powers of combination and construction evinced by the master composers.

And lastly there are—but where do we find them?—the sacred few who catch the interior meaning, deep hidden from the careless and shortsighted under the skeleton, under the flesh, under the finished exterior which the mind may note; these discover the soul of the music, which is the music, and which alone is responsible for the form that it assumes, for the rhythm through which it breathes, for the manner, resolute or tender, victorious or suppliant, dormant or pleading, exultant or despairing, rebellious or patient, that is a faithful transcript of the spiritual state, and never a meretricious effect giving the lie to the real experience. Parody genuine emotion by any imitative process, and the music becomes a burlesque and the performer a trickster. I suppose that all persons have been astonished at some time in their life by the feats and antics of a harlequin, and have caught themselves exclaiming: "How surprising! I did not imagine he could do that." Listen to the remarks in the concert room and compare them with the preceding: "What wonderful execution! What velocity! What power! What superb technique! What thorough mastery of the instrument! What a brilliant touch! What breadth and prolongation of tone! Did you ever hear any body play so softly? Was that left hand execution ever excelled? Truly it is a wonderful performance." Thank Heaven! Thomas and his orchestra quelled this stupid admiration and absorbed it in a worship that forgot at once composer, orchestra, director, men, management, everything, and dwelt for a space all breathless and intense and rapt, in the realm of pure sound, where the spirit of music left the form and transcended personality.

Look at the candidates for musical honors. I mean among pianists,—for the violin commands homage, and disarms, through its pitiful discordant screech, the pseudo artist,—but the piano, with its ready made tones and easy manipulation, seems to invite the digital gymnast to the attempt, and none are so deeply cognizant of music as to frown these down and check them effectually. These men advance to the instrument; we look at them, and find them as they average, small, young, flippant, insignificant, profound in nothing but a sense of their own importance, exquisite in nothing but their toilet, fine in no respect save in their mechanical skill, which is faultless. Some are endowed with good mental powers, and all are gifted with the mathematical faculty; their exterior is fair, comely, and complacent, showing no signs of inward struggle or conflict, ravaged by no grief, torn by no doubts, troubled by no strange and inexplicable vicissitudes of spirit, nor yet filled with that sublime calm that succeeds the storm; they make their pleasant way in the world by means of their talents, which at once charm the people and extract dollars. What is this interesting person going to play? If he had a little more spirit he might play a capital polka; a little more poetic languor and he might glide over a a waltz, although the Yankee business spirit might jerk it somewhat brusquely; or, if he was a little less civilized, with something weird and untamed in his nature, he could play a Tarantelle of Heller. But, to our amazement,—no, not to ours for we are used to it,—we glance at the programme and find that this poor little clerk in the storehouse of music is going to interpret Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, or Chopin; but whether Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, or Chopin, (or something of his own) the programme alone will enlighten us, for the illustrious works are all ground over in the same mill, and come out the same grain or chaff—which shall we call it? Look at the person and do not expect the performance to transcend the possibilities so clearly indicated. Do not expect an immature boy with a precocious intellect, to render Beethoven in his grand and incomprehensible moods, or Schumann in his rare and subtle tone-language, which is an intricate and obscure enigma to the present, and may be to the next generation of hearers. (?)

So great as thou art shalt thy works appear, but do not echo the sublime results which great souls have achieved by a re-awakening of tones that had better be buried than thoughtlessly evoked. Music is not purchased by any amount of study or practice, by any expenditure, by any travel, by tutelage at Leipsic, or obedience to its masters, by neither toil, nor persistence, nor willful endeavor, but only when the life has grown and rounded into harmony will it meet music as two advancing tides meet each other, and clasp in that embrace which is eternal!

MARIE A. BROWN.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, NOV. 13.—The Parepa-Rosa English Opera troupe is just closing what is probably the most successful opera season ever given in this city. During the season the following works were performed: *Il Trovatore* (2), *Fra Diavolo* (2), *Martha* (4), *Black Domino* (2), *Bohemian Girl* (3), *Sonnambula* (2), *Puritan's Daughter* (1), *Maritana* (2), and Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, three times. Of their performance of *Maritana*, *Sonnambula*, *Puritan's Daughter*, and *Bohemian Girl*, I have before written. The *Bohemian Girl* was afterwards twice given, with Mme. Parepa-Rosa and Mr. Castle in the roles originally assigned to Miss Hersee and Mr. Nordblom. In respect to singing it was perhaps an improvement to put Mme. Rosa in Miss Hersee's place; but as far as appearance goes, it pleased me more to see Miss Hersee in the role of "Arline." The other substitution, however, was much to the advantage of the performance. No tenor is more admired here than Mr. Castle, and on the occasion of his benefit we had one of the largest houses of the season.

Martha was a great success. The light and pleasing music of this opera, the unobjectionable nature of the plot, and the perfect familiarity of the singers with the music and the requisite stage business, combined to make a very pleasing ensemble. *Martha* is also better known here than any other opera, it having been played in Chicago upwards of thirty times.

But the event of the season was the production of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, for the first time in English, and for the second time in this city. This opera was announced as "Mozart's *chef d'œuvre*," by which many understood "the master-work of Mozart" (the chief of Mozart's works), and not "a chief work by Mozart," which, your readers know, is the real state of the case. This work was written at a time when singers were plentiful in Italy, and demands two soprani, two contralti (if *Cherubino* be played by a contralto), two bassi, a tenor, a basso buffo, and one or two other *quasi* prominent voices. In the present case the roles were taken thus: "Susanna," Mme Parepa Rosa; "The Countess," Miss Rose Hersee; "Count Almaviva," Mr. Laurence; "Figaro," Mr S. C. Campbell; "Don Basilio," Mr. Nordblom; "Antonio," Mr. Seguin; "Cherubino," Mrs. E. Seguin; "Doctor Bartolo," Mr. Gustavus Hall; "Marcellina," Miss Fannie Stockton. On this cast there are a few observations to be made. It admits of question whether Mme Parepa would not more properly have been the "Countess," and Miss Hersee "Susannah." It is thus they do it in London, Tietjens taking the role of the "Countess." "Doctor Bartolo" ought to have been a *primo basso* of a voice at least twice as heavy as Mr Hall's. Miss Fannie Stockton is a good actress, and, I am told, a most estimable person, but she has such a habit of singing out of tune as to render it necessary to omit the duet she sings with Susannah in the first act, and her song, "The hart and hind together," in the last act. The part of "Cherubino" was excellently done by Mrs. Seguin, who is good in everything she undertakes. Mr. Nordblom did well. "Figaro" was hardly lively enough, but the music was well sung. Besides, allowance should be made for the very great demands that this opera makes on the singers, requiring so much of their attention as to render it a labor of time to become easy in the stage business. The other three leading parts were done so well, Mme. Parepa, Miss Hersee and Mr. Laurence being so entirely competent to their respective roles, that it is unnecessary to praise them. Mr Laurence, however, is entitled to the general commendation of doing all his parts in a thoroughly artistic manner. His presence is easy and graceful, his voice (a high baritone) of excellent quality and great compass, his enunciation distinct and elegant, and his acting animated. All these excellencies combine to form an artist whose accession to English opera was a most valuable one, and whose return we shall welcome with great pleasure. Miss Hersee also had the good fortune to prove herself equal to all demands made upon her, and she became a great favorite with the public. In the duet "Canzonet to the zephyr," in the third act, she has to sing alternate phrases with Parepa, and this charming ensemble piece, in which the smooth-flowing melody comes out through the combined exertions of the two singers and the orchestra, received the heartiest encore of every performance. The other pieces that received encores were Cherubino's song, "Thought cannot reach thee," and the long and difficult concerted finale of the second act.

The orchestra did very well indeed, thanks to Carl Rosa. How then was Mozart's music received by our public? Three performances were given. The house was entirely full every night. That is, every seat was occupied and several hundred people were standing. The last night was the fullest. Notwithstanding the enormous houses, there was less enthusiasm than on some less pretentious occasions. The music is so smooth and melodious, there is so little mere noise in the score, the pieces are of such equal excellence, while the arias do not terminate with a grand flourish of cadenzas, that the public were often at loss to know where to applaud. But the crowded houses at the end of the season, and the general interest, spoke more for the appreciation of the public than the most violent applause could have done. For one, while I find none of the grand and terrible in this, such as there is in *Don Giovanni*, I recognize throughout the same wonderful genius for melody, harmony, and instrumentation, that characterize that work. And I am quite sure that our public will welcome future performances of it with even greater interest. The troupe has *Faust*, *Norma*, and *Oberon* in preparation. I ought also to bear witness to Mme Parepa's wonderful endurance. I have never seen a singer capable of enduring so much hard work.

I find that my allusions to organists in a former letter stirred up quite a hornet's nest. I might have said that Mr Creswold, although faulty enough in his performances, is regarded with great favor by the public. He shares with Mr Buck the distinction of being our leading concert player. We have a lively musical prospect. Yours,

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

NEW YORK, NOV. 31.—On Saturday evening we had our first Philharmonic evening concert. The programme included the following works: Symphony, E flat, Mozart; Pianoforte Concerto, E flat, Liszt (Miss Alide Topp); Midsummer Night's Dream music, Mendelssohn; with assistance of Mrs Scott Siddons and female chorus.

Of the symphony—the one with the famous minuet—it is unnecessary to say anything, except that one never tires of the freshness, spontaneity and fluency of ideas so characteristic of the author, and so abundantly manifested in all his works. It was well played.

The Liszt concerto, played by so large and competent an orchestra, and in a building so well calculated for the transmission of sound, impressed us far more favorably than it did at the Brooklyn Philharmonic. Moreover Miss Topp, upon that former occasion, used a piano of very unsatisfactory tone and of but little power; whereas on Saturday evening she made use of a magnificent Steinway grand, whose full, powerful tones greatly aided to give the proper effect to the solo passages. The Concerto has four movements (an innovation upon the old rule which allowed only three), and each of them is merged into the other according to the plan adopted by Mendelssohn, so that there are really no pauses between any two of them, and each glides naturally and gracefully into the next. There is much quasi-recitative, and the changes of key are very frequent, and often intensely confusing to the unaccustomed ear. The Allegretto Scherzando is very neat, and, although somewhat uneven in rhythm, its very oddity is an additional beauty. The Adagio, too, has a piquant effect with *muted* strings, and is much more melodious than one could fairly have expected from Liszt.

The feature of the concert was, of course, the Mendelssohn music, which is the only sensible *descriptive* music I have ever heard in the instrumental line. The fairy Overture—breathing a very elfin atmosphere—the dreamy Nocturne, piquant Scherzo, and all the incidental bits, such as the exquisite Fairy March which preludes the advent of Oberon, Titania, and their train,—all these were performed, under the watchful guidance of Bergmann, with that excellence of execution and taste which has already given to our Society a distinguished name both here and elsewhere. Perhaps the most perfect performance was that of the Scherzo, in which the flute passages, especially, were marvels of smoothness and finish.

The text and prologues were entrusted to Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who acquitted herself most admirably in her difficult task. It is no trifling thing for a woman—more particularly one with a comparatively weak voice—to so modulate it and its inflections as to take, with any degree of success, parts like those of Oberon, Titania, Puck, Flute, Bottom, Quince, &c. All this did Mrs. Scott, and did it well, too, albeit she scarcely filled the auditorium in every part. Her "action" and gestures were natural and appropriate, and, altogether, she achieved a decided and most gratifying artistic success.

The audience was a very large one, and it is most gratifying to believe that under the skillful pilotage of the President and his earnest coadjutors, the Society has entered upon its twenty-eighth season—with the 122d concert—with the brightest prospects. It is also pleasant to perceive that the unfailing presentation of the best music, performed in the best way, has gradually but surely elevated the standard of musical taste among us, and thus accomplished a noble work for art and for mankind.

The second evening concert will occur on Saturday evening, Jan. 8, 1870, and the fourth afternoon performance on Friday afternoon, Dec. 10. The orchestral works to be played will be a Symphony in C, by Raff; Berlioz's *King Lear* Overture, and the "Jubel" by Von Weber. The soloist will be S. B. Mills, who will play Chopin's F minor Concerto.

F.

Music Abroad.

MR CHARLES HALLE'S CONCERTS AT MANCHESTER.—Mr. Charles Halle inaugurated his twelfth series of grand concerts on Thursday, the 28th of October, being assisted (in addition to his band) by Mme. Norman Neruda, as solo violinist, and Mme. Vanzini, as vocalist. The band this year consists of eighty performers, and is much strengthened, the string force being decidedly more vigorous and full. The programme was as follows:—

Overture "Egmont"	Beethoven
Aria "Qui la voce" "Puritani"	Bellini
Concerto, violin, E minor	Mendelssohn
Aria "Nobil Signor" "Huguenots"	Meyerbeer
Symphony, Jupiter, in C	Mozart
Concert Stück, pianoforte, F minor	Weber
Entr'Acte in B, Air de Ballet in G } from Rosamunde	Schubert.
Aria, "Vedrai carino" "Don Giovanni"	Mozart.
Solo violin, Adagio in F	Spohr
Solo pianoforte, Gigue in G minor	Handel
Overture, "Crown Diamonds,"	Auber.

The excellence of the band and the advantage of the additional string power was very apparent in the "Allegro Molto" of the Jupiter Symphony and in Beethoven's dramatic overture. The first subject of Schubert's *Entr'Acte* is almost identical with that of the popular Pianoforte Impromptu in the same key, by the same author. Mme. Norman-Neruda has now fairly established her position in Manchester as a great artiste. Both the pieces she selected have been played, and that recently, at these concerts

by Joachim, so that comparison was inevitable. Nor need Mme. Neruda fear such comparison. Her interpretation of Mendelssohn's concerto was perhaps not so vigorous as that of the great Hungarian violinist, but nothing could surpass her rendering of Spohr's plaintive Adagio. She was recalled after both performances. Mr. Halle's performance of the Concertstück was delightful. The presto assai was deliciously clear in spite of its extreme rapidity. Mme. Vanzini was not quite in place at one of these concerts. Her intonation is far from irreproachable, and although she apparently prides herself upon her *bravura* singing her execution is often very unfinished. At the concert on Thursday, November 4th, Handel's *Samson*, was given, the principal vocalist being Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Sainton Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr Thomas. The concert will chiefly be remembered from the fact that Mme. Sainton Dolby made her final bow to a Manchester audience. The choruses were not uniformly well sung, those at the earlier portion being far from steady, and there was a deplorable want of uniformity of pronunciation, the defects being at times quite painful. It need hardly be stated how magnificently the band played the accompaniments under the able conductorship of Mr. Halle.—*Choir.*

Crystal Palace Concerts.—The concert on the 30th ult. opened with a brilliant performance of the overture to *Figaro*. It was so well played that the enormous pace at which it was taken almost escaped observation. The "*pièce de resistance*" was Mendelssohn's ottet in E *b* for stringed instruments, which was performed by *all* the strings in the orchestra, 63 in number, including the contra-bassi. To stern upholders of the sanctity of the works of the great masters, this innovation would doubtless savour of presumption, Herr Manns, however, as was stated in the interesting analysis in the programme under the well known signature of "G," had almost the composer's own authority for so doing. "This ottet" says Mendelssohn, "must be played by all the instruments in the style of a symphony": that is, possibly, with a view less to the display of individual talent in the performers, be it in execution or in "reading," than to the completeness of the quasi-orchestral *ensemble*. However this may be, certain it is that the ottet gained in grandeur, and more especially reaped no small advantage from the firm foundation afforded by the contra-bassi, which did not play a "ninth part" but only reinforced the celli in particular passages. The graceful and sparkling scherzo (in G minor,) was played firstly with strings only, and then with the wind parts added by the composer for use in his C minor symphony. This work, exquisitely played, was applauded most enthusiastically. Herr Pauer performed Weber's pianoforte concerto in E flat No. 2, a work which the composer himself calls "much more brilliant and noisy (than No. 1)—a truly extravagant piece of storm and stress." He also played Beethoven's popular Andante in F, and a Tyrolien by Mayer. Miss Delmaine, a debutante of no little promise, and a pupil of Mr. W. H. Monk, of King's College, sang with much feeling Weber's "Softly sighs" and a song by Wallace. She possesses a clear, delicate voice, skill in its management, and good enunciation, but uses much more gesticulation of a somewhat "stagey" character than is usual in a concert room. The other vocalists were Miss Sofia Vinta and Mr. Vernon Rigby, the latter of whom contributed a most graceful song by Costa. The overtune to *Oberon* concluded a deltghtful concert.

Leipzig.—Speaking of Mme. Joachim, a correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* says: "The third Gewandhaus Concert again presented us with a most welcome visitor from your capital, namely, Mme. Amalie Joachim. This fair artist, unique in her way, was received with lively applause immediately she appeared, and, by her perfect performance, electrified the audience into uproarous manifestations of delight. As her first piece she sang a new *scena* with orchestral accompaniment, by Max Bruch, *Die Priesterin der Isis zu Rom* (*The Priestess of Isis in Rome*) For some time past, Bruch has not been very successful with his new compositions; the Symphony in E flat major; the Violin Concerto; the additional scene of Frithjof; and lastly, the present work, all announce that the composer has made no satisfactory progress, a fact the critics have repeatedly asserted. It appears to me that Bruch writes too much, and exercises too little criticism on what he does write. The *scena* sung by Mme Joachim produces a monotonous effect, in consequence of the form being too much spun out; it made, therefore, no particularly favorable impression, despite the admirable manner in which it was rendered." The other pieces sung by Mme. Joachim were "Von Ewiger Liebe," Brahms; and "Soldatenbraut," Schumann. The last she was obliged to repeat. Misses Bertha and Emmy Hamilton, of Edinburgh, met with fair success by their performance of an Adagio and Rondo, from Spohr's Double Concerto in B minor, and Variations for two Violins, by Kalliwoda The overture to *Anacreon* opened the concert, the second part of which consisted of Schumann's C major symphony.—The Euterpe Association have moved into their new quarters, the old theatre, and commenced proceedings under their new conductor, Herr Velkland, who has taken the place formerly held by Herr S. Jadassohn. The two principal instrumental pieces at the first concert were Herr Bargiel's overture to *Promethens*, and Schumann's D minor Symphony. The soloists, instrumental and vocal respectively, were Mlle. Mary Krebs, and Herr Searla, both from Dresden.—A great feature at the fourth Gewandhaus Concert was the performance of Beethoven's Overture, No. 3, to *Leonore*. At the same concert, Herr Albert Dietrich, a pupil of Robert Schumann, made his *début* as a composer, with a new Symphony, in D minor, which he conducted himself. It was exceedingly well received, Herr Dietrich being twice recalled. The soloists were Mlle. Fichtner, pianist, from Vienna, and Mlle. Steffan, singer, from Strasburg, but the general opinion among the audience was that neither young lady could be, as yet, considered up to the Gewandhaus Concert mark, and, therefore ought not to have been engaged. The programme of the fifth Concert comprised the Symphony, in G minor, by Mozart, and Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*.—M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* much resembles an out-and out failure. A local paper referring to it, remarks: "In the first act, the public were indifferent; in the second, uncomfortable; and in the third perfectly bored to death. We trust this opera will soon sink into eternal sleep in the library of the theatre!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 4, 1869.

The Symphony Concerts.

The second concert, of the 17th ult., instead of Thursday the 18th, which day President Grant, not going by the Harvard Musical almanac, had suddenly seized upon for the National Thanksgiving, suffered more or less in consequence. Partly by the absence of ten or a dozen of the orchestra, on their way to enliven country gatherings with music; partly by the generally unsettled tone of things in anticipation of the old autumn family festival; as well as by the stormy weather. Yet the attendance was very large and the concert generally made the impression of a remarkably good one. Indeed great improvement was acknowledged in the orchestra, as the result of careful drill and a renewed ambition, on the part of leader and of men. This was the programme:

Overture: "Reminiscences of Ossian".....Gade
Aria, from "The Magic Flute": "Ah! lo so"...Mozart.
Violin Concerto, in D, op. 61 [first movement].
Beethoven.

Overture to "Manfred" [first time].....Schumann.
Violin Sonata: "La Trille du Diable,".....Tartini
Soprano Arias, from Italian Operas [arranged by Robert Franz].....Handel.
a "Sommi Dei," from "Radamisto."
b. "Il vostro Maggio," from "Rinaldo."
[First time in this country.]
Symphony, No. 4 [Italian], in A major.....Mendelssohn.

The "Ossian" Overture, full of dreamy northern eld, and seashore wildness, heroic shadows looming through the mist—music in just the tone of Ossian—had grown somewhat familiar in two past seasons of these concerts. It was on the whole well presented, bating some uncertainty of brass.

The novelty was the Overture from Schumann's music (instrumental and vocal) to Byron's "Manfred,"—all of which we hope to hear here some day with a recital of the poem, as it is done in Germany. It is a work which requires several hearings, and perhaps some study, to be enjoyed at its full worth; but it is certain to repay study. It is an overture not unworthy to be coupled with "Genoveva," one of Schumann's truest inspirations, thoroughly individual, full of delicate, nervous fire and beauty, intense and concentrated in the expression of its thought, and not the less musical and fascinating because of its dark and gloomy mood, and the restless *agitato* that renews itself continually after it has stormed itself out, subsiding for a while to *pianissimo*. It is full of syncopation in its rhythm, and of surprises in modulation. On the whole we doubt whether the great discontent of human life, in a passionate nature, could have been more powerfully expressed in music by any other short of Beethoven. Of course it does not come up to the *Coriolan* overture, but it will bear hearing after that. It is extremely difficult both for strings and wind, and the clear certainty and spirit with which it went told of earnest rehearsal.

The buoyant symphony of Mendelssohn, full of Italian sky and atmosphere,—hitherto passed over in these concerts on account of its familiarity,—came in refreshing contrast after Ossian and Manfred, closing as it were a rather troubled day with a rich flood of sunshine. It can hardly have been presented in such vivid and appreciable completeness before in Boston. The violins ran through that elastic *staccato* in the first movement with admirable precision, buoyancy and lightness; and the religious twilight of the Andante, with the measured tread of basses as through the shadowy aisles of some old church, was all beautifully expressed.

Miss Anna S. Whitten, still not wholly free from the cold which had deprived us of her singing in the first concert plainly labored somewhat in that heavenly strain of Mozart, Pamina's short but perfect aria, which often soars so high in the ardor of its feeling; but the fine conception, the sincere, deep feeling of the music, the unfailing taste and sympathetic voice of the singer, so anxious to avoid a second disappointment of such an audience,—being at the same time one who cannot slight an artistic task, but must sing, if at all, with her whole soul and strength,—were equally manifest and had hearty recognition, albeit more reservedly than we could wish in outward demonstration. (Concerts, which are two thirds applause and encore, with more of froth than of the clear liquid music, are our abhorrence; silent listening is vastly better; and sympathetic silence is one of the measures of the sincere goodness of a concert; many people find it hard to lift their hands when the spell of music is on them; but there is such a thing as indulging this reserve too much; thanks and encouragement are due to artists when they bring Art home to us). The want of more recent rehearsal with orchestra was also felt. In the arias from Handel's Italian operas, revived by Franz, with his admirable piano accompaniment, so true to Handel's score and all deduced from that, with only such freedom as one might use who had thoroughly "lived himself into" that, and so finely played by Mr. Leonhard (who also supplied the harp chords in the Ossian Overture), Miss Whitten was more at ease and very happy. The first, "Sommi Dei," is a noble piece of broad dramatic song, queenly and commanding in its tone. The second is a sort of Spring-like Barcarolle, romantic, fresh, as if written in these days of Franz himself, with a curious little lingering after-beat at the end of each period, and alternating from major to minor with a delicate fine restlessness of mood. Handel was a youth and lover surely when he wrote that. The singer entered into the spirit of both songs and made a rare impression with them.

If there was no Beethoven Symphony, there was the great Violin Concerto, with which one might well be content. Only we wish it were possible ever to persuade an artist to let us hear the whole work; like Mme. Urso last year, like nearly all of them everywhere, except Joachim, Mr. Listemann vouchsafed us only the first movement. To be sure, that is half an hour long, with the elaborate Cadenza by Vieuxtemps, and none but the most assured master and the bravest would willingly risk himself beyond that; but of so noble a creation one would like to have the whole for once. Mr. L's rendering was

very true and fine and full of fire; he held his audience completely, he and the composition, with the orchestra. Still more at home he seemed in the quaint and graceful *cantabile*, alternating with the frolic fancies, of old Tartini's "Devil's Sonata," of which we need not cite the legend. It is well worth while to renew acquaintance now and then with so genial a work. It falls within an easier range of tones than the Beethoven Concerto, which soars at the outset into the upper heights, and keeps itself there for the most part. The interpreter got very warm applause.

This week's concert came too late to pass under review until our next issue; but we fulfil our promise, as well as we can, of giving our readers the remainder of the whole scheme of programmes—premising that accidents so often unavoidable, especially where *singing* is involved, may modify one or more of them before they come to performance. The pieces marked with a * are given for the first time in these Concerts; those with **, for the first time in Boston.

Third Concert, Dec. 2.

**Overture to "La Vestale" .... Spontini.
**Concert Aria, (Bass): "Mentre ti lascio" .... Mozart
Mr. M. W. Whitney.
**Overture, Scherzo and Finale, op. 52 .... Schumann.

Symphony, in B flat, No. 8 .... Haydn
** *a*) Romance, "A rider through the valley rode," &c. (Heine) .... Robt. Franz
* *b*) Ballad, "The two Grenadiers" .... Schumann.
Mr. Whitney.
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3 .... Beethoven

Fourth Concert, Dec. 16.

Overture to "Prometheus" .... Beethoven *
Symphony, No. 4, in B flat .... Beethoven

Overture in C, op. 115, (repeated by request) .... Beethoven
Fifth Piano-Concerto, in E flat .... Beethoven
Ernst Perabo.
Overture to "Egmont" .... Beethoven.
*Born Dec. 17, 1770.

Fifth Concert, Dec. 30.

*Overture to "Jessonda" .... Spohr.
**Fantasia, for Piano with Orchestra, on Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" .... Liszt
Miss Alide Topp.
*Symphony, No. 5, in D .... Haydn.

Overture to "Medea" .... Cherubini.
Weber's Polonaise in E, arranged for Piano and Orchestra by .... Liszt.
Overture to "Ruy Blas" .... Mendelssohn.

Sixth Concert, Jan. 20, 1870.

*Suite, in D, for Orchestra .... Bach.
1 Overture. 2 Aria. 3 Gavotte.
**Magnificat, in B flat, for mixed voices, with orch accomp by Robert Franz .... Durante.
Piano Concerto, in D minor .... Mendelssohn
J. C. D. Parker.

Symphony, No. 1, in B flat .... Schumann.
**Chorus "Gypsey Life" .... Schumann.
Overture to "Euryanthe" .... Weber.

Seventh Concert, Feb. 3.

Overture to "The Water Carrier" .... Cherubini
Choruses for Male Voices (Orpheus and other German Clubs):
*a] "O Isis and Osiris," from "The Magic Flute" .... Mozart.
*b] Hunters' Chorus, with horns, &c., from "The Pilgrimage of the Rose" .... Schumann
Piano Concerto, No. 3, in C minor .... Beethoven.
Miss Alice Dutton.

Double Chorus from "Antigone" .... Mendelssohn
Symphony, in C .... Schubert.

Eighth Concert, Feb. 17.

Overture, "The Fair Melusina" .... Mendelssohn.
Symphony in G minor .... Mozart.

**Piano Concerto, in D .... Mozart
Mr. Hermann Daum.
*Unfinished Symphony, B minor .... Schubert.
*Serenade, by all the strings (from a Quartet) .... Haydn.
Overture, "The Wood Nymph" .... Bennett.

Ninth Concert, March 3.

Overture to "Genoveva" .... Schumann
*Recit. and Aria, "The Herald comes," from a Cantata .... Bach.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
Piano Concerto, in A minor .... Schumann.
Mr. Hugo Leonhard.

Songs. [Mrs. Barry] .... —
Heroic Symphony .... Beethoven.

Tenth Concert, March 17.

Overture to "Iphigenia" .... Gluck.
*Tenor Aria from the same .... "
Mr. Aug. Kreissmann.
Symphony, No. 2, in C .... Schumann.

**Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella" .... Schubert
**Chorus for Female Voices, from "Blanche de Provence" .... Cherubini
*Fantasia, in C, for Piano, (E. Perabo,) Orch. and Cho. .... Beethoven.

Chamber Concerts.

LISTEMANN'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The first of the four was given at Chickering Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 24. It was a stormy day, and the audience discouragingly small. Surely the excellent character of these concerts last year should have insured a large attendance in any sort of weather. Those who were present had the best of it, enjoying a rare treat. The Quartet consists this year of BERNHARD LISTEMANN, first violin, FRITZ LISTEMANN, second, HENRY HEINDL, viola, and ALEXANDER HEINDL, 'cello—the last named succeeding Mr. Suck of last year. The programme was this:

Quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1 .... Beethoven.
Concert Aria, "Per questa bella mano" .... Mozart
"The Two Grenadiers" .... Schumann.
Quartet in D minor, Op. 77 (first time in America) .... Joachim Raff. (Ber[illegible])
a) Maessig schnell. b) Sehr lustig. c) Massig langsam, getragen. d) Rasch.

It was interesting to hear the first of the Rasoumowski Quartets so soon again, and at the hands of new interpreters, with the impression of it still fresh in one's mind after the recent "Farewell" of the Quintette Club. The wonderful work never seemed so clear, so thoroughly appreciable to us, as it did this time. Perhaps the rainy seclusion and faithful handful of listeners made one more impressible than usual; but we feel that in this respect, of [illegible], the Listemann Quartet has the advantage. We wondered, however, at the very moderate tempo at which the first movement was taken. The parts were well balanced, clearly individual, yet well blended; the middle parts quite telling. Mr. Heindl's 'cello has not the sweet, sympathetic tones of Wulf Fries, sounds a little dry perhaps, but bids fair to be very serviceable in tasks of this select sort. Mr. Listemann's leading, is, we need not say, fine, full of verve, informing the whole with unmistakable intention.

The Quartet by Raff was very interesting, though in parts strange and lacking clear intention, at least on a first hearing; particularly so in the first movement (*[illegible]*). The Scherzo "very merry" was certainly vivacious and showed lively fancy. The slow movement impressed by its full, large harmony and its sustained grandeur, very impassioned withal; and indeed there is much [illegible] throughout the work.—Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, who is now really a grand Basso, does a good service in introducing the Concert Arias of Mozart (for a Bass voice) into our concert halls. This one he sang superbly; and we shall probably have to say as much of another when we speak of this week's Symphony Concert. No wonder "The Two Grenadiers" were *requested*, after the effect which Mr. W. made with it in the same place a few weeks ago.—The second Quartet Concert will be next Wednesday, when Haydn's "Emperor" Quartet, and Beethoven's great B flat Trio will be played, Mr. PERABO taking part in the latter. Then we hope to see a full hall!

ERNST PERABO'S third Matinée, Nov. 26,—filling Chickering Hall as usual,—offered these temptations:

Overture to "Coriolan," op. 62, C minor .... Beethoven
Arranged by Joseph Hellmesberger.
Ballade, a) "Mei Kann Quell[illegible]" .... Carl Loewe.
(No. [illegible] from "Bilder des Orients," op. [illegible], Series I.)
b) "Wach[illegible]" [illegible] No. 1
Partita VI, E minor .... J. S. Bach
Recitative and Aria, from Cantata .... J. S. Bach
"Der [illegible] E[illegible] [illegible] S[illegible]"
(No. 9, I Serie, arranged by Robert Franz.)
Sonata, op. 110, A flat major .... Beethoven

Another of the *last* Sonatas of Beethoven! which Mr. Perabo, to the gratification of a great curiosity in many, and much more than curiosity in more than a few, is letting us hear in regular succession. This one in A flat, next to the very last, is one of peculiar beauty, depth of feeling, and imaginative charm. It is almost like a drama in its tender, serious cantabile and its recitative-like passages. In the Adagio you feel taken into the inner life of a great soul—a sorely tried, long suffering, triumphant, loving, sweet believer in the absolute, eternal Good. The final Fugue, relapsing now and then into the *adagio cantabile*, and then rekindling and soaring like undying flame, charms and draws you irresistibly.—It was perhaps trusting a half initiated audience too far, to give two such long selections from the old Bach in one concert. The *Partita*, too, in its seven movements, has some that can hardly hold the attention awake, even when played so cleanly and elegantly as they were. But the opening *Toccata* and the *Sarabande* are really impressive, and the *Aria* and *Gavotte* were rewarding; but the *Corrente*, in this as in nearly all Bach's Suites, is dry and lengthy. Mrs. BARRY would perhaps have carried more of her hearers with her in the Bach Aria, had not the Partita preceded it. As it was, she sang it beautifully, both the noble Recitative "The Herald comes," and the quaint melody after, so that, with Franz's piano accompaniment, it made a deep impression upon many. Could she have put a little more outward sign of life into it, and have looked less upon the notes, it would have helped the impression not a little. The Loewe Ballads made a charming feature in the concert.

Next Friday Mr. Perabo gives his *last* Matinée, when he will play Beethoven's *last* Sonata, op. 111, in C minor; also a Beethoven Sonata, for piano and cello (HEINDL), a Suite in D minor by Handel, and the "Prometheus" Overture of Beethoven.

THE SOUTH BOSTON CHORAL UNION (numbering 278 members) has organized for the ensuing season with the following choice of officers: Mr. J. R. Winch, President, Mr. C. J. Littlefield, Vice President, Mr. N. C. Connell, Secretary, and Mr. Eugene Thayer, Conductor. They will study the Messiah, Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, with some other works of a lighter character.

PERSONAL. The friends of Miss ANNA S. WHITNEY, and among them are all our music-lovers, are grieved to hear of her very serious illness.

Mr. B. J. LANG having recovered from his long illness sailed this week for Europe, with his family and several of his pupils, intending to pass a year or so, [illegible] in Dresden.

The death of Mme. GRISI, whose name was so long identified with "Norma," is announced.

The testimonial Concert to Mr. M. KELLER comes off this evening, and is looked forward to with quite general interest. Besides his "American Hymn," a number of his other compositions will be given.

The Complimentary Concert to Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, [illegible] circumstances last Spring, [illegible] revived [illegible] and will be given [illegible] evening. The music of Rossini's "Mose in Egitto," [illegible] "an Oratorio", will be sung by [illegible] Handel and Haydn Society with the cooperation of [illegible] artists.

Miss ALIDE TOPP, the brilliant young pianist, [illegible] to go to California and then home to Europe [illegible] playing in the Harvard Concert of Dec. [illegible], have a Farewell in the Music Hall, on Saturday evening, Jan. 1. [illegible] and other artists will assist.

Mr. Ritter's Second Lecture.

In his second Lecture, delivered last Tuesday evening, on the history of music, embracing the great epoch of Catholic church music and the madrigal, from the latter part of the fourteenth century to the death of Palestrina in 1594, Mr. Ritter traced the gradual progress of musical art among the Netherlanders, Italians, English and Germans. In speaking of the great school of the Netherlanders (Dutch, Flemish or Gallo-Belgique schools), he related the invention and improvements in musical forms, which were the work of those great composers whose very names are scarcely known to our amateurs, and indeed to many of our musicians. Dufay, Okeghem, Willaerth, Josquin des Près, especially, present an instructive subject of study. The little that is known of him is blended with so many foolish anecdotes and false statements, that it was satisfactory to hear something trustworthy in regard to this great man. For, as Mr. Ritter said, [illegible] seems to have persecuted our greatest musicians, their real existence, their real characters have been obscured by a series of absurd, untrue, and worthless anecdotes and criticisms, the work of [illegible] and superficial judges, who were never able to understand or appreciate genius when it did not accord with their figures. So it was with Josquin des Près, the first really great genius who marked an epoch in musical art. So it was with Mozart, the last great universal musical genius. Even Schubert and Beethoven did not wholly escape a similar fate. After relating the circumstances that led to the invention of printing notes, Mr. Ritter gave a succinct sketch of the progress of music in France, Spain and England. The noble life and maxims of the great Morales presented a glorious example to our young musical youth—would they, or could they but follow it! The rise and flourishing period of the English madrigal was thoroughly discussed, and the best English composers in this form were mentioned, as well as many cultivators of the madrigal in the various Italian cities; a fine parallel was drawn between these schools. The life of the great Palestrina then followed; his various biographies, his works, and the well known event, which gave to Palestrina the title of "Saviour of church music," were canvassed; "Though I could never understand, while studying and deeply feeling the beauties of the works of Palestrina's contemporaries, [illegible] church music had a saviour [illegible]," said Mr. Ritter; "yet it may have been [illegible], as [illegible]

that singers and organists ignored the noble works of truly great and inspired masters, and substituted in their stead, the vulgar, frivolous, insipid productions of mercenary art." Mr. Ritter considers that in Palestrina's beautiful works "Catholic church music found its greatest and purest revelation; they mark the culminating point, and at the same time, I may say, the close, of a great and unique epoch in musical art." In giving an account of the life and labors of Orlando di Lasso or Orlandus Lassus, Mr. Ritter explained the reasons that, in his judgement, have blinded Dr. Burney, and other meritorious historians, in regard to the value of Lasso's works, and deterred students from that study of his compositions (in common with those of all other great musically gifted minds) which is indispensable to progress in our own time. The lecture closed with a review of those masters and works (up to about A. D. 1600) "which gave to the Italian school that prestige which it retained in Europe until the beginning of our century."

Mr. Ritter delivered his lecture on the opera (the next of the course here), on last Wednesday evening in Poughkeepsie, before an audience of several hundred persons.—*N. Y. Weekly Review.*

THE BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL IN NEW YORK.—The *Evening Post* of the 24th ult. reports as follows:

A meeting was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Saturday night, to make arrangements for the Beethoven Centennial, which occurs next year. The following permanent officers were appointed:

Messrs. William C Bryant, President; Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, Henry G Stebbins, C. F. Loosey, John R. Brady, Signor di Lucca, Clarence A Seward, Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, Vice Presidents; Henry Clews, Treasurer, and Colonel Frank E. Howe, Secretary.

The following Board of Managers was appointed, with power to increase their number to one hundred members.

Messrs. A. T. Stewart, S. B. Chittenden, Moses H. Grinnell, Isaac H. Bailey, Charles C. Dodge, John A. Griswold, Richard L. Larremore, Horace B. Fry, D. Lydig Suydam, Charles E. Gregory, Moses Taylor, Townsend Cox, Andrew H. Green, Charles E. Milnor, C, Frank Chickering, R A Witthaus, Frederick Kapp, Albert Weber, William Steinway, John Stephenson, James Geddes Day, T. B. Musgrave, Fordyce Barker, Henry C. Watson, C. T Christensen, Edward M. Archibald, Blenar de Montmorand, Dr. Hermann Roesing, George Jones, Horace Greeley, James G. Bennett, Charles A. Dana, Manton Marble, David M. Stone, Erastus Brooks, Oswald Ottendorfer, George W. Curtis, H. J. Hastings.

In accordance with the report of the Committee it was resolved that the festival should consist of a succession of musical observances for a number of days, and that application be made to the Central Park Commissioners, asking them to appropriate a site for a building for the festival, and to take charge and management for the construction of the same. It having been further resolved that the Board of Managers be empowered to fill any vacancy of the permanent officers, and to take any further measures deemed necessary, the meeting adjourned.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Carl Wolfsohn gave his first matinee, in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, on the 19th ult. The *Bulletin* says.—

The programme was filled, chiefly, with selections from Beethoven—for this was the "Beethoven Matinee;" but an *Adagio* from Mozart, played with exquisite taste and feeling by Mr. Rudolph Hennig upon the violoncello, and an air from Stradella, sung by Sig. E. Barili, were added, and formed a very pleasing variety, The Beethoven selections were chosen in the best taste. The concert began with the trio in C minor for piano, (Wolfsohn), violin (Kopta), and violoncello (Hennig). The performance was in the highest degree satisfactory. The second movement was received perhaps with more enthusiasm than the other three, but this was due rather to its peculiarly graceful and beautiful character than to any superiority in the performance. Mr. Wolfsohn played two of Beethoven's sonatas (E flat major, and Appassionata) with delightful sympathy and intelligence. To his study of this master Mr. Wolfsohn has brought reverent admiration, keen intelligence, and indomitable energy, and he has succeeded in interpreting Beethoven's works in a manner which must be as satisfactory to himself as it is to his hearers. The remaining piece upon the programme was Beethoven's delicious *Romanza* in F major, which Mr. Kopta gave upon the violin in a manner worthy of a more pretentious artist. The entertainment was one of the most pleasing of the kind ever given in this city; and we regret sincerely that it was not enjoyed by a larger number of persons. The next, the "Schubert matinée," will be given on the 17th of December.

—The first of a series of oratorio performances will be given by the Handel and Haydn Society, in the Academy of Music, on the evening of December 14th, when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* will be sung.

Grau's German Opera Company began an engagement at the Academy of Music with *Der Freyschütz.* It will be fair to judge this performance from a standpoint somewhat lower than that from which we would regard the more pretentious efforts of more eminent artists. Mr. Grau calls his company a "Grand German Opera Company," to be sure, but he understands perfectly well that people who glance at his list of singers will not expect entertainments of the most exalted character, and he has graduated his scale of prices accordingly. What he aims at is respectable mediocrity. He will give clever performances by clever artists, some of whom are excellent. He has no great *prima donna* and no superlatively great tenor; but, at the same time, he has no singer of any kind that is abominably poor. Madame Frederici has a good soprano voice, which is a little rough here and there, but which is never unpleasant; and she has a comely face and a most agreeable manner, which win for her the kindly sympathy of her audiences. She sang the part of "Agatha" very nicely last evening, and although her performance was not at any time remarkable, occasionally she deserved and received applause. Madame Rotter was even more satisfactory. She has a sweet voice and a great deal of vivacity and spirit. She sang the pretty song in the second act gracefully and well. Mr. Habelmann acquitted himself handsomely. The audience were asked to pardon his deficiencies, because of his hoarseness, but if he suffered from such a complaint, the effect was not perceptible. His performance was about the most satisfactory of the evening. Mr. Weinlich played and sang the part of "Caspar" in an unexceptionable manner. He has a very fine voice, and he is a good actor. Perhaps severe justice might demand harsher criticism of some portion of the performance of these singers, but we are inclined to be somewhat liberal, for several reasons; first, great superiority is not claimed for them; second, this was the opening night, and the singers were not accustomed to each other, or assured of the sympathy of the audience; third, the orchestra was shockingly bad. The orchestration of this opera is about the most delightful portion of it, but we are sorry to say it was given in a very wretched manner. Mr. Carl Anschutz, the leader, evidently entertained such an opinion of it himself, for he indulged audibly in continual criticisms of a very forcible character. The chorus, also, was very small and very poor. We hope Mr. Grau will remedy the defects in these two important particulars. Plenty of good singers and instrumental musicians can be procured in this city. This evening *Martha* will be given with a cast including Frederici, Rotter, and Messrs. Himmer and Formes.

Nov 23. We quote the *Bulletin* again:

Mr. Grau has ventured bravely into newer fields, and has presented a series of operas, some of which we have not heard for a long while, all of which are of the higher class, and are as well worth hearing frequently as *Trovatore* and *Norma.* Last week we had *Der Freyschütz, Martha, The Magic Flute, Fidelio, Faust*; this week we have *La Dame Blanche, Stradella, La Juive, Don Giovanni, Robert Le Diable.* For his enterprise in catering in this manner to the public taste Mr. Grau deserves great credit, and if as much care had been displayed at first in the organization of his orchestra and chorus, as is manifested now, we believe he would have met with even more generous encouragement.

Last night Boieldieu's opera, *La Dame Blanche,* was produced to the largest audience of the season. It was performed last night very cleverly by the German company. Mr. Habelmann carried off most of the honors, in the *rôle* of "George Brown," a part which requires for its just presentation a noble voice and fine histrionic powers. Mr. Habelmann acquitted himself in the most satisfactory manner, his vocalization being particularly good. His "Robin Adair," of course, received especial commendation from the audience; but it was not sung in a better manner than other melodies incident to the part. Mmes. Johannsen and Dziuba also played and sang admirably well, and Messrs Formes, Weinlich and Amand were good in their respective parts. The orchestra, under Mr. Dietrich's direction, was immeasurably better than it was at any time last week, and there was very perceptible improvement in the singing of the chorus. To-night *Stradella* will be presented.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Il mio dolor. (My Sorrow), Romanza. 4. B♭ to D. *Guglielmo.* 35
A beautiful Largbetto movement, full of pathos.

La Partenza. (The Parting). 4. D minor, to f sharp. *Schimon.* 35
An agitated and tender expression of sentiments indicated by the title.

Non Partir. (And wilt thou go). 3. F, to g. *Boott.* 35

My pretty little blonde. 3. A to f. *Pratt.* 30

Hornist and Musketeer. Bass or Baritone Song. 4. E♭ to e. *Abt.* 50
An artistic and very descriptive composition.

Par Excellence. 3. B♭, to f. *Paul.* 50

Instrumental.

Fantasie Brillante from Ambroise Thomas's Hamlet. 6. B♭. *Ketterer.* 75
A brilliant, masterly affair, requiring considerable power of execution.

Village Green Polka. 3. C. *Roe.* 40

Haydn's celebrated Oxen Waltz. 3. C. *Knight.* 30

Oh! My! Schottische. 3. B♭. *Bussenius.* 35
An elegant and excellent schottische.

Ein Herz, ein sinn. (One heart one soul). Polka Mazurka. 4. C. *Strauss.* 40
A choice Polka Mazourka, in Strauss's captivating style.

Re Rayon Schottische. 3. E♭. *Whittaker.* 30

Twelve Piano Forte Pieces. *Kuhe* ea. 40
1 Romance Mehul's Joseph. (On the Tremolando.
2 'Twere vain to tell. (Swiss Air). Repeated Notes.
3 Duetto. Elisire d'Amore. (Staccato).
4 Oft in the stilly night. (Legato).
5 Robin Adair. (The Shake).
6 My lodging is on the cold ground. (Grace Notes.)
7 Blue bells of Scotland. (Scales).
8 Casta Diva. (The cantabile).
9 Russian Hymn. (Reversed positions).
10 Chorus. Il Flauto Magico. (Thirds).
11 Ah! che la morte. (Arpeggios).
12 Charlie is my darling. (Octaves).
All admirably adapted to exemplify their respective characteristics.

Remember me. Nocturne. 4. G. *Brinkerman.* 30

The White Rose Polka. 3. F. *Turner.* 30

Month of May Waltzes. 2. G. *L. M. C.* 30

Books.

BORDEXES' MASS IN F. For Soprano Voices Solo and Chorus, with additional Tenor and Bass parts (ad. lib. and English words. Adapted by *T Bissell.*

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 749. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1869. VOL. XXIX. No. 20.

Translated for this Journal.

Bach's Passion Music.

[From the German of C. H. Bitter.]

Bach, according to the statements of Mizler and Forkel, wrote five *Passions-Musiken* so-called.

These probably stood in connection with those *five full-year courses* of Church Music, which Mizler mentions in his catalogue of works left behind him by the great composer.

Of those five Passions two only have com^e down to us: 1. "The St. John Passion," and 2. "The Passion according to the Gospel of Saint Matthew."

A third *Passions-Oratorium*, according to the Gospel of St. Luke, of which a copy written in Bach's own hand exists in Munich, and a transcript at Berlin, the latter bearing the mark "di J. S. Bach in Leipzig," is open to most reasonable doubts regarding its authenticity. . . .

I. THE PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

This is probably the older of the two. But the date of its composition cannot be positively ascertained. We only know that Bach submitted this work to repeated revision, and that he set out to work it over again after the completion of the Matthew Passion, which was performed in 1729.

The poem seems to have sprung essentially from himself, at least to have been prepared after his express designs. It leans upon the text to the Passion-Musics, which Brocke had written in Hamburg, which had been composed by Handel, Telemann, Keiser and Mattheson, and to which Bach was no stranger, since he had himself copied off the score of Handel's composition. But this text did not reproduce the Gospel simply, but translated into (partly) very wretched verses.

The epic tone of St. John's Gospel, and the mystical element in this apostle's conception of Christianity, conspicuous also in the text to Bach's composition, may have been the occasion of Bach's following, in the putting together of the work, a more dogmatic philosophical direction, than was the case later in the Matthew-Passion, which passes more into the sphere of immediate life and moves in a more lyrical mood.

On the whole, the poetic structure of the St. John Passion is very simple.

The 18th and 19th chapters of the Evangelist, beginning with the arrest of Jesus, form the groundwork. Numerous Chorales, two Choruses (for the introduction and conclusion), and eight Airs for single voices, with various in part very abstract reflections on the sufferings of the Lord, are interpolated amid the Bible words. In the narrative of Peter's denial the composer has supplied from other Gospels what is wanting in St. John: "And he went out and wept bitterly." So too, for greater completeness, he has included the words near the end of the 27th chapter of St. Matthew: "And behold! the veil of the temple was rent," &c.

The ideal Christian Church, which takes so prominent a part in the action in the Matthew-Passion, we do not find here characterized as such. The great drama, which depicts the end of the Lord and Saviour, passes before us in essentially the simple form which the Evangelist has given it. It is simply *the Gospel*, which it is the object of this Church music to announce to us.

But the great master, who wrote his sacred works from the point of view of a believing, pious Christian heart, may well have considered, that on the one hand the long drawn Gospel recitatives might have a wearisome effect on the listening congregation, while on the other hand the occasional Choruses and Arias, with all the splendor of instrumental effect and the declamation of the singers, might easily give to the Church music too much of a concert character. To avoid monotony, the connected musical pieces between the recitatives were necessary. But at the same time, to secure the church-like character of the work, and to bring the entire music belonging to the liturgical part of the service of that time nearer to the congregation present, he made use of the Chorales. The listening congregation was also to have an opportunity to join in the song. Unfortunately we have no information as to how far this purpose of the composer was carried out in practice. When we read in the work of Rochlitz "*Für Freunde der Tonkunst*" (Vol. 4, page 448), that Bach's way of treating the Passion *[illegible] a living participation in the c[illegible]ation, so that the performance of such an Oratorio always became really an edifying Art Feast for the [illegible]*, we may take it for granted as certain, that he reached this end especially through the cooperation of the Choral song.

This semi-dramatic way of treating a religious subject was no invention of Bach's own. Apart from the fact that such performances were known in the churches of Italy, from the very first beginning of the Opera, and were even presented in costume (for example the religious drama, "*L'anima e corpo*," by Emilio del Cavaliere, performed in the year 1600 in the Church della Valicella at Rome); apart too from the Passion processions and Passion plays, which were introduced in many parts of Germany at a very early period, and which are still customary in certain places, showing the old traditional tendency to dramatize the sufferings of the Lord at Easter time,—various attempts had been made by Bach himself to bring the Passion vividly before us in this half dramatic manner through the aid of song. There the acting persons, the choruses, and the ideal church or congregation were treated in a matter altogether like that which we find in Bach, and even the employment of the chorale had found its place in precisely the same way as with him. The Passion-musics, like the church Cantatas, formed a part of the liturgy of the Lutheran divine service. On Good Friday, even in the smallest church, the history of the Passion of Christ was represented musico-dramatically, or oratorically, according to the means at hand.

In Leipzig the performance, at the time of Bach, alternated between the St. Thomas and the St. Nicolai church, which does not seem to have been the case before. Moreover these performances were made known to the public by printed announcements.

Bach had found the general form of this great Art work, essentially, ready to his hands. To him it was reserved to ennoble it, to develop it to the highest perfection. . . .

The division of the work into two parts indicates that it was designed to be performed one part before, one after the preaching on Good Friday.

The Gospel narrative itself is treated in a simple Recitative form and assigned to the Tenor. The persons there introduced as speaking (Christ, Peter, Pilate, his maid, the servants of the High Priest) are placed directly in the action. So too we find the choruses of the Jews and Priests, as they occur in the Gospel, dramatized in characteristic manner. In all these respects there is a certain corresponding treatment between this work and the Matthew-Passion. But here all is simpler, more easily comprehended. Neither in length of time nor in the general intentions of the whole are certain limits of organic form exceeded.

This shows itself not merely in the arrangement of the poem, but also in its musical treatment. We know of comparative estimates of the two works, in which the simpler character of the St. John-Passion and the richer moulding of the music to the St. Matthew are set in contrast on the ground of the internal characteristics of the two Evangelists. To declare such a supposition unconditionally wrong in a man like Bach, would certainly be very bold.

Yet it can hardly be assumed that the great outward difference between the two works is to be ascribed to this inward difference of character. Eminent as Bach's gift of conception and power of presentation were, he had not, we may well believe, when he wrote the St. John Passion, yet attained to the height, to the great combination of all the means, by which he could excite our admiration, nay astonishment in the later, so much greater work. But this anticipatary judgment is not meant to take from the just appreciation of the work now before us.

It begins with a chorus executed in grand style.

a. THE INTRODUCTORY CHORUS.

This chorus, founded on the words of the Psalmist; "Lord, our God, whose glory is in all the lands, show us by thy Passion," etc., forms an introduction of a general, religious, Christian purport. It is the prayer for a true faith, which would fain be strengthened and confirmed by a realization of the sufferings of the Lord.

In its place stood formerly the Chorale: "O man, bewail thy sins so great." Bach, in his last revision of the work, has taken this away from here, and transferred it to the close of the first part of the Matthew-Passion, where it produces

such a sublime effect. In its place we have the present chorus.

In it, besides that perfect contrapuntal and harmonic treatment, such as always flows from Bach's pen, that intrinsic worth which becomes the serious grandeur of the solemnity, we also find the fine traits of symbolical meaning not despised, by which the great master thought to make the beginning of the history of the Lord's suffering present to our minds.

Above the bass moving in short connected notes upon an organ point, and the orchestra of stringed instruments preparing in an earnest figure for the choral song of praise and thanks, rises a mournful melody. Long, sustained tones of flutes and oboes meet above the heaving masses of tone. They begin their mournful song anew with the entrance of the chorus, which, after three brief and strongly marked exclamations of "Lord, Lord," proceeds in a brilliant, but thoroughly earnest figure to extol the majesty of the Lord. Unlimited and infinite, it seems to swell and roar around us, and lift us on the rising flood. The praise of the Lord resounds in strains which mirror the gloomy character of the approaching action. Above them that funereal hymn of flutes and oboes sounds on. Only twice, at the words: "that Thou the true Son of God," do the lamenting instruments take up for a moment the figured movement of the stringed quartet. It is impossible to hear this chorus without deeply feeling in one's inmost soul, how mightily the conflict, the wrestling of the majesty of the Son of God with the sufferings ordained to him is prepared; how under the superb structure of this hymn of praise the serious tragedy begins, of which the master will bring before our eyes the full development.

As in the orchestra he carries the antitheses through to the very limits of the attainable, so also in the treatment of the chorus we remark traits of individual mastery, such as are only found in Bach. We know that he wrote this chorus after the Matthew-Passion was finished, and after he had transferred to that the chorale originally intended for the introduction to this. The theme of the hymn of praise breaks off after 12 measures, to pass over into another theme fugue-like in its treatment, which repeats itself later in the words: "Show us through Thy Passion."

No one, who knows the two Passions of Bach, will hear this theme without being at once reminded, with all the difference of melody and contrapuntal working, of the "Let Him be crucified" in the Matthew-Passion. Bach certainly has not set these words just so and not otherwise without a definite purpose. As the peculiar structure of the whole work, to which he afterwards prefixed this chorus, did not allow the use of other more extensive means of preparing the hearers in a right earnest, vivid manner for the history of our Lord's sufferings, he was obliged to let the image of the cross appear before the eyes of the multitude at once, beforehand, through the character he lent to this theme. He has taken from the work a masterpiece in withdrawing the Chorale. But in this chorus he has known how to replace it by another masterpiece which surely is its peer.

b. The Recitation of the Gospel.

After the introductory chorus, begins at once the recitation of the Gospel. The recitations throughout are simple, accompanied only by the organ and the fundamental bass. In the noblest style, declaimed in strict observance of the word sound, its *cantilena* seldom, and only at some marked suggestion of the text, passes into the *arioso* element, and into that sort of musical painting so peculiar to Bach. For example, at the repetition of the words of Jesus: "The cup which my Father hath given me, Shall I not drink it?" So too in the long-drawn mournful melodic phrases of the twice repeated words of Peter: "And wept bitterly;" then at the words of Christ: "Then would my servants fight;" but above all, at the narrative of the Evangelist: "Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him," in which Bach gives free play to his pictorial bent in a long drawn figure over the sharply marked bass. The musical rendering of our Lord's words is not distinguished from the rest of the Recitative. It remains all the time in pure, simple Recitative style.

(To be Continued).

Handel's "Semi-Religious Oratorios."

[From the Orchestra, Nov. 19.]

November and December are the months for the winter campaign in choral music, when Handel and his oratorios are specially in the ascendant. We say "Handel and his oratorios," although after those of the *Messiah* and the *Israel* it would be difficult to point out any other certain of being heard in the course of the season. Handel, for about a quarter of a century, gave unbrokenly twelve grand oratorio performances, year after year, and it was by these and not his operatic speculations that he realized the thousands he bequeathed at his death. That oratorio nights with the Harmonic Society in Exeter Hall have not always proved successful in a pecuniary regard, has arisen from the fact that this honorable society has not followed in the wake of the great composer who established the fashion in this country. The Harmonic Society insists upon giving the whole of the particular oratorio—good, bad and indifferent—and nothing but the oratorio. Handel, on the contrary, gave his oratorios with "additions" and "shortenings," with one, two, and even three concertos on the organ, Italian songs interspersed here and there—opportunities to show off Mme. Cuzzoni (who in those days of comparative economy received £2000 for her annual engagement), Signoras Francesana, Frazi, Strada, Faustina, and his many other great stars in the dramatic sphere. Nor was he at all particular in what he called an oratorio. Hercules in some of his odd labors figured with him as a character sufficiently obedient to the gods to be classed as the heroic-religious personage worthy of being admitted with the old biblical heroes into the mystic circle; and even Semele, who jilted Athamas, her betrothed, for the more mighty Jove, and disappeared in a cloud of smoke for her vanity and impudence, was cast "after the manner of an oratorio." The Harmonic Society occasionally patronize *Samson* and *Solomon*, *Judas* and *Joshua*, but steadfastly decline to meddle with either *Semele* or *Hercules*. Upon the same principle it sets on one side the ever-living ode of John Dryden—the *Alexander's Feast*, and the not less entertaining, although more lowly and simple, *Acis and Galatea* of John Gay. Until all the professedly religious oratorios of Handel have been made familiar to the music loving public, perhaps it may be thought unnecessary for the society to relax the strict rule in this regard—that of eschewing the mythologies. Still an exception might be made for the wonderful oratorio or serenata of *Semele*, because so great and so short, and requiring so little of "shortening", and possibly nothing in the way of addition. The tale of Semele points a moral, and the *Formosa* of Thebes in the hands of Handel can be listened to with profit and never without interest. Semele is about to be married to Prince Athamas, and the drama commences with an august wedding ceremonial. Cadmus, her father, King of Thebes, consults the priests, and the priests consult the oracle; but Jupiter, who has seen the young beauty, and decided upon quite another thing than that of marriage with her betrothed, directs the oracle to portend the direst mischief from the alliance, compels the king to change his mind, and put an end to the ceremony. Meanwhile the autocrat of Olympus has prepared a sweet little spot of his own for the reception of the young lady, and has her supernaturally conveyed into the lone paradise. He prefers his suit, and Athamas is forgotten; the god is too strong for frail mortality; Semele has everything she can desire; curiosity cannot suggest more than that which surrounds her. But Jupiter has a wife, who has not been unobservant of these doings, and assuming the shape of Semele's sister, the innocent Ino, goes to the sequestered bower, and talks over the event with the unsuspecting happy one. Semele is induced to request the mighty Jove to appear in all his true majesty, and no words of remonstrance on his part can lead her to forego the request. He does so, and the poor girl is burnt to a cinder. The moral is plain; young ladies must not resign their solemn engagements for pretty bowers, sweet isles, and the soft speeches of middle-aged gentlemen. The theme tickled Handel much; it fell in with his own heart; for he had, it is said, been treated in much the same fashion when about the age of Athamas. The scenes are all drawn out with a most masterly hand; the choral effects superb; the recitatives, grand; the supernatural portrayed in his best way, and the songs in his finest style, some indeed, not to be surpassed. The serenata of *Acis and Galatea*, noble and varied as it is, and inimitable in its own way, is not so large or so highly wrought as the *Semele*. Handel was in his fifty-eighth year when he penned the latter, and age had not touched his imaginative power, but long experience had given him a terseness and condensation of expression not to be found in the earlier serenata. There are no unmeaning recitatives, and the chief portion of the declaimed dialogue is beyond measure fine. Handel of course lengthened its performance by his organ concerto playing, which he introduced here and there in all his oratorios without reference to the action of his drama. In these days the Handel concerto for the organ in such situations will not do. The enormous orchestra, so bright, brilliant, massive, and contrasted, would deaden the ear to anything that could be heard from the organ, which at best is but a miserable imitation of the orchestra. There is, however, an inexhaustible mine of orchestral music to be found in the overtures to Handel's operas; and many a sleepy point in the Handelian drama might be enlivened by the interpolation of one of these short and energetic symphonies. The practice would only be an adaptation of the Handelian principle—please the audience at all risks. He relieved his hearers in the *Israel* with his best Italian sopranos in some of his best Italian arias; and on one occasion, when the organ had become somewhat too familiar, introduced the violin concerto played by the Paganini of his day. We may be sure that Handel—if now living—would only live for one thing—to fill Exeter Hall: and fill it he would by cutting and clipping, adding and contrasting, playing himself, and getting others to play, drafting in Italian vocalists with English, in short attempting everything until he had accomplished his purpose. We now hear so little of Handel's semi-religious oratorios, because it is insisted that the audience shall listen to them just as the composer left them. Handel never left them alone; he was ever changing, and trying after new points and new effects. Imagine him the present director of his great choral works, and the knife would ever be in his hand, the red pencil ready between his lips. He well knew that although the public liked grand choruses, they liked much better great singers in grand songs. He paid one of his tenor vocalists as much as £4000 for the season, and high prices for high singers was no novelty in his time. The songs remain, although both composer and vocalist have departed. Why not make use of them?

Why not excise the dragging, unmeaning, and useless declamation, the silly by-play, the nothing but old-fashioned passage, the weak chorus, and insert, as the composer did, the song and chorus and instrumental piece that never tire. "See the conquering hero comes" was not written for the *Judas*, nor the "Dead March" for the *Saul*. Both are translations from other oratorios; and that which Handel thought good to do cannot be reprehensible as a principle. *Samson* and *Solomon* tire, not from the great points lying in these works, but from the utterly faded character of scenes altogether without interest, and quite unconnected with the real story. No one wants them, no one could miss them. The musician dislikes them, the amateur runs away from them. Why offend both from the wish to preserve a rule Handel himself never recognized? Why destroy the chance of success, and keep back the unknown and priceless jewels of the author by playing and singing what he himself would tear up and put into the fire? When are we to hear the *Belshazzar* or the *Athaliah*, if this law is to be kept? What is to become of the *Theodora* and the *Susanna*, the *Joseph* and the *Alexander Balus*? The *Athaliah*—written for Oxford and Oxford Dons—is a marvellously fresh work even as it stands; it brought him a heap of money at Oxford, which he took, and the offer of a Doctor's degree, which he would not take. But grand and pleasing as is this oratorio, it cannot stand alongside of the *Susanna* or the *Theodora* in high tragic interest, nor in closeness of thought and expression. Handel was a much stronger man in 1748 than he was in 1733. Three score years had told off their summers, and his bright brown hair had turned to silver; but his power of original conception, his inspired grasp of the situation, remained with him, and his modes of using all that mind and feeling taught him had culminated to the utmost pitch of perfection.

If Handel could give twelve oratorio performances annually for a full quarter of a century, it is not too much to imagine the same thing could be done now with the music he has left, and with a certainty of pecuniary success provided his rule be adopted of relieving the drama of what does not tell, by shortenings, by additions, by songs by great vocalists, instrumental movements by a fine band, and, if necessary, the solo by the last new foreigner. Where there was one listening amateur in Handel's day there are now a hundred—nay, five hundred; and the great things of the composer are now so grandly given that their effects are felt on all sides. He only requires the same chances he seized upon for himself to keep his position as the greatest oratorio composer the world has ever seen.

Ruth.

[From the "Pall Mall Gazette," Nov. 1.]

The "Sacred Pastoral" heard in Exeter Hall last night was produced at the Hereford Festival of 1867, and condemned with unanimity. Herr Goldschmidt, the composer, moved perhaps by the force of criticism, thereupon amended his work and took it to Hamburg, in which place, and by a select audience, it was received with favor. *Ruth* might have made a triumphal progress through the German towns (being in accordance with the present foggy state of German music), but Herr Goldschmidt seems to have hankered after homage from the British Mordecai. Hence the performance of last night.

It is due to Herr Goldschmidt to say something about the revised *Ruth*; as, however, general observations will meet the circumstances of the case, we shall avoid criticism in detail. The libretto calls for but one remark, which is, that it tells the story in an extremely matter-of-fact way. Every one must admit the Biblical narrative to be made charming and life-like by the minuteness of its particulars. But, for musical purposes, the minuteness stands in the way. In treating such a story the composer cannot venture upon pre-Raphaelite detail without an inartistic result. It is well enough to read of all that took place in the harvest field, or at the gate of Bethlehem; but in *Ruth* these particulars have an effect which may compare for tediousness with the recitatives supplied to Handel by Dr. Morell. An Oratorio, however dramatic, is not a drama, and, having no action, requires no filling in, that action may run smoothly. Failing to see this, Herr Goldschmidt has encumbered his libretto with narrative, which appears to have given him some trouble, and is by no means handled successfully. There are a few examples in *Ruth* of the form of recitative which served the purpose of Handel and Mendelssohn; but Herr Goldschmidt has used most the elaborately accompanied declamation of the "advanced school." Undoubtedly, this system of employing the orchestra to enforce the meaning of every sentence is capable of great effects—witness the accompanied dialogue of Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, *Œdipus*, *Athalie*, &c.—but the judgment and skill of a master are required to produce them. In our opinion Herr Goldschmidt has signally failed. As an example of the way in which his recitatives are made, take the long series headed, "In the house of Naomi"—introduction eleven bars; voice, one bar; interlude, four bars; voice, two bars; interlude, eight bars; and so on. When to this we add that Herr Goldschmidt's orchestral episodes are neither apposite nor interesting, it will be understood what weariness the recitatives of *Ruth* bring with them. It very often happens that the real weakness of a composer is his fancied strength, and Herr Goldschmidt's seems to be a case in point. He so evidently prides himself on his mastery of the orchestra, that we wonder *Ruth* did not appear as an oratorio without words. Wherever possible, and often where it would have struck any one else as impossible, the composer has put in an orchestral episode; so that the story, instead of marching steadily on, halts every few minutes while Herr Goldschmidt plays an inappropriate tune. This, in conjunction with the treatment of his recitatives, forms the most remarkable feature of the composer's work. But there are other remarkable features upon which it gives us no greater pleasure to dwell. Herr Goldschmidt, for example, has paid little regard to form in laying out his movements. We can hardly point to a single number in which there is an attempt at symmetrical development. The composer probably reckons this a merit, as showing an accordance with modern ideas regarding the musical treatment of narrative. But till the canons of an established or sanctioned by great masters have been authoritatively set aside, Herr Goldschmidt must be judged by them. We need not, however, insist upon this point. It is enough to observe the incessant changes of theme, time, and key; and to feel the restlessness they induce. Were there no canons of art to violate, censure would follow in this case as an inevitable thing. We might speak of other matters kindred to the foregoing, because arising out of the same fundamental notions; but enough has been said to show that *Ruth* cannot please those who accept the acknowledged masterpieces of its kind. As already stated, any criticism of the music in detail would be superfluous. The public are not likely to be deceived into loving what is bad in Herr Goldschmidt's handiwork. If poor melody, doubtful counterpoint, and unpleasing progressions be found there—and they are—it must be said that these things honestly exhibit their colors. It it be asked,—are there any merits in *Ruth* to set against these defects?—we answer, Undoubtedly; but they cannot be generalized, and, if catalogued, it would be necessary to make out also a list of particulars on the other side, for which we have no space. An Academy student could hardly write an oratorio utterly devoid of beauty. The theory of chances would be against him. *Ruth*, it must be remembered, is the production of a whilom Academy vice-principal.

With reference to the foregoing strictures, we must point out once more the rapid spread of that modern musical heresy which has Herr Wagner for its apostle. The thing crops up everywhere, and is doing infinite mischief—often, perhaps, by unconscious agency. Herr Goldschmidt may repudiate Wagner, but the structure of *Ruth* shows that the Wagnerian theory has influenced him. To that theory we are indebted for Herr Goldschmidt's neglect of form, his exhibition of the orchestra, and his superabundance of vague declamation. It may be that so it we are even indebted for *Ruth* itself. Wagnerism makes easy the apotheosis of inferior composers. They have only to be crude and unintelligible to be gods.

But for the foe, *Ruth* would have had a crowded audience; and not even the dangers of the streets prevented a large gathering—attracted doubtless by the reappearance of Mme. Goldschmidt. Reappearances are, in many quarters, looked upon unfavorably when the artist has no chance of sustaining the reputation made in earlier days. With this view we are not at all disposed to quarrel; nevertheless, it must be pointed out that those who require an apology for Mme. Goldschmidt's [illegible] can easily obtain satisfaction. As a wife who came forward to do her best on behalf of the artistic reputation of her husband, she enjoys perfect immunity from blame, if she does not deserve something more. Mme. Goldschmidt's appearance in the orchestra was hailed with general and hearty applause, which, moreover, attended her throughout the evening. We decline to speak of the meeting of her who was once Jenny Lind in the spirit with which the audience heard it. They recognized and honored a great artist, and the severest critic must admit, with us, that a great artist was plainly manifest. The other soloists were Mme. Patey, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley, each of whom, as well as the composer and conductor, came in for a share of the applause so bountifully dispensed at every "first performance." With regard to the success of the work, it must be granted that a large portion of the audience seemed more or less pleased with everything. Certain movements, however, obtained special favor. These were neither Herr Goldschmidt's pretentious choruses, nor his songs, ("Commit thy way," sung by Mme. Patey, excepted), but rather such quiet efforts as the semi-chorus, "Blessed are they that mourn," the duet, "The Lord recompense thy work," and the trio, "The Lord is thy keeper." It was no fault of the audience that these were heard but once. The final air and chorus, "O Lord I will praise Thee," evoked more than the usual demonstrations; and as far as applause goes, *Ruth* was a success. For all this however, we are not likely to hear it again. Great pains must have been taken with the performance, and Herr Goldschmidt fairly deserves congratulation upon the way he made the chorus—which, with the band, filled the orchestra—sing his sometimes perplexing, often unvocal music.

Voices.

[From the Saturday Review.]

Far before the eyes or the mouth or the habitual gesture, as a revelation of character, is the quality of the voice and the manner of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices which have a certain truthful ring about them—a certain something, unforced and spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice, but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality, for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on a woman's cheek, or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone, and that are as full of warning, as the croak of the raven or the hiss of the serpent. There are in general the naturally hard voices, which make themselves caressing, thinking by that to appear sympathetic; but the fundamental quality strikes through the overlay, and a person must be very dull indeed who cannot detect the pretence in that slow, drawling, wooing affectionate voice, with its harsh undertone and sharp accent whenever it forgets itself. But, without being false or hypocritical, there are voices which puzzle as well as disappoint us, because so entirely inharmonious with the appearance of the speaker. For instance, there is that thin treble squeak we sometimes hear from the mouth of a well-grown portly man, when we expected the fine rolling utterance which would have been in unison with his outward seeming; and, on the other side of the scale, where we looked for a shrill head voice or a tender musical cadence, we get the hoarse chest voice with which young and pretty girls sometimes startle us. In fact, it is one of the characteristics of the modern girl of a certain type; just as the habitual use of slang is characteristic of her, or that peculiar rounding of the elbows and turning out of the wrists, which are gestures that, like the chest voice, instinctively belong to men only, and have to be learnt and practised by women.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far the expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be falling and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse unchecked. Again, in fun and humor, is it not the voice that is expressive, even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow, are all aids certainly; but the voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one

man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiescence of a fourth, when relating the most outrageous impossibilities, the voice and manner peculiarly Transatlantic, and indeed one of the Yankee forms of fun—do we not know all these varieties by heart? have we not veteran actors whose main point lies in one or other of these varieties? and what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance? Pathos too—who feels it, however beautifully expressed so far as words may go, if uttered in a dead and wooden voice without sympathy? But the poorest attempts at pathos will strike home to the heart if given tenderly and harmoniously. And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory. Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone, and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the "bed side voice" which is nothing, if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Not false, not made up, not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management, and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in an address—but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick bed as court trains and brocaded silk for the nurse. There are certain men who do a good deal by a hearty, jovial, fox-hunting kind of voice—a voice a little thrown up for all that it is a chest voice—a voice with a certain undefined rollick and devil-may-care sound in it, and eloquent of a large volume of vitality and physical health. That, too, is a good property for a medical man. It gives the sick a certain filip, and reminds them pleasantly of health and vigor; it may have a mesmeric effect upon them—who knows?—and induce in them something of its own state, provided it is not overpowering. But a voice of this kind has a tendency to become insolent in its assertion of vigor; swaggering and boisterous; and then it is too much for invalided nerves, just as mountain winds or sea breezes would be too much, and the scent of flowers or a hayfield oppressive. The clerical voice, again, is a class voice; that neat, careful, precise voice, neither wholly made nor yet quite natural; a voice which never strikes one as hearty or as having a really genuine utterance, but which yet is not unpleasant if one does not require too much spontaneity. The clerical voice with its mixture of familiarity and oratory, as that of one used to talk to old women in private, and to hold forth to a congregation in public, is as distinct in its own way as the mathematician's handwriting; and any one can pick out blindfold his man from a knot of talkers, without waiting to see the square-cut collar and close white tie. The legal voice is different again; but this is rather a variety of the orator's than a distinct species—a variety standing midway between that and the clerical, and affording more scope than either.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in the indistinct or confused utterance: no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice, too, does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the best active work; and when we meet with a keen-witted man who drawls, and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that would be natural to him, we may be sure there is a flaw somewhere, and that he is not what the Americans call "clear grit" and "whole-souled" all through. We all have our company voices, as we all have our company manners, and we get to know the company voices of our friends after a time, and to understand them as we understand their best dresses and state service. The person whose voice absolutely refuses to put itself into company tone startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting jacket. This is a different thing from the insincere and flattering voice, which is never laid aside while it has its object to gain, and which affects to be one thing when it means another. The company voice is only a little bit of finery, quite in its place if not carried into the home, where, however, silly men and women think they can impose on their house-mates by assumptions which cannot stand the test of domestic ease. The lover's voice is of course *sui generis*: but here is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes that is quite as enchanting—the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners. Such a voice as Alboni's: such a voice we can conceive Anacreon's to have been; with less lusciousness and more stateliness, such a voice was Walter Savage Landor's. His was not an English voice; it was too rich and accurate; and yet it was clear and apparently thoroughly unstudied. *Ars celare artem*, perhaps; there was no greater treat of its kind than to hear Landor read Milton or Homer. Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are lisps and catches that are very pretty, though never dignified; but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, the faintest suspicion of the Scotch twang, even a very little American accent—but very little, like red pepper to be sparingly used, as indeed we may say with the others—gives a certain piquancy to the voice. So does a Continental accent generally, few of us being able to distinguish the French accent from the German, the Polish from the Italian, or the Russian from the Spanish, but lumping them all together as "a foreign accent" broadly. Of all the European voices the French is perhaps the most unpleasant, and the Italian the most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself, not the sing-song voice of an English parish schoolboy, but an unnoted bit of harmony. The French voice is thin, apt to become wiry and metallic; a head voice for the most part, and eminently unsympathetic; a nervous, irritable voice, that seems more fit for complaint than for love-making; and yet how laughing, how bewitching it can make itself!—never with the Italian roundness, but *câlinant* in its own half pettish way, provoking, enticing, arousing. There are some voices send you to sleep, and others that stir you up; and the French voice is of the latter kind when setting itself to do mischief and work its own will. Of all the differences lying between Calais and Dover, perhaps nothing strikes the traveller more than the difference in the national voice and manner of speech. The sharp, high pitched, stridulous voice of the French, with its clear accent and neat intonation, is exchanged for the loose, fluffy utterance of England, where clear enunciation is considered pedantic; where brave men cultivate a drawl, and pretty women a deep chest voice; where well-educated people think it no shame to run all their words into each other, and to let consonants and vowels drip out like so many drops of water, with not much more distinction between them; and where no one knows how to educate his organ artistically, without going into artificiality and affectation. And yet the cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a legible handwriting. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings, and lispings, and quackings, and chatterings; a very menagerie in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.

Mendelssohn.

By Eduard Devrient.*

A complete study of Mendelssohn, a study that would present to us, at one and the same time, the man and the artist, so intimately connected in his person, is something still to be written: we have scarcely begun to store up materials for it.

Among the collection of writings already made there is only one which deserves mention: the correspondence of the composer when on his travels, a correspondence published some years since. But another work to which I attach at least equal value has just appeared. It is a volume entitled *My Reminiscences of Mendelssohn Bartholdy*, by Eduard Devrient.

* From "La France Musicale."

The testimony contained in it is worth preserving. The author, as most people are aware, is descended from a family of dramatic artists who have been the pride of the German stage. Herr Eduard Devrient has fairly done his part to increase the glory of the name he bears; he has been, in succession, a good singer, a good actor, a tolerable dramatic author, and an excellent theatrical critic. In his retirement at Carlsruhe, he devotes the time not taken up by his official duties as manager to writing a *History of the German Stage*. The first three volumes have already appeared.

Herr Devrient's reminiscences go back to Mendelssohn's early boyhood. When Herr Devrient was received into the house of Herr Mendelssohn, senr., the latter's son was only thirteen, and Herr Devrient himself, though already a baritone at the Berlin Opera House, was not more than twenty.

It was, strange to say, the banker's eldest daughter who procured the singer's admission to her father's house. She was attending the course of study at the Academy of Singing, and had formed a friendship there with Herr Devrient's future wife. The intimacy between the two young ladies was the cause of Herr Devrient's being admitted to the parties given by the rich banker, and being invited to the Sunday Musical Matinées, when the precocious compositions of the son of the house were performed.

The boy himself conducted the performance of his works. Seated upon a raised cushion, young Felix was totally absorbed in his task. He governed singers and musicians with an easy, serious, and eager air. At the age of thirteen he had already written three operettas, and was engaged on an opera of greater proportions. The fact of seeing so many older persons ranged under his sceptre, did not, however, excite inordinately his boyish vanity. The sentiment predominating above all others in his breast was the pleasure of writing music, and the desire of acquiring knowledge. Immediately a piece was over, the little conductor always quickly put away the score before receiving the congratulations of his audience.

The father felt the danger to which he was exposing his boy, and took measures to combat the disastrous influence of these premature drawing-room successes. The son of Mendelssohn, the celebrated philosopher, he was himself a sensible man, endowed with a sure judgment and lofty character, and always exercised a salutary influence on the intellectual and moral development of young Felix. But he was not the person who discovered the boy's musical tendencies; it was the mother. From the day they were remarked, nothing was neglected to foster them, and the care of doing so was confided to Zelter, and to Berger—to professors who were masters of their art. When Mendelssohn had essayed his powers in a few compositions of some importance, his father, who shrank from no expense, placed at his disposal an orchestra comprising some of the best artists of the Royal Chapel. He thus furnished the young composer with a valuable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the nature and effect of each instrument and of calculating the harmonic value of his works.

The Musical Matinées, which were not, as might be supposed, devoted exclusively to the music of the son of the house, were attended by those members of the high society of Berlin who prided themselves upon their intellectual superiority. Among them were the celebrated Rachel, the wife of Varnhagen, and Heinrich Heine. If I mention these two names, instead of so many others worthy of being recorded, it is because there is a peculiarity of Mendelssohn's otherwise connected with them. Neither of these two persons of whom he made so much excited any interest in him; he was never attracted by women with literary pretensions, and the used up ways of Heine inspired him with a kind of aversion. One day, when they were talking of Jean Paul, for whom Mendelssohn professed a feeling of admiration very natural at his age, Heine said, in the nonchalant tone he had adopted: "What is Jean Paul? A man who never saw the sea!"

"That is true," replied young Felix, "he had no uncle Solomon to pay his travelling expenses for him."

This was just what Heinrich Heine's uncle had done for him. But if Mendelssohn cared nothing for Heine, all the greater, on the other hand, was the interest he took in Herr Eduard Devrient. There was only the difference of a very few years between the two friends, both of whom stood at the commencement of a career consecrated to art. From a frequent interchange of ideas and sentiments, of aspirations and hopes, there sprang up, very naturally, a desire to make a combined essay in an important work, to try their fortune in the same enterprise. They determined to write an opera together. The project was, however, only partially carried out.

Herr Devrient wrote a libretto—*Hans Heiling*, but did not succeed in pleasing his young colleague. The subject excited no inspiration in Mendelssohn, who found a thousand defects in it; he said that it reminded him too much of *Der Freischütz* and sinned too much against probability, which, in his mind, was an imperious condition of every work of art. But Herr Devrient's labor was not thrown away. Marschner did not share Mendelssohn's scruples; he seized on the libretto which the young composer had disdained, and composed that *Hans Heiling* which is still a stock opera in Germany.

Herr Devrient was greatly disappointed at the failure of this attempt, for he believed in the dramatic powers of his friend. He strikes me as having been mistaken in this particular, for, during his whole artistic career, Mendelssohn never succeeded in writing anything particularly good in the shape of opera. Of his attempts when he was a very young man, *The Marriage of Camacho* was the only one ever represented in public, and that did not achieve the slightest success. The others, such, for instance, as *The Uncle from Boston*, which is considered the best, were performed nowhere but in his father's drawing room.

Other dramatic authors were not, however, more successful than Herr Devrient. During eighteen years, Mendelssohn, though always on the look-out, refused all the librettos offered him, and the reader may imagine that their number was large. Not one found grace in his eyes, or, at least, could inspire his fancy, which was evidently somewhat rebellious in this respect. And when at last, tired of seeking any longer, he fixed upon Geibel's *Lorelei*, and set to work, death came and snatched him from his labor. But, save for this circumstance, would musical literature have been enriched with an opera by Mendelssohn? The answer is doubtful; it is highly probable, on the contrary, that this essay would not have led to anything more than those which preceded it. "Mendelssohn," said Holtei, himself a libretto writer, "was too clever to be pleased with the subject of an opera."

The relations of the two friends towards each other suffered nothing from the ill-success of their first enterprise, and the cordiality of their intercourse was in no wise diminished; nay, they did not dissolve their artistic partnership. Their second venture succeeded better than their first. They have associated their names with one of the most important musical events of the present century, the revival of Bach's *Passions-musik*, which had fallen into utter oblivion. The performance of this music took place, under Mendelssohn's direction, in the month of March, 1829, which marks a new musical era. Bach's creation was a revelation in the way of sacred music, and it is a curious fact, as Mendelssohn was fond of saying, that the Church should be indebted for it to an actor and a Jew.

Felix was then twenty. Thanks, however, to his taste for bodily exercises, gymnastics, dancing, swimming, and riding he had attained his full physical development. But with unusual muscular vigor, he combined great nervous susceptibility. Anything like lively emotion threw him into transports that excited fears as to his reason. Such fits were followed by a lethargic sleep, which restored his equilibrium thus violently disturbed.

His personal appearance produced a favorable impression, and inspired sympathy at first sight. His features, which bore evidence of his eastern descent, were handsome; his glance especially had an admirable expression in it. There was a great deal of natural timidity about him, and this gave him, in his youth, an embarrassed air, but he lost it after rubbing against the world.

His defects were those of a man who has been an object of adulation from his infancy. Continuous absolute admiration became a necessity of his existence. He was so susceptible in matters of art that he nearly regarded as real enemies all those persons who were in any way reserved with respect to his compositions. He even pushed this feeling so far as to underestimate the real merit of those who had committed no fault but that of being indifferent to his musical powers.*

It was in this same year, 1829, that Mendelssohn made his first trip to England. The young composer, who was also a remarkably fine performer, excited general enthusiasm; musicians he impressed by the precocity of his talent; and men of the world by his fortune, which put him on a level with themselves.

On his return from England, he found Herr Devrient installed in a *Gartenhaus* belonging to his father, and the intimacy of the two friends was still more strengthened in consequence. The following summer Mendelssohn proceeded to Italy, whence he brought back some highly unfavorable musical impressions. On his return to Berlin, he had the mortification of seeing Rungenhagen preferred to himself as director of the Singacademie. Being vexed at this, he went to Düsseldorf, to assist Immerman in his attempt to regenerate the German stage. The attempt did not succeed, and Mendelssohn separated, on very bad terms, from Immerman. I must, however, state that Herr Devrient has the frankness to confess that most of the blame must be laid on Mendelssohn, who, on this occasion as well as on others, appears to have given way to exaggerated susceptibility.

Shortly afterwards, Mendelssohn fixed his quarters at Leipsic, which became the town of his adoption, for he had a horror of Berlin. It was then that he married Mlle. Cecilia Jeanrenaud, of Frankfort, and that he was placed at the head of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts, which, under his guidance, attained an immensely high reputation. On the accession of Fredrich Wilhelm IV to the throne, that monarch endeavored to get Mendelssohn back to Berlin; and it was resolved to establish a Conservatory of Music, so that he might be appointed the director. The negotiations came to nothing, but they had at least the good effect of bringing about a reconciliation, to which we owe the music of *Antigone*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Athalie*, and *Œdipus Colonos*. The performance of these compositions took Mendelssohn frequently to Berlin, but he could never make up his mind to settle there, despite the urgent solicitations of the King. His aversion for the Prussian capital was such that, when Herr Devrient, who had just been appointed stage manager at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, asked Mendelssohn's advice as to his accepting the post, Mendelssohn answered—"The only question for consideration is—whether you have boxes and portmanteaus enough to contain your things; if not, I have some I can lend you. My dear Edouard, the first step outside Berlin is the first step to happiness."

Mendelssohn was in England for the second time,* when he received, in 1847, the intelligence of the sudden death of his sister Fanny, a lady distinguished for her refined and superior intellectual powers. Shortly after his return to Leipsic, at the commencement of autumn, Mendelssohn, still suffering from the effects of the loss he had sustained, was attacked with acute neuralgic pains, and violent headaches. This illness carried him off in a few days; he succumbed to it on the 4th November, at the age of thirty-nine. On the occasion of his last visit to Berlin, Fanny reproached him with not having spent her birthday with her for years. As he was bidding her good bye, he said; "You may rely on my being with you on the next birthday."

A special train conveyed the body to Berlin, and it was laid, on the 8th of November, near that of his sister, in the family vault. The 8th of November was the anniversary of Fanny's birth. Mendelssohn had kept his word. E. SCHINGERLET.

* This statement is simply a falsehood.—Ed. M. W.

*Say rather the [illegible] time.—Ed. M. W.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, NOV. 22. [illegible]—Went yesterday afternoon to the Cirque Napoleon to hear Pasdeloup's Orchestra. They play almost to perfection; a little *faible* in the clarinet and oboe, and decidedly so in the horns, but as nearly perfect as need be in other respects. We had a *Suite* by a certain Massenet, which was interesting and stupid by turns. Rather inclined to be queer than beautiful. The last movement, *[illegible]*, was especially full of unexpected freaks of instrumentation. The public seemed to like it though. Next came an *Adagio* from one of Mozart's Symphonies. Beautifully played and enthusiastically received. Then came my favorite of favorites, that I never expected to hear out of Boston,—Schumann's *Genoveva* Overture. If the *Leonora* No. 3 is the king, this is certainly the princess of overtures. Pasdeloup took the Allegro a trifle fast for my taste, and the horns were almost inaudible in the little passage in triplets that keeps recurring throughout the movement; but the orchestra played *con amore*, and the public was rapturous. Then we had Beethoven's Symphony in C major, played to absolute perfection and cheered after every movement. The Andante just escaped an encore, and the Scherzo had to be repeated. I never saw so [illegible] attentive an audience. In the trio of the Scherzo the whole house laughed, as they would at a Warren farce, as that little crescendo run on the violins led back to the regular beat on the reed instruments. It is something when an audience knows when a joke is meant.

The concert finished with the *Tannhäuser* Overture. Not so perfectly played as it might have been. The passage where the clarinet comes in with Venus's enticing theme was fearfully shaky. At the end the audience rose like one man and cheered like mad, and it took all Pasdeloup's generalship in getting the orchestra off the stage to prevent the whole overture from being *bissé*.

And now I will tell you a true story. When I first went to the opera here, I was struck with the thinness and weakness of the trombones as soon as I heard them. During the entr'acte I noticed that they were the Sax trombones with cylinders and pistons. I noticed the same weakness in all the operas, but I thought it might be prejudice on my part. Yesterday at the concert I was so placed that I could only see the violins and a few 'celli. When the trombones came in in the Massenet *Suite*, where, by the way, they have a good deal to do, I said to myself I must for once own up to the Sax trombones. I never heard such splendid tones in my life. Before the next movement the two men who had been standing up in front of me went away, and I saw three trombones up in the orchestra, *all* on the old slide pattern. The horns and even the trumpets (!) were without valves in all the classical pieces. It is a significant thing that in Paris, the head-quarters of Sax instruments, they should be the first to go back to the old horns and trumpets. Nevertheless, I admit that, when horns and trombones are so clumsily written for as in the Italian scores, the valve instruments are preferable.

In the evening I went to the Concert de l'Opera. Orchestra of about a hundred, and chorus of ninety, —Lindell conducting. They played a little better than our H. M. A., but not very well. In the slow movements they leave our orchestra very far behind, but in the allegros they don't seem quite at home. The concert began with the *Freischütz* overture. The opening movement was beautifully played—the allegro regularly butchered. The Hector Berlioz pieces that followed were very interesting. They were three movements from his "Damnation de Faust"—*Menuet des Feux follets*, *Valse des Sylphes* and *Marche Hongroise*. The Menuet is *spirituel* and taking, rather than beautiful; but the Valse, for muted violins, now and then some flutes, reeds and horns, with harp obligato, is a gem. It was enthusiastically *bissé*. The *Marche Hongroise* is maddening (in a good sense). It is one of the most *entraînant* things that I know of in music. We next had a *Suite* for orchestra by Saint Saëns, conducted by the composer. It is what the newspaper critics call "a thoughtful and musician like composition" for the legitimate old Mozart and Haydn orchestra, which had rather a soothing effect after Berlioz, who would make music out of a cart load of bricks if it came into his head to do so. There are many and great beauties in it, and also much science, the introductory pastorale, in especial, being at times painfully contrapuntal. But the whole had rather the air of a first-rate exercise than a composition for the concert room. Somehow these modern Frenchmen, when they write anything in the extreme classical and *un*sensational way, remind me of a passage in Thackeray referring to Pendennis and Blanche Amory: "O! Phyllis and Corydon! Here are two used up London rakes, walking about country lanes, and imagining themselves in love." ("Je change, peut-être, quelque chose au texte, mais c'est le fond des idées.")

We then had an air from Mozart's "Prise de Jericho" whatever that may be, sung by Mlle. Reboux. Then followed a fragment for chorus, solo, soprano, and orchestra. "L'exorcism des Djinns" from the

"Sclam" *Symphonie orientale*, by Reyer, conducted by the composer. Very fine and exciting; well sustained and full of fire. Then came the Beethoven Symphony in A. Pretty well played. The orchestras here don't seem to enter into the spirit of Beethoven's later works. The Allegretto was better given than I have ever heard it. Imagine the whole opera house at each pause in the movement and at each stage in the crescendo shouting bravo, as only Frenchmen can shout. When the cello and violas had finished the theme in A minor, *Bravo!* When the 2nd violins had done, *Bravo!! Bravo!* When the whole orchestra had repeated the theme, BRAVO!!! *Hah! ouh! Hah!!!*—When the Theme in A major, for flutes, clarinets, and bassoons with waving accompaniment for violins, modulated into C major, *Ahh—h! Oh! Bravo!*—and at every Bravo, old Litolff would wave his baton more ferociously. Then came a most beautiful march for strings and flutes, and a solo and chorus from Gluck's "Alceste," given to perfection. The march was interspersed with "Ah's!" and "Oh's!"—Then came Schumann's "Träumerei" from the *Kinder-Scenen*, arranged for muted strings, oboe, and horn, wonderfully played. This sort of thing is very much the fashion here; but I think I like it on the piano better. It was *bissée*. Then followed a scherzo of Schumann's, which was very pretty and took well. The whole thing wound up with the Hallelujah Chorus—pronounced *Alleliia*, with a decided french "*u*",—"*Il reignera*, etc.,—sung with great spirit and precision however. I am not sure that I don't prefer the chorus without organ, and sung and played as perfectly as it was last night, to our accustomed style. Every vocal and instrumental part stood out distinctly. The tenors especially were splendidly metallic and strong.

FIL.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 18, 1869.

Music in Boston.

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT. (Music Hall, Thursday Afternoon, Dec. 2). Another stormy day, yet another great crowd! The Orchestra was within a man or two of its full number, and in uncommonly good condition—so far as the strings were concerned. The programme was fulfilled as promised in our last. The three selections of Part I. were new to a Boston audience. It was worth the while to make acquaintance with an Overture of so familiar a name as that to Spontini's "*La Vestale*." Italian by birth and education, making a great figure in the operatic world of Paris and of Berlin, his music to its native facile fluency added the pomp and splendor of the French stage and something of the solidity and depth of German art. The Overture is very short, with a noble, thoughtful opening, out of which springs a subtle, passionate Allegro, that develops full of interest, but ends after the commonplace Italian (Rossini) pattern with empty reiteration of emphasis. It was played with spirit and precision, opening the feast with zest.

The Concert Aria for Bass voice: "*Mentre ti lascio*," by Mozart, was a good thing for Mr. WHITNEY and for all who heard him. The music is full of turns and phrases so unmistakeably Mozart-ish, that you could shut your eyes and fancy Leporello or Don Juan on the stage before you. But it is a noble aria and was nobly sung; there seemed more vitality than usual in the singer's round, rich, heavy tones,—less of a certain hollowness which has sometimes been the only deduction from the complete satisfaction they came so near to giving. Intelligent conception, quiet dignity of manner, pure and earnest style, marked the entire performance. Of course the orchestral background placed the song in a mellower and richer light, for it was Mozart's. As surely as his singer stands before the instruments, do fascinating little flowers, side thoughts of melody, spring spontaneously from clarinet, bassoon, &c., anticipating, echoing, illustrating whatever he will sing. Exquisite art it all is, yet not a note seems calculated, or put in with laborious purpose. In the couple of smaller pieces, ballads, in Part II., with Mr. LEONHARD'S piano accompaniment, the singer was very happy. The new "Romance" by Robert Franz, (dedicated to an amateur in this city, and published here from the original MS.) is a very simple and complete expression of the sad and bodeful mood of Heine's "*Ein Reiter durch das Bergthal zieht*," which Mr. Whitney sang in English:

A rider through the valley rode,
So sadly calm, so brave:
"Ah! now do I ride to my true love's arms,
Or into the gloomy grave?"
'Twas Echo answer gave:
"The gloomy grave!"

And still he mournfully rides along,
His sighs they do not cease:
"And if I must go to the grave so soon,
Ah well! in the grave is peace!"
And Echo murmurs: "Peace!
The grave is peace."

Then from the cheek of the rider man
A glist'ning teardrop fell:
"And is there no peace but the grave for me,
Then for me in the grave 'tis well."
And hollow rang the knell:
"The grave is well!"

Franz has given it the genuine ballad tone; it sounds like a Volkslied out of mediæval times, a strain that sang itself before there were composers, and yet it is a gem of Art. It suited Mr. Whitney's deep voice well. To lift the sombre spell, it was well followed, through an easy transition of moods, by Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," ending with that glorious setting of the triumphant "Marseillaise," which rang out with electrifying power and clearness.

The chief orchestral novelty, closing the first part, was Schumann's op. 52, which he has called by its three movements: *Overture*, *Scherzo* and *Finale*. He seems to have intended a Symphony, but feeling that he had fallen short of that, to have thrown the fragments into a *Suite*-like form of less pretension. The structure of the "Overture" is entirely symphonic; its themes interesting, though not perhaps so happily contrasted as might be; and you follow the development with interest, charmed by many a detail, retaining of the whole a somewhat faint and vague impression. But the *Scherzo* quickly won all to its fine frolic humor; crisp and delicate, possessed with infinite vivacity, but yielding, in the Trio, to a lovely pensive little theme, which makes a charming contrast. Both this and the overture were nicely rendered, with fine mastery of pianissimo at times. The Finale is exciting by its impetus, its vigorous swift rhythm, rather than by striking musical ideas.

Nothing could come more welcome after Schumann (hardly at his best), than Haydn in his happiest mood, in one of the finest and completest products of his genial brain. The Symphony in B flat (No. 8, of the Breitkopf and Härtel series) in each of its four movements more than confirmed the delightful impression which it made last year. The sublime *Leonora* Overture, No. 3, makes the noblest sort of conclusion to whatever concert. It suffers nothing from the most brilliant thing that can be put before it; and only great things can come after it without much risk. It was in the main, bating some wind passages, remarkably well played, especially the great crescendo of the violins. Mr. Zerrahn's ear ful rehearsals of the string quartet begin to tell in the performances.

Of this week's Beethoven concert we shall report next time.—The fifth will come Dec. 30th when the bright pianist, Miss ALIDE TOPP, will play, with orchestra, a Fantaisie by Liszt on themes from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" (Dervish chorus, Turkish march, &c.), and Weber's Polonaise in E, arranged by Liszt. The Symphony will be a new one by Haydn, (in D, No. 5); and there will be three overtures: to *Jessonda*, by Spohr; *Medea*, by Cherubini; and *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn.

LISTEMANN'S QUARTET. (Chickering Hall, Wednesday Afternoon, Dec. 8).—This second concert brought together full twice as many hearers as the first, though by no means so many as such music and such artists should at any time ensure in a community so musical. These were the selections:

Quartet in C major. Op. 76, No 3.....Haydn.
a] Allegro. b] Poco Adagio cantabile. c] Menuetto. d] Finale.
Songs a) "Er der Herrlichste." b] "Allnächtlich im Träume.".....Schumann.
Miss Ryan.
Trio, in B flat, Op. 97.....Beethoven.

It was indeed refreshing, after so long, to hear the good old Haydn Quartet, the whole of it, with the "God save Kaiser Franz" theme and its ever delightful variations, and with its most genial and elegant quick movements. Why is it that *old* music-lovers get round with such joy again to Father Haydn? The rendering of the Quartet was in the main quite happy, each individual of the tuneful party giving clear account of himself, yet all with mutual graceful deference.

The great B-flat Trio had PERABO for interpreter, in the pianoforte part. Firm, clear, energetical enough, though rather cold, in the first Allegro, he warmed to the task in the other well known, glorious movements; and, as he was excellently well seconded in the violin part by LISTEMANN, and the 'cello by HEINDL, the work was received with the same wonder and delight that it always is and always will be when it is played by artists.

Miss RYAN'S selections from the songs of Schumann were among the best, and neither of them too familiar. "*Er, der Herrlichste von Allen*," that warm and free outpouring of a girl's idolatry towards her hero and her heart's ideal, and the other: "All night in dreams," so mystical, and sad, and dreamy, were sung with fervor, and in tones of very rich and sweet contralto quality.

Next Wednesday's concert offers a Quartet by Mozart (No. 10, in D), another by Schumann (in F), and a violin solo (Ole Bull's "Grand Bravour Fantasie," op. 3) by Mr. Listemann.

ERNST PERABO'S FOURTH MATINEE. (Chickering Hall, Friday afternoon, Dec. 10)—A crowd of course, and this the programme:

Overture to "Prometheus," op 43 [C major.]. Beethoven.
[Arranged by E Pauer.]
Sonata for piano and violoncello, op. 5, No. 2, [G minor] Beethoven.
a] Adagio sostenuto ed espressivo.
Allegro molto più tosto presto.
b] Rondo Allegro
Suite III. [D minor] G F. Haendel.
a) Prelude. b] Fuga. c] Allemande. d, Courante.
e] Air with variations. f] Presto.
Sonata, op III. [C minor] [First time in Boston] Beethoven.
a] Maestoso. Allegro con brio ed appassionata. b] Arietta, Adagio.

The "Prometheus" Overture, an early work, and simpler in its structure than the other overtures of Beethoven, was better fitted for a piano arrangement, and was made clear and effective. It is quite Mozart-ish much of the time, and almost in the vein of the overture to *Figaro* in the quick theme. In that still earlier work, the fresh and genial Sonata in G minor with violoncello, Mr. Perabo was assisted by Mr. ALEXANDER HEINDL, who grows in favor as a sure, intelligent and tasteful 'cellist. This Sonata was much relished.

The Suite by Handel—not the more familiar one with the "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations—was interesting throughout as a matter of curiosity, though some of its six movements, or *pièces*, appealed to most musical sympathies much more than others. The first three made the best impression, especially the *Prélude* and the piquant *Fugue*, which are full of life and strength. The *Allemande* is one of the best specimens of its kind.

Mr. Perabo's rendering of the last of the Beethoven Sonatas—so difficult, so strange, so full of power, of fire, of deep and delicate imaginings most logical in their development—was perhaps the crowning success of the whole series. After all that has been said about that Sonata,—to the effect that, because some of those later ones were somewhat unintelligible, this one must be more so—it was gratifying to see the entire audience absorbed and carried away by it. But it is full of the true Beethoven genius, one of the works in which he strikes fire at once, and does not let it go out. The startling, Jove-like, angry chords with which it begins, and the impassioned Allegro which gushes from the rock thus smitten, running so long in octaves, but soon leading through rich fields and curious hiding places of rare flowers of harmony, take instant and strong hold on the imagination.

The second part, the Adagio, well styled "*molto semplice cantabile*," for it is a singing *Arietta*, exceedingly simple, out of a sweet, deep, quiet soul, and yet raising mysterious presentiment of wondrous developments which are to come, and which do come with certainty and power in those remarkable variations, in which inexhaustible invention seems to find play in the mere changing and refining upon rhythmical divisions. Rhythmical outline becomes here as subtly shifting as the play of opaline colors. The divisions are perplexing to the eye to read them in the notes, and many an adventurer who has tried to play them has given up in despair before getting far; yet they are variations in the strictest sense; the theme is never for a moment lost or obscured, though it seems as if new worlds continually opened. The Sonata made its mark. When shall we hear it again?

Mr. Perabo is obliged to postpone the proposed series of Historical concerts; but he will give four additional Matinees, on Fridays as before, beginning Jan. 7. This time, leaving Beethoven (not entirely, we trust), he will take us into other fields—Sonatas of Schubert and of Mozart, selections from Mendelssohn, Schumann, and more recent authors. In the first he will play a Prelude and Fugue by Mendelssohn; a transcription by Liszt of Beethoven's *Liederkreis*; a couple of Studies by Bennett; and Schubert's Sonata in D, op. 53.

NEW SONGS.—"A Serenade," "A Spring Song," "A Nocturne": are the titles of three very simple, chaste and beautiful little songs, (with English and German words), by J. MOSENTHAL, of New York. We quite agree with the opinion of our friend who sends them:

"These are three tender and poetic songs, composed after the best manner of the German *Lied* writers, and yet full of original suggestion, not of imitated forms or melodies. They are not difficult; the thought in them is clear and wrought out as well through the accompaniment as in the vocal part, so that they possess completeness and unity. The composer is a very thorough musician, and his work throughout bears evidence of his wide technical knowledge and skill. The songs are for mezzo soprano voice and within the reach of musicians of average excellence."

ANNA S. WHITTEN.—Did any dream, while listening to her pure song in that Symphony Concert of Thanksgiving week, that we should never hear her more? that the slight remnant of a cold, with which the self-renouncing singer seemed to labor, was the beginning of the end so near? The memory of that concert shall be sacred.

A year ago, on her return from European studies, Miss Whitten made her first public appearance in a Harvard Symphony Concert, singing the great scene from *Fidelio*, that inspired song of hope and love's holy triumph. She at once took her position as our first soprano, in church and oratorio and all higher kinds of song. There was a spiritual sweetness in her voice, which had been finely cultivated, and the spirit of the fine-strung, conscientious artist, ever earnest striving earnestly for the beautiful and true, was in her. Her song, while it pleased the taste, went to the heart, and gracious influence went with it. Such was the common feeling with those who heard her; for she sang as she was, a refined, a generous, warm-hearted, pure and noble woman. Again in the Harvard concerts did she sing her last, and this time too it was a lofty, spiritual strain, one of those heavenly sad-sweet melodies in which Mozart, in the fullness of his powers, seemed filled with presentiment of death, and yearning for eternal rest:—Pamina's Aria: "Ah! I feel that it hath vanished," and ending "*So wird Ruh' im Tode sein!*" She had been less true an artist had she sung with perfect ease and freedom then! That was the 17th of November; on the 4th of December she was called away.

Our musical world could hardly have sustained a greater loss. The union of such voice and culture with such character was something to be cherished. No singer here promised so much of the pure [illegible] of service. To Mr Parker's Vocal Club she was indispensable, the part of the Peri in Schumann's beautiful Cantata, the soprano [illegible] in the Christmas Oratorios, and in the Passion music of Bach [illegible]; —these and more such noble tasks awaited her. They must be done without her, but may her memory, her spirit inspire others! Personally she made a beautiful impression upon all who became in any way acquainted with her, by the sweetness, the disinterestedness, the [illegible] of her life and character. Those who knew her intimately, more than confirm all this. She had no jealous rivals, but was beloved by all her sister artists. And this was manifest in those last sad beautiful services in Mr Hale's church where so many met to pay the last silent tribute, and where the hymns, selected by herself, were sung with tearful trembling voices by her friends the choir her voice had led.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIOS. The Handel and Haydn Society announce the *Messiah* for the evening of Christmas [illegible] the 25th, and Costa's *Naaman* for Sunday evening. Miss HOUSTON takes the principal soprano in both works; Miss PHILLIPPS the Contralto; Miss GATES, Soprano in *Naaman*; Mr WHITNEY, principal Bass in the *Messiah*, and Mr RUDOLPHSEN in *Naaman*. The Tenors are Mr W. J. WINCH and Mr PRESCOTT. The chorus will number 600 voices. Mr PARKER has taken the place of Organist. Mr ZERRAHN of course conducts. The Orchestra will be large and the rehearsals have been many and careful.

MISS ALIDA TOPP. The Farewell Concert of this gifted artist on Saturday evening, Jan. 1, at the Music Hall, is pretty much arranged and will be an occasion of great interest. Miss Topp will play a Scherzo by Chopin, a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt, something by Schubert and by Bach. Mr. PERABO will play the [illegible] in the great [illegible] of Hummel's, Mr ZERRAHN conducting, Mr LISTEMANN, Mr. WHITNEY, the Basso, and other artists [illegible] their aid.

FARMINGTON, CONN. Again our friend Klauser sends us programmes (Nos. 41 and 42) of classical chamber music performed before the pupils of Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School. The newly arrived German lady pianist, Miss ANNA MEHLIG, was the interpreter and these the selections:

December 2.

Prelude and Fugue, in G minor.... .. ... J. S. Bach
a. Impromptu, Op. 142, No. 2, in A flat
b. Soirées de Vienne, No. [illegible] by Liszt ... Schubert.
Scherzo, Op. 31, in B flat minor .... Chopin.
Traumes Wirren, Warum? [illegible] from "Fantasie Stücke," op 12 ... R. Schumann.
[illegible] .... [illegible]
Fantasie on Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" ... Liszt.

December 3.

Prelude and Fugue, in A minor ... J. S. Bach.
Fantasia in C major ...... J. Haydn.
Carneval. Scenes mignonnes sur quatre notes, op. 9 ... R. Schumann.
Préambule. Pierrot. Arlequin. Valse noble. Eusebius. Florestan. Coquette. Réplique. Papillons. Lettres dansantes. Chiarina. Chopin. Estrella. Reconnaissance. Pantalon et Colombine. Valse allemande. Intermezzo (Paganini). Aveu. Promenade. Pause. Marche des "Davidsbündler" contre les Philistins.
Ballade, op. 47, in A flat .... F. Chopin.
a. Love-Song, op. 5, No. 11............. A. Henselt.
b. Spinning-Song, op. 67, No. 4 .. F. Mendelssohn.
March from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," transcribed by F. Liszt.

An intelligent auditor writes us:

"Miss Mehlig's technics are superb, her style large (I should like to hear her in a Schumann or Beethoven Concerto), but she plays also the delicate Bluettes of Chopin very tenderly and gracefully. She is a warm-hearted, enthusiastic player, and yet charmingly unaffected. Her powers, both physical and mental, were fully taxed by the execution of these programmes, unaided. Schumann's *Carneval* especially is a touch stone by which to recognize the finer mental faculties of a Pianist; for besides the capricious technical difficulties, their kaleidoscopic pictures require a constant strain of mind, to give distinct individuality to the ever varying character of each single number (or scene) and yet to keep this side of caricature. Miss M. played *well* whatever she played, and deserves full recognition as an artist and as a modest young girl, zealous to serve the good cause in art."

TROY, N. Y. (Contributed). The Oratorio of *Samson* is to be performed here immediately after the Holidays, with a chorus of 150 voices and full orchestra. The Conductor, Mr T. J. Gay, is our leading organist and musical instructor, who finds time in the midst of his labors to give tone and direction to the musical talent of the city in this way. Last season he produced *Judas Maccabeus* in a most successful manner.

LOUISVILLE, KY. The Mendelssohn Society, at its sixteenth Rehearsal, Nov. 30, gave the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. This formed the second part of the entertainment; the first was miscellaneous, consisting of: Chorus "Hail to thee, Liberty," by Rossini; Schubert's Serenade for violin, 'cello, piano and organ; a German song with violin obbligato, by Lachner; Violin solo by Vieuxtemps; and Sextet from *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

PHILADELPHIA. The Junger Maennerchor's concert, given last evening at the Musical Fund Hall, was one of the best musical treats of the season. The Germania Orchestra assisted, and, led by Mr. Hartmann, their playing was much better than it has lately been. The overtures to *Oberon* and *William Tell*, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the lovely "Andante con moto" from Beethoven's 5th Symphony, and an arrangement from *Tannhäuser* constituted the orchestral part of the concert. All were well played, though Mr. Hartmann is disposed to take the *tempo* rather too slow. The vocal part of the concert was worthy of the old fame of the Junger Maennerchor. Gade's song "Die Quelle in der Wiese," is novel in style and very beautiful. A popular song by Silcher, followed for an encore by the favorite "In einem kühlen Grunde," gave great satisfaction. A remarkable work, music by Schubert to Goethe's poem the "Song of the Water Spirit," showed careful and intelligent study, and delighted every hearer. Franz Liszt's "Reiterlied" is a good example of the new school, excessively difficult, with queer modulations, intervals and phrasing, and [illegible] society. It was admirably sung. The programme of last evening, with its works by Weber, Wagner, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Gade and Liszt, was an illustration of the excellent eclectic spirit in which the Society is managed. It is rather to the discredit of Philadelphia taste that but few of those who especially plume themselves on musical knowledge and culture were present at this capital and most enjoyable concert. Still the hall was quite well filled, and with people who thoroughly appreciated the treat presented to them.—*Bulletin*, *Dec.* 4.

On Tuesday night at the Academy of Music, the Handel and Haydn Society gave a concert. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," together with a selection from "The Forty-second Psalm," and [illegible] and chorale from the oratorio of "Saint Paul." The solo parts by Miss Mari[illegible], Miss N[illegible], and Mr. Jacob Graf.

The second of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's [illegible]

Schubert matinée) on Friday had the following programme:

Sonata, A minor, op. 145 ..... Schubert.
Carl Wolfsohn.
Introduzione and Elegie ..... Ernst.
Mr. Wenzel Kopta.
Song, "Der Wanderer" ..... Schubert.
Sig. Ettore Barili.
Impromptu, No. 3, B flat major ..... Schubert.
Carl Wolfsohn.
Concerto, D minor ..... Eckert.
Mr. Rudolph Hennig.
Fantasie, C major, op. 159 ..... Schubert.
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Kopta.

London.—The *Athenæum* of Nov. 20, says:

Our oratorio societies are all beginning to bestir themselves. The oldest, the Sacred Harmonic Society, is first in the field. The opening performance of Friday next is advertised to be of 'Israel in Egypt' and it will be followed on the 10th of December by 'Deborah.' The National Choral Society is to begin rehearsals on Wednesday next, and the Oratorio Concerts are to be opened on the 8th of December with Handel's 'Dettingen Te Deum,' and 'Acis and Galatea,'—the latter to be given with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments.

'The Messiah' is to be given this (Saturday) morning at Exeter Hall, with Mlle. Nilsson and the singers who lately appeared with her in the same oratorio.

The Rasumowski Quartet in E minor, the most important piece in last Monday's Popular Concert, showed Mme. Norman Néruda to still greater advantage than the Mendelssohn Quartet of the preceding week. The Adagio in particular, one of the sublimest tone-pictures in music, was led with true dignity. Mme. Néruda will, we fancy, do yet ampler justice to her powers when she has conquered a certain over-anxiety which, *du reste*, is perfectly natural.

Of Mr. Goldschmidt's "Ruth" the same paper reaffirms its first impression (of 1867):

Those of our readers who may be interested to know our opinion of Herr Goldschmidt's oratorio we may refer to the notice (*ante*, No. 2079) written after the first performance of 'Ruth' at the Hereford Festival in August, 1867. Inspection of the now-published pianoforte score (Lamborn Cock & Co.) confirms the impression made by a first hearing. There is much fairly good, musician like writing, and from first to last not a careless bar is to be detected. But while the recitatives are needlessly tormented, the choruses, even the most elaborate, are uninteresting, one dull subject giving way to another still more commonplace, and the solos are built on graceless and unvocal themes. It is a thankless office to depreciate the hard work of an earnest musician, but we are bound to add that in 'Ruth' there is no indication of the "sacred fire" which, to our thinking, alone justifies the attempt to write an oratorio. Enough of the work, however, for the moment. Our immediate business is with Wednesday's performance in Exeter Hall, the first since that at Hereford. The cast in both was identical. Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has, alas! lost the charm of voice that more than twenty years ago crazed the soberest Englishman. Not more than some three or four notes have survived the touch of time's effacing finger, but in the murmur of her most veiled tones we feel the strange thrill that nothing but genius can communicate. Never surely has so much been made of so little. With diminished breath Mme. Goldschmidt contrives to phrase with a broad dignity beyond the reach of singers of our degenerate age, while the gifted lady's devotional fervor lifts the hearer's mind far above the apprehension of any physical shortcomings. In the final song of thanksgiving, all full as it is of unvocal phrases, she succeeds in shaking the listener's very soul.

A more flattering opinion of the work is given in Novello's *Musical Times*:

The impression made upon us by the work on a first hearing has been strengthened by a second performance; and although there can be no question that the superabundance of accompanied recitative throughout the composition has a somewhat wearying effect, the excellent and musician-like manner in which the subject is handled, and more especially the refined treatment of the character of Ruth, cannot but be felt and acknowledged by all unprejudiced hearers. The dramatic coloring which Herr Goldschmidt has given to the different scenes into which his work is divided is a point which cannot be too highly praised; and it is especially noticeable that where the action of the Oratorio ceases to take place amongst pastoral surroundings, the character of the music is carefully and thoughtfully in keeping with the altered nature of the narrative. Into the choruses the composer has thrown all his strength; the stirring fugue in "The eyes of the Lord" giving unmistakable proof that he is fully capable of handling his materials with a master-hand. The opening chorus "Sing unto the Lord," is also an excellent instance of good solid harmony; and the voices are, as a rule, treated with praiseworthy tenderness. Amongst the more placid choral pieces, we may select the choral quartet "Blessed are the pure," and the chorus, "Thou shalt eat the labors of thine hands," both of which are melodious and delicately harmonized. The solos scarcely stand out from the work with sufficient prominence to be used as detached pieces; but they are generally in character with the situations in which they occur. Ruth's solo "Whither thou goest," is an excellent example of impassioned declamation; but few of the airs give much scope for the vocalist to create any individual success.

Royal Italian Opera.—The proprietors of this establishment have paid a compliment to those music lovers who patronize operas out of "the season" by producing some of the very best works during the short Autumn Season, which commenced on the 8th ult. *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Robert le Diable*, &c., have been the chief attraction, in spite of the occasional light operas which have been sparingly given, as if to feel the musical pulse of the public with reference to future "popular nights." All these works have been excellently cast; but as there has been little novelty, we have only to chronicle, with extreme pleasure, the undoubted success of the undertaking. Mlles. Tietjens, Ilma di Murska, and Sinico, Signori Mongini, Gardoni, and Mr. Santley have been singing their very best; and Signor Antonucci has proved himself a good and reliable bass in some parts fully sufficient to test his powers. Mlle. Ilma di Murska in assuming the character of Ophelia, in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, has by no means miscalculated her strength. Throughout the opera she sang with exquisite refinement and delicacy; and in the "mad scene" created a genuine effect, notwithstanding that the triumph of her predecessor in the part, Mlle. Nilsson, was fresh in the mind of the audience.

Breslau.—Mme. Joachim appeared at the second concert of the Orchestral Union, when the programme included Symphony in C major, Schumann; Air from *Theodora*, Handel; Overture to *Fidelio*, Beethoven; Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; *Secular Cantata*, Marcello: and Songs, Schumann and Brahms. On the 2nd inst, the members of the Singacademie gave a performance of Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri*.

Frankfort-on-the Oder.—The "Liederkranz" have announced a performance of Sophocles' *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music, for the benefit of the Mozart Fund.

The Vienna Philharmoniker have put forward much novelty for the eight concerts of their winter season. A symphony in E flat, by Herr Bruch; a fifth suite, by Herr Lachner; "Orpheus," a "sinfonische Dichtung," by the Abbé Liszt; and "Ivan IV.," by Herr Rubinstein, are among the new things.

A statue of Handel by Neubel has just been placed in the Church of St. Nicholas, Hamburg.

The monument to Cherubini was inaugurated in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, on the 3d of October.

Brunswick.—The programme of the first concert given by the Association for Concert-Music, comprised Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Recitative and Air from *La Donna del Lago*, Rossini; Suite in Canon Form, Grimm; Songs, Schumann; and the *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven. The principal work at the Concert for the benefit of the Pension Fund of the Ducal Chapel was Spohr's *Weihe der Töne*. Herr Franz Bendel, pianist, performed Weber's Concertstück as well as several smaller pieces.

Dresden.—Second Subscription Concert given by the "Board of General Direction:" Overture to *Olympia*, Spontini; Concertstück for four French Horns, Hübler; Recitative and Air from *Iphigenia in Tauris*, Gluck (Mdlle. Bürde Ney); Violin Concerto, E minor, Grützmacher; Recitative and Air from *Titus*, Mozart; and *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven. Third Subscription Concert: Overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; Recitative and Air from *Così fan Tutte*, Mozart; Pianoforte Concerto, A minor, Schumann (Mad. Heinze); Romance from *Zemire und Azor*, Spohr; and Fourth Symphony, B flat major, Beethoven. First "Musical Academy"—as a concert is still sometimes entitled in Germany—given by Herren Heitsch and Fitzenhagen: Trio, Op. 70, No. 1, D major, Beethoven; Violin Sonata, Op 105, A minor, Schumann; and Trio, No. 3, C major, Haydn. It is said that the temporary theatre will be ready by the twelfth of December.

Special Notices.

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Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 750. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1870. Vol. XXIX. No. 21.

Translated for this Journal.

Bach's Passion Music.

[From the German of C. H. Bitter.]

THE ST. JOHN PASSION. (*Continued*).

. . . . The musical recitation of the Gospel here, in its different persons, is very difficult. Almost more than in the Matthew-Passion the effect of the work as a whole rests on it; it stands more in the foreground. . . . . Without perfection of delivery, these Recitatives (of the Evangelist and of Christ), which often seem very much extended, lose their effect.

It is much to be regretted that we have no account of the way in which Bach's Passions were executed under the master's own direction, especially in the part of the Evangelist. Yet they required such singers as are not easily found at all times.

c. THE CHORUSES OF THE JEWS.

. . . We pass from the narrative portion to the choruses of Jews and priests belonging in connection with it. In these we find that dramatic, characteristic impetus, which with larger dimensions and with increased means distinguishes the Matthew choruses in so high a degree. But we also find the majority of these choruses, so far as they do not belong merely to the passing dramatic effect, the momentary situation, treated with a certain breadth, essentially different from the compressed energy of the corresponding choruses in the Matthew Passion.

The first part of the work contains only three choruses, two of which, short in themselves, are set to the same *motive*, which is repeated twice more in the second part. These are the sentences of the Jews, in which to Christ's repeated question: "Whom seek ye?" they reply: "Jesus of Nazareth!" This answer is set forth in rhythmical declamation and with great firmness, while the first violin, strengthened by the flute, moves in a lively figure over the voices and the orchestra. The catchpoles know and do not deny it, that they seek the Lord. But they are inwardly uneasy. For they are not filled with a sense of the justice of their commission. They bring the betrayer with them.

The other chorus of Jews in the first part: "Art thou not one of His disciples?", with its short, abrupt sentences, and the oft repeated motive traversing all the voice-parts, is a very peculiar creation. Bach felt obliged to perfectly exhaust his theme, which he has treated in the fugue style. The words: "Art thou not" are sung not less than 45 times: the curious, wavering and hasty character of the Jewish crowd is there distinctly represented. Perhaps Bach in the treatment of this sentence wished to lay the groundwork for the counter effect which he was presently to bring out in the noble and profoundly serious treatment of the words of the Evangelist: "And wept bitterly."

In the second part we find, as we have said, the chorus of the first part: "Jesus of Nazareth" again in the two sentences: "Not this one, but "Barabbas" and "We have no king but Cæsar." Moreover in the chorus: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death," we find the upper parts of the orchestra (two flutes and violin in unison) treated in a manner that comes very near to those choruses. Nothing could be more unjust than to suppose that Bach sought in this way to save labor, or to eke out poverty of ideas. His inexhaustible wealth of thoughts and his own conscientiousness in all his works, great and small, insure him once for all against such a presumption, to which his Christmas Oratorio and his Latin Masses might seem still more open. Nor will it do to assume that he sought to bring the character of the popular masses palpably before the listening public through such outward means as we find now-a-days employed in the "Opera of the Future." Bach had no need of such. For the characterization that we find in his works is of a distinct internal sort, and not external. But he never wrought without a purpose, and it seems to us as if he meant, by just this repetition of the same motive in these short, abrupt dramatic sentences, to secure greater unity and firmness of impression to a work exciting such a multitude of alternating feelings.

We find a confirmation of this view in the frequent repetition of the same Chorale melodies in different portions of the work. We find it also in the repetition of the motive in the other people's choruses of the second part. The choruses: "If He were not a malefactor," and "It is not lawful for us," are in motive the same. The chorus: "Hail, King of the Jews" repeats itself later in "Write not the King of the Jews." The chorus: "Crucify Him," appears anew, with change of key, in the chorus "Away with Him!" . . . Everywhere the inner connection of sentences similarly treated is unmistakeable. At all events it is beyond doubt that the recurring motives, in the places where they meet us, are strikingly effective and take deep hold on us dramatically. The chorus: "If He were not a malefactor" is a masterpiece of characteristic treatment. The theme, first entering in the Bass, rising and falling chromatically, and carried freely on through all the parts, speaks to us in its hard, incisive tones like wild, bloodthirsty fanaticism. A diabolical passion speaks out of this web of tones. It increases in intensity at the words: "We would not have delivered Him up." While the howling rage of the people carries on the former theme, the other voices in a wild confusion lash each other to a tempest of excitement, to cry down the conscientious scruples of the governor Pilate, till finally they unite for a strongly marked close on the short and angry repetition, four times, of the word "not."

When the Governor answers them: "Take ye Him and judge Him according to your laws," the same sentence is repeated in abridged form, with a masterly change of thematic treatment. The second motive of the preceding chorus here and there is scarcely heard. The chromatic passages keep the upperhand, while the upper parts of the orchestra assume the character of the short people's sentences. But as if a mortifying sense of their own impotence lay in the words: "It is not lawful for us to put any one to death,"—a suppressed spite against the foreign power that rules in the land,—this sentence moves a fourth lower than the preceding. It expresses a timid yet defiant obstinacy, while the inward roar and fermentation are transferred to the wild movement of the orchestra.

Now the popular fury has clutched its victim. The Lord is clothed with the scarlet mantle and the crown of thorns, and the soldiers mock the patient one. While flutes and oboes storm away in rapid passages, the mocking strain: "Hail, King of the Jews" sounds in a flattering melody that winds through all the voices. Coldly and sneeringly it moves under the polished orchestral figures that wind like snakes about it. So soon as the people and the high priests see the Lord exposed to this derision, so soon as "the voice of pity from the tyrant's throne" has vainly uttered its "Behold the man," the rage of the fanatical mob bursts forth with wildest madness. While from some you hear "Crucify, crucify" in short, quick rhythmic phrases, others cry out the same words with long protracted clamor.

In constant alternation of the meeting voices, and with more and more marvellous thematic treatment, is this self out bidding chorus carried on, until its involutions in the last bars over the fixed high D of the bass seem like the veritable cross. It is a satanic fury that has seized the people. We shudder as if we felt the breath of Hell upon us from this wild whirl of harmonies.

And Pilate says to the excited multitude: "Take ye Him and crucify Him, for I find no fault in Him."

But that was not what the high priests and scribes desired. Not through themselves would they have Christ put to death. It must be done by the highest power in the land, that they may say a malefactor has been executed in the regular course of law. And so they come, law book in hand, before the governor. Firm and sure, with suppressed passion, they point out his duty: "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made himself the Son of God." In a fugued setting theme and countertheme are first taken up by the bass and carried through in the strictest style. The arrogant defiance of the Jewish priesthood, the reproachful assurance with which they meet the governor, are expressed in a masterly manner. Only toward the close the passion breaks forth anew in long-drawn tones of the upper voices, while the strongly outlined bass takes up the fugue again; and so the chorus ends with more and more importunate demand.

The governor, in his better feeling, considers how he may set Jesus free. But the sanctimonious mob of priests have other means in readiness. Falling back upon the character of unflinching loyalty to law, they argue that, if Pilate should release the man who has set himself up for King, he would be no true friend of Cæsar.

n the severe tone of the preceding chorus, and in similar figured style, the scribes lay it before the governor that he must put Jesus to death. These two choruses, inwardly and outwardly belonging together, are masterworks of characterization. Bach employs the strictest counterpoint as the true means to his end. But it is not through the forms that he produces the effect. It is the melody of the themes treated, which, springing forth at one cast with the form, transports us, from the first moment of its entrance, into the midst of the situation. We see those Pharisees and hypocrites, rapping upon their written law, the other hand upon their breast, hiding their falsehood and their malice deeply in themselves, advance with firm step before the seat of judgment, and, backed by the tumultuous and goaded multitude, bring forward proofs for form's sake, which is all they care about. And the Jews outside scream out again: "Away with Him!" and, after a short, powerfully marked introduction, the "Crucify" of the preceding chorus resounds anew.

The demand of the popular voice is now fulfilled. The Lord is nailed upon the cross. The governor has affixed to it a scroll: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." But the priests, who understand their business, and who do not mean to let the wavering and terrified Pilate go out of their hands, require him to write that "*He has said*" He is the King of the Jews. Here we find again employed the earlier chorus sung in mockery of Christ: "Hail, King," &c.

. . . The soldiers divide the garments of Jesus. But for the seamless coat they draw lots: "Let us not rend it." An animated theme, whose syncopated passages convey the idea of rending asunder,—while the shaking of the lots in a helmet is depicted in an upward figure, and the words: "whose it shall be" are firmly marked,—is carried through in fugue style with brilliant treatment of all the parts. Here it is no longer fierce religious zeal, bloody bigotry, that speaks to us; we have to do with something quite objective. The roaring flood no longer thunders on unbridled. Wrath is satisfied; the victim falls. The simple course of the serious action with this chorus draws towards the end.

In all these choruses we find the firm, characteristic delineation, so peculiar to Bach, combined with lively dramatic effect. The form is a perfect one. The unity of conception is carried up to a rare pitch. We often hear it said that these choruses, especially the "Crucify," fall short of those in the Matthew Passion; this may be partly owing to one's individual conception, but partly also to the less effective treatment of the Gospel text as a libretto. Here are wanting just those effective antitheses, which there stand out in the ideal congregation. At all events, as we before have intimated, Bach from the standpoint of the St. John Passion has taken a step forward in the Passion according to St. Matthew.

(To be continued).

Giulia Grisi.

(From the Orchestra.)

On Thursday died in Berlin Giulia Grisi, *la Diva*, the greatest artist of the operatic stage which modern times have brought forth. So much tenderness in the public breast clings to those who have done well in the cause of art, that the death of a great worker arouses a feeling of universal sorrow, howsoever removed from active life the artist may have been. Grisi in retirement was nothing to the nation but a memory: she had finished her work, her old power was departed, she had essayed to retain her sway and had failed: in short she *had been*, no longer *was*. Still, she lived. She was one of us; could sympathize in the doings of the world, and was a link that bound us to "the brave days of old." When therefore on Monday the news reached this country of the irrevocable end of the Queen of Song—the retirement beyond recall—public regret took general expression. "Poor Grisi!" And then old opera-goers waxed garrulous of the great times when the one unrivalled quartet held the world in admiration—Rubini, Tamburini, Grisi, Lablache. Rubini and Lablache are dead, and now Grisi: Tamburini survives, an old man. To mention Grisi was to call up a splendid succession of triumphs ranging from 1834 to 1846—a period which is "history" for the younger generation. No wonder then that the news of her death smote all who recollect her in her prime as the severance of a link of association with the past.

Giulia Grisi was born at Milan in 1810; at her death therefore she was in her sixtieth year. Her father was an officer of engineers in the army of Napoleon I., and her aunt, the once celebrated singer Josephine Grassini. Educated in a convent, she was induced to leave that and take to the stage upon learning of the success of her elder sister Giudetta in the lyric profession. At first her capacities seemed wanting. Her health was delicate, her voice unformed and prone to hoarseness; but she was stubborn and enthusiastic, and succeeded in overcoming her parents' scruples. In the arguments which she urged for permission to become a singer, she was backed by her sister. "Giulia," said Giudetta, "will outshine us all." She made her début in a contralto part—that of *Emma* in Rossini's "*Zelmira*"—in the town of Bologna. An account says that at this time her voice, though resonant and singularly pure, was low in register, having indeed but lately got clear of a hoarseness which had affected the organ during the years of childhood. The sisters sang together at Florence in Bellini's opera "*I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*"—the elder as *Romeo*, the younger as *Juliet*. Afterwards, at Milan, her birthplace, Giulia Grisi met and took as her model the great Pasta, to whose *Norma* she was the *Adalgisa*, both parts having been written by Bellini for the pair. Pasta, it is said, prophesied the young singer's splendid career, and with pardonable egotism named her as worthy to be *her* successor. "Tu sarai Pasta!" she exclaimed approvingly. Grisi herself sighed to play *Norma*, and expressed her longing to Bellini. "Wait twenty years," returned the composer. "I shall not wait ten," answered the *Adalgisa*. Her rise, which was in a large measure due to Rossini, who may be said to have made her, was precipitated by a quarrel with her manager, and the evasion of Giulia to France. At that time Rossini was part-director of the Salle Favart, and to him Mme. Grassini, her aunt, gave Giulia an introduction. Her debut in Paris took place in 1832; the part was *Semiramide*. That year her sister Giudetta was singing in London at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket—her last year of her public life; though she lived eight years longer before premature death cut short a promising career. In 1832 Giulia came out as *Anna Bolena* to Tamburini's *King Henry*; two years later she was engaged for London. It was as *Ninetta* in "*La Gazza Ladra*," the cast including Rubini, Zuchelli, Tamburini, and Miss Bartolozzi, afterwards Mme. Vestris, that Giulia Grisi first appeared before a London audience, this great musical event occurring on Tuesday, the 8th of April, 1834. She instantly took firm hold of the affections of her English hearers; and for seven and twenty years she retained it. Every part which she assumed after her first appearance steadily increased her reputation, which may be said to have been established by her impersonation of the *Queen* in "*Semiramide*," and of *Donna Anna* in "*Don Giovanni*." From her first appearance in this country till 1861, with one exception, namely in 1842, Mme. Grisi did not miss a single operatic season. Her first season in London already gave earnest of the triumphs to come. She was the *Desdemona* to to Mme. Pasta's *Otello*; and she played *Donna Anna* in "*Don Giovanni*," when Mme. Caradori was the *Zerlina*. All these achievements of unqualified success were in the first month of her engagement; and in May she increased the list by her performance of *Elvira* in "*La Donna del Lago*," and *Rosina* in "*Il Barbiere*." Two more Rossinian triumphs followed in June, when she appeared first as *Semiramide*, and then as *Pulmira* in "*L'Assedio di Corinto*," an opera which was then quite new in England. She concluded her brilliant first season at the Haymarket Opera House with the performance, on her benefit night, July 10th, of *Amina* in "*La Sonnambula*." From *Norma* to *Amina*; from *Donna Anna* to *Ninetta*; what artist ever filled so ample a range?

The great part of *Norma* she made her own in 1835. Her career now became a succession of new triumphs, the order of which is given in a contemporary record of her public life. In 1836 she added only one new part to her repertory, that, namely, of Amelia in Mercadante's opera, "*I Briganti*," played for the first time in England. The season of 1837 was rendered specially memorable by the death of William the Fourth, and the consequent closing of "the King's Theatre," on the evening of Tuesday, the 20th of June. The house re-opened under its new name, "Her Majesty's Theatre;" and Queen Victoria made her first visit as the Sovereign, on the 18th of July, when the "*Adelgonda*" of Marliana was produced, Mme. Grisi representing the heroine. Signor Costa's opera, "*Malek Adel*," was first played in this season, Mme. Grisi being the *Mathilde*, and the cast including also the *débutante* Mme. Albertazzi, Ivanoff, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. In this same year of 1837, Mme. Grisi added likewise to her list of triumphs the performance of *Carolina* in Cimarosa's "*Matrimonio Segreto*." Her new characters in 1838 were *Parisina*, in Donizetti's opera of that name; *Susanna*, in Mozart's "*Nozze di Figaro*;" and *Mrs. Ford* in Balfe's "*Falstaff*." In the course of that season Mme. Persiani first appeared in England. The following year gave Mme. Grisi only one new part, but it was one that has done more to enhance her reputation than almost any other. On the occasion of her benefit, on the 6th of June, 1839, Donizetti's opera of "*Lucrezia Borgia*" was played for the first time in England, Mme. Grisi, of course, being the *Lucrezia*, and Signor Mario making his first appearance before an English audience as *Gennaro*. Among the other events of the season may be noted the debut in this country of Mme. Viardot, as *Desdemona*; and the first appearance of Mlle. Ernesta Grisi, who played the contralto part of *Smeaton* to the *Anna Bolena* of her cousin. In the season of 1840 the great prima donna played for the first time *Lisetta* in "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*," and *Eloisa*, on the production of Mercadante's "*Il Giuramento*." In 1841 Mme. Grisi undertook two new characters in operas, both played for the first time in England, and both by Donizetti—*Fausta* and *Roberto Devereux*. During the whole of the next season Mme. Grisi did not appear. The year 1843 is noticeable in operatic annals for the production of "*Don Pasquale*," which sprightly quartet was composed by Donizetti for Grisi, Mario, Fornasari, and Lablache, and which, with the substitution of Tamburini for Fornasari, continued to amuse and delight audiences for long after. Towards the close of the season Mme. Grisi appeared as the heroine of the "*Cenerentola*." In 1844 her new *roles* were *Isabella* in Signor Costa's "*Don Carlos*" and *Delizia* in Ricci's "*Corrada d'Altamura*," both operas being new. Her only part in 1845 was *Imogene* in Bellini's "*Il Pirata*;" in 1846, *Griselda* in Verdi's "*I Lombardi*." Mme. Grisi's connection with Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre was then finally closed; and in 1847 she became a principal support of the Royal Italian Opera at the New Covent-garden Theatre, Mlle Alboni making her debut at the new house, and thus strengthening the opposition to her Majesty's Theatre, which seemed to take a new lease of hope in the Jenny Lind *furore*. Mme. Grisi's only new part in 1847 was *Lucrezia*, in Verdi's "*I Due Foscari*." In 1848 she played, for the first time, *Leonora*, in Donizetti's "*Favorita*." Meyerbeer's splendid work, "*Les Huguenots*," was produced for the first time on the occasion of the Queen's State visit in 1848, Mme. Viardot being the *Valentine*. In the following year Mme. Grisi assumed the part, and in 1850 she appeared for the first time as *Alice*, in the same composer's "*Robert le Diable*." In 1851 her new character was *Pamina*, in "*Il Flauto Magico*."

Her assumption of *Fides* ("*Le Prophète*") in the place of Graziani, over the possession of whom the two managers were waging desperate law, may be said to have crowned the edifice of her fame. This was in the London season of 1852. Two years later she bade farewell to the stage.* Her reputation would have been unimpaired had she kept to that intention; but unluckily she returned to say farewell over and over again. Fifty-six saw her singing; fifty eight, fifty nine, sixty came; in sixty one she was still saying farewell. The affection of the English public for an old favorite is generous and tolerant; but in 1861 it was apparent even to the most indulgent of her admirers that Grisi ought to have retired. At last, when she made yet another effort in 1866 to resume her sway, public patience gave way, and the great Grisi was absolutely hissed! The lesson must have been a humiliating one: at all events she took it to heart. She finally passed from public life.

The secret of the marvellous hold which Grisi pos-

* Her visit to America, with Mario, in 1854, is strangely ignored by this biographer.—Ed.

sessed on the hearts of her auditory is analyzed and solved by a contemporary with judicious accuracy. "It was a combination," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "of personal and physical gifts that no other artist ever possessed in an equal degree. Pasta was more sublime at moments, Persiani was more ineffectual(?) and refined in her vocalization, Malibran was more startling in her impulses. Viardot more intensely dramatic, Jenny Lind more sensational with her four high notes, Cornelie Falcon more touching, Sontag more brilliant; but for the presentation of a part in its entireness, for the embodiment of powerful emotion, combined with beauty of person, richness and roundness of voice, with the power of exercising a potent spell over a vast auditory, Grisi has never been surpassed. Her scales have been excelled, her intervals have been distanced, her shakes have been articulated more wondrously by other vocalists; but after citing isolated instances of superior attributes in this or that feature, or exactness of execution, still with a vivid recollection of singers of every country for nearly half a century, we can recall no instance of a prima donna like Grisi for the general purposes of a lyric theatre." Her capacity for hard work was supreme. She scarcely ever required an excuse for non-appearance. Her carelessness as to that magnificent organ of hers was equally exalted. While other prima donnas anxiously lay up their throats in quarantine for the night's performance, and with wraps and warmth and repose await the eight o'clock campaign, Grisi used to trot about her garden in sharp weather, her neck exposed, or move about her household affairs with a sublime contempt for draughts. Exposure did not affect her voice; and yet it was her singular fate to die of inflammation of the lungs. She had been ill throughout her stay in Berlin, being there arrested by the disease on her way to join her husband Mario in St. Petersburgh. Mario was her second husband, the first being M. de Meley—an unhappy match which resulted in a legal separation and separate maintenance, the wife, curiously enough, being called upon to support the husband. Accordingly M. de Meley received a yearly income paid him by his wife. As the separation was effected by a French Court, and as it is not competent for a French Court to pronounce a complete divorce, Grisi's subsequent marriage with Mario was not by French law recognized as a legal proceeding. Five children are the issue of the latter union.

When, three weeks since, Mme. Grisi left the Villa Saliviati, her residence in Florence, she had a small carbuncle on her face. During the journey it rapidly developed, producing considerable enlargement of the glands of the throat, and she was obliged to remain at Berlin. The tumor being freely opened, Mme. Grisi became better, and sat up. A few days before her death she was seized with symptoms of apoplexy, and Dr. Warren Isbell, of Plymouth, in whom for many years Mme. Grisi had placed great confidence as a medical man, was telegraphed for; but she died on Thursday before that gentleman's arrival. Mme. Grisi's daughters were with her at the time of her death. Signor Mario arrived at Berlin on Sunday.

The Peabody Institute of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, November 25, 1869.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

Among the many objects of interest in this city most prominent is the Peabody Institute. Its character is in may respects unique, and its operations are worthy of attentive study. The original letter of Mr. Peabody, written in 1857, sets forth the plan with singular clearness; and whether it is considered as the fruit of a long life of observation, the expression of a large minded and generous man, or as a scheme of intellectual and æsthetic culture, the letter is equally remarkable. In its wise and liberal views, its proper estimate of the value of the arts in refining character and in making life beautiful, as well as in the humanity that animates the whole composition, it will remain an enduring memorial of the founder. I must confess that even the princely benefactions of Mr. Peabody have not impressed me so deeply as has the perusal of this noble letter.

Believing that we have yet much to learn, and still more *to do* in Boston in similar fields, I will give a brief sketch of the Institute and of its operations.

The plan includes, first, a library; secondly, lectures upon science and literature; thirdly, an academy of music; fourthly, a gallery of the fine arts. Provision is also made for the distribution of medals and prizes to meritorious pupils of both sexes in the public schools; the only part of the scheme to which there can be any objection. The benefit of these incentives to study I strongly question, believing that in the wiser time to come pupils will be led into the pleasant fields of learning without the stimulus of prizes which gratify the fortunate winner at the cost of so many heartaches in the breasts of his fellows. The amount of the fund is one million dollars, the accrued interest is nearly $200,000 more. The trustees are twenty five in number, of whom the venerable John P. Kennedy is President. A beautiful building of white marble (costing $170,000 besides the land) has been erected on the corner of Charles street and Mount Vernon square, facing the magnificent monument to Washington. The building, however, is not adequate for the purposes intended, and two adjoining estates have been purchased, over which, next year, the edifice will be extended. On the ground floor is the hall used for lectures and concerts, capable of seating from 1200 to 1500 persons. It is a pleasant room, brilliantly lighted, and with good acoustic qualities. Above is the library, with convenient rooms for reading and for the librarian's use. I believe it is intended hereafter to transfer the library into the new building; a desirable change, since the present hall is imperfectly lighted, and will not contain as many books as are necessary for a reasonably complete collection. The librarian, Mr. Uhler, appears to be an admirable officer, full of enthusiasm, and well versed not merely in bibliography but in many departments of science. The collection may be considered in a formative state, many departments being yet incomplete. It numbers about 37,000 volumes, but it is to be observed that on account of the large size of the works thus far purchased, it occupies as much space as is generally allotted to 50,000. It has the recently published English State papers, a large number of French histories and memoirs, a particularly full collection of works on the natural sciences, the great work of Lepsius on Egypt, full illustrations of Pompeii and other antiquities, and a pretty complete collection of the materials for American History.

In one view of the case it is to be regretted that no department has been established for loaning books. The only provision for this public want in this large city is made by the Mercantile Library, an institution of rather moderate aims and capabilities. There is no Loring nor Burnham in the whole city. What all these bright eyed and daintily-stepping damsels do here without an institution like Loring's I cannot conceive. Imagine the despair of young Boston in such a plight! But Mr. Peabody expressly desired that no part of the fund should go to the support of a circulating library, because he expected that that obvious want would be provided for in due time by the city, or by the citizens themselves. He aimed to furnish the means of diffusing a higher culture, which the more popular libraries wholly lack. I was very happy to see a good number of readers in the rooms, and to learn that the interest of scholars in the library is on the increase.

The idea of establishing an Academy of Music was a very happy one. In Mr. Peabody's view this was not so much to provide a cheap amusement for the public, as "to diffuse and cultivate a taste for music, the most refining of all the arts." The Provost of the Institute, Mr. Morrison, in his last annual report, says: "No portion of the money spent attracts so large a share of the public attention and sympathy as this. Here the Institute is brought more widely into contact with the public, and the beneficence of its founder is more generally felt than in any other of its present operations."

The Academy provides musical instruction at very moderate rates, and gives orchestral concerts every fortnight. The Director is Mr. Southard, whose musical learning and great natural powers are well known in Boston. Here he has a field for his ambition. An orchestra numbering over fifty is employed by the government, and rehearses twice a week under the Director. I have sometimes fancied that the chief pleasure a prince enjoys is in having his band play for him after dinner. But if one could not be a prince, the next thing musically would be to be the conductor of the orchestra. The youth when he holds the reins of his mettlesome horse, the yachtman with his hand on the tiller, while aloft the white sails belly out and the taper spars bend like willow wands—each has his own delight; but the leader whose baton the wild forces of music obey, he is as truly *anax andron*, king of men, as the leader on a battle field. In the culmination of some grand overture it might seem as if one were driving a team of lions. Fortunate for the conductor when he happens also to be a composer. How many an ambitious author would give the tip of his ear to have his thoughts breathed out by melodious brass and twanged by obedient catgut! In none of the arts is there such difficulty in getting "a hearing," and we shall never know what immortal strains have floated away into the infinite, unsung. From Mr. Southard's creative ability and skill in instrumentation we may now expect substantial results. One of his works, a descriptive overture, entitled "Night in the Forest," has been several times played here and universally admired. He has had many obstacles to contend with, not the least of which being that he had the misfortune to come from Boston. But the success of the Academy is an established fact, and the steady improvement of the orchestra under his able leadership cannot be gainsaid.

It would gratify your musical readers much if they could hear the performances of a wonderfully precocious pianist, Miss Kate Cecilia Gaul, a pupil of Mr. Courlaender, one of the Professors of the Institute. At the last concert she played Beethoven's concerto in E flat, (op. 73), with orchestral accompaniment, and with a clearness and brilliancy that was astonishing. This little lady is thirteen years of age, but although her features are sweet, modest and childlike, her playing shows that she has a rare maturity of mind and feeling. That she is to be one of the most brilliant stars there can be no doubt. The instrument, a splendid Chickering grand, was presented by the makers to the Institute.

The programmes of the Peabody concerts (as they are commonly called) are much like those of our Harvard Association, but shorter and a trifle more popular, as is prudent and necessary. The audiences are not large, not over eight hundred usually, although the price is only fifty cents—a fact not very creditable to the musical taste of this city. I may observe here, in passing, that Mr. Peabody has not aimed to make any of his benefits wholly gratuitous, since people do not value that which costs absolutely nothing. For the lectures even a nominal fee is charged—$1.50 for the course of thirty two.

As a specimen of the wide range of subjects upon which the lectures are given I give the plan for the present season:

Prof. Mayer, two lectures on the Solar Eclipse; Prof. Morton, four, on Light.

Dr. Van Bibber, two, on the Influence of Light, Heat and Ventilation on Health.

Prof. G. W. Greene, four on the American Revolution; Dr. Carpenter, two, on Oysters and other Edible Mollusks.

Dr. B. A. Gould, four, on the Constitution of the Sun.

Prof. Ware, four on Architecture.

Prof. Lowell, four, on Chaucer and Pope, and other literary topics.

Prof. Smith, four, on the Forces of Matter.

President Cooper, two, on Ethnology.

These subjects, it will be observed, are all of present interest, and are among those which are engaging the attention of scholars and savants.

Upon the fifth course I should be pleased to deliver (privately) a lecture to the editor on my return, without charge. It will be a heartfelt production.

As to the last branch of the Institute, the projected gallery of fine arts, nothing has yet been done. Indeed, I do not see how it will be practicable to create a gallery that will be a credit to the Institute without an increase of its funds, or without greatly impairing the efficiency of the other departments. Perhaps some opulent citizen emulous of the philanthropist's fame will make the necessary gift. There are some private collections of pictures here of great value, and which would make an admirable nucleus for the future gallery.

When the founder's intention is fully carried out, how noble it will appear! As if our Athenæum, Lowell Institute, and Harvard Musical Association, were united under one comprehensive board of directors, and working with harmony for the instruction of our people in all useful learning and all refining arts! If Mr. Peabody had sought only to achieve the *monumentum ære perennius*, could he have done better? Therefore I most heartily agree with the Rev. Mr. Ware of this city, touching the erection of a memorial statue here, namely, that Mr. Peabody's monument is the Institute, and that if gentlemen wish to honor the founder, let them follow his example and give greater power to existing institutions or establish new ones.

UPSILON.

The Intelligent Understanding of Music.

From the Choir (London).

The majority of the music performed in our concert rooms and not unfrequently in the home circle, might, we fear, be aptly described as "that which all hear but few understand." When we say this we are far from saying that it falls on an inattentive or unappreciative audience, but we simply assert what must be patent to all who exercise the most ordinary powers of observation, that an intelligent understanding of the great mass of the symphonies, sonatas, or even of the minor pieces we so constantly hear, is the exception and not the rule. That this should be the case is not surprising. Although musical educa-

tion, so called, forms a part of the normal scheme at our ladies' schools; although choral societies and church choirs are at work all over the kingdom; although concerts form the most popular entertainments, even in the village school,—still these all tend chiefly to familiarize those who assist at them with musical sounds, and fail to impart any substantial aid towards the mental effort which must be made before those same sounds can be connected in the hearer's mind with anything more than a mere pleasurable sensation, which it is one, but one only of their true ends to produce. In the case of other sciences some attempt is usually made by the professor to impart instruction as well as amusement in the exercise of his art. The Owens and the Tyndalls of our day do not content themselves with demonstrations and experiments calculated only to attract and astonish the eye or ear. The lecturer on Chemistry does not consider his work is done when he has produced brilliant combinations of color. The electrician is not satisfied with mystifying a crowd of eager listeners with effects, of which the causes are beyond their ken. Rather, in all these cases, the popular exposition of the science is made the medium of conveying an explanation of its deep principles, which would not only be unintelligible but unpalatable to the ordinary and too often uneducated mind if placed nakedly before it. But when music is the subject treated, a totally opposite course is adopted. As a rule it is left to speak for itself. Symphony follows overture and song follows sonata night after night, season after season, and it is not too much to say that a very large number of the audience rise from their seats without even realizing the meaning of the varied forms in which the compositions are cast, much less the intention of the writers or the extent to which they have carried them out. The analytical programmes provided by the director of the Monday Popular Concerts for the use of his friends, and which the old and new Philharmonic and other societies have been stimulated to supply are, it is true, steps in the right direction, but even these are couched in language which is unhappily still a dead letter to the great body of amateurs, and thus they scarcely meet the want to which we are alluding. That it is a want of the age, is we think undeniable, and therefore it is worthy of consideration, whether, with the means already at our command, we cannot do something towards supplying it.

To this question a practical answer has been afforded during the past few weeks by the Musical Professor at Edinburgh University, whose efforts to promote the education of the amateurs of the art in the northern capital are forming so worthy a fulfilment of the objects which the founder of the Chair of Music had in view. Professor Oakeley has, as our readers have learnt from the frequent records we have published of his performances, given during the University sessions a series of organ recitals to which he has invited the citizens as well as the students, thus making the class-room in Park Place just what it should be—a centre of musical life for the whole city, as the University itself is a centre in every branch of learning for the country. In the programmes he has never failed to give an educational bearing to the recitals, and in selection and arrangement his schemes have hitherto been highly satisfactory; but to these advantages he has now added another at the opening of the present season by prefacing each piece with a few remarks either historical or descriptive, thus furnishing that very aid to an intelligent understanding of the music to the general absence of which we have alluded. Thus what in ordinary cases would be a mere organ concert has become a means of direct musical training, calculated not only to create a desire to search further into the deep things of the art, but to impart a totally fresh interest to the music played. Here then, in a rough form, is the remedy for the evil to which we have called attention, a means ready to hand of raising music from the unworthy place to which it has been too habitually lowered, and of imparting to our Concert rooms a higher element than is usually to be found in them. On many occasions perhaps a running commentary on a performance would be out of place, but at such recitals as those of Mme. Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, which are ostensibly designed to elevate the taste and to afford an intellectual entertainment to those who are anxious to be taught, we believe the system would be found to work most admirably. Indeed we question whether it might not with equal fitness be applied to all classical performances; and whether with a capable speaker, the introductory remarks would not soon be regarded as an integral part of the evening's entertainment. The days have, we would fain hope, forever passed away when music was regarded merely as the pastime of an idle hour, and we believe that some such assistance to intelligent progress would be gladly welcomed. It is impossible to watch an audience at a Monday Popular Concert without feeling that the brain as well as the mere sentimental enthusiasm of a large body of the almost breathless listeners is being called into exercise; and we are therefore ascribing to them nothing more than they deserve when we assert that they would rejoice still higher in the world of art opened out before them by the touch of a Goddard, or the bow of a Joachim.

At any rate, whether the adoption of such a system in ordinary concerts would be wise or not, of one thing there can be little doubt, that the provision of a series of concerts in which the explanatory remarks would form a component part of the scheme is highly desirable. If the music room at Edinburgh is crowded, it cannot be doubted that an equally eager band of amateurs would be found in London and in other large towns in the kingdom; and it would indeed be casting a slur upon the profession to argue that its foremost members are unable thus to set forth in intelligible language the meaning of the tone-poems to which their artistic skill imparts life and reality. Nay more, if in every district some such course were adopted, and if instead of the chief interest of a concert being centred on the special excellencies of the "star," the beauties of the music and the design of its composer were set forth with clearness and brevity, we can but think that the interests of art would be promoted, and that a powerful means would be provided of making the English in reality as well as in name a musical people.

Professor Oakeley on Mediæval Music.

On the afternoon of Thursday the 2nd inst., Professor H. S. Oakeley delivered the first of a series of open lectures in the Park Place Music Hall, Edinburgh. In addition to many students, a number of other gentlemen were present.

Professor Oakeley, in his introductory remarks, adverted to the necessity of public lectures to mixed audiences on musical subjects being free from technicalities in order that they might be generally interesting, and stated that the legitimate work of a professor in such lectures was not so much to teach as to prepare for teaching, to remove discouragements, to awaken interest, and to form a sound and healthy taste on the subject which lay before him. In a former course of lectures on "Hebrew, Greek, and Roman Music, in connection with the national character," he endeavored to give some idea of music as it was among the greatest nations of the world before the Christian era. Resuming the subject where they left it, he again asked them to remark, as they could hardly, he thought, fail to do, how invariably music, like the other arts, but perhaps more than any other, proved itself the outward symbol of the inner spirit, the exponent of the hidden principle—in a word, the voice by which the heart of the people strove to express its wants, and poured forth its sweet sympathies.

Following the course of history in their glance at the progress of music, they started to-day from the Christian era—extending from that epoch to the Reformation, which he had chosen as his other boundary-line, because it seemed to correspond very closely with an era of remarkable significance in the progress of music. He would not have them imagine that they were entering now on a very dreary, unromantic, or barren district of inquiry, or that there was little or nothing to repay them for the labor of their researches. It was true that the "dark ages," as they were sometimes called, had a very bad name for ignorance and barbarism; but while in some respects the charge was not altogether unfounded, there was some truth in the remark that the mediæval ages had been called dark partly and chiefly because of our own ignorance about them. Here and there in every century were sacred and sequestered spots, a retreat from the violence of brute force for minds with a taste for cultivation; and music, as they knew, and as he had observed in previous lectures, was indeed a thing of so universal a capacity that no age, no country, seemed to be able to exist entirely without it. Music was, indeed, a plant which struck its roots so deep into the heart, that no storms, no wintry blasts, could check its growth effectually, nor could ignorance or barbarism entirely prevent its small voice from being heard.

There were three points in regard to mediæval music generally, to which he wished to direct attention. In the first place, the music of mediæval Christendom was, after all, in a great measure, a reproduction and an outgrowth of Pagan Greece. As a modern writer truly said, "Music was, of course, employed from the earliest ages of the Christian Church in its religious services. What the music of the first Christians was can only be matter of conjecture, but it may be supposed to have been similar to that which had formerly been used in the different countries where they dwelt. In Judea, the religious chants formerly used in the Jewish worship would still be used; and in other parts of the Roman Empire the new Christians would have recourse to the Pagan hymns of the Greeks and Romans." As he had shown in a previous lecture, Rome, under the Emperors, content to borrow rather than to originate, did little more for the art than merely to copy Athens; and as Rome, with its irresistible eagles, tacitly succumbed to the superior influence of Grecian cultivation, so the rude Northmen could not but bow their heads, abashed and humbled, before the artistic supremacy of the nation which they had beaten on the battle-field. The Professor entered at some length into the grounds for attributing to the Church tones now designated "Gregorian chants" a Pagan origin, and then went on to state that the second point to which he begged to call attention, as a characteristic of music before the Reformation, was obviously connected with the preceding one—namely, that mediæval music, especially in its infancy, was strongly—he did not say exclusively—tinged with a clerical or ecclesiastical flavor. This, he said, could hardly be otherwise in a day when the clergy, or at least the monastic orders, were almost the sole pioneers of civilization and the sole representatives of art. They were, in fact, as a rule, the painters, the architects, the musicians of their period. While all ranks of society around them, from the baron in his feudal tower, and the burgess within the city ramparts, to the serf who tilled the soil, were occupied in almost unceasing strife, the clergy or monks alone had the time, the taste, or the facilities for uninterrupted study.

In referring to the monastic influence on music of mediæval times, which thus naturally gave to it a certain grave and ecclesiastical character, he did not forget that a less artistic kind of secular music existed from an early date, which was wholly independent of the more cultivated style to which he had been calling attention, and they must not ignore the existence of such melody as was made in early times, for instance by the "minstrels" or "scalds," the successors, perhaps, of the ancient bards, who were known and revered in all parts of Europe, and the precursors of "gleemen" or "harpers," and of the order of the English minstrels who flourished till the sixteenth century. Besides these were the troubadours, the jongleurs, and others, who seem to have sprung up in the tenth century in sunny Provence, and were now represented in Italy by "improvisatori;" although, as he need scarcely say, far less romance and more knavery were as-

sociated with the modern trovatore than the mediæval troubadour.

The third important feature in mediæval music, and it was that which stamped it as thoroughly and essentially distinct from the music which preceded it, was the introduction of harmony. He spoke of harmony in a technical and scientific sense, and not merely as an accompaniment in musical concord to melody. After showing how the facts were accounted for, that melody was of southern birth, and that harmony was the more stately offspring of the north, Professor Oakeley stated that, in this third feature in mediæval music they had at least the introduction of a novel element, and one the importance of which could not be over-estimated, into the music of the dark ages; and they must not forget that the important invention of harmony and counterpoint was, to a great extent, to be attributed to the invention of the organ—an instrument the use of which, rude as it was then in its construction, became pretty general in Germany, Italy, and England during the tenth century. In concluding, the Professor said that in future lectures he hoped to carry forward their investigations into the historical idiosyncrasies of some of the principal nations of mediæval Europe, and he asked his audience to bear in mind the general propositions he had striven to lay before them:—First, that mediæval music comes to us ultimately from the pre-Christian era; next, that it was mainly, in its earlier stages, of a religious kind; and lastly—but for us it was the most important point of all—that, by its deep and more recondite harmony, it challenged for itself an independence of its own, and claimed to be indeed no mere tradition of an alien and effete race, but the true and living patrimony of the great northern family to which we ourselves boast to belong. He then made an announcement to the students to the effect that he would play on the organ in the hall on Thursday next at half-past four.

The Professor, who was frequently applauded, performed on the grand organ in the course of his lecture, an old "dance tune," in illustration of his remarks on mediæval secular music.—*Choir.*

Mr. Ritter's Third Lecture.

Mr. F. L. Ritter, in his third lecture (on the opera, from 1600 to the death of Gluck in 1787), traces the rise of Monods [?], properly so-called, from the acquirement of greater freedom among the various European nations, and an increasing need of the study of the secular sciences and arts. Touching on the mystery, or miracle plays, he spoke of the literary and scientific circles, among whom, principally in Italy, a desire arose for the revival of the Greek drama, with its music, of the wonderful effects of which so much had been written; and also of the efforts of many scientific Italians to discover and resuscitate the lost Greek musical poems. The attempts of Mei, Strozzi, Galilei (father of the astronomer, and others), were described, not forgetting the scenas, etc., by Galilei, "which seem to have been the first compositions for one voice, independent of counterpoint." The first, however, who wrote songs combined in a dramatic form was "Emilio del Cavaliere." He set to music two pastorals, "Il Satiro" and "La Disperazione di Fileno," by the renowned poetess, Laura Guidiccioni, and these were sung throughout. It seems, however, that Cavaliere's efforts were not entirely satisfactory. Peri was more successful. "He first made use of the stilo parlante; or recitative (before A. D. 1600), and every one among the modern Hellenes who heard his intermezzos, interspersed with choruses by the celebrated Madrigal composer, Luca Marenzio, believed that the musical forms which the old Greeks had used in their dreams were now recovered." Mr. Ritter then gave an interesting account of the dramas of Cavaliere and Peri, the kind of orchestra which they used, and a sketch of these composers' careers; "all the material for formation and construction of the opera was thus discovered, and in the course of time an art form emerged from these efforts, destined to play a conspicuous part in the artistic and social life of whole nations." The newly discovered recitative style made a great sensation all over Italy, and was carried to fuller perfection by Monteverde (born 1568), whose works, Mr. Ritter assures us, "show a great progress beyond those of his predecessors. Everywhere I find a tendency to give to the words and characters of his poem the true expression, gained by an effective use of harmonic and rhythmical means."

The opera, further aided by costume and machinery, having become a favorite entertainment at the different Italian courts, many composers essayed their powers in this form, among them the celebrated Allessandro Scarlatti, "to whom belongs the merit of having founded the Neapolitan school of music, out of which came forth a large array of distinguished composers and singers, whose influence has been felt up to our own day, and who perfected the recitative." Mr. Ritter then describes the transportation of opera to various European courts, where Lambert, Tully and Rameau gained, in France, the greatest success by writing in the Italian style, during the latter part of the seventeenth century.

In alluding to the progress of the English musical drama, Mr. Ritter paid a tribute to the genius of Henry Purcell, and after describing the state of the London musical stage, gave an account of Handel's career as an operatic composer and manager. Of Handel's operas he said that, "with the exception of a few exquisite airs and choruses, they have sunk into oblivion; and in spite of the great musical beauties they contain, the rich source of pure enjoyment and instruction they present to the student, to revive them on the stage would prove a decided failure."

The second part of this lecture presented a thorough review of the life and labors of the writer Gluck, and his reform of musical dramatic art, with interesting accounts of his relations with his literary and noble contemporaries, and of the famous Gluck and Piccini feud. In a summary of what had been so far accomplished on the various operatic stages of Europe, Mr. Ritter said: "The opera, as the highest meaning and expression of the musical drama, is not the work of one nation. Italian art, as such, has only exclusive importance and signification for the Italian; French art for the Frenchman; German for the German; the quintessence of that great spirit which governs and inspires them all in their art productions, is the goal towards which the genius of mankind strives. Every one is called to bring a certain part of the universal work to its perfection. And then the appearance of the German element on the theatre of European culture was an event in the intellectual life of nations. Only then was it possible to lay a foundation for the future growth of music, considered as an art in our wide modern sense; yet, in a balmy climate, under the beautiful Italian sky, its first fruits ripened. But the Italian element was not intense and profound enough to give universality to musical art; the German element produced two apostles of mighty genius, Handel and Gluck, who were destined to proclaim the highest truths of music. As if providentially, London and Paris, the capitals of two great nations, and both foreign to these German masters, were selected as the battle fields where the egotistical art principle of one nation came into deadly conflict with the breadth and profundity of another." Mr. Ritter then explained the causes that have led to the supremacy of German art in our present state of musical culture.

FOURTH LECTURE.

In his lecture on the Oratorio, given last Tuesday evening, Mr. Ritter traced the origin of that musical form from the old miracle plays, and gave a long, detailed account of them, relating many interesting incidents connected with their authors and performers, as also the reason why the term oratorio has been applied to the modern sacred dramatic form. Cavaliere's rules for the performance of one of the first oratorios are curious, as is also the fact that the sacred music was enlivened by dancing in his time. The efforts of this composer, as well as of Animuccia, the friend of St. Philip Neri; of Carissimi, Stradella, Scarlatti and others, were described, and the infancy and development of that form known as the "Passion Oratorio," the first specimen of which, by a Protestant composer, was written three hundred years ago, though such Passions were enacted in Catholic churches long before. We then had an account of the works of Schuetz, who wrote, Mr. Ritter says, "great and powerful choruses, in which the Handelian spirit already breathes, though Handel was not yet born when Schuetz died." Sebastiani and Keiser were also alluded to. In following the progress of oratorio to its present modern perfection, Mr. Ritter gave much interesting information in regard to Luther's labors as a musician in the service of the reformed church, and also of the composers who were associated with him. It is not so well known as it should be that Luther ranked the profession of music as next below that of divinity. He attached the greatest importance to music as a moral agent in education, "as it renders the mind intellectual," and declared that he could never respect a schoolmaster who did not know how to sing. After naming those of Luther's hymns which are really authentic, and passing in review the Protestant Church composers up to the end of the seventeenth century, Mr. Ritter devoted the second part of his lecture principally to a sketch, as full as his limits would allow, of the life and works of John Sebastian Bach and Handel, as composers of sacred Protestant music. In speaking of Bach, Mr. Ritter gave an especially fine analysis of the St. Matthew's Passion Oratorio, and drew an able parallel between Bach and Palestrina, and their relations to the church music of their several creeds. Of Handel's efforts in oratorio we had also a full account; those gigantic works, written after he had passed his fifty-third year. Reference was made to the oratorios of Italianized German composers, such as Hasse, Graun, Telemann, and those, now forgotten, of the English Arne, Arnold and others, as also to Pagolus' beautiful works in this form, and to Mendelssohn's charming "St. Paul" and "Elijah." Nor was Schumann's great secular oratorio forgotten. In summing up the merits, aim and influence of the oratorio form and its composer's claims, Mr. Ritter said, finely and truly, that "only through a return to a deep, earnest and faithful study of the immortal works of Handel can a new art foundation be gained. Were not Haydn and Mendelssohn inspired by Handel? Yet, though they created noble works, they did not reach, far less surpass, their glorious model. Then let us go back to that inexhaustible mine of inspiration—not in the spirit of mere imitators and superficial transcribers, but in that of the best minds of our own times—to strengthen, intensify and enlarge our views through the ennobling influence of perfect models. No age has yet produced fine works independent of those that preceded it; and no age will fulfil an artistic mission in its full significance by wilfully ignoring or depreciating the great and the beautiful which ages before it have already accomplished."—*Weekly Review.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Of musical occurrences here since my last letter, the following mention must suffice. Nov. 27, 29 and 30, came THEODORE THOMAS with his superbly trained orchestra. These concerts were given in Farwell Hall, and were entirely superior to anything in the orchestral line we have ever dreamed of here. Whatever they did was with such exquisite finish as to leave us but one adjective with which to describe the *ensemble*: it was certainly nearer *perfect* than most things are to which that significant adjective is applied. We had only to lament that the performances partook so largely of the nature of virtuoso doings as to forbid our being treated to an entire Symphony. The pecuniary result was not what it ought to have been, owing, principally, to the injudicious and inefficient management of the advance agent of the company. The first evening there was a mere handful of audience, scarcely five hundred; the second night some eight hundred or so; and the third, nearly two thousand.

The CARLOTTA PATTI troupe came Dec. 8, and gave five concerts. It is scarcely necessary that I should write anything to you about these concerts. As it regards money and fashion they were complete and immense successes. All Chicago turned out to hear, and I verily believe not a few thought the Patti before them was the Marquise de Caux herself. Hermanns, as usual, brought down the house in applause. Mr. Ritter played the piano in an elegant style, and with great modesty of deportment. He played several Gavottes by Bach, Mendelssohn's E-minor Rondo Capriccioso, and at the last concert, Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto. Of this latter, which was characterized by the musicians present as a most beautiful performance, the papers made no mention. This strange oversight arose from the fact that the programmes were not published in advance, and the newspaper men, having already heard the same programme several times repeated, on this evening went virtuously home to bed, and wrote their next morning's *critiques* on general principles.

The PARREPA-ROSA ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE came back to us Dec. 13 with "Norma," followed by "Faust," "Somnambula," and "Der Freyschutz." "Norma" was done well in only two respects. Mme. Parepa Rosa, and Mrs. Zelda Seguin. These two alone saved the performance from being an utter

fiasco. It appeared that, the orchestral parts not having arrived, the instruments were played partly from the dictates of the "inner consciousness" of the individual players. The result was not pleasing. Mme. Parepa sang grandly—as no one else has ever sung "Norma" here; and in Mrs. Seguin she had a worthy supporter. Mr. Nordblom was by no means a worthy Pollio. The papers had a great deal to say about the impropriety of giving "Norma" in English, but for my part I see no reason why a murder in English is more culpable than one in Italian. Of the performance of "Der Freyschütz" a like qualified admiration must be expressed. The first time, every thing went a little slowly, as the singers were not familiar with the stage business, nor even with the dialogue; but the second performance was much better. In the cast we had Mme. Parepa as Agatha, Miss Hersee as Ann, Castle as Max, and Campbell as as Caspar. I think it is not too much to say that all of these parts were well sustained. Mme. Parepa was not at her best, owing to a bad cold; but her singing of the "Prayer" was something long to be remembered. The Wolf's Glen scene was elaborately gotten up, and throughout the scenic effects were better than our opera managers usually take pains to give us. The orchestra, too, although not so good as we would like, contains some excellent players, especially a first violin and double bass, and is very ably directed by Carl Rosa.

I ought also to mention the rendering of *Faust.* Miss Hersee's Margharita, Mr. Castle's Faust, and Mr. Lawrence's Valentine were all worthy of high praise. Mr. Lawrence sang the song, "Loving smile of sister kind," written for the part by Gounod, after *Faust* was brought out in English in London. This song adds much to the musical attractiveness of the opera, and was admirably done. The death of Valentine was also an excellent piece of acting.

I differ *in toto* from those critics who would confine this troupe to "Maritana," "Bohemian Girl," and the like, under the pretense that the music of "Faust," "Norma," and "Der Freyschütz," is of too high a character for them, and the operas themselves improper for English. This, in my opinion, is mere twaddle. That there are imperfections in their renderings I readily admit, but the steady improvement in the successive performances is marked and gratifying. The troupe contains six artists who are of remarkable merit, and all of them are deservedly popular here. They are: Mme. Parepa, Miss Hersee, Mrs. Seguin, Messrs. Castle, Campbell and Lawrence.

The most successful performances here were "Martha" and "The Marriage of Figaro."

By way of general gossip I have only space to note that Lyon & Healy were just moving into a new store that will be one of the most elegant in the country. Of this I will write fully in my next. Mr. Dudley Buck has been very ill, but is now well. The Quintette Club are busy throughout the West, and on the whole are doing well. The Parepa troupe have had great business in some of the smaller towns as well as here. Times are hard; but Christmas is merry. DER FREYSCHUETZ.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20. On Saturday evening the Brooklyn Society gave its second concert, at the Academy of Music. The solo artists were Miss Anna Mehlig (piano), Miss Nettie Sterling (contralto), and Mr. Levy (cornet à piston). The following selections were performed:

4th Symphony, D minor, op. 120.....Schumann
2 movements from "Fantastic Symphony".....Berlioz.
Fackeltanz, C minor.....Meyerbeer.

The Symphony was very excellently played, barring some few deficiencies in the final movement. Mr. Bergner did ample justice to himself and to his reputation in the violoncello solo with which the Romance opens, and the same may be said of Mr. Noll in the exquisite violin passage (in the same movement) which drops, in triplets, so daintily down to the low notes of the instruments. I think the best performance was that of the Scherzo, the *tempo* of which was taken—as it seemed to me—much more moderately than is usual with Mr. Bergmann.

Doubtless such composers as Hector Berlioz have and have had their uses, although it would perplex one greatly to say what those uses are. The portions of his "Fantastic Symphony" given on Saturday evening, are hardly calculated to fill the soul with delight, and I am always suspicious of the merit of any musical composition which needs a printed analysis to explain its meaning. Music of intrinsic worth and meaning should explain itself.

Miss Mehlig, a German pianiste who has recently arrived in this country, achieved an immense success in her very artistic rendering of a quaint, old-fashioned Concerto by Hummel. Her execution is very fine, her touch delicate yet firm, and she plays with a passion and *abandon* only too rare among artists here. She was enthusiastically encored—the orchestra taking a most active part in the general manifestation of delight,—and then played an extremely difficult and very effective arrangement of Paganini's "Clochette." Her *technique* is superb and she never, under any circumstances, forces the tone of the instrument. She made use of a powerful and full-toned Steinway grand, whose resonant tones filled every corner of the auditorium.

Miss Nettie Sterling—who has been studying for two years in Europe, and whose friends are so eulogistic of her powers—did not create a very marked sensation. Her voice is quite a full and rich one, but her manner and style are cold. Her execution of Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti" was devoid of anything like fire and vigor, and her singing, as a whole, impressed me as being *amateurish.* We fear that injudicious friends have flattered her (as other American singers have been flattered) into the belief that she is a *great* artist; *that* she certainly is not. Two years ago she sang at several concerts in Steinway Hall, when her efforts gave me the impression that she was a vocalist of much talent and promise. My expectations have not been realized, for she is not true to pitch, her execution is quite labored, and her manner cold and unsympathetic. I regret to say this plainly, but a critic must be just and conscientious. Besides the Rossini Cavatina she sang two of Schumann's lovely songs, which were singularly inappropriate to the occasion.

Mr. Levy's solos, also, were a little out of place at a Philharmonic concert, for although his first one—one of De Beriot's "Airs"—belongs to a very good class of music, yet his encore, his own "Maud Waltz," is too trivial for any musical entertainment of any dignity. Of course the managers of the Society must endeavor to please their subscribers, and it is natural that they should even strain a point to do so; but I respectfully suggest that this sort of thing is going a little too far. It is better to stop somewhere; and who would wish to arrive at the period when one of the chief attractions of a Philharmonic programme should be "Shoo fly, don't bodder me," arranged for solo, chorus and grand orchestra, with "bones" and burnt cork accompaniments? It behooves the directors of this Society to consider this matter carefully.

The 3d concert will be given on Saturday evening, Jan. 22nd, 1870, with the assistance of Mr. Bergner (violoncello) and of Mr Jarvis (piano), of Philadelphia, who will play Chopin's F-minor Concerto. The orchestral programme will include Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, and the *Tannhäuser* Overture. F.

NOTE TO THE ABOVE. Our Correspondent's plainly candid impression of Miss Sterling's singing must pass for what it is worth. But we are bound to say that we have heard, from competent sources, much more favorable testimony. And we have so often heard the charge of "coldness" brought by really musical, appreciative people against artists who we *know* sing with feeling, that we have learned to accept that criticism always with a considerable grain of caution. We hear that we shall have erelong an opportunity to judge here for ourselves of the singer in question. Meanwhile, on the principle of *audi alteram partem*, we append a portion of an extract which a friend has sent to us.—ED.

"Miss Sterling went forth to be an earnest student, and it need hardly be said, of one who could be so severe a self-critic, that she brought high intelligence to her studies.

"We have been privileged to hear her since her return, and we can conscientiously say, that her labor has been well bestowed, for the results have exceeded our expectations. Her voice was always fine; its body full, its resources of power very great, and she used it with considerable skill. But it was not equal; it had an abundance of rough energy which needed refining, toning down, and, in some parts, building up. Her impulse and enthusiasm were great, but these, too, needed that control which could only be accomplished by that self-possession which perfect knowledge gives.

"Miss Sterling has achieved these ends. Her noble voice has attained its full power. It has been thoroughly equalized, and now presents that combination of ample power, cultivated refinement, and passion controlled by intelligence. She has now, in addition to one of the finest voices ever heard, an artistic style and finish which fits her as well for the operatic stage as the concert-room, and we predict for her a brilliant success in both departments. We believe the stage to be her true mission, and if she follows out the true instincts of her nature, America will have had the honor of giving to the world two of the finest contralti, Miss Adelaide Phillipps and Miss Nettie Sterling, of the present century."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 1, 1870.

The Christmas Oratorios.

The Music Hall was completely filled on Saturday evening with the devoutly attentive audience, as usual, to the Christmas Oratorio *par excellence*, Handel's "Messiah." The chorus seats were very full—perhaps 600 singers—and their new arrangement on the stage, each of the four masses rising tier on tier from orchestra to gallery, seemed to be an improvement; though we incline to think the arrangement never will be satisfactory until the stage is lowered several feet, so that the choral amphitheatre may spring from a point nearer the floor of the auditorium. Good balance of parts, rich, clear ringing quality of collective tone, and for the most part a fair degree of enthusiasm were noticeable in the chorus singing, which was on the whole better than we have had for a good while. More light and shade than usual showed careful rehearsal, creditable to Conductor ZERRAHN and to the Handel and Haydn Society. Still, sometimes there was more or less lack of promptness and decision in the coming in of parts, especially the basses. The tenors, however, rang out with uncommon purity and were instant to the mark. We were glad to have the expressive chorus: "And with His stripes" restored; though not one of the happiest renderings of the evening, it prepared the way more fitly for the boldly contrasted "All we like sheep have gone astray."

The soloists were certainly the best available. Anything more satisfactory, in sound or feeling, than the delivery of "O thou that tellest," "He shall feed his flock," and, above all, "He was despised," by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, were more than reasonable to hope for or desire. She never sang better, or more to the hearts of all. It was natural enough that the great mass of the audience could not be content with one hearing of "He shall feed;" but when we consider that the same melody, only on a higher key, is immediately repeated by the Soprano in "Come unto Him," and when that also, sung so finely by Miss HOUSTON, had to be repeated in its turn, it seems a

reasonable question whether in such cases a Conductor ought not in the interests of art to overrule the improvident momentary wishes of an audience, rather than allow the same piece to be sung *four times* over, and that too at the risk of dulling the appetite for the last part of a three hours' performance. The latter portion of a long Oratorio demands all the protection which abstinence from encores in the first part can afford. Miss HOUSTON'S telling voice, always brilliant, has gained in fullness and in evenness, and her interpretation of the great soprano music was more artistically whole and rounded out, more evenly sustained, more impressive than ever. She has learned something in her short stay abroad. She was warmly welcomed back to a sphere which it was thought she had abandoned: and certainly she threw all her soul into her song, which was generally good, and now and then in certain moments almost great, for she is a singer who has inspirations.

The greatest new gain to the Oratorio was the grand Bass of Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, who rendered all those airs in a much more artistic and effective style than he was capable of before he went abroad. Mr. W. J. WINCH showed very considerable improvement in the management of his quite pleasing tenor voice, and in a more expressive rendering of the music, particularly in the opening, "Comfort ye," &c. But he has hardly strength to cope with "Thou shalt break them," or fineness and depth of pathos for "Thy rebuke." There is still a certain crudeness, hardness, and sense of effort in what he does; while on the other hand he is free from affectation, sentimentality, or coarseness, and seems to have right intentions, which with study and experience may achieve much.

The Orchestra was hardly as strong as we could wish, and in some of the wind instrument passages (as "He was despised") badly out of tune,—doubtless owing to the difficulty of adapting the old instruments to the Organ (French) pitch. We are glad to learn that a beginning has been made in the procuring of new instruments. Mr. J. C. D. PARKER presided ably at the Great Organ.

COSTA'S "NAAMAN." The rain on Sunday evening thinned the chorus ranks and thinned the audience, though both were out in good force. It was a better performance on the whole, more bright, more spirited and telling than the work received last year, yet of the composition as a whole we saw no cause to change our first impression. Much of it is pleasing, much musician-like in treatment; several of the choruses fine; the orchestration almost always interesting. But many of the Airs, the Quartets, &c., are of a common-place, sweetish operatic character: the air of the Child, particularly, which Miss PHILLIPPS sang so beautifully, and which was encored, sounding for all the world like one of the modern English ballads. Miss Phillipps, of course, made the most of her three parts: the wife of Naaman, the Widow, and the Child.

One of the merits of the work, as we said last Spring, lies in the marked characterization of the parts; and the most interesting of these, that of Adah, so beautifully sung the first time by Miss Whitten, did not suffer in the hands of Miss HOUSTON. Miss GATES was not so happy with the part of the Shunamite Woman as she was before; her voice was much [illegible] there was too much of wild, [illegible] outburst in the place of real energy and climax. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, who has in a great measure recovered the best power of his voice, gave a truly dramatic and impressive rendering of the part of Elisha. Mr. WINCH, though far from equal to the impassioned moods of Naaman, did himself credit on the whole, and the impression made by the other tenor, Mr. PRESCOTT, who appeared in solo for the first time, in the smaller part of Gehazi, was one that may encourage him to perseverance.

Tomorrow evening the Society are to begin the study of the *St. Matthew Passion music* of Sebastian Bach.

Concerts.

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT. (Music Hall, Thursday afternoon, Dec. 16). The mightiest of all musical names to conjure by in Boston is BEETHOVEN. And so the Beethoven programme,—mere chance suggestion from the fact that the 99th anniversary of the great composer's birthday would come the next day after the concert—seems to have raised the highest expectation, and, on the whole, to have realized the greatest amount of pure enjoyment and enthusiasm of any of the Symphony Concerts from the first. The largest audience yet seen filled the Music Hall,—an audience remarkable for culture, taste, and weight of character,—but this time more remarkable for the deep, unflagging attention and enthusiasm with which it listened for two hours to music wholly from one master's works. What other composer could stand such a test! Yet it was easy to make up a programme out of his works exclusively, and be sure that it would hold and charm all hearers to the end. And that, too, setting aside, by reason of their familiarity, all of the three or four *greatest* of the nine Symphonies in the general estimation, though none perhaps could be more lovely than the one presented:

Overture to "The Men of Prometheus,"	Beethoven.
Fourth Symphony, in B flat	"
Overture, in C, Op. 115, composed for the "Name Day" of an Emperor	Beethoven
(Repeated by request.)	
Piano Forte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat, Op. 73	"
Ernst Perabo.	
Overture to "Egmont"	"

Here was a good enough representative selection from the several periods and forms of his orchestral works. It worked to a charm, at all events; all seemed too happily, intensely occupied with what there was before them to covet anything outside. The Overture to the "Prometheus" Ballet, fresh, spontaneous, Mozartish, told of his young life and joy in vigorous, felicitous production. The warm fourth Symphony—though after the great *Eroica*—betrays the lover's secret,—spiritual, deep, yet passionate, taking all Nature into its confidence, hiding itself in such ideal utterance,—the "Adelaide" and the "Moonlight Sonata" side of his existence. The sketchy Overture in C, full of auroral premonitions of his sublimest thoughts, (read in one of our recent numbers how he first meant its themes for illustration of Schiller's Hymn to "Joy," and how, after that had grown into a so much vaster work, he threw these themes together into an Overture for his Emperor's name day), is a good instance wherein to see what genius, what greatness is still hinted, if not splendidly elaborated, in such a master's slightest efforts. Then, for one of the heroic, the triumphant, the imperial creations of a truer Emperor than any who reigned over Austria, Beethoven himself, the "Emperor Concerto," as it is often called in England. And finally, an Overture which is one of his greatest, one of the most perfect, most impressive and most characteristic in its intense, concise, complete expression, that to "Egmont." Of course, another selection might have been as good; but here was enough for a feast, and so good that none thought of better. [illegible] Symphony of course [illegible] next year.

[illegible] before—except the Op. 115, which certainly did gain in general interest on the second hearing. What more need be said then, farther than that they were all uncommonly well rendered by the Orchestra,—particularly the Concerto and the "Egmont"—and that the vast audience seemed inspired with the good genius of absorbed and, so to say, *clairvoyant* attention, in sympathetic, charmed *rapport* with each successive phase and movement of the music? There was a grand impressiveness, an irresistible, fine magnetism, in the very fact of such attention and deep interest in so many. We must not forget to say that Mr. PERABO played his part in the Concerto superbly, winning enthusiastic tributes, though by rare chance the Chickering piano was not of their very best,—at least for that use. The Orchestra, we thought, achieved their best success thus far in their part of that glorious Concerto; even the wind instruments were nearly faultless. All seem to look upon this as the great concert of the season, hardly to be surpassed; yet nothing was intended beyond a passing allusion to the great master's birth day, in the simple form of a selection from his works. There was no decoration, save the beautiful laurel wreath upon the head of the bronze Beethoven, placed there by the fittest hands, those of our generous townsman to whom we owe the presence and possession here of Crawford's noble statue, and who now, after twelve years' residence abroad, has returned to be among us once more the same earnest and efficient friend and furtherer of Music, and of all æsthetic culture, that he was in younger days.

The next concert will come after the longer interval of three weeks, namely, on the 20th of January. It will be marked by the new feature of the first performance in this country of the *Magnificat* by Durante, with full orchestral score by Franz, and sung by a select choir, mostly amateurs, under the direction of Mr. KREISSMANN. They will also sing Mozart's admirable *Ave verum* and Schumann's "Gypsy Life." Mr. J. C. D. PARKER will play Mendelssohn's D minor Concerto, and the strictly orchestral numbers will be the *Suite* in D, by Bach (the same that Thomas gave us); Schumann's first Symphony, in B flat; and the Overture to *Euryanthe*.

The LISTEMANN QUINTET Matinées are finished. We must reserve what we have to say of the last two till our next number.

NEXT. The Farewell Concert of Miss ADDIE TOPP, [illegible], at the Music Hall, must not be forgotten. It offers rare attractions. The Septet by Hummel, with PERABO at the piano, and with all the instruments, is alone enough for the making of a concert. The brilliant and enthusiastic young pianiste herself will play Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo; a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt; a Cachoucha by Raff, and part of Schubert's "Soirées de Vienne," as arranged by Liszt. She will also play Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS'S accompaniment in her last song, an Arietta by Blumenthal; besides which, our noble Contralto will sing a Prayer by Donizetti. Mr. WHITNEY, the Basso, contributes a Concert Aria by Mozart and an English song by Randegger; Mr. B. LISTEMANN, a couple of Violin solos of the Paganini school.

Mr. PERABO gives the first Matinée of his second series on Friday, 7th inst., when he will play a Prelude and Fugue by Mendelssohn (in E minor, op. 35), Liszt's transcription of Beethoven's Cycle of Six Songs, "*An die ferne Geliebte*;" a couple of charming and original Sketches by Sterndale Bennett; and the Sonata in D, op. 53, by Schubert.

The PAREPA ROSA English Opera will be here [illegible] we may hope to hear [illegible] and other good things [illegible]

Oratorio.

New York, Dec. 4, 1869.

To the Editor of the World:

SIR:—Allow me to make a few remarks in reference to your kind and detailed report of the last performance of "Judas Maccabæus" by the Harmonic Society. While you give me credit for the scientific knowledge which a conductor must possess in order to carry out a correct performance of Handel's oratorios, you seem to think me wanting in the enthusiasm necessary to inspire a chorus and orchestra. This remark was in a certain sense novel to me: as, so far in my public career, friends have been rather inclined to tax me with an unnecessary excess of enthusiasm. But if you could be aware of half the obstacles that lie in the path of an oratorio conductor in this city, and of the especial obstacles that have been placed in my path, you would allow that only a very great amount of natural enthusiasm and veneration for this noble branch of art could sustain a conductor in this thankless vocation.

Though we have a very large number of church singers in New York, these are apparently lacking in that unselfish love of art which should prompt them to take part in great choral performances, in which only the masses, and not the individuals, are brought into prominence. The small proportion of singers who make oratorio singing a study is divided into half a dozen little societies, and among these, from various causes, continual discords are arising, and they do not co operate on public occasions as they should. As far as my experience goes, the members of these societies are not so fully convinced of the necessity of a punctual attendance at rehearsal as to neglect social or business engagements in order to be present on regular practice evenings. The conductor may be overflowing with knowledge, enthusiasm and devotion, yet how is it possible for him, without the aid of magic, to infuse his own soul into the brains and voices of singers who are lacking in the thorough practice and knowledge absolutely indispensable to a correct performance of such profound works as those of Handel? A willing few always attend; but even they become discouraged at performance by the mistake of those, unfortunately in the majority, who only appear at the eleventh hour.

Another misfortune attends the getting up of oratorio performances. You are aware how expensive an undertaking it is; more than one rehearsal with the orchestra is seldom had, because our societies are poor, and not sustained by our rich amateurs as they should be. The Harmonic Society's general rehearsal, with chorus and orchestra, has to take place (from forced economical reasons) in the day-time, when those members who are business men cannot attend. Let my chorus be ever so well drilled, how is a perfect performance to take place under such conditions? Our Philharmonic Society—a society of professional and not amateur musicians, like our oratorio chorus singers—has, besides three public rehearsals, as many private ones by its entire force as its conductor thinks requisite: and this, too, of works which have been, most of them, played in the society for the last twenty years. Would the Philharmonic performances be as fine as they are did they take place with a single incomplete rehearsal.

I have often, in moments of heartfelt discouragement, agreed with you that, under such difficulties, oratorio performances should rather be given up; but trust in the final triumph of a good cause has again renewed my—shall I say enthusiasm and devotion to a noble branch of art?—in spite of the injustice with which, in too many cases, my efforts have been treated, and the hard trials to which my patience has been subjected.

Thanking you for your criticism, apparently dictated by a kind and appreciative spirit, I remain, yours truly, F. L. RITTER.

London.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—Mr. Barnby opened his season on Wednesday night with a capital performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, followed by the *Dettingen Te Deum*, both works being given with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments. The band, comprising the leading members of the Italian Opera orchestras, brought out to perfection the many beauties with which the score of old Handel has been enriched; and, although the ultra conservative musician may still prefer to hear the Pastoral in its original form, such a performance as that of Wednesday night must go far to shake his allegiance to the almost primitive orchestra which existed in Handel's time. The choruses were uniformly well sung by Mr Barnby's choir of three hundred voices, whose clear intonation and attention to the beat give good promise for the more important concerts which are to follow; when, among other works, we are promised Bach's *Passions-Musik*, Beethoven's *Mass in D*, and his *Ninth Symphony*. The solos in the Cantata were taken by Madame Lemmens Sherrington, whose bright voice so well suits Handel's songs, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Herr Stepan. The latter gentleman obtained an "ovation" for his singing of the famous "O ruddier than the cherry," in which he displayed unlimited power, finishing on the high G; but, at the same time, we can hardly regard him as a satisfactory exponent of Handel's music. In the *Te Deum*, the brief solo parts were allotted to Miss Marion Severn, a young lady whose excellent contralto voice is speedily bringing her to the front among our concert singers, Mr. Smith, and Herr Stepan. The *Messiah*, on the 21st, will form the Christmas performance.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first Oratorio of the season was "Israel in Egypt," which was given Dec. 3, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. The *Times* says:

Little need be stated about the performance, beyond the fact that in some respects it was one of the very finest ever heard at Exeter Hall. Into details it would be superfluous to enter. Enough that from "The children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage" to "Israel saw that great work that the Lord did upon the Egyptians," in the first part, and from the magnificent "Song of Moses," which begins, to "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea," a repetition of the most striking part of the other, which ends the second part, the choruses were delivered with extraordinary vigor and—rare exceptions admitted—precision. "He gave them hailstones" (the absurdly attempted restriction against all audible expressions of satisfaction notwithstanding) was unanimously called for again, and repeated as a matter of course; and this with equal reason might have been the case with "He spake the word" and "Thy right hand, O Lord." More agreeable still to relate, however, is the fact that among the choruses efficiently executed were the two most elaborate and difficult of all—"With the blast of Thy nostrils," and "The people shall hear." The solo-singers were Misses Edith Wynne and Vinta, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Lewis Thomas, Winn, and Vernon Rigby. Mr. Rigby gave the *bravura* air, "The enemy said, I will pursue," with remarkable power and vigor of declamation, and, being loudly encored, repeated it. Mr. Rigby is evidently a favorite, not only with the Sacred Harmonic audience, but with the Sacred Harmonic chorus; and such warm encouragement as he invariably receives should (and no doubt will) induce him to study assiduously. He has in his favor both voice and physical stamina. He must now aspire to artistic refinement, which, we believe, if he be not spoiled by applause, he will succeed in attaining. Nothing could have been more marked than his reception on Friday night. We need hardly say that the ever-popular duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," was also encored; nor that it was declaimed with fitting energy by those well-known artists, Messrs. Lewis Thomas and Winn. Among the most finished examples of Handelian singing in the course of the night were the lovely air, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind" (with its ingenious "ground bass" accompaniment), and "Thou shalt bring them in"—the first given by Miss Edith Wynne, the last by Madame Sainton-Dolby. The audience was as impressionable as it was large; and *Israel in Egypt* was, perhaps, never more thoroughly appreciated. On appearing in the orchestra, Sir Michael Costa was greeted with enthusiasm, and by his admirable conducting throughout showed, not for the first time, how worthy he is of the distinguished position he has so long occupied. It should be stated that the additional accompaniments used upon this, as upon previous occasions, were from Sir Michael's own facile and ingenious pen.

The next oratorio (on Friday) is to be Handel's *Deborah*—a revival which would alone cause the season 1869–70 to be remembered.

PRAGUE.—The concert season was opened by Herr Becker, with his celebrated Florentine Quartet, the programme comprising Mozart's fifth Quartet in A major; a new Quartet in F major, by Joh. Herbeck; and Beethoven's Op. 74. The Ladies' Band, in which all the performers are of the gentler sex, under the direction of Mdlle. Josephine Weinlich, attracted a large audience, anxious to see how the violin, violoncello, and that light, airy instrument, the double bass, would obey female fingers, as well as what sounds female lips could evoke from the trombone and the ophicleide. The result was in favor of the fair instrumentalists, though they may, perhaps, find that, when the novelty of their exhibition—for it really must be regarded rather as an exhibition than a performance—is worn off a bit, the attractions will not be so great.

Special Notices.

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If thou must sing to-night. 3. E*b* to e. *Molique.* 30
A sweet sentimental ballad which goes straight to the heart.

The greeting at the door. Song and Chorus. 3. B*b* to e. *Nish.* 35
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Suggestive of the home joys of the Holiday Season.

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A comic satire on the absurdities of modern dress.

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What does it matter to me. 2. C to e. *Burgiss.* 30

Our blessing on the daises. 3. G to e. *Abt.* 35

Morn on the meadow. 3. E*b* to f. *Wrighton.* 30

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Gavotte. No. 1, G minor; No. 2, G major. 2. (Eight pieces differentes, No. 2). *Bach.* 25

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A bold, brilliant, effective waltz.

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An energetic invigorating movement, well calculated to rouse the flagging energies of the dispirited.

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Elegant and graceful dance music.

Away, away, the morning freshly breaking. Transcription. 4. F. *Grobe.* 40

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 751. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1870. VOL. XXIX. No. 22.

Translated for this Journal

Bach's Passion Music.

[From the German of C. H. Bitter.]

THE ST. JOHN PASSION. (*Concluded.*)

e. THE ARIAS.

We now turn to the Arias, which claim no small part of our attention in this work. To the ruling taste of our times they appeal but partially, although we meet in them all the excellencies of Bach's way of composition in rich measure: strictly characteristic melody; earnest declamation, closely following the sound and meaning of the words; harmonic and contrapuntal mastery in the conduct of the accompanying instruments. But the composer's earnestness and the serious destination of these pieces allowed of no concession to the sensuous apprehension of the general public. If in our altered circumstances the judgment of the public is influenced not so much by religious edification, as by the artistic and asthetic side of such works, then our standpoint is a different one from that which Bach presupposed. A concert audience can follow the flight of the great master in his dramatic treatment of the choruses and recitative; but it is only exceptionally that it will be in a condition to sink into these depths of Christian contemplation, out of which he drew the fountain of his music in the Arias.

How much more must it be so where, as in this case, the purport of the words is purely dogmatical, containing little that is exciting in itself, while at the same time the breadth of the musical treatment tends to lessen the interest of the hearer, who is not able to give himself up to it entirely and follow it with all his faculty of feeling and of apprehension!

Accordingly the Alto Aria: "*Von den Stricken meiner Sünden* (D minor, 3-4, with accompaniment of two oboes and *Basso continuo*), as well as the Soprano air: "*Ich folge dir*," &c., (B flat major, 3-8), in which the flute part, *concertante* with the voice, accompanied only by the Bass, depicts the joyful course of a serene soul purely at one with itself,—will on the whole find little recognition. The same may be presumed of the Alto Air with Quartet accompaniment: "*Ach, mein Sinn*" (F-sharp minor, 3-4), as well as of the Tenor Air, treated with most wonderful figuration in the accompanying instruments (2 Violins d'Amour and Bass): "*Erwage, wie sein Blutgefärbter Rücken*" ("See how His blood-stained back"), which in fact with its long-spun *melismatic* turns lies far remote from present ways of feeling and perception.

This will be less the case with the Bass Aria: "*Eilt, ihr angefochtnen Seelen*" (G minor, 3-8), whose rapid movement hurrying to an appointed goal, four times interrupted by the anxious, eager question of the chorus: "Whither? whither?" rests in the brief reply: "toward Golgotha" and "to the mount of Crucifixion," only to renew its exhortation that we follow in the footsteps of the Lord.

The composition rises still more in the Alto Air: "*Es ist vollbracht*" ("It is finished"), which soars more freely even in the text. Accompanied by the *Viola di gamba* in expressive and melodious solo, it utters in a short strain, breathing deepest sorrow, the last word of the Lord before His departure; then, in the flaming up of the victorious announcement ("The hero of Juda conquers with might"), it represents the triumph of the divine word over death and hell, until the jubilation is again made dumb before the repetition of the mournful words: "It is finished," and relapses into the first lament.

This Aria is followed by the words of the Evangelist: "And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." Upon this immediately comes in the Bass (D major, 4-4) with the expressively melodious song, accompanied only by the organ and the basses: "*Mein theurer Heiland, lass dich fragen*" (Dearest Saviour, we would ask Thee), which is interrupted, with deeply searching effect, by the Chorale which has been repeatedly employed already: before the denial of Peter in the first part, as well as after the Lord's words: "Lo! this is thy mother." The simplicity of the orchestral treatment and the melodious rhythm of the song contrast in a wonderfully peculiar manner with the earnest harmony of the Chorale, out of which dark, deep background the Aria stands forth in radiant relief. It is the glorification of the Lord, that here shines forth upon the world out of the solemn moment of death, and finds its open recognition through the Chorale of the praying congregation, through the Christian Church.

With the introductory Chorus began the struggle and the suffering. Here we find the victory, not as in the preceding Aria, still under the suffocating burden of the cross, but in the freedom of its grandeur and its exaltation.

A short *Arioso* for the Tenor (in the St. Matthew Passion Bach marks these little sentences as Recitative) leads to the last Aria. This Arioso, in which you feel the agitation of Nature after the departure of the Lord still vibrating, is one of the most beautiful pieces of the work. Under the prolonged high tones of two flutes and two *Oboi di caccia* the string quartet moves tremulous in the after-murmur of the storm, while the Tenor in expressive recitation sings the beautiful words assigned to him.

And in tender, tearful melody, introduced and followed by flutes and *Oboe di caccia*, partly in concerted, partly in united song, the Soprano answers him (C minor, 3-8): "*Zerfliesse, mein Herze, in Fluthen der Zähren*" (Melt, my heart, in floods of tears).

The earthly sorrow for the Son of God, whose majesty and greatness, whose world-redeeming significance his death and wondrous signs have first implanted deeply in the soul, flows forth in the tones of this Aria, which is one of the noblest and most deep-felt that Bach ever wrote. Formed as if out of a single thought, and yet presenting this in every conceivable variation, it conducts the hearer to the Cross, upon which the body of the Redeemer hangs, no object of terror, but of the deepest grief, pouring itself forth at his feet in streams of tears.

And so we stand just before the end of a work, which, however much we may admire the astounding grandeur of the Matthew Passion, excites not less our deepest sympathy and veneration for its great creator.

f. THE CHORALES.

Before we pass to the very close, we have yet to turn our attention to that series of masterworks, which Bach has incorporated into the Passion Music under the name of Chorales.

The destination of these Chorales has already been pointed out. They were to keep the whole work true to the Christian ground tone which the divine service of the day (Good Friday) above all required. They also were to serve to bring the listening congregation into active participation in the service, to make them part and parcel of the action and the pious meditations based upon it. For the Christian Church Song belongs to the religious cultus as an artistic element. Where this element is taken up by the whole congregation, it expresses itself in the Chorale, as the universal basis of the divine service. This appears more in the Passions, than in the Cantatas of Bach, as a pervading thought.

This is not the place to justify the way in which the great composer has set his Chorales just as we find them here. As they are, they are in their appropriate place. They are masterworks of a peculiar kind; and by their expressive treatment, entering so fully into the character of the situation, they produce the most striking effect.

The very first Chorale: "O boundless Love," which follows close upon the repetition of the Chorus: "Jesus of Nazareth," is set in such a way that every word calls out the noblest feeling. How incomparably beautiful is the conduct of the voices at the words: "*dieser Marterstrass*" ("this street of martyrdom")! What a deep feeling finds expression in the concluding strophe: "And Thou must suffer!" We find again the same preeminence, we might say the same predilection, in the treatment of every single one of the Chorales which are incorporated into this beautiful work. When, after Christ says: "If I have spoken well, why smitest thou me?" the Chorale: "Who could so rudely smite Thee?" sets in in the full harmony of its tenderly melodious measure: or when, after the words: "My kingdom is not of this world," rises the firm and solid strain: "Ah mighty King, through all the ages great," with its wonderfully moving bass; when the Chorale, breathing steadfast faith in deepest grief, begins:

> "Within my heart deep dwelleth
> Thy name and cross alone,"

and dies away so mournfully: "For thou hast bled to death,"—the impression universally will be a powerfully great, an elevating and consoling one. But everywhere, too, is the expression of

the words and of the situation mirrored in these Chorales with a fidelity, a lofty, tranquil grandeur, which continually reminds us that it all belongs to a divine service in the church, in which we too are permitted to take part.

We might in this connection call attention to one Chorale, just before the closing chorus, which completes the picture of the sufferings of Christ: "*O hilf, Christe, Gottes Sohn.*" What a depth of sorrowfulness, what steadfast trust and confidence speak from this harmonious masterwork! The words: "*durch dein bittres Leiden,*" and again: "*Ihr Unfugend meiden,*" finally the two concluding stanzas, lift this little composition to a grandeur and an elevation that place it by the side of the first masterpieces ever yet created.

In the Matthew Passion prominent significance is attached to the Chorale: "*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*" ("O Head, all bruised and wounded"), which recurs several times in the course of the work. So here the Passion Song: "Jesu's sorrows, pain and death" is introduced by Bach in three particularly conspicuous places: first, after the denial of Peter; secondly, after the words which Christ upon the cross addresses to his mother; and for the third time, after the words: "It is finished."

Here too,—apart from the inner reasons which Bach had for such repetition of the same Choral melody,—we see how paramount an end it was with him, and how earnestly he strove for it, to secure the character of unity to the impression made by the whole work.

g. THE CONCLUDING CHORUS.

And so we enter the profound mood of the wonderful concluding chorus: "Rest, ye weary sacred limbs!" Tranquil sorrow, trust in the redemption, steadfast faith, speak out of this clear stamped melody and deep felt harmony. We stand at the grave of the Lord. The body, wound in linen clothes with spices, is lowered into it. The friends and disciples, who have followed him thither, cast one last look of love upon the dead outward form, in which the divine prophet had so long lived among them and taught them, in which he had even now endured the last fearful agony before them. Like prayers for blessings on him, the tones of the pious song descend. And when the grave is closed, then there resounds, before the crowd have parted, in firm and solid harmony, the Chorale:

"Ach Herr, lass dein lieb Engelein
Am letzten End die Seele mein
In Abrahams Schoos tragen,"

till the tones die away with the words:

"Herr Jesu Christ, erhöre mich,
Ich will dich preisen ewiglich."

The friends and disciples leave the grave. We too go with them. Consoled, uplifted, full of new strength of faith, we retire from a place where the Gospel and Christ's offering for Man have been taught us in the noblest manner, interwoven with the loveliest flowers of Art. We have taken part in his sorrows, and feel ourselves purified thereby, brought nearer to the Lord whom we revere.

Such is the form and outline of the work of the great master, which we have sought to expound, both as a whole and in its several parts.

Only a man of the great reach and power of Bach could have resolved to go beyond the lofty grandeur of this work, and create one even greater, even more complete and perfect. His gigantic mind shrank not from a task like that which he had set to himself in the St. Matthew Passion, to which we shall now turn our attention.

Additional Accompaniments.

(From the London Musical World, Dec. 11).

The production of Mendelssohn's versions of the *Dettingen Te Deum* and *Acis and Galatea* has once more brought up the vexed question of additional accompaniments. In other words, it has re-opened the dispute as to the liberty of musicians in dealing with the works of their predecessors. It may be well to hear the argument on both sides.

First, let the Purist speak. Stand forward, Mr. Purist, and recite the articles of your belief.

"My belief is founded on reason in the abstract; and, in the concrete, on the reasonable rights of genius to a property in its work for all time. Handel and Beethoven are dead, as to the body; as to the spirit, they are more alive now than ever they were. Sir, I look upon the man who takes away from the work of these, or any other masters, as little better than a thief; and upon him who tampers with their designs as an impertinent meddler. I have only one question for either or both:—By what right? What would happen if a modern painter ventured to adapt the drawing and coloring of Tintoretto or Domenichino to modern tastes; or, if a present-day *litterateur* accommodated Shakespeare to present-day forms of speech? You know, Sir, that the whole world artistic would give forth a howl of execration. But I disdain to rest my case on analogy. Even if practices like those instanced were common, I would stand up for the inviolateness of a musician's score. That it must not be touched I hold as a principle of general application; but there are special cases which turn the meddling hand into one of sacrilege. The genius of Handel is concerned with one of these. Sir, if 'who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,' who amends Handel should be a greater master than Handel, and who adapts him should be at least his equal. I am not sure that, with regard to the class of works upon which the old master's fame chiefly rests, either his superior or his equal has yet appeared. But I disdain to rest my case upon the absence of competent workers. My principle remains under every condition inflexible:—Hands off the works of genius."

Very good, Mr. Purist; now stand aside, if you please, and let your opponent, Mr. Expediency, have his say:—

"My friend, the enemy, is somewhat dogmatic, but I shall not press him hard on that point, nor shall I quarrel with what seems to him right from his point of view. Unfortunately, his point of view is so low down that he can see next to nothing. All that meets his eye is a 'score,' and, just as when the Israelites lost sight of Moses they worshipped a calf, he worships a 'score.' I also worship, but not with blind adoration, because within my field of vision are some things which set me a-reasoning.

"Let me indicate one of them;—one will suit my purpose, and settle my opponent. It is all very well to talk in grandiloquent terms about the inviolability of a composer's score, and to make comparisons between Tintoretto and Handel. Neither the one or the other are germane to the issue. Let us look at the matter as practical men and not as sentimentalists. Your sentimentalist, like Bully Bottom's lion, is a 'fearful wild fowl' and does an infinity of mischief. A few years ago, if your sentimentalist had had his way, there would not have been a cotton shirt within these narrow seas; while every old lady of our acquaintance would have found it difficult to sweeten her tea. Depend on it, sentimentalism does not make the world go round. Let us take the thing—a most disturbing mote—out of our eye, and then look at this matter of Handel's scores. What do we see! Music:—grand music, which every discerning man admires with all his heart and soul, but to which only the enthusiastic few would listen. The world cannot afford to lose these mighty utterances, yet lost they must be unless accommodated to the world's ear. Here, then, we have the choice of what in deference to Mr. Purist, I will call two evils: the retouching of Handel's scores, or their ultimate neglect. Which of these is the less I leave with confidence to public judgment. One word more:—I grant that only a master should meddle with a master's work, and that, to be ever so great, he should handle it reverently as a sacred thing."

Between these arguments *pro* and *con* the public must decide; and to this task we bid the public address itself with such zest as is possible.

(From the Athenæum).

The ORATORIO CONCERTS.—No two works of the maker of music who is the most esteemed in England are more familiar than the *Dettingen Te Deum* and *Acis and Galatea*. But they were both clothed with fresh beauty by the additional accompaniments with which they were performed on Wednesday last. Readers of Herr Devrient's "Recollections of Mendelssohn," will recollect that the composer while stationed at Düsseldorf wrote to his friend in Berlin begging him to recover the "scores of the added instruments" in the Library of the Singakademie. Mendelssohn had written them at the request of Zelter, and he was anxious to recover the scores, not only because he intended to bring out one at least of the works, but also because he wanted to make some alterations in his former arrangements. The passage in which he expresses his anxiety on this subject gives the reader an insight into Mendelssohn's extreme solicitude for his art. "It is most important for me," he writes, "to have either my original MS., or else the score from which the performance was then conducted. I will give my reason for requiring it, which you will approve. In the score of *Acis* I have found amongst many good things, several which I could not now indorse, and want to correct before it can pass into other hands, because I consider this matter of re-instrumenting as requiring the utmost conscientiousness. Now it happens that I recollect having done some still more arbitrary things in the *Te Deum* than in *Acis*, and I must expunge these faults (as I now regard them), as I cannot annul the score." Until the publication of this letter, nothing was known of Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments, so that the performance under notice was as interesting as though the work of completion had been undertaken for our express behoof. There is assuredly no need to insist that the accompaniments have been added with a delicately sympathetic hand, and that the master's original design has never been overlooked in the desire to commend his mode of treatment to modern ears. So much must have been safely predicated; more than this is not, in our opinion, to be asserted without deeper study than is possible at this moment. We are so accustomed to Handel's original orchestration that we are in danger of questioning at first hearing the very emendations, or rather adornments, which we should afterwards be most unwilling to relinquish. Nothing left by so consummately accomplished a master as Mendelssohn is to be criticized without the most careful examination. As he himself said, "They," meaning the Berlin Academy, "can instrument their oratorios themselves with a couple of horns and an old comb and kettle drum," and we have had frequent experience that great works may be botched in London after as rough-and-ready a fashion. But Mendelssohn wrought with other tools, and his workmanship is to be scrutinized in another spirit. Enough for the moment to record that all concerned in Wednesday's performance were obviously sensible of the interest attaching to the occasion. Although written in marvellous haste, to celebrate an almost forgotten victory, achieved by a still less remembered conqueror, and although more unequal than most of Handel's works, the *Te Deum* still keeps its hold on the public ear. As we listen we feel that we are in the grasp of a giant, from whose influence there is no escape. The pastoral opening scenes of *Acis* show the master in his most gracious mood, but he soon takes delight in the monster Polyphème, and seems to enjoy the picturing of the dismay his footsteps bring. The

parts of Damon and Acis were sung by the same singers who lately appeared in the representation of the Cantata at the Princess's; the latter, Mr. Montem Smith, again proving his artistic taste, and the former, Mr. Vernon Rigby, being less coarse than usual. As for Herr Stepan, he must have modelled himself upon Herr Formes. Galatea's peerless songs were rendered by Mme. Lemmens with somewhat overdrawn expression. This clever, pains-taking lady often misses her mark by aiming too high. The choruses were for the most part well sung, but Mr. Barnby on several occasions was led to hurry the time unnecessarily. The true, even singing of Miss Marion Severn in the *Te Deum* should not be left unnoticed.

(From the Daily News.)

To the *Te Deum* Mendelssohn has added flutes, clarionets, and horns, and occasionally a contra fagotto, to reinforce the bass passages; the two trumpets being increased to three whenever these instruments are used; the larger number only appearing occasionally in Handel's score. In fact, the instrumentation has been almost entirely reconstructed, especially in the writing for the instruments just named; which, as in other of Handel's works, is scarcely practicable by any other than an exceptionally skilled player. An especial instance of this occurs in 'Thou art the King of glory,' in which, instead of Handel's original trumpet solo, portions of the passages only are given to the three instruments, sometimes in unison, sometimes in chords, other portions being transferred to flutes, oboes, and clarionets.

Notwithstanding Mendelssohn's own statement, we find some of the changes made in *Acis* more innovative than any in the *Te Deum* although the former has undergone less general alteration. Throughout the Serenata, Handel uses only violins, basses, flutes and oboes. To these Mendelssohn has added violas, flutes, clarionets, bassoons, horns, trumpets and drums, enhancing the effect not only by increased fulness of sound but also by various added details, full of beauty and variety. He has also introduced a corno Inglese di basso. In several instances, especially in 'The flocks shall leave,' and 'Wretched lovers,' the augmentation of power is especially appropriate. Throughout the work there are abundant fillings in; among which those of the added viola parts are frequently of great beauty. In some instances there are entire alterations of Handel's passages, vocal and instrumental. 'Happy we' has been changed from twelve-eight to six eight time, which accords better with the rhythm and accent than the original *tempo*. Mendelssohn has also altered the close of the chorus, and added two bars of symphony, likewise making changes in the choral writing in the part commencing 'See what ample strides he takes.' Perhaps, however, the boldest alterations are in 'Hush, ye pretty warbling choir.' This Mendelssohn has put into three four time, and has changed the florid instrumental passages into triplets of quavers, assigning these chiefly to the violins, and using the ordinary flutes instead of the piccolo. The elaborations and changes made by Mendelssohn in this song are throughout of great value and interest. Exquisite incidental solo passages for flutes and clarionets occur at intervals, leaving the pervading triplet character to be chiefly maintained by the violins; and the general effect is far more refined and graceful than that of the original version in which there has always been, to our ear, somewhat of pertness and flippancy. Among many felicitous additions may be particularly cited those to the instrumentation of the soprano solo, 'Must I my Acis still bemoan,' in which the original oboe solo of Handel's score is charmingly accompanied by two violoncellos (soli) with exquisite effect.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 9).

The first of these concerts, given last night in St. James's Hall, brought the musical public face to face with difficulties which are likely to become common. For good or for evil, the lawfulness of 'additional accompaniments' to works written without modern orchestral resources is admitted; and we should gain nothing by appeal, if disposed to make it. The question still open for discussion is as to the limits within which one musician may do what he likes with the work of another. That this is a serious question need not be pointed out. Its settlement will either preserve the integrity of genius, or throw genius into the hands of whoever fancies himself able to improve it. Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments to *Acis and Galatea*, first heard in England last night, contribute towards a decision of the question, by showing some things that ought not to be done. We may do well to look at them; but first let us point out that the date of Mendelssohn's MS is 1829. When, therefore, the illustrious musician determined to retouch the work of his illustrious predecessor he was a youth of twenty; and, moreover, *Acis and Galatea* had already passed through the hands of Mozart. But he who in 1826 wrote *St Paul* may be pardoned for a consciousness, in 1829, of ability to 'accompany' Handel; while the chances are very much against his knowledge that Mozart had forestalled him. So far, Mendelssohn can hardly be assailed, and had he contented himself with doing for *Acis and Galatea* what another great genius did for the *Messiah*, his work would deserve unqualified approval; but the youthful amender of Handel took liberties which ought rigidly to be forbidden without exception. In the introduction to 'Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,' and wherever a similar passage occurs in the song, there is an unbroken flow of triplets; a bar is added before the voice enters; and the characteristic long shake accompanying 'Your thrilling strains' is taken away. In the chorus, 'Happy we,' Handel's final cadence is interrupted by a bare chord on the minor seventh of the scale, and a purely Mendelssohnian cadence of three bars follows. Lastly, in 'Wretched Lovers,' some of Handel's rests are shortened one half, and that preceding the exclamation, 'See what ample strides,' filled up. Whether these alterations are for the better or the worse is not the question. In any case they are inadmissible because, once admitted, the principle which guards the integrity of a composer's work is violated, and mischief may, if it pleases, wax rampant.

We come now to the more agreeable task of discussing Mendelssohn's legitimate work. In the first place, he has written a viola part throughout, thus supplying an important want in the score. He has also shown good judgment by the simplification of Handel's 'times'—reducing 9/16 to 3/4 for example—and by management of the 'repeats.' As regards the effect of the orchestration, if we bring forward only two or three instances it is simply because an exhaustive notice would have to speak of each movement, save those not touched at all, like 'As when the dove,' and one or two others which are touched but lightly. The charming air, 'Would you gain the tender creature,' is among Mendelssohn's greatest successes. Nothing could be more exquisite than the effect of the reed instruments and flutes accompanying the voice in contrary motion. Another use of the same instruments with the music of the lovers in 'The flocks shall leave the mountains,' is extremely happy and effective. Most admirable of all, perhaps, is the scoring of 'Must I my Acis still bemoan?' with its two violoncellos *soli*, as a set off to the lengthy plaint of the oboe. It is beyond question that the additional beauty with which Mendelssohn has invested *Acis and Galatea* will go far to condone the liberties to which we have referred.

As well as *Acis and Galatea*, the *Dettingen Te Deum* was performed last night, also with additional accompaniments by Mendelssohn. There is, happily, not so much to say against the second as the first, because, one or two passages excepted, Mendelssohn's treatment of the *Te Deum* may be held up as an example for all who undertake a like difficult task. Two exceptions are important enough to be noticed. The well known phrases for trumpets and oboes in 'To thee, cherubim' are slightly altered, and scored for the entire wind band; without, as it seems to us, any increase of effect. Next, the introduction to 'Lord, in Thee have I trusted' has eight bars cut bodily away, and thrown aside. Here, whatever may be gained, something is undoubtedly lost—the integrity of Handel's idea. Surely, the mutilation of so great a master cannot be allowed even to genius. These errors of taste pointed out, we have nothing but praise for what remains. In fact, Mendelssohn's work is a masterpiece of its kind. His additions fit the original so well, and partake so largely of its spirit and character, that, in some respects, it would be hard to say where Handel ends and Mendelssohn begins. Higher praise could not be awarded.

The story of music so unexpectedly brought into notice, would, doubtless, be interesting; but it has yet to be told. All we know at present is that attention was directed to it by a chance allusion in one of the Mendelssohn letters published by Herr Devrient. This led to its production and to the printing of the *Te Deum*, by Kistner, of Leipsic. The *Acis and Galatea* is still in MS; its speedy publication may, however, be safely anticipated. Meanwhile the conductors of the Oratorio Concerts deserve a hearty acknowledgement of the enterprise which lost no time in bringing Mendelssohn's work before his English admirers."

Handel's "Deborah"

The Oratorio, or rather the Opera, of "*Deborah*" possesses many of the attributes of a drama, and it was originally intended to be acted at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket. This intention was resigned; but on its performance the house was fitted up in "a new and particular manner;" and the solos were sung by the great tenor Senesino, the bass Montagnana, and the women, Strada, Negri and Bertoli. The tickets were a guinea each, and the subscribers were compelled to pay extra for their boxes and stalls, because the drama was English, the chorus increased, the orchestra enlarged, and the house newly dressed and lighted "in a particular way." The nobility at all this stood at bay; and "*Deborah*" hastened the real tussle between Handel and the King his supporter, with the noble patrons and subscribers of the opera, his opponents. "*Deborah*," which was described as a "thing that was better than an opera," was with Handel a success, and he had it performed on many occasions; his enemies considered it a failure, insisting that the houses were empty, that the orchestra was as noisy as it was wretched, and that everybody was weary of a school of music which pleased no one but the composer himself. There can be no question that the double choruses in this oratorio were novelties—novelties not only in this country, but in every musical country in the world. No one had ever written, no one had ever heard—previous to the production of this sacred drama—of such choruses as the "Immortal Lord," "Lord of Hosts," "Plead Thy just cause," and "See the proud chief." Advance in oratorio composition like this can only be compared to the march of Mozart in his opera of "*Don Giovanni*," and the stride of Meyerbeer in his opera of "*Robert le Diable*." These three compositions stand foremost in music, like three of the decisive battles of the world. If they had not been written, neither oratorio nor opera would be what they are. Handel was the pioneer, and met with the same fate as did Mozart and Meyerbeer. Mozart was abused for his long songs, for his extended finales, his smothering orchestra, his heavy and gloomy melodies. The same sort of abuse was poured out on the devoted head of Meyerbeer, and it was all liberally employed in depreciating Handel and chasing him from the Opera. Handel was compelled to give up the guinea ticket, reduce the boxes and pit to half a guinea, the gallery to five shillings, and offer the subscribers to pass in with their silver admissions; but reduce his orchestra and chorus he would not, and these, Pope has recorded as "much too manly for the fine gentlemen of the age." No doubt the number of voices and instruments employed in this first rendering of "*Deborah*" were at least double the number ever heard in the theatre before. The Oratorio of "*Deborah*" is a war song. Fights and battles suited Handel' disposition better than the stage plots of an ordinary love story. It may be difficult to recall exactly the precise state and condition of the old world inhabitants of that tract of country along, lie and ahead of the Mediterranean, known as Canaan, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and so on; but this we know, that they were men of a giant race and particularly skilled in war; for there were five kingdoms reserved specifically to teach the Abrahamic race the art of war. The particular king, whom Deborah was instrumental in deposing, is chronicled as having nine hundred chariots, a countless host, and a general, known for his wisdom and prowess throughout all those parts. Handel's drama is the old story—the true God, against Baal, the false god; and there is the woman Deborah the generalissimo of the forces, with Barak her lieutenant.

There are great preliminaries and much discussion in this drama but the great fight and total defeat Handel and his poet have altogether omitted. We read that the monarchs congregated their armies by the waters of Megiddo, and that they were met by those who "fought from Heaven;" the very stars in their course warred against the Phœnician captain, his strength was trodden down, the prancings of the mighty ones were broken, and that ancient river, the river Kishon, engulfed the entire army, chariots, and horse hoofs, and swept them all away. Such is the account that Deborah herself has left in her "Song of Victory," an ode of which, singular to say, Mr Samuel Humphreys, the author of the libretto of "*Deborah*," it would seem made little or no use. The salient points of Mr. Humphreys are the prayer for a leader to the host, a bristling imprecation on the idolatrous persecutors of the Israelites, a grand chorus descriptive of the advance of Sisera and his battalions, a noisy and brilliant litany to Baal, the "monarch of the skies," a solemn appeal to the Almighty from the Israelites of just the opposite character, a parley between the priests of Baal and the Israelites, a chorus of hope from the Israelites; and here all action closes, if we except the introduction of the wife of Heber, and her tale to Barak, describing in lengthened recitative how she enticed Sisera it to her tent, gave him "a copious bowl, which he quaffed

with ecstasy," sank down oppressed with sleep, when she seized nail and hammer, drove the nail into his temple, and in this way "rivetted the tyrant to the ground." A stand up fight was more after Handel's heart, and as he has treated this recitative in a very so-so manner, we may imagine he did not much admire this proceeding of Jael. He adopts, indeed, his great school of picture, and consequent appropriate emotion to the first and second acts of the oratorio; and, with the exception of that wonderful choral combination heard in

"Doleful tidings, how ye wound,
Despair and death are in that sound,"

the funeral wail of Baal's priests on hearing that their great general had thus been unceremoniously put out of the way by a woman, the choruses that are heard in the third act are merely adaptations from other and previous works of the great composer. Fine and grand as are these adaptations, they lose in interest by this transposition, and the Oratorio closes without Handel's usual climax. The double choruses in the two first acts overwhelm and astound. The high emotion passes away, and is not revived by extracts from the Coronation, Chandos, and other less important anthems.

"*Deborah*" is of the highest interest, because it is all Handel, in his own large and mighty manner. It is not made up like the "*Israel in Egypt*" and other subsequent works; but it is pure Handel from top to bottom, and it is furthermore the first squeeze of the grape—Handel rioting in all the freedom and magnificence of the new thing. He had written, it is true, his Psalms, Te Deums, Chandos and Coronation Anthems; his Pastorale of "*Acis*," and his oratorio of "*Esther*;" but the great choral work in the "*Deborah*" overpowers all his previous efforts. Its performance astonished Mendelssohn when in this country, and at its conclusion he was heard to exclaim: "Ah! well might Beethoven say Handel is the master of us all."

"*Deborah*" was given last week in Exeter Hall, by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society; Sir Michael Costa conducting from a score of his own revised and additional accompaniments. Of the choral effects by so large a body of voice and so well trained a band nothing need be said. It is one of the institutions of the country; and Handel's eight-part chorus of a dramatic nature heard in this way is a *ne plus ultra* in oratorio performance. In the days of the concerts of Ancient Music it was possible to hear the three great choruses "Immortal Lord," "See the proud chief," and "Plead Thy just cause," —but the Ancient Concerts are over and gone. Handel now lives chiefly in Exeter Hall, and we trust it will not be long ere there be a repetition of this noble and beautiful composition.—*Orchestra, Dec.* 17.

A Collegiate and Musical Institute for the Blind.

(From the Daily Advertiser, Dec. 23).

A number of gentlemen, of various professions, met last Wednesday at Dr. S. G. Howe's office, to hear an exposition of the plan for a National Collegiate Institute and Musical Conservatory for the Blind, which he has for a long time been maturing; and which was set forth in the last report of the institution at South Boston.

The doctor began by alluding to that general law of nature which causes a certain number of defective children to appear in every generation. A study of this law enables us to predict, with an approach to exactitude, that under given social conditions, there will be among the next million children born a certain number defective in their bodily organization; and, moreover, that about so many will be blind, so many deaf, so many club-footed, so many hare-lipped, &c.

The important point is, that the proportion of the whole and of each class is largely under human control, and dependent upon obedience to or violation of cognizable laws.

For instance, the usual proportion of those defective by deafness is about one to fifteen hundred of the whole population of Massachusetts; but in the town of Chilmark, by reason probably of intermarriage, it is more than one in fifty.

Of a million children born in the temperate zone, more than five hundred are born blind, or with organs of sight too feeble to resist ordinary destructive agencies, so that they almost surely become blind. Special researches in certain districts proves that the census underrates the real number. There are probably at least eight hundred in Massachusetts; about two thousand in New England; and twenty thousand in the United States.

It is easy to teach the blind, hard to teach the deaf.

Blindness obstructs mental and moral development very slightly, deafness very gravely.

Blindness disables the outer man, deafness the inner man.

Blindness is the greater misfortune to the poor, deafness to the rich; nevertheless, no public provision was made for the instruction of the blind in the United States until within forty years, and some time after it had been made for the deaf mutes.

The example first set in Massachusetts was rapidly followed in seventeen other States, where institutions were organized; to which the legislatures of ten neighboring States made provision for sending blind children as public beneficiaries.

These eighteen establishments have about one thousand pupils, boys and girls, who remain under instruction from five to seven years. They are taught the common branches of school learning; a little music; and some handicraft. This suffices for the most of them. It makes them equal, perhaps a little superior, to children of their social position in respect to common school instruction. It increases their self-respect and self-confidence. It inspires the wish to keep themselves out of the dependent class; and it greatly increases their chance of doing so. Most of them find some household or industrial establishment in which they can fill a useful place. Their moderate culture fits them for social companionship; and their little knowledge of music is a source of enjoyment to themselves and to those about them.

Throughout New England and most of the Middle and Western States, any parent of a blind child can have him taught at public charge; and, if the special school is not near his door, the child is taken to it, kept and taught, without his being put to more cost than are his neighbors, who send their child to the common school.

One feature of this public provision is, that the claim of blind children for special instruction is put upon the same footing as that of ordinary children, to wit: that of justice, not of mere charity. This is very important.

Blindness and dependence—a blind man and a beggar,—have been so long and so closely associated in the public mind, that, in the old countries, whenever institutions for the blind are projected, aid is asked solely in the name of mercy.

The fact of being classed among dependents and considered as objects of special charity, is a source not only of mortification, but of positive disadvantage. It paved the way to the beggar's post at the roadside; for people usually hold themselves at the price set upon them by others.

The effect of these measures in the United States is becoming apparent in raising the blind, as a class, a little above the low social grade in which they are placed, even in the most civilized European countries.

To raise the blind in the social scale—to give them self-respect and the respect of the public—is a prodigious work, because we have to undo the effect of social debasement and of individual dependence. But it has been begun; and, as it must be pleasing in the sight of God, it will surely be successful.

Having provided for common school instruction, for a knowledge of music, and training in mechanical art, what more ought we to do? Just what we should like to have done if we were poor, and a blind child had added to the bitterness of our poverty.

Dr. Howe went on to show that among the numerous graduates of our public institutions, and among blind children who receive elementary education at home, there are a few who have talents and taste, and who sigh for means of higher culture than the State institutions afford. They long to read the classics, and to master the literature of their own languages, in order to gratify their tastes, to lift themselves to an intellectual level with the best society, and to add to their means of usefulness in life. History furnishes instances of blind children born to wealth, or placed in favoring circumstances, who have become respectable scholars in various departments of knowledge.

But, said he, we need not go beyond the history of our own institution for proof of the capacity of the blind to profit by culture. We have fitted for college two boys quite blind from birth. One entered Harvard University, the other Dartmouth College. Both held their own with their class, and graduated in respectable standing. One became a brilliant musician and a successful teacher of music, and gave great promise, but died young; the other has been for several years principal of the State institution for the blind in Tennessee, and has managed his establishment with entire success.

We need a National Collegiate Institute and Conservatory of Music, specially adapted to the condition and wants of persons whose sight is partially and temporarily impaired by disease, and of those who are permanently blind—an institute in which the course of study shall be the same as in our best colleges. All the teaching would, of course, be oral; and the apparatus and modes of illustration be addressed to the touch. It should be supplied with text-books, maps, diagrams and the like, in raised characters; also a press and apparatus for embossing and printing new books. It should have large collections of models of various kinds, such as weights, measures, tools and machinery; manikins and models showing the anatomy of animals and plants, as well as their outward form. It should have collections of shells, crystals, minerals, plants, seed vessels and the like; models and sections showing geological strata; philosophical apparatus adapted to the touch; in short, everything that can be represented by tangible forms.

It would amaze those who have not thought about it, to know how much can be done in this way. Saunderson, the blind professor of mathematics in Cambridge, England, not only knew ordinary money well, but he was an expert numismatist, and could detect counterfeits in a collection of antique coins better than ordinary persons could do by their sight.

Such an institute should have for professors and teachers able men, with special aptness for adapting their lessons to the condition of their scholars. It should furnish facilities for the study of languages, ancient and modern; of mathematics, of pedagogy, and especially of music.

It should be well provided with everything necessary in a good Conservatory of Music, such as organs, pianos, wind and stringed instruments; and have funds for payment of competent teachers.

Dr. Howe dwelt upon what is self evident to thinking persons, the advantage which generous culture would give to a blind person, whatever may be his calling.

Such an institute would be useful, he said, to two classes; first, to young men or women retarded, embarrassed, or arrested in the course of their education by some disorder or weakness of sight, which can only be cured by months or years of entire rest to the eyes. Few think they can afford this. They are tempted to use their eyes, more or less. The disease is liable to become chronic: and the sight is often weakened for life, if not totally lost. It is hard to calculate the number of such persons, though it is very easy to see that it must be large.

More than five thousand persons were treated last year for affections of the eye in the public institutions in Boston, besides the large number treated in private practice. So frequent are diseases of the eye, that several eminent physicians practice only as oculists. At a moderate calculation there is (besides those entirely blind) a constant number of three thousand persons with diseased eyes in this State.

Dr. Dix, the oculist, remarked that the estimate was a low one. He thought that such an institute would be of great use. He had known many young persons arrested in their studies by disease of the eyes, to whom it would have been a great blessing. It would have enabled them to rest their eyes entirely for a year or two, without ceasing to study, and would have saved not only their time, but, in some cases their eyesight.

Dr. Howe said that most of the students would come from among the twenty thousand blind persons in the United States, but especially from among the cleverest graduates of the various State institutions for the blind, where only elementary instruction is given.

The only special buildings that such an institute would need absolutely would be two structures, one with rooms for lectures and recitations, and for collections of models; another for music halls, instruction rooms, practising rooms, etc. The buildings could be erected in wood for $20,000 each, above the cost of land. The first could be provided with a nucleus of collections of models for about $5,000; and with printing press and the means of embossing for $5,000 more. The collections would almost certainly be increased by donations.

The music hall could be provided with an organ, ten pianofortes, and a collection of musical instruments for about $15,000. Everything, however, would have to be done in the plainest and most economical manner.

It is reasonable to expect that an adequate yearly allowance would be made by the legislature of our State for scholarships; and that other States would send a number of select pupils from their several institutions, and pay a suitable price for their education. If there were a fund large enough to pay, by its interest, the salaries of professors, the other current expenses would be small.

No money should be invested in a huge pile of bricks and mortar, in which to lodge and board the scholars. It would be better to board them in neighboring families, because all the disadvantages of the method commonly adopted in colleges (which is a cross between convent and barracks) are intensified in the case of the blind. No external influences

should favor the tendency which a common infirmity readily engenders, to social segregation of the sufferers, and to a spirit of caste among themselves.

The question of location should be settled mainly in view to two things: first, easy access to the musical centre of a large city, so that students could constantly hear the best performers and associate with artists. They must breathe a musical atmosphere. There can be no substitute for this. Second, the location must be in view to facilities for attending ordinary lectures upon such branches of science and learning as they would hear with advantage. Cambridge, perhaps, would be the most suitable place in the United States.

There are certain strong considerations, which intelligent blind persons will appreciate, in favor of having the college entirely separated from an ordinary institution for the blind; and being under a distinct board of trustees.

It will be seen that Dr. Howe contemplates an entirely new establishment, such as does not exist in the world. He says this is the next step to be taken for the elevation and the happiness of an unfortunate class of our fellow men, who have been in all ages, and to a considerable extent still are, classed among paupers and treated as dependents. The offer of an opportunity to the most gifted among them for broad and generous culture, would be only the logical result of the successful efforts which have been made in our country to give to all of them the opportunity of elementary instruction. Shall we not follow in the way which duty commends to our conscience, and charity to our hearts?

After his remarks, Dr. Howe introduced three interesting little blind boys, who are now under training for a college course.

They read the Book of Viri Romæ in Latin; and showed considerable proficiency in the language.

No books have, as yet, been printed for the blind in Greek; nevertheless, these boys showed how easily the grammar of the language can be taught by oral instruction.

The gentlemen present were much interested, and seemed convinced that the enterprise is practicable.

No vote was passed; but the proposition met with general acceptance, and preliminary measures were taken to carry it into execution.

It is understood that the Treasurer of the Perkins institute will receive funds for the general purposes of that establishment; or for the proposed collegiate Institute; or for printing books; or to be funded, as the donors may direct.

Our Amateurs.

(From the Nation, New York.)

Without a doubt, music is the art that is most fostered among us. No parlor is considered furnished that lacks a piano. No young lady's education is thought complete without some knowledge of the divine art. While abroad the opera only exists through subsidies from the state, here the popular taste for music supports at least one, sometimes two and three companies at the same time. But the greatest evidence of the vital hold that this art has upon us is in the number of amateur societies that exist in this city, of a few of the most prominent of which we purpose giving some account.

And first, it may be premised that with all this broadcast culture of music, and in despite of the hundred thousand pianos that are made in this country every year, and the tons of musical compositions that are published, and of the fact that music is taught in the public schools, so that the whole people may be said to be educated in it, yet we have no national music, and have produced scarcely a single musical composition that rises to the dignity of fourth-rate merit. Drawing and painting and sculpture are comparatively neglected here—certainly are not universally taught—and yet we have produced painters who have challenged the attention, if not the admiration of the world, and sculptors who fully rank with those of other nations. The pictures of Church and the statues of Powers, Crawford, and Story are as well known on the other side of the water as on this, but though we have an army of composers there is not one among us that has risen above the rank and file, or been able to create a single composition that is really an addition to the musical literature of the world—not even a song, much less a symphony. The works that have been produced are feeble imitations of foreign models. Mortifying as the fact may be to our vanity, it must be acknowledged that the little music we have that possesses really distinctive American characteristics takes its inspiration from the negroes. Those rude refrains that tell the story of the poor black "Way down upon the Swanee River," or in "Old Virginny," or of the "Old Kentucky Home" have really found their way round the world. They are but the echoes of a miserable plantation life, but they are heard in the great salons of Europe. The rest of our music has no vitality of its own. It is constructed on either the German or the Italian models. Between these two schools our teachers also are divided, and they carry with them their pupils to the one side or the other—for the schools are, to a great extent, in antagonism.

Those of our amateurs brought up in the Italian school affect to despise German vocal music as being harsh and unmelodious, and recognize no merit in anything that is not extracted from the opera, while, on the other hand, the Germans find these Italian arias and cavatinas tiresome, meaningless, and frivolous. This division of sentiment is as noticeable among the amateur musical organizations of this city as it is among individuals: some of them sing nothing but the compositions of the Italian school, others nothing but those of the German. Of course, in the matter of musical organization our Teutonic friends altogether take the lead. They have brought with them the traditions of their fatherland, and directly they get here they crystallize naturally and as a matter of course into musical clubs, devoted to the music of their own nationality.

The best known among these clubs are doubtless the Liederkranz and the Arion. In some sort they are rivals—in a pleasant and friendly way to be sure, but still sufficiently so to make each a little jealous of the success of the other, and anxious to take the first place in the public estimation. Both organizations have brought themselves more prominently into public notice than the other kindred societies, by the masked balls that they are in the habit of giving at the Academy of Music every winter, in which each strives to outdo the other in the magnificence of the appointments and the brilliancy of the entertainment. But there are many other musical societies among our resident German population of nearly equal merit, if of less celebrity, than the two we have named. In all there are in this city and its immediate suburbs nearly a hundred, of which there are sixty-four in New York. Among the most prominent of them are the Schillerbund, the Saengerrunde, the Teutonia, the Beethoven-Maennerchor, and the Mozart-Verein.

These societies are stimulated to practice by the prize festivals that are given every alternate year. The latest of these was held in Baltimore, last July; the next will take place in this city, in 1871. At the Baltimore Saengerfest twenty-nine societies attended from this city. The Liederkranz appeared with 74 members, the Saengerrunde with 64, the Schillerbund with 59, the Arion with 52. There was intense interest felt between the Liederkranz and the Arions as to which should take the first prize. The former gained it, to the great mortification of the members of the latter society, who failed even in taking the second prize—a humiliation from which they have not yet recovered. The usual insinuations that the judges had been bought were freely made, and the Arions even, by challenge, attempted to draw their successful rivals into a supplementary contest before another set of judges; but the sagacious men of the Liederkranz felt the laurels secure upon their brows for two years at least, and failed to see the advisability of risking them to no purpose. At the contest the Arions had sung an easy and insignificant song, which had, perhaps, its weight with the judges in contributing to their defeat. Since then they have given a concert here, and, to show what they could do, sang on that occasion the most difficult of all the songs that were given at the prize contest, but sang it so badly as to reflect no credit upon themselves whatever.

The system upon which most of these societies are conducted is the same. Many of them are incorporated, and some own valuable property and have handsome club-houses and concert halls. They are supported by the initiation fees and the annual dues of the singing and non-singing members. The Liederkranz has a double chorus, singing sometimes as a male voice chorus, but having also ladies in the society, which enables them to give compositions written for mixed voices. They own three adjoining houses in Fourth Street, where they have ample club accommodations for their members and a fine and spacious concert hall. They support a school also, where young ladies are taught to sing and play gratuitously. The society consists of about eleven hundred members, of whom some nine hundred and fifty are subscribing or non-performing members, and among these are almost all the wealthiest and most distinguished of our German population and very many music-loving Americans. The concerts of the society are for the most part private, but the finest choral and orchestral compositions are given at them, for the club has an amateur orchestra of about fifty members. Mr. William Steinway is the president, and Mr. Pauer the conductor. This society has been in existence about twenty-two years. It took the first prize not only at the contest at Baltimore, last summer, but also at that at Philadelphia in 1867, and so feels double-crowned. Their charter enables them to hold property to the value of $500,000. They have performed all the great choral works of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and of many of the minor composers.

The Arion Society is somewhat similar in organization, except that it is simply a male chorus, there being no ladies among the singing members. It is under the very able direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann. It was organized in 1854, is an off-shoot of the Liederkranz, and has its headquarters at the Germania Assembly Rooms. The society has about four hundred and thirty members, of whom some sixty are in the chorus, the rest subscribers entitled to admission to all the entertainments given.

Last winter the Liederkranz and Arion came together at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and sang the choral parts of Wagner's Lohengrin. Both of these organizations are thoroughly democratic. A common love for music is the strong bond that makes of them a brotherhood. Art is the great leveller, and the wealthy merchant and broker, the barber, the baker, the tailor, the physician, and the lawyer stand shoulder to shoulder, animated by a common sentiment of artistic devotion, and clink their glasses in the genial fellowship of song.

The other German societies are so similar in their character that no separate mention of them is needed. All of them have their weekly rehearsals and their frequent social meetings, at which every kind of recreation is indulged in—sometimes a fancy-dress ball, sometimes pageants and processions and carnivals, sometimes dramatic representations, and at all times music. A pleasant example of their ways of enjoyment is found in the festival held by the Arion Club at their rooms on Christmas night. There was music and, of course, the inevitable lager bier, and dancing—for ladies were invited—and an immense Christmas tree brilliantly lighted and loaded with gifts, of which there was one for every member of the club, and which were presented with humorous remarks by the orator of the evening. It is impossible to overestimate the good effects of these organizations in fostering content and kindly feeling, in relieving the wear and tear of long days of hard work, in making life pleasant, and in creating a love of innocent pleasures in place of vicious ones. It is but forty years since these organizations were first started in Germany by old Zelter, Mendelssohn's teacher, and his friend Fleming, and now they exist everywhere in Germany. A single Bund there has over eighty thousand members, while our Northeastern Saengerbund has but two thousand singing members. The drill of these clubs would be vastly better if the members did not hold the beer-glass in one hand as well as the music-book in the other—but then the good-fellowship would be less.

Just at present the Arions are hard at work at Von Weber's "Freyschutz," which the society proposes to give at the Academy of Music, in January: Mr. Canditus taking the tenor part, and Mr Remmertz, a glorious basso, who will certainly make a strong impression, assuming the *rôle* of Caspar. The representation will probably be a better one than the opera has ever received here. It certainly will so far as the choral parts are concerned.

It remains for us in a future article to speak of our numerous American amateur societies, some of which are known through their public performances, for instance, the Harmonic, the Mendelssohn Union, and the Berge Choral Union, while others, though of a more private character, are accustomed to sing to very numerous invited audiences, as, for instance, the several clubs under the direction of Mr. Abella, Mr. Rivarde, and Mr. Mosenthal. In these are to be found the best of our native amateurs, and the performances of some of them attain a high standard of excellence, and give bright promise of the cultivation of a sound taste for good music among us.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—Our 24 Philharmonic Concert occurred on Saturday evening at the Academy of Music. Messrs. S. B Mills (piano) and Ole Bull (violin) were the solo artists.

Symphony in C ..... Raff
Concerto in D, 1st movement ..... Mozart.
2d Concerto F minor op. 21 ..... Chopin.
Overture, "King Lear" ..... Berlioz
Fantasia from "Romeo" ..... Bellini
Jubel Overture ..... Von Weber

The Symphony is a work of very great ability and talent, and totally devoid of those strainings af-

ter effect which are generally characteristic of the school to which the author belongs. The first movement—an Allegro moderato—has a sort of pastoral character, and the second theme is of great beauty and sweetness; the melodic continuity of purpose is admirable in this as in the subsequent movements.

The 2d movement—Andante con moto—is of *quasi* religious character and reminds one a little of the Larghetto in Schumann's B flat Symphony. The 2d theme of this movement is particularly excellent, and this and the original theme are "pointed against" each other in a masterly and most effective style. The movement closes with an exquisitely beautiful suspended chord in a remote key, and, after a few measured drum taps, dies quietly away.

The 3d movement—Allegro Vivace—is in G minor and apparently in 3-8 time. It is quite Mendelssohnian in character, both as regards theme and instrumentation. The trio is in C major, and possesses numberless little runs for the wood wind instruments. This is really very neat, although the rhythm is greatly involved and it is difficult to catch the time. After the trio comes a delicious melodic phrase in A flat, which is thoroughly Schumann-like in character and style, and which vanishes after a few bars, (far too quickly for one's enjoyment) to be succeeded by the first theme in G minor.

The 4th movement—an Allegro con brio—is preceded by a short Adagio in A flat, which prepares the way for a vigorous theme in C, taken first by the violas and soon afterwards by the other instruments. This movement is less original than the others, but is nevertheless strong and good; as a whole, the Symphony is a thoroughly interesting and eminently *musical* composition, in which the various themes are sufficiently original, while the orchestration is admirable. It was of course capitally played by the unrivalled orchestra under Bergmann's careful and intelligent direction.

Ole Bull, whose reception was much less enthusiastic than it was last season, played the movement from Mozart's Concerto in a very good style, and with measurably good intonation *for him*. His manner, too, was less exaggerated than it ordinarily is, and so the performance was quite enjoyable. Being encored, he played an arrangement of the Adagio from Mozart's Clarinet Quintet; this he played in four parts—a remarkable feat, which is his only real excellence—and terminated with some very incomplete and unartistic "harmonies."

Chopin's superb Concerto was admirably played by Mr. Mills; the orchestral performance was a little less excellent, but it would indeed be wonderful if everything were *always* done to perfection. Mr. Mills's rendering of the exquisite Adagio was careful, artistic, and thoroughly imbued with the poetic sentiment so essential to a proper appreciation and interpretation of Chopin. For an encore Mr. M played very neatly Chopin's beautiful little Valse in D flat, op. 64.

The 3d Concert will occur on Feb. 5th, 1870, and the orchestral selections will be Spohr's Symphony "Consecration of Sounds," Beethoven's Overture to "Leonora" (No. 2), and a new Overture by Goldmark called "Sacuntala." The solo artists will be Miss Kellogg (soprano) and Mlle. Mehlig (piano).

F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 15, 1870.

Music at Home.

Music making never went on at a brisker rate among us, nor in more various forms,—all more or less earnest, with a growing tendency that way. English opera at the Boston Theatre (chiefly of the Balfe and Wallace description, promising better by and by) does not prevent a really earnest, promising beginning upon the rehearsal of Bach's Passion Music by the Handel and Haydn Society. Of Symphony Concerts there is one very bright one to record, and another in preparation. And there has been Miss Topp's "Farewell;" and the beginning of a new series of Pianoforte Matinées by Perabo; Chamber Concerts by teachers and pupils of the two Conservatories, at Chickering Hall; then, "Midsummer Night" is every night at Selwyn's; the Parker Club are ready to treat their friends with music from Gluck's *Orfeo* and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*; and much more that escapes the mind this moment. Great too is the activity in Concerts (miscellaneous and of the Chamber form), still more in Oratorio singing, in the larger towns about us. Salem, for instance, with a vigorous young Oratorio Society of the greatest promise, is about producing the "Messiah." Indeed so much of this sort goes on in "the provinces," that it is hard to keep our Boston orchestra musicians, even our Conductors, at home enough for our own work; they have all taken to missionary enterprise, travelling through wide dioceses. Why do not more first-class musicians come and settle down in Boston? In and from this centre they must always find enough to do.—But we must pass to our fortnightly review glancing, more briefly than usual, at the more interesting occasions which we were so fortunate as not to lose.

If the fourth SYMPHONY CONCERT was one of the grandest—all Beethoven—the fifth (Dec. 30) was one of the most brilliant, entertaining and exciting; the audience still larger than before, and evidently well pleased. These were the elements and this the way they were bound up into a programme:

Overture to "Jessonda".....Spohr
Fantasia, for Pianoforte, with Orchestra, on Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," (first time in Boston(.....Liszt.
Miss Alide Topp.
Symphony, in D, No. 5, (first time).....Haydn.

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Overture to "Medea".....Cherubini.
Weber's Polonaise in E, arr. for Pianoforte and Orchestra, by.....Liszt.
Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn.

The "Medea" Overture deserves first mention in the order of importance; for it is one of the best overtures ever written, whether in point of deep, earnest feeling and significance, or of complete artistic unity of expression and great style; in its simplicity great, and all alive with genius. When shall we hear that noble opera of Cherubini in our theatre? That would be an event in our lyric annals, almost as notable as the tardy reception of Bach's Passion Music into our list of Oratorios Spohr's Overture to "Jessonda," too, with its sombre opening, its bright gypsey tambourine theme, and its impassioned climax, is admirable—in no whole work is Spohr more happy,—and made a fine impression. And Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" Overture, so highly dramatic, strong, and outside of his own subjectivity for once, never fails to keep the listening faculties awake and gratified. All three Overtures were in the main well played, although pure intonation in all the reeds and brass is not yet a thing that we can count upon with comfortable assurance.

The Haydn Symphony, though played here for the first time (at least for many years), must have sounded quite familiar to many in most of its movements through various pianoforte arrangements, &c. It is one of the loveliest of the tribe, and they are all modelled on the same form. The *Largo* especially is full of beauty, rising to moments of grandeur now and then. But what could Father Haydn mean by that sudden fortissimo on the deep C of the bassoon, startling the ear in the midst of the soft dying away of the strain? Probably some joke with the musicians of his *Kapelle*, who may have grown sleepy just there in rehearsal. To many, perhaps the majority, this Symphony was the most delightful feature of the concert. Others, doubtless, who are just passing through that phase of their musical experience in which everything of Haydn's sounds old-fashioned, wearisomely perfect, tame in its very elegance, "*altväterisch*," as the Germans say,—but who will certainly come back to him some day, rejoicing to find anything so fresh and young, when all the young seem prematurely old,—had only their sense of virtue to fall back upon in patiently resigning themselves to what we older ones, who have sown our musical wild oats, did heartily enjoy. Why, coming to it after the dazzling gaslight virtuosity and extravaganza of Liszt, was it not like a refreshing walk into the cool green meadows, sweet with flowery fragrance and the happy song of birds!

And so we come to Liszt, and to his enthusiastic, charming, brilliant young interpretress, the Fräulein ALIDE TOPP. She is plainly partial to her master; and the selections—being both of them transcriptions of other men's original works—were somewhat strange for a concert of this kind. Yet both were interesting. No themes could suffer less, perhaps, from being shaken up in Liszt's fantastical kaleidoscope, than just this wild, whirling Dervish chorus of Beethoven,—the very genius of extravaganza in itself,—and the familiar Turkish quickstep. So the former works itself up into frenzy under the pianist's hands, until you seem to feel the ruined city ringing full of howling Dervishes; and the latter steals in, in snatches most ingeniously, as from a distance, then plays itself prettily through in tinkling upper octaves, like a musical box, then swells to a grand *tutti fortissimo* as it comes near; and both themes are worked together awhile; so that indeed the whole impression is vividly picturesque and helps to bring out what was in Beethoven's fancy. It is immensely difficult, and was played with unflagging strength, precision, brilliancy, and fine light and shade. There is a certain verve and magnetism in Miss Topp's playing, making all for the time being share her own enthusiasm. It was at least a piece exceedingly well suited to *her*. The Weber *Polonaise* is something more symmetrical and beautiful in itself; and what Liszt has done for it, especially by way of orchestral accompaniment, only enriches it and adds to its lustre. This too was finely played, yet in a somewhat slower tempo than we have heard before. The young pianist made a very marked sensation, showing that she still holds her own with a public that was almost wild about her when she first came, and which has ever since been partial to her. On being recalled, she played a familiar Nocturne of Chopin with exquisite taste.

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From Topp to Topp. Two evenings later, New Year's, came the lady's Farewell Concert, which was a success and in the main highly interesting. The Septet by Hummel, with all the instruments, and Mr. PERABO's infallibly fine rendering of the piano part, formed the opening and, musically, the most important feature of the programme. Miss TOPP's own selections were the B-flat minor Scherzo of Chopin; a Cachoucha by Raff, followed by that remarkable Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt, which she always played so wonderfully, and never more triumphantly than this time; and a set of those Lisztian arrangements of the genial Schubert dances, called "Soirées de Vienne." All most enjoyable.

She also, for a graceful close of the concert, played the accompaniment to Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS's fine singing of an Arietta by Blumenthal; "La Capricciosa." Miss Phillipps also sang, as only she can sing, a "Prayer" by Donizetti. Mr. WHITNEY's noble bass was heard to good advantage in the Mozart Concert Aria: "Per questa bella mano," and in Randegger's Sea Song. Mr. LISTEMANN's violin solos were remarkable as feats of virtuosity; but his selections [from Paganini and Ole Bull] were merely of that artificial pyrotechnic order which long ago became a drag in concert rooms.—Miss Topp goes followed by the good wishes of a host of friends here, who hope that she will return before a great while.

We thought that Mr. PERABO was happier than usual in the making up of his last programme [Friday, Jan. 7]; it had unity and pleasing contrast as a whole, and each thing in it helped to make the others better. Beginning with that nobly

impassioned *Prelude and Fugue* by Mendelssohn in E minor, he then played a really faithful, simply interpretative transcription by Liszt of Beethoven's *Liederkreis*, or cycle of six songs: "To the distant Beloved," in which the subtly shifting moods and phases of the tender passion,—deep and spiritual, as are all the musical confessions of that solitary lover—are so delicately breathed forth. Liszt was wisely content here to let Beethoven's own soul sing; and our interpreter plainly had no higher, or rather a no less worthy aspiration, of which he did not fall short, but enabled us to feel and realize the poetry and beauty of the song.

The first and last [in C minor and G minor] of Bennett's Six Studies, op. 11, were a revelation to most of us of the fresh, original fancy of a composer always elegant, but too near to Mendelssohn to often shine with what appears unborrowed light. These were graceful, charming contributions. The D-major Sonata of Schubert [op. 53] was a welcome renewal of some of the choice impressions of past winters in which Mr. Perabo introduced us to so many of these products of rare genius. We enjoyed it more than ever, and the feeling inspired by the wonderful *Andante con moto*, with its variations, was profound.

For next week the young pianist has in readiness for us a new Sonata by Richter, of Leipzig, Beethoven's Sonata, op. 27, No. 1, and one of the newly published piano pieces of Schubert.

Certainly we never had so good a specimen of Opera in English, as that which is heard and seen now nightly at the Boston Theatre. Madame PAREPA-ROSA, equal herself to any task, knew all the requirements, knew her public, and has organized about her a really complete and admirable company. The opening performance of Wallace's "Maritana," proved it to the satisfaction and delight of a very great audience. Orchestra and chorus, both for these times, were uncommonly good, and our friend CARL ROSA has grown well at home in his Conductor's seat. Minor particulars were well cared for, nothing slighted, the *mise en scène* as good as the Theatre affords—and so one could enjoy, so far as the performance went, a reasonably complete, consistent whole. For the principal characters were excellently filled. Mme. ROSA, who had nearly the whole first act to herself, in the pretty Gitana rôle, seemed to us to sing more perfectly than ever; the sweeter qualities of her voice were singularly manifest, and her easy, finished, exquisitely shaded rendering of the light and florid music left nothing to be desired in that way. The more pathetic pieces, too, in the later acts were given in a large, true style. Her acting was at least lively, and always in good taste and keeping. Mrs. SEGUIN makes a pretty figure as the boy Lazarillo, and her contralto voice and song are winning. The strength and beauty of Mr. CASTLE's tenor voice, whom we had known only in Oratorio, surprised us; he has made great progress as a singer; as an actor, too, he filled the difficult part of Don Cæsar de Bazan not badly. Mr. CAMPBELL's bass told powerfully in the part of the intriguing Minister, which he sustained with dignity, and his singing of the ballad-like airs was better than they deserved. We suppose it is in the very nature of such sentimental ballad singing before encoring audiences, to lead one into some overdoing of pathos, tricks of *tremolo*, &c., which to a healthy taste soon stales. The opera itself, which *we* heard for the first time, has much pleasing and effective music in it, and to us was much more enjoyable in the passing moments, transitions, orchestral suggestions, and several felicitous ensembles, than in the set airs. Wallace was a virtuoso of the violin, which accounts for his introducing the violin solo, which might have been composed by any of the tribe, but which was so well played by Rosa that he was compelled to repeat it. There was good harp playing in the orchestra, which helped to make Mme. Rosa's song of "The harp in the air" twice beautiful.

On Tuesday, Balfe's thin and hackneyed opera, picturesque as a mere play, "The Bohemian Girl," was well presented, the second Conductor, Mr. REIFF, presiding. It gave us a first taste of Miss ROSE HERSEE, as Adine,—petite, blonde, charming, full of life and nature, and singing with a light, sweet, even voice with birdlike facility and no lack of feeling. Also Herr NORDBLOM, the young Swedish tenor, whose tones, the middle ones at least, have the ring of true gold, though yet rather in the rough ore, while his upper notes were painfully forced; but it was clear he had a cold. For the rest, there is a manly, earnest, direct way about him, from which something may be expected. Mr. SEGUIN made a capital Devilshoof.

For the third night, *Trovatore*. So far this might be called the Gypsey Opera: *Maritana* is a gypsey; "Bohemian Girl" is gypsey, and then comes *Azucena*, the first two are well enough, but we do not like our gypseys roasted.—Next week, Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro."

Parisian Notes.

[Which we are permitted to cull from the diary of a young man of the Future.]

We got to Paris in time for me to hear Wagner's *Rienzi* at the Lyrique, the only one of his Opera with which I was not acquainted. The performance was capital. Nobody did anything that was strikingly great, but *all* sang and acted well. As for the opera itself, I never should have believed that such a volume of sound could have been produced and sustained with such unflagging energy by any orchestra under the moon. It strikes me as the little work of a great genius. I believe it was his first grand opera, written before the "Flying Dutchman." There are grand and beautiful things in it though, and nobody but a great genius could have written it. The scene where the alarm trumpet sounds and the bell of the Capitol chimes in, is wonderfully powerful. The famous air of the peace messenger (soprano and female chorus, with accompaniment of wind instruments) is one of the most beautiful things I have ever heard. The Opera as a whole is fatiguing rather than tiresome. The young composer had not yet cut loose from the traditional Italian and French *tantamara*. Whenever he wanted a fortissimo, he got it by blowing and clashing with his loudest instruments, instead of playing loud with his quartet, reeds and horns. This perpetual use of all the strongest orchestral means, besides tiring the ear, robs those passages where the trombones and cymbals are used, as Hector Berlioz says, "characteristically," of more than half their effect. In *[illegible]* Wagner has changed his tactics entirely. Why the French government allow *Rienzi* to be put upon the stage at all, is more than I can make out. Rienzi rushes about in the "casaque rouge," talking about "*[illegible] du peuple*," "*Rome*," etc., and the last scene is an *émeute* of the worst kind. . .

. . . Last Wednesday I went to hear *Faust* at the Grand Opera. Ah! Faure as Mephisto! There never was or will be anything like his singing and acting. I agree with L. in not thinking Carvalho equal to what Kellogg *was* in Marguerite; but she is by no means to be despised. They gave the Walpurgisnacht scene, which contains, in my opinion, some of the grandest music in the opera. The *mise en scène* is simply marvellous. The scene opens on the top of the Brocken by moonlight: witches making soup over blue fire, and skimming kettles full of green steam etc. When Faust and Mephisto appear there come two grand unison crashes on C and G; then the clouds float away, the full orchestra with harps playing pianissimo in C and F; and Faust and Mephisto find themselves in the arena of an amphitheatre, surrounded by nymphs and sylphs and goddesses in Nubian costumes, etc., etc. The effect is beautiful. Then follows a beautiful chorus in F, (rather like the beginning of our "Down in the cornfields,") and a *[illegible]* solo by Mephisto. All very beautiful. Then comes the ballet which Gounod has lately introduced. The music is better than Ambroise Thomas's and not so good as Meyerbeer's in *Robert*. The dancing of the corps de ballet is very pretty, but the solo dancing—well, it is pretty evident what the object of the modern ballet is. The audience, however, rose as one man, woman and child, and cried bravo and clapped their hands. . . . . When the enraptured Faust has been induced to "liquor up" by some of the fair performers, the whole hall, dancers and all vanish, and he and Mephisto find themselves on the Brocken again, with the moon shining and the vision of Marguerite standing on a rock with the red line round her neck. If Gounod had not inserted the unnecessary ballet music, and had not cut out the very characteristic and beautiful chorus of sorcerers and drinking song, the Walpurgisnight scene would be equal to if not beyond any in the Opera. The Church-scene was wonderfully given, though the "Choral" in unison was taken much too fast for my taste; the same with the "*Si tu, io t'amo*" in the prison scene, which was sung *[illegible]*. I noticed the same thing that Mendelssohn wrote to Baermann about, viz.: the poorness of the clarinet playing in the orchestra. How I longed to hear some of our Weber's (not Carl Maria's) grand tones! The oboe was also very thin and feeble; but I had the unspeakable delight of hearing the bass drum and cymbals played by separate performers. Just try to induce the H. M. Ass. to try it *once* in their orchestras. I am sure that they will never go back again to what Berlioz calls the "ignoble noise" of those instruments played by one man, after having once heard them played in the proper way. The difference is immense. They use the trombones with cylinders and pistons at the Opera here, and they have a very thin and *mesquin* effect.

. . I am wilder and wilder over H. Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, though I have never heard a note of it. The first four movements are as clear and beautiful as any one but a sworn anti-Schumannite can desire. The "*Marche au Supplice*" must be wonderfully impressive. There are two places in it where the kettle-drums, bass-drum and cymbals come in *alone* pianissimo on the last beat of the bar. The effect must be extremely grand. It is an "effect" I know, but none the worse for that; and while we are on the subject we might say a few words about this much vilified word "effect." It has lately been much used in opposition to "sincere" or "sincerity" in music, and as almost synonymous with "clap-trap." Now, all music intended for public performance must be intended to produce some effect on the audience. If it is intended to merely surprise the audience and gain applause from mere novelty and oddness, it is certainly clap trap. If it is intended to amuse the audience and make their time pass pleasantly, it is innocent enough if it passes for what it really is. If it is intended to imitate certain sounds in nature, it is no longer art but artifice. If it is intended to enlist the sympathies of the audience for the beautiful, the sublime, even for the horrible and tragic, it is high art. Now in music there are four means of appealing to the sympathies of the audience, viz.: by melodic progressions, harmonic progressions, accent, and instrumental or vocal coloring or contrast. These means, of course, are almost always employed in combination. Now I cannot see why an artist may not be as sincere in the pursuit of his art, if he employ all these means, *as means*, as he is when he ignores either totally or partially any one of them. If he makes strange chords and abrupt transitions, to show how much he knows of harmony, or to show that he is not copying from anybody else; or if he makes gorgeous combinations of instruments to call attention to his skill in orchestration, he is insincere in his pursuit of art and his production is mere clap-trap. But if he uses one or all of these means (I don't care if he even brings a horse-fiddle into the orchestra) to make the audience feel what he feels, and to carry them along with him, if he uses them as means to fix his artistic conception and give it life, he is just as sincere an artist when he uses gongs and tam tams as when he only writes for the old string-quartet. Some of these means may be more essential to good music than others, but that does not make the others ignoble. Does any one charge Correggio or Rembrandt with painting for *effect* and with artistic insincerity because they employed the most striking effects of light and shade? Does any one taunt Titian and Giorgione with depending upon effects of color for the success of their pictures? Will any one even undertake to say that Raphael and Michael Angelo might not have done much more for art than they did, if they had known how to employ Titian's rich coloring and Rembrandt's effects of *chiar' oscuro*? Then why will people keep taunting the modern composers with their rich orchestration and instrumental effects? If a composer is unsuccessful in the melodic and contrapuntal part of a piece, and is successful in his instrumental combinations, criticize his composition as you will, but don't charge him with trying to hide poverty of ideas by brilliant orchestration, unless very great carelessness is evident in his work. And, to wind up this exceedingly long winded effusion, the prevailing idea that fine and characteristic orchestration is an easy matter is all bosh. FIL.

Mr. Ritter's Fifth Lecture.

In his fifth lecture on the history of music (instrumental music), Mr. Ritter sketched the progress of instrumental forms up to the time of Bach and Handel. He said that it would condense his lecture, as originally written, too much if he gave the whole development of instrumental music up to our own day. Mr. Ritter's second course of lectures will include and continue this subject; also the modern opera; Church music from the death of Palestrina to our own time; and an account of the progress of music in America, as based upon his own experience. This will fairly cover the ground. After mentioning the ancient forms of song, so early cultivated, Mr. Ritter spoke of the primitive construction of the few instruments used by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, which were adapted only for dynamic effects, to enliven and mark the rhythm of sacred dances or triumphal marches, or to regulate the motion of the chorus. The Christians accepted these instruments, though at first averse to their introduction in churches. Mr. Ritter then described the ancient Irish harp, and Rotta or bruth (a primitive violin), as well as the rude instruments carried to the south of Europe. "But it was not until the general introduction of harmony, that men gifted with musical talent began, by means of new inventions, to perfect the mechanism of various instruments, and then made use of these inventions for artistic purposes." It is curious to hear that professional musicians at first disdained to compose for instruments, but left this to half educated amateurs.

It seems that these professional musicians formed regular corporations in some parts of Germany and France, and their laws were sanctioned by the king or count on whose domains they resided. The head of these men was called "the king of the pipers" or "king of the fiddlers." At a little village in the south of France, near which Mr. Ritter's boyhood was passed, lived and died the last representative of these piper kings. The gradual adaptation of folk songs, as dance tunes, to the instruments, as well as the invention of the score or tablature, was then described. The way in which long sustained, singable tones were first divided into short ones, on account of the inability of most instruments to sustain long ones, was explained; this was called "note splitting" or "coloring" a melody; hence our modern term "coloration" for passages of short tones. An account was then given of the gradual perfection of the organ; of the invention of those instruments that preceded the modern pianoforte; with many curious anecdotes of artists and composers. Very amusing was the account of the lute, such a favorite with poets, who, unmusically ignorant of its comic peculiarities and defects, have shed a halo of traditionary glory about that instrument. Mr. Ritter, among a few examples of old fashioned dance forms, then played the striking instrumental accompaniment to the duel of Tancred and Clorinda, by Claudio Monteverde, "a remarkable effort of descriptive, dramatic music, and one of the most striking documents of early musical art." Then came an account of the perfection of string instruments by the great Italian makers, and sketches of the lives of such violinists and composers as Corelli, Geminiani, Tartini, etc., and the great harpsichord players, Scarlatti, Porpora, Couperin, Rameau, and others. It seems that after the beginning of the seventeenth century, the organ and the harpsichord obtained the supremacy among instruments. In speaking of the old organists, Mr. Ritter said:—"How simple and modest were the pretensions of these men, yet how deep and truthful are the works which they destined for the adornment of religious service! It must have been only through an exceptional perseverance and application, coupled with great love and veneration for religion and their noble art, that they were able to create such fine and numerous works, for the method of instruction was then very complicated, and encumbered with unnecessary difficulties." Mr. Ritter then spoke of the Gregorian chant as the foundation of all past great Catholic Church music, and the chorale as the groundwork of the Protestant school, and alluded to the style of music that is played and sung in our churches by amateur musicians, in a manner as unflattering as it is unfortunately just, not only of them, but also of some artists by profession, who ought to feel that "noblesse oblige." An amusing account was then given of the forms of composition fashionable in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which seem as comical to us as the polka, mazourka, light ballad, and other of our own superficial fashionable forms will appear to posterity; and a description was added of the way in which the really great composers created forms which bear the impress of the perennial youth of genius. A sketch was presented of the progress of orchestral music as a whole, up to the dawn of the modern German instrumental school.

In closing the present course of lectures, Mr. Ritter spoke of the noble example of the great masters, whose lives of untiring labor, iron perseverance, and devoted industry, strike the student like a reproof of those young aspirants who, not seeing the honor and enjoyment which lie in work for its own sake, would fain dispense altogether with what they call "drudgery;" and reap their reward before they merit it. He quoted Goethe's well-known saying that genius is only another word for industry. He regretted that so few were to be found to imitate these great models; scarcely one who will satisfy his sense of duty (if he has such a sense) as an artist before he yields to pecuniary temptations. The great men are patient; they do not, they did not, attempt to become innovators before they had mastered the alphabet of their art; they did not set up for artists while yet scholars; nor did they besiege publishers before they were able to write with grammatical correctness. After giving one or two anecdotes of those self supposed geniuses who create and dictate their own laws, and awaken too late from the delusive dream, Mr. Ritter concluded by asking how many of those who profess to be admirers—amateurs—of art,—how many students, how many artists, pause on the way that leads to the temple of music, to reflect on the great minds that prepared that path for them? Minds that not seldom, amid the greatest trials and sufferings, poured out to all men the cup of delight which is so often emptied in ungrateful ignorance. Yet, without a sound knowledge of the historical development of art, no future progress, no broad culture, no solid foundation, and no great success, can possibly be attained by any artist.—*N. Y. Weekly Review.*

New York.—The Philharmonic Society gave its second concert of the season on Saturday evening, at the Academy of Music. There was the usual large attendance. A new symphony by Raff, a composer better known to pianists than in the concert room, was performed. The composition gave proof that Raff is a musician of much learning, and not disposed to yield too far to the vagaries of the extreme men of the German school. His symphony is founded upon the old and well considered formulas, and is worked out in a careful and scholarly manner. The *andante* movement is full of devotional spirit and ideality, the *scherzo* is bright, jocose, and very eccentric in rhythm and accent, and the *finale* buoyant, spirited and interesting.

Mr. Mills played the best, [?] though not the most popular of Chopin's Concertos—that in F minor—a work replete with poetic sensibility and ideality, too subtle for ordinary concert-goers, and of deeper meaning than can possibly be caught in the transient listening of a single hearing. Mr. Mills interpreted the delicate and spiritual thought of the composer in a most finished and artistic manner.

The veteran musician Ole Bull, more elastic, vigorous, and graceful in his years than most men in their youth, played a movement from a violin concerto of Mozart, and also a fantasia of his own on themes from Bellini's "Montecchi e Capuletti." While recognizing this artist's many great merits as a violinist, especially the wonderfully beautiful tone that he draws from his fine instrument, we certainly do not find his style in keeping with the music that one expects to hear at a Philharmonic concert. These were not, as we have always understood the matter, intended to be popular concerts in the ordinary sense of that term, of which there is a sufficiency already, but classical ones, and, at such, the embellishment of Italian operatic melodies with all the tricks of the Paganini school of violinists seems entirely out of place. Not that Mr. Ole Bull did not play these embellishments well (barring his descending scales, the intervals of which are found in no mode, major or minor, Phrygian, Dorian or Lydian that we know of), but that they were best not played at all.

Berlioz's "King Lear" overture was the only remaining work on the programme that calls for special notice. Schumann said that he was always at a loss whether to consider Berlioz a genius or a charlatan, and certainly his "Lear" is a work that eminently conduces to that doubtful state of mind. Lear was a mad old king, and this is a mad old overture—so far so good; the music aptly illustrates the monarch, but Lear was at times something other than mad, and into these moods Berlioz fails to follow him. The overture is fragmentary; an idea is no sooner taken fairly in hand than it is dropped for another; the brass instruments are in a constant fever of climax and trouble. The work is boldly instrumented, however, and serves to bring out the wealth of resource of the noble orchestra. The unison recitative passages for strings, however feeble in themselves, are made rich and sonorous by the combination upon them of such an army of instruments.

—*Sun, Jan.* 10.

Special Notices.

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Winds across the sea. 3. E*b* to g. *Mollenhauer.* 30
A sweet, flowing poetical ballad, easy of execution.
"Wind that comes across the sea,
Whisper something sweet to me."
What that *something* is will be found revealed in the course of the ballad.

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A spicy and attractive little song about a dainty little widow, who is "cunning, witty, free and easy, yet not bold; like an apple ripe and mellow, not too young and not too old."

Welcome my bonny lad. 3. C to e. *Warnecke.* 30
A very pleasing ballad, lively and easy yet not trivial.

Hoop la! where are we now. 2. F to e. *Wellman.* 30

What our Girls are coming to. 3. G to c. *Pratt.* 30

There's something seems wanting when mother is gone. 2. B*b* to C. *Turner.* 30
A pathetic ballad with chorus, in which the loss of a mother, the greatest of all losses, is touchingly depicted.

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An excellent piece for class or choir.

Do I love thee. 5. A*b* to g. *Wiegand.* 40
A gem of the first water.

A star in the dark night. (Una stella in notte bruna.) 3. B*b* to e *Muratori.* 40
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Xenia. Oh heart unfaithful. 6. B*b* to g. *Lutz.* 60
A showy song in operatic style.

Instrumental.

Oriental March. 3. C. *Mollenhauer.* 30
A pretty quick march for juvenile pianists.

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Another whippoorwill novelty of an amusing character.

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A brilliant sparkling Polka, good for a lesson piece or dance.

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An excellent March, introducing the favorite melody "Flee as a bird," embellished with an elegant lithographic vignette.

Fantasie Brillante from Ambroise Thomas's Hamlet. 6. B*b*. *Ketterer.* 75
A brilliant, masterly affair, requiring considerable power of execution.

Ein Herz, ein sinn. (One heart one soul). Polka Mazurka. 4. C. *Strauss.* 40
A choice Polka Mazourka, in Strauss's captivating style.

Books.

Winner's New School for the Violin. 75

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 752. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1870. Vol. XXIX. No. 23.

Bach's Grosse Passions-Musik.

(ST. MATTHEW.)

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[From the London Musical Times]

There is, perhaps, no musical composition extant wherein is embodied so thoroughly as in the present the implicit faith—at once childlike and mature in its simplicity and its depth—of a devout member of the Christian church. This is said with a full knowledge of Handel's *Messiah*, of the sublime conception it presents, and of the pre-eminent artistry it evinces. The two works, however, are as different in character as they are unlike in form, and they are as distinct in the nature and means of their expression as the two masters who wrote them were in the constitution of their minds and the habit of their lives. It is not here to compare these masterpieces; and allusion is only made to the English Oratorio, in deference to the just position it holds as an illustration of religious feeling in this country. The music set to St. Matthew's history of the *Passion* is essentially an unveiling of the personal feelings of the composer, his vivid sense of the truth of the incidents it depicts, and his loving devotion to the divine sufferer, whose relation to himself is shown to be regarded as of the closest intimacy. It relates the facts with the vivacity of an eye-witness, or one, at least, who witnesses them by the second sight of firm belief; and it comments upon them with the affection of a participator in the benefits which have resulted from them, and who feels that his special welfare is due to their enactment. This great work is, notwithstanding the three public performances which have been given of it within the last fifteen years under Professor Sterndale Bennett's direction, but little known in England. In the hope of drawing attention to its infinite beauties, a sketch will here be offered of the precedents upon which it was modelled, of the circumstances that induced its composition, and of its peculiar structure; and an attempt will follow to describe, or, at least, acknowledge, some of its chief points of interest.

From primitive times it was the custom of the church to keep green the memory of the sacred history by a public recitation, on Palm Sunday and Good Friday, of those chapters in one or other of the Gospels which relate the circumstances of the *Passion*. To give dramatic force to the narration, the several personages who speak in the course of it were represented by different individuals, whereas, he who recites the story was, throughout, the same. Thus, a letter of Mendelssohn recounts how, at Rome, among the solemnities of Passion Week, in the Sistine chapel, in 1831, the portion of St. John's Gospel was sung on Good Friday, when the part of the Evangelist was sustained by a tenor, the words belonging to Jesus were assigned to a bass, those of Peter, Pilate, and the Maid Servant were given by an alto, and those of the multitude—whether the disciples, the populace, or the priests—were sung by the chorus. These choral fragments are defined as Turbæ. The whole was chanted upon so called Gregorian tones; and its Roman use, in the same form and to the same music, has been from time immemorial.

It was a special design of Luther, to retain, in the Reformed Church, this primitive usage of the periodical recitation of the *Passion*. According to his desire, the simple manner of its intonation, by two priests only in his own time, was early amplified, and a German version of the text was printed at Wittemburg, in 1573, with music for the recitation, and introductory and final choruses, which, like the Turbæ, are harmonized in four parts. A more elaborated composition appeared in 1588, the work of Bartholomaus Gese, in which the part of Jesus is always set for four voices, those of Peter and Pilate for three, those of the maid and servants for two, and the Turbæ are written for five voices—a peculiar distribution, that would distinguish the several individualities, but little tend to the dramatic effect of the performance. Heinrich Schütz, one of the most distinguished musicians of his time—who, having passed some years in Italy and witnessed the dawning there of the modern lyrical drama, wrote the first German opera upon the Italian model—composed, shortly before the close of his very long life, music for the *Passion* as related in each of the four Gospels. The advanced resources of the art are applied in each of these four works, especially in the elaboration of the chorals or hymn tunes that constitute the final choruses. In 1672, the year of the death of Schütz, Johann Sebastiani produced a *Passion*, in which, for the first time, the part of the Evangelist, or Narrator, was set to original recitative, instead of to the old ecclesiastical Plain Song, and in which, also for the first time, string instruments were employed, instead of the accompaniment being restricted to the organ.

The great advance that had been made in dramatic music at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which was especially manifest in Hamburgh, induced there the extended development of art forms in the setting of the *Passion*. So, in 1704, the voluminous Reinhold Keiser, who was then director of the opera in that city, brought out *Der Blutige und Sterbende Jesus*, a work to the same purpose of relating the Gospel story, but peculiar in being set to an original poem instead of to the biblical text. In this first occurs the term Soliloquia, to define a species of Cantata or intermixture of recitative and rhythmical movements, of which there are three specimens in the work, that consist of reflections, for a single voice, upon the principal incidents. Another composition, by Keiser, appeared in 1712, which also was set to an original poem, wherein, however, the scriptural order of the story was more strictly followed than in the preceding.

Handel set the same text in 1717, and the first hearing of this work in England was at the Norwich Festival, in 1866. Telemann and Mattheson also wrote music to the poem; and, subsequently, some passages from it were interspersed in St. John's version of the *Passion*, when this was set by Bach.

When, in 1723, Bach went to Leipzig, as cantor of St. Thomas's school and musical director of the churches of St. Thomas and St. Nicholas, he found the learned and zealous Solomon Deyling filling an important church office in that city. This eminent divine, who had struggled into his position through the utmost difficulties of poverty, perceived the extraordinary powers of the musician, and had the happy thought of turning them to best account in the Church's service. The musical works above named, which were only the most notable among many, had excited wide interest in the Hamburgh celebrations of Easter. Still more was public attention drawn to the Dresden performances of the Roman Service, in which the singers of the renowned Italian opera, under the direction of Hasse, took part. Deyling deemed that it would be for the welfare of the Reformed Church to present in its Service some counter attraction to these popular celebrations of the Mass, and he deemed our Lord's Passion a worthy subject, and the season of its commemoration a fitting period for the fulfilment of his design. He proposed to Bach, therefore, the composition of a *Passion* in which the text of scripture should be rigidly preserved, but interspersed with reflective passages upon the principle of the Hamburgh Soliloquies, and further interpolated with pertinent chorals, of which the words with the times formed, as they do now, the first step in North German schooling, of which, therefore, the congregation at large could participate in the performance. Here were to be combined the ecclesiastical, the artistic, and the popular elements, and their concentration in a single work was to be confided to the man of all others, in all time, best qualified for the task, whose competency was proved by the devout habit which fitted him to penetrate and expound the purport of the Gospel text, by the consummate musicianship which enabled him to bring all the appliances of art to bear upon the subject, and by the vast experience in teaching, accompanying, and elaborating the popular hymns, which familiarized him with the sympathies of the people and the capabilities of the tunes. It is alleged by Julius Rietz that the *Passions* of Bach were the first works of the kind in which the standard Lutheran hymns were introduced, and in the rendering of which, therefore, the congregation was implicated; but Handel's *Passion*, before named, offers apparent evidence to the contrary, and the constant employment of the same resource, in the Oratorios of Graun and others that immediately followed, shows that its use must have been general.

There are three *Passions* ascribed to Bach; the first, according to St. Luke, is unprinted, and its authenticity is questioned on internal indications; the second, according to St. John is printed in several editions; and the third, according to St. Matthew, is the work under present consideration, and by far the most important of them all. This was performed for the first time at St. Thomas's Church in Leipzig, at the Evening Service on Good Friday, 1729. The extraordinary distribution of the score, which will presently be described, shows that extraordinary means must have been employed in this performance. If these means were adequate to the requirements of the work, and if that chief of all means for its true effect—it was heard with religious and musical susceptibility to its beauties, the great design of Deyling must have been fully accomplished in its performance. After this the Matthew *Passion* lay in forgetfulness for a hundred years, and seems not to have been performed in public again until its revival in Berlin, under the youthful Mendelssohn's direction, on the 12th of March, 1829. This important event in the young musician's career—and, indeed, in the musical history of the present century—is fully described by Eduard Devrient, in his *Recollections of Mendelssohn*, with all its inducing circumstances: and the writer's enthusiasm for the work, his participation in that performance, and his observation of the influence this has wrought upon modern musical culture, renders his account most interesting. The success of the *Passion*, when it was awakened from its hundred years' sleep, led to its frequent repetition in different German towns, where it is said to hold the same popular esteem that Handel's *Messiah* does in this country; it led to the investigation of other works of the master, which till then had been unknown; it led to a general study of Bach, which has spread from the land of his birth to England and America; and it led to the establishment of the Bach-Gesellschaft, for bringing to light and rendering universally accessible a multitude of the composer's labors, of the existence of which the world had hitherto been ignorant. More than all this, in value to the musical art, is the fact that this second birth of the most important work of the master helped to mould the minds of the three greatest German musicians, whose activity dates from since the occasion of that Berlin per-

formance; for the traces are manifest and unmistakable of the deep-rooted influence of Bach throughout the writings of the departed Felix Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann, and the now working Johannes Brahms.

The Matthew *Passion* comprises the 26th and 27th chapters of that Evangelist's gospel. The first Part proceeds to the 56th verse of the 26th chapter, and the second Part includes from the 57th verse of this to the last verse of the following chapter. The two Parts were originally separated by the preaching of a sermon—a point for particular notice, since proving how especially the work was integrated in the Church Service, and showing how strongly the Lutheran divines felt upon a subject upon which there is an unfortunate difference of opinion among English authorities of the present day, namely, the superior fitness of the church to any other edifice for the performance of oratorios. The Soliloquiæ with which the gospel text is interspersed, were written under the pseudonym of Picander, by Christian Friedrich Henrici. Their poetical beauty is not remarkable; they are notable rather for a kind of sentimental personalism, expatiating painfully on the physical sufferings of Jesus, that belongs more to the religious feeling of the time when they were written than of our own. These the composer has, seemingly at his own discretion, and for purposes of musical more than of dramatic effect, set either as soliloquies or concerted pieces; and in these, in a performance out of church, at least, the most attractive features of the work will be found. In some of them, where a solo part is intermixed with chorus, the former is defined by the author as the Daughter of Zion, or as Zion, and the latter as the Faithful; but the composer makes no note of these allegorical personifications, which, indeed, appear to be arbitrary, if not accidental, since applied to some and not to other of the interspersed verses.* It is obviously intended, however, that whether or not the name of such person be indicated, the solo parts throughout should represent the voice of the Christian Church, and that the chorus should stand for the true believers who are gathered under her wing; in this light Bach has felt and interpreted the passages. The chorals with which the gospel text is further interpolated, are selected from those in ordinary use in the Lutheran Church, and consist of such as specially illustrate the several points of the story at which they are introduced. These hymns—the verses nor the tunes—can, unfortunately, never produce elsewhere the same effect which they must always have in Germany, where they are intertwined with the fondest and most intimate affections of singers and hearers from childhood. In England, for instance, we can but admire them, as we do those in *St. Paul*, for their abstract musical beauty, since they are to us divested of all those strong and endearing associations which spring from life-long familiarity, and of that inseparability of words from notes which connects every hymn with its peculiar occasion, and thus makes each awaken the household sympathy of a Teuton, with the incident to whose enforcement it is thus applied.

The work is written for two complete choirs, each consisting of solo voices, chorus, full orchestra, and organ. I depend upon the authority of Rochlitz and Rietz for stating that the chorals were originally sung by the congregation, that is, the tunes, of course, while the harmony was sustained by the two choruses, accompanied by the two organs, and sometimes other instruments of both orchestras. The part of the Evangelist, or narrator, is assigned thoughout to a tenor, and it was Deyling's particular injunction that this should be the singer with the best voice, with the most articulate enunciation, and with the best declamatory powers that could be found—the Sims Reeves, in fact, of Dr. Sterndale Bennett's latest performance of the work, when the rendering of this most difficult part was, perhaps, the greatest manifestation that the public has yet witnessed of the rare ability of that distinguished artist. It belongs always to the singer of the first choir, as do those of Peter, Pilate, Judas, and the priests (written for basses), of the suborned witnesses (written for alto and tenor), of the maids who interrogate Peter, and of Pilate's wife (set for sopranos). The Turbæ, to use the ancient definition, or phrases for the multitude, are assigned sometimes to the chorus of the first choir only, sometimes to the double chorus, disposed responsively after the manner with which *Israel in Egypt* makes us happily familiar, sometimes with the two choirs singing and playing the same. The reflective pieces, or Soliloquiæ, are appointed to the solo singers of the two choirs in alternation, so that all shall have equal share in the responsibility of the performance. Let us imagine the scene that this distribution must have necessitated: a spacious church, invested with all the solemn associations peculiar to the sacred building, wherein the edification of hearts and souls must have been involved in the artist's design for the erection of columns and windows; at either end, the capacious orchestra filled with singers and instrumentalists, whose labor is rendered holy by the occasion, by the great human thought that has been brought to bear on the explication of this, and by the sanctuary wherein it is celebrated; towering above each orchestra the lofty organ, whose time honored employment in church service has rendered its acceptance general as a symbol of worship; and in the great area between these galleries of solemn song, a vast public surrounding the pulpit, wherein the presence of the preacher gives sanction and significance to the whole, every one imbued with the religious truths that are commemorated; and all—the little children who are learning to love the right, the women who are lovingly teaching them, and the men who are defending mother and child in the fond task of mutual duty—all taking part in the choral hymns, lifting their common voice in the heartful testimony. Let us imagine this scene—which is no fabrication of fancy, but a feeble, a very feeble picture of a once living fact—and we may, perhaps, be able to conceive with what impressions the congregation withdrew from St. Thomas's Church in Leipzig, at the close of even-song, on Good Friday, 1729.

(To be Continued).

* This is stated on the authority of Rietz's description of the separate vocal and instrumental parts and of the score, all in Bach's handwriting; some printed editions contain these designations.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"Weber's Last Waltz."

Mr. Editor:—A few years ago there appeared an article in a New York magazine upon the origin of "Von Weber's Last Waltz." Weber was represented in his dying moments, sitting in an arm chair supported by pillows and cushions, surrounded by his friends and attendants, writing with trembling fingers the Waltz which bears his name.

The absurdity of the story is sufficiently apparent to lead one to look for a more plausible history, which I wish to present for the benefit of your readers. I received it from a friend and pupil of Reissiger, who is its real author.

There was a popular German song originated generations before Weber, which he and his comrades used to sing together while returning from their pleasant rambles in the outskirts of Dresden.

One evening, after the death of Weber, a company of his friends were returning as usual from their favorite resort, when one of them thoughtlessly began their familiar song, but suddenly ceased, while another sadly remarked: "Hush, boys! poor Weber is no longer here to sing with us; let us go home in silence;" and they passed on with voices hushed, their eyes filled with tears and their hearts with sadness;—in silence broken only by the sweet though plaintive song of the cuckoo and the nightingale.

Reissiger composed a beautiful harmony to their old, familiar melody, and called it "The last thought about Weber." It was thus published in Germany, but in France it bore the title, "Le dernier pensée de Weber;" so the last thought *about*, became the last thought *of* Weber, and finally it received the name of "Von Weber's last Waltz," thus enshrouding the beautiful tribute rendered by his friends to his memory in Reissiger's "Last Thought About Weber."

Boccherini.*

Misfortune seems to have obstinately pursued the great artist, of whose life we here propose giving a rapid sketch, founded upon the excellent work of an erudite musician, M. L. Picquot.†

Luigi Boccherini was born at Lucca, on the 14th January, 1740. He received his first lessons in music from his father, a clever performer on the double-bass. He was next placed under the Abbate Vannucci, chapelmaster at the cathedral, and then went to finish his studies at Rome. His favorite instrument was the violoncello; he practised it most zealously, and attained a high degree of skill upon it.

On his return to his native city, the pieces he played there were enthusiastically applauded, having previously achieved no less success in the Papal capital. People did not know which to admire most: the entrancing execution of the virtuoso, or the style of writing, new and attractive at the same time, and so skilfully adapted to a class of compositions up to that period without well-defined form and character.

Boccherini contracted a friendship with Manfredi, a distinguished violinist of the Tartini school. Both eager for glory, they resolved to visit the great cities and capitals of the Continent. Confiding their fortune to the same future, they bade farewell to their birthplace, and visited successively Turin, and some other cities of Lombardy, Piedmont, and the south of France. Their talent excited admiration and enthusiasm everywhere. After this trip, which appears to have been prolonged several years, the two friends reached Paris about 1768.

Lachevardière, the publisher, introduced them to the famous Baron de Bagge, as celebrated for the patronage he extended to artists as for his incredible pretensions as a violinist. His house was the rendezvous of all the distinguished musicians in Paris, among them being Gossec, Gaviniés, Capron, and Duport, senior. It was before this areopagus that the Lucca virtuoso first appeared. Having come out honorably from the test, it was not long before they were subjected to a more perilous one, namely: their *debut* at the Concert Spirituel, where all the most popular artists performed. They had to combat against powerful rivals, whose reputation, long established, had no need to fear the efforts of any one. They never thought, therefore, of surpassing them by the charms of their playing. Looking for other means of success, they strove less to surpass, than to touch, their audience, by presenting them with the fresh and graceful productions of Boccherini's genius, rendered with the fascination which is inherent to them. This clever notion proved favorable to the strangers; no one thought of comparing them to the other artists; *on se laissa faire*, and their triumph was secured.

Welcomed and run after by the musical world, Boccherini gave the preference to Mme. Brillon de Jony, a lady then as celebrated for her great talent upon the harpsichord, as for her varied acquirements and her amiability. He wrote her six Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violoncello; they are, in every respect, worthy of him who composed and of her who inspired them.

Meanwhile the reputation of the composer and that of the violinist had gone on increasing. In consequence of the praises he heard bestowed on the two friends, the Spanish Ambassador urged them to visit Madrid, assuring them that they would be most graciously received by the Prince of Asturia, who was

* From "Le Guide Musical."

† "Notice sur la vie et les ouvrages de Boccherini, suivie d'un catalogue raisonné de toutes ses œuvres, tant publiées qu'inédites." Paris, 1851, octavo, 135 pages, two portraits.

The author, M. Picquot, was twenty years collecting his materials, and neglecting nothing to render them as complete as possible. A great number of manuscripts in Boccherino's own handwriting, most of them being from the musical library of Armand Séguin, formerly a superior officer of the commissariat; the collection formed by that amateur of all the editions of whatever works of the celebrated composer were ever published; the thematic and chronological catalogue drawn up by Boccherini himself of all his works, and for the which M. Picquot was indebted to the great violinist, Baillot—all these highly important documents, and lastly the correspondence he maintained with Boccherini's grandson in Madrid, have enabled the intelligent biographer to invest his book, despite the great difficulties such a task presented, with the merit of the most scrupulous exactitude, a quality about which our critics, at so much a page, do not trouble themselves greatly now-a-days.

M. Picquot has not aimed merely at drawing up a catalogue as correct as possible; he considered it his duty to accompany every work with bibliographical, historical, or critical observations, in order to show the reader the plan which it would be desirable to pursue in compiling the catalogues of the works of all great writers.

very fond of music, and reigned subsequently under the name of Charles IV. Charmed with the proposal, which seemed to promise him a magnificent future, Boccherini set out with his friend about the end of 1768, or at the commencement of 1769, for the capital of Spain, the first accompanied by dreams of glory, the second, of a more material cast of mind, more especially sensible to the favor of fortune.

Boccherini arrived at Madrid, with his third book of Trios, which he lost no time in dedicating to the Prince of Asturia. Immediately afterwards, he composed a concerto *a più stromenti obbligati*. What effect was produced by these two works on the mind of the King and that of his eldest son in Boccherini's favor, we do not exactly know; but it is certain that the great composer did not obtain the distinction due to his merit, since neither the King, nor the heir presumptive thought of taking him into their service. It was the Infant, Don Louis, brother of Charles III., who attoned for this act of injustice. We observe, consequently, that from this same year, 1769, Boccherini wrote for his patron six *quartetti* (engraved as Op. 6) which he dedicated to him, assuming the title of *compositore e virtuoso di camera, di S. A. R., Don Luigi, Infante d'Ispania*. This unique qualification was invariably repeated on the title page of all Boccherini's manuscripts, without any other titles whatever, till the Infant's death, which occurred on 7th August 1785. From that date, however, we find Boccherini enumerating with a certain amount of complacency the other titles conferred on him. Thus, for instance, we read pretty frequently, "*Composti di Luigi Boccherini, professore di musica all' attual servizio di S. M. C., compositore di camera di S. M. Prussiana e direttore del concerto dell' eccellentissima signora, Contessa di Benavente, Duchessa di Ossuna, di Grandia*," etc., etc. But he frequently omits most of his titles, retaining only that of chamber composer to King Frederick William II., from whom he received a pension, and for whom he wrote, from 1787 to 1797, all the works his genius produced during that period.

These circumstances, ignored by all his biographers, evidently prove that, for the first sixteen years, Boccherini had no patron but the Infant, Don Louis; that the interest which Charles III and the Prince of Asturia did him the honor of taking in him was extremely problematical, and that, far from undertaking to compose every year for their private musical establishment nine pieces, he did not even think of dedicating to them a single work. From 1787, he worked exclusively for the King of Prussia, Frederick William II., and subsequently for Lucien Bonaparte.

Boccherini was too conscious of his own worth, and too eager for glory to permit the finest inspirations of his muse to be buried in the dust of a library, even though the latter were a royal library. He wanted his works to be published and circulated, and the proof of this is that, when composing for the private use either of the Infant Don Louis, or for that of Frederick William II., or for that of Lucien Bonaparte, he sent, indiscriminately, copies of all his productions to those foreign publishers who enjoyed his confidence.

When Boccherini went to settle in Madrid, the Prince of Asturia had at the head of his musical establishment Gaetano Brunetti, a good violinist and distinguished composer. The arrival of the Lucca composer excited Brunetti's jealousy, for he feared he should have to share with another that favor which he desired to preserve for himself alone. Possessed of a subtle and intriguing mind, Brunetti neglected no means of alienating his master from Boccherini. The Prince of Asturia, however, never showed his real feeling for Boccherini, till a fortuitous circumstance placed it in a strong light. Don Louis, who was the uncle of Charles IV., then Prince of Asturia, took Boccherini one day to his nephew's in order that the Prince might hear some new *quintetti* of the composer's. The music was opened upon the desks. Charles took up his bow, for he always played the first violin part. Now, in this part, there figured a run which was very long, and extremely monotonous. The two notes, C, B, C, B, were constantly repeated in rapid succession. The Prince began bravely, and continued playing; he was so absorbed by what he was doing himself, that he did not hear the ingenious chords which imparted interest to the composition as a whole. He grew impatient, and his bad humor burst forth. Laying down his violin, he rose, and said: "It is pitiable! a schoolboy would do as well."—"Be kind enough your Highness, to listen to what the second violin and tenor are executing, and to the *pizzicato* executed at the same time by the violoncello; the run loses its monotonous character directly the other instruments take part in the conversation."—"C, B, C, B, for half an hour! A lively conversation! Schoolboy's music; bad schoolboy's music, too!"—"Before pronouncing such an opinion, your Highness, a person ought to be capable of judging!"—"Insolent scoundrel," exclaimed Charles, and springing forward with rage, he seized Boccherini by his clothes. Bearing him in his extended arms, he thrust him out of the window, and held him hanging in the air. "Ah! think of your religion Prince!" exclaimed the Princess of Asturia. At these words, the Prince turned half round upon his heel, and Boccherini, thus borne back again inside, was flung violently into the next room.

The new King of Spain, the successor of Charles III., could never forget the insult offered to the Prince of Asturia. Nevertheless, he thought he made the rights of his offended majesty square with the patronage which it was his glory to bestow on artists, by confirming the allowance which the King, his father, had granted Boccherini, immediately after the death of the Infant, Don Louis. But he contented himself with this, and would neither see the composer again nor even play his music. All the solicitations, all the prayers of those who sought to induce him to entertain once again better and more just sentiments were so badly received that the name of the great man ceased to be pronounced at Court. "Who still speaks to me of Boccherini," he replied abruptly to those unlucky individuals who pleaded for the musician. "Boccherini is dead; let that be well known; and let me hear no more about him!"

Bearing with him everywhere his implacable hatred, if he happened to meet in his walks the poor fellow in disgrace, though he saluted courteously every one else he pretended not to observe him, precisely as though he had never known him. This hatred, kept up and heightened by the jealousy of Brunetti, never ceased to torment, like a canker worm, the inconsolable and too sensitive Boccherini, distinguished, as his only set off, by the empty title of organist *in partibus* of the Royal chapel. It was in allusion to the duty which he did not perform, but which was the reason assigned for granting him the modest salary that he enjoyed subsequently to his patron's decease, that he sometimes added to the titles of his scores the words: *All' attual servizio di S. M. C.*, to imply, no doubt, that he held himself at the King's disposal.

Thus slighted and despised, Boccherini made up his mind to find, beyond the limits of Spain, some one, of a more just and more enlightened mind, who would appreciate him as he deserved. Among those sovereigns who were very fond of music, Frederick William II. was then distinguished as much by his munificence to artists, as by his passionate taste for the violoncello, which he played admirably. Boccherini thought of dedicating to him one of his works, and carried out his purpose through the medium of the Prussian ambassador at the Court of Madrid. It was not long before he received from the royal virtuoso a most gracious letter, accompanied by a superb snuff box, filled with ducats, and a diploma as Chamber Musician to his Majesty. From that day, Boccherini wrote exclusively for Frederick William II., as is proved by all his manuscripts subsequent to 1787. Ten years passed by in this manner, without making any change in Boccherini's position. The loss of his first patron, the Infant Don Louis, rendered still more sensible by the ingratitude of the Court, had caused him to lead a retired life, divided between his attention to a numerous family, his labors, and the exercise of gentle piety. Endowed with a fancy and fertility, both equally marvellous, and drawing his inspirations seemingly from an inexhaustible source, he took up, laid aside, and resumed his pen with the same facility, and without the current of his ideas suffering the least in consequence.

When the bell of the parish church was heard, he left the pen for the prayer book. A stranger to the world which ignored him, and living a religious life in the bosom of his family, surrounded by a few friends, and obliged, moreover, to give up the violoncello, in consequence of spitting blood, he forwarded his compositions to the Prussian monarch without having heard them performed. What a pleasure it must have been to him, therefore, when, having made the acquaintance of the Marquis de Benavente, he was enabled, twice a week, to hear the delicious inspirations of his muse. Twice married, Boccherini had the misfortune to lose, immediately after each other, two grown up daughters, and to see his second wife expire in a fit of apoplexy. But this sad and cruel separation, which embittered the remainder of his days, did not exhaust the rigor of destiny. He sustained a fresh blow by the death of Frederick William II., which deprived him of the greater part of his modest income. Thus pursued and overwhelmed by his misfortunes, the great man supported his woes like a Christian. When the French Republic selected to represent it at Madrid an enlightened lover of art, Lucien Bonaparte, who knew how to welcome and to honor talent, Boccherini placed under his patronage six quintets for the piano, dedicated to France. From that moment the ambassador's house, table and purse were at the disposal of the celebrated artist. Boccherini's old age appeared to be beyond the reach of fresh vicissitudes. This was a mistake! The recall of Lucien and the grave state of events combined to plunge him into renewed distress.

It was after the death of Frederick William II. that Boccherini began to achieve some little celebrity among his adopted compatriots, in the midst of whom he had lived thirty years without their being aware of the existence of such a person. The following was the way in which his reputation was extended among the higher classes, and was attended with some slight pecuniary advantage to himself.

The Marquis Penavente excelled upon the guitar, an instrument dear to every true Spaniard. He begged Boccherini to write a guitar part for him in any quartets he might chose, at 100 francs each quartet. Some other rich amateurs did the same. Despite the resources which he derived for the moment from this work, such was the poverty of the delightful composer, that, when Mme. Gail saw him at Madrid, in 1803, he had only one room for himself and his family. When he wanted to work quietly, he retired, by the aid of a ladder, into a sort of wooden penthouse, constructed against the wall, and garnished with a chair, a table, and an old tenor, minus three strings. It was while his affairs were in this precarious state that his strict probity caused him to refuse 1000 francs for a three-part *Stabat*, because he had previously promised to let Stieber, the publisher, have it for less than a third of the sum. At length, overwhelmed by sorrows, the great artist expired, after a short illness, on the 28th May, 1805, aged sixty five. His funeral, as modest as his life, had no pomp about it, and his sole escort consisted of a few friends.

At the present day there is only one descendant living of the celebrated composer. All his children are dead. The last, Don Josè, keeper of the records to the Marquis of Seralbo, died in December, 1847, leaving a son, Don Fernando Boccherini, a professor in the Academy of Arts, at Madrid, and the only one who bears this great name.

Boccherini's original works, not including those for the voice, consist of 366 pieces, published and unpublished.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

Our Amateur Musical Societies.

(NEW YORK).

AMERICAN.

In a former article we spoke of our German musical clubs, their system of organization, the work they accomplished, and the pleasures they enjoyed. In the present one we will refer to the best known of those musical societies of the city composed of Americans.

And first let us say that the great want that we have in this direction is a chorus worthy of the greatness of the metropolis. So many jealousies are and always have been at work that it has seemed impossible to gather in one body a really strong choral force. We have a sufficiency of good singers, but they have subdivided themselves into little bands, and dissipated their strength without any compensating gain.

We look forward to the time when some man with energy and brains, and money for the work will collect together a society capable of performing the great works of the oratorio writers in a fitting manner, and will provide it with a suitable singing-hall. Perhaps the forthcoming Beethoven festival may stimulate the right spirit and help on this desirable end. Meantime Boston, with its noble Handel and Haydn Society, looks almost with derision on our feeble attempts at chorus singing. And we can find our only consolation in referring with pride to the glorious orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, to which no other city in the Union has one at all to compare in numbers or in excellence, and which indeed may even challenge comparison with the Gewandhaus, the Paris *Conservatoire*, and the other famous orchestras of Europe.

The oldest of our choral societies and the most numerous is the Harmonic. The old Mendelssohn Union was an offshoot from the Harmonic, and the Berge Choral Union was an offshoot from the present Mendelssohn Union—a very fair example of the way in which our clubs dilute their strength. The Harmonic Society was organized in 1852, and has been, during most of its existence, under the leadership of Bristow, Morgan, and Ritter—the last-named being at present the conductor and main stay of the society. The best gift that this organization brings to the public is the annual performance on Christmas night of

the *Messiah*, a noble task persisted in steadfastly for eighteen years. This is about the only public appearance that the society at present makes. They work diligently at the great compositions of the masters at their practice hall, which is the lecture room of Dr. Crosby's church on Fourth Avenue.

Much discouragement exists in the society: firstly, because they cannot get their members to attend rehearsals; and secondly, because the public won't interest itself in oratorio music. This discouragement has extended itself to the conductor, Mr. Ritter, who appeared the other day in the *World* in a very gloomy letter, in which he refers to the many obstacles that he and the society have to contend with. Out of some three hundred members, not more than seventy or eighty can be gathered at the rehearsals, and this is a chill upon the enthusiasm of those who do come. Heavy fines fail to meet the difficulty, for then the delinquents resign. The Mendelssohn Union languishes under the same trouble. Last year it received a stimulus from the leadership of Theodore Thomas and the co-operation of his orchestra, and brought out under these auspices some compositions of the highest excellence; but Mr. Thomas and his orchestra having "gone a roaming," the Union has disappeared from public notice.

The Berge Choral Union is, as we have said, composed of secessionists from the Mendelssohn Union. It is under the direction of Mr. William Berge, the well known organist of St. Stephen's church, and though not very efficient in point of numbers is full of zeal and of faith in its leader. This society has given but one concert this season, and that took place on the 28th of December, at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. An oratorio by Gounod, entitled *Tobias*, was then brought out for the first time, so far as we are aware, in this country. The president of the association is Mr. John A. Godfrey; its affairs are administered with discretion; and the compositions that are performed are of a high standard, and are mostly of a religious character.

The youngest organization devoted to the practice of ecclesiastical music is the Church Music Association. It came into existence the present winter, and gave its first concert on the 12th of January. The other societies of which we have spoken, and indeed the most of those to which we shall refer in this article, are made up of members of the different church choirs of the city; but the Church Music Association has recruited from another class—those of our amateurs of the highest social position. The enterprise was set on foot by some of our most distinguished citizens, and upon the executive committee are the names of ladies equally well known. The chorus is composed of nearly all the most famous of the amateurs of the city, such as Miss Parker, Miss Reed, the Rev. Wm. H. Cooke, Mr. Horace Barry, Mrs. Woolsey Johnson, Mrs. Geo. T. Strong, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. David Watts, and others of like character. This organization has a wide field entirely to itself, for there are hundreds of amateurs of musical cultivation in this city, who have never felt willing to join any chorus that sang for money, or in other words, to become public singers, but who are not only too glad to identify themselves with a society like this, supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, giving private concerts, and having only invited audiences. The concerts take place at Steinway Hall. The first one, given on the 12th instant, was undoubtedly, in point at least of the character of the audience, the most brilliant ever known in this city. As the invitations intimated to the guests that they were expected to come in evening dress, the large hall was filled with an audience of unusually brilliant not to say gorgeous appearance. The chorus was even more elaborately dressed than the audience, and the honest German orchestra looked thoroughly astonished to find itself hemmed in between such unaccustomed splendors. The Duke of Wellington used to say that the dandies made, in a fight, his bravest officers; and certainly this chorus in its powdered hair and diamonds sang as valiantly as though they were dressed in homespun, and had come to the concert in an omnibus.

The expenses are defrayed by subscription. Fifty persons formed the nucleus, subscribing one hundred dollars each, and having some twenty-five tickets for each concert and rehearsal, wherewith to invite their friends. The music was Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, and the first part of *Oberon*. The conductor is Dr. James Pech, who received his musical doctorate from Oxford. There are various opinions as to his competency as a conductor, though there is but one as to his energy and good will. At the rehearsals his frantic shouts at his chorus can be heard over the din of chorus and instruments, and his natural energy even at the concert found expression in beating time with his feet, greatly to the annoyance of his audience and the discomfiture of his orchestra. Mr. Pech has been accustomed to drill refractory choir boys, and treats the "silken wonders" who compose his chorus much after the fashion that he has applied to the unruly urchins. A German orchestra is always restless under any but a German leader, and so there is some trouble already, and quite probably more brewing, in the would-be harmonious Church Association. Two more concerts are to be given by the society this winter, one on the 1st of March and the other on the 18th of May. At the first, Haydn's *Sixteenth Mass* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* are to be performed; at the latter, Beethoven's difficult Mass in C, which will sift the pretensions and capacities of this chorus of the elect to the uttermost, and the second part of *Oberon*.

Several of our leading teachers of music have clubs under their direction. The most conspicuous of these are those under the charge severally of Mr. Rivarde, Mr. Abella, and Mr. Mosenthal. This last gentleman, who is the accomplished organist of Calvary church, has the direction of two clubs, one for mixed voices, the moving spirits in which are ladies, and which is to make its first public appearance at a concert to be given at the Christian Association Rooms on the 29th of this month, for some charity, and will then sing some of Mendelssohn's four-part songs and a cantata by Spohr.

The other association is composed of male voices alone, and is known as the Mendelssohn Glee Club. This society consists of about thirty singing members and seventy-five subscribers. They give four concerts during the winter to invited guests. Mr. Mosenthal has brought the club to a high point of finish, and has made them formidable rivals of the Liederkranz and the Arion, which societies they equal in the delicacy of their singing, though the superior numbers of the Germans give them otherwise a great advantage. The music performed by the Mendelssohn Glee Club consists entirely of German four-part songs, though English versions of the words are used instead of the original. The next concert of this society takes place on the 26th of this month at Lyric Hall. The club is usually assisted by some distinguished amateur vocalist and a pianist.

The Eight o'Clock Club—so called from its hour of assembling—is under the direction of Signor Abella. Its rehearsals are held at the private houses of the members. Miss Chapman is the President of the Club, Mr. Pierrepont Edwards (English Vice-Consul) is the Vice-President, Dr. Mason the Secretary, and Signor Martinez (an artist of some distinction) the Treasurer. This society confines itself mostly to the Italian school of music. They give three concerts this winter, the first of which is to take place on the 26th of this month, the other two later in the season. Some admirable soloists belong to the Eight o'Clock Club, and their concerts, to which only invited guests are admitted, are of a very select and social character, and, like those of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, have all the characteristics of private drawing-room concerts on a large scale.

The Rivarde Club is under the leadership of the well known teacher of vocal music whose name it bears. It consists mostly of those who are, or who at one time have been, his pupils. The club has shown great enterprise, and last year organized an orchestra, partly amateur and partly professional, which accompanied the soloists and played overtures by Mozart, Auber, and other composers. The concerts are on a very extensive scale, and are given at Apollo Hall. About two thousand invitations are issued to each concert. As in the case of the Church Music Association, the Mendelssohn Club, and the Eight o'Clock Club, cards of admission are obtainable only for love, not money. Many of Mr. Rivarde's pupils have shown great proficiency and talent, and have made the concerts of the club of a greater excellence than most of the public concerts given in the city. It is always a pleasure for a vocalist to sing with an orchestra: it sustains the voice so admirably and supports the singer in every way, and this advantage the members of this club have over all the others.

It remains only to say a word about our madrigal clubs. Of these, unfortunately, there are two where there should be but one. The same lack of unity and the same feelings of jealousy that have disintegrated our oratorio societies have broken the madrigal society into two parts. One half is singing under the direction of Dr. Brown, an eminent homœopathic physician, and besides the madrigals is rehearsing the fine "Antigone" music written by Mendelssohn to the Sophocles tragedy; while the other half, under the leadership of Mr. James A. Johnson, gave on Tuesday evening a concert at Steinway Hall, consisting of an admirably selected programme of these enjoyable, fresh, vigorous old works.

It will readily be seen from the brief account we have given of our amateur clubs that there is a great deal of musical talent in this city, and that it is crystallizing into forms that will lead to great pleasure for those who participate as well as for those who listen. It is worthy of remark that none of these clubs are led by Americans, which is another evidence of what we said in a former article, that people here were simply in a state of pupilage as to music. Most of the clubs we have named have sprung up within a few years, and it is reasonable to suppose that as musical taste is fostered, encouraged and developed, more will follow. The tendency of them all is excellent. They cultivate a taste for a high class of music, they substitute a refined and rational mode of enjoyment for endless dancing parties, they bring people of similar tastes into closer social contact, strengthen the bonds of friendship, and in every way are a help to culture of every kind.—*Nation.*

The Pope and Church Music.

(From the London Orchestra).

Rome is now crammed with all that is learned and distinguished in the Roman Church, assembled for the purpose, as it would seem, of declaring its chief the greatest despot upon earth, and decreeing orders and interdicts which can only tend to the disestablishment of the Papacy as a power in Europe and certain disruption of the ecclesiastical body. The Committees have been appointed; and we had hoped that the subject of church music would have formed an early and a foremost consideration; but this assembly of bishops appear to have lost sight of its real use and value in their zeal to define doctrines and powers which, if not over-ruled, will cause a breach of the peace throughout Christendom. Italy has been the source of all art-music in the sanctuary from the times of S. Gregory and Guido d'Arezzo, if there be excepted the period of the dire wars in mediæval times when the Flemish musicians so vigorously and skillfully carried on the advance, and were not a little assisted by the composers of France. There was a time when Rome was glad to seek musical aid from Flanders and Picardy, when the chapels and churches of the Pope and the Princes of Italy were filled with choirs of Flemish and French growth, and when the popular new Mass was the production not of a Roman or Venetian composer, but of a foreigner from the north. Goudimel, the master of Palestrina, learnt his art in France; Adrian Willaert studied in Holland; and the great school of Venice owed its birth to the Dutchman, J. Monton, whose favorite pupil Constanza Porta did so much for the advance of great counterpoint throughout Italy. In return Italy educated Lulli, the man who recreated music in France; made Rameau, its great teacher; and indirectly made our Henry Purcell, the only genius in this country scholastically educated in all the mysteries of musical art. His education, unfortunately for England and English church music, was not followed up, although we can plainly trace its high value in the works of Humphries, and its pale reflection in the sweet anthems of Weldon. All that Henry Purcell did in the creation of phrase, the forms of melody, the disposition of the new tonal chromatic harmony came from Italian teaching; and great as was this composer in counterpoint and musical design, the whole intention, power, and beauty was the reflection of a warmer and a higher luminary. The School of Rome has been a great school; and although Venice, Naples, and Bologna have severally supplied the finest of models in ecclesiastical composition, it can never be forgotten that Palestrina and his pupils first shot ahead, gave the examples, and perfected the style. Rome instructed all Europe in every branch of the arts. In music for the violin, the organ, the orchestra; in the song and recitative, the sonata and the concerto, the motet and the Mass, Rome and Italy preceded all other countries and furnished the world with its *chefs d'œuvre*. In refinement of execution in instrumental music she stood foremost, and long maintained her superiority in all methods of vocalization. It has been said that much of this pre-eminence was the result of climate and the natural organization of the Italian, but we should rather incline to attribute it to the high value put upon music by the priesthood, and the great pains taken in the ecclesiastical seminaries to lay down the true principles of education in the art and science. The conservatoires possessed the

finest models, and art and science was taught orally, the master spoke the word and did the thing—the true way by which the most accomplished artists have ever been taught.

Rome has now ceased to be an authority, and has lost her supreme sway over the destinies of music in Christendom. There is, of course, a general knowledge of music both practical and theoretical, but the great body of musicians is not a learned body, and there has been a sensible decay, if not degradation, in the production of music for this city of churches. There is no rare talent, and not much that surpasses mediocrity. The Pope forbids the opera, eschews the brilliant Mass of the last century, and places his ban upon the extravagances of the French church school of the present day. There is no progress, for there is no patronage; no modification, for there is no education; no impulse to genius, for there is no care, no zeal, and no nurture. The Council, we hear, intend to discuss some outside and unimportant matters; such as whether or not the antique Gregorian shall for the future be written on five lines instead of four; whether or not the old cantilenas shall be measured off in language rhythms, and the ancient music of the church be twisted into certain fixed metrical shapes; whether or not women's voices shall be permitted, or all soprano singing be abandoned, and the Mass be made a composition for equal voices. All this is very silly and laughable enough when proceeding from old gentlemen who claim to be ever in the right, and by no possibility in the wrong. The hierarchy of the Roman Church may determine to know nothing of music outside their church, they may ignore what is going on in France, Belgium, Germany, and England; but there will be no miracle vouchsafed in Rome, no special variation of the laws of cause and effect. If Rome eschews the training of a composer, if she declines to foster public and special academies for the creation and continuance of her church music, if she will not give her children the education necessary for the result, she must be content to go on with what she has, thank her stars for Palestrina and his disciples, and shut her eyes and ears to what Providence affords to those who put the shoulder to the wheel, and find the benefit of so doing. There is no reaping without sowing; and if Rome persists in refusing all tillage she must feed on the sheaves of past harvests and look forward to the times of scant and starvation. Never was the time in the history of the Church so pressing and so important as now. The traditional features of ecclesiastical music are all changing; counterpoint has lost its language *sch. nota*; the new motets and anthems are a string of chords, or a bad organ voluntary; all life and power is departing from the vocal fugue; unity in movement and logical accuracy in expression are rarities; and every man permits *his* taste, however fatiguing and disgusting, to have full play, and to render the service of the church a thing scandalous if not indeed horrible. The revolution which has taken place in high contrapuntal music for worship can only lead to the destruction of the true and grand school. The constant contemplation of corruption has no connection with growth in life; it is only the dead that lie amongst the dead.

The Pope is fond of the old times, and is going back to the period of Gregory II., proclaiming himself a second Deity. But the Popes in the old days gave music their first thought; were sedulous in promoting its progress and careful in correcting all abuses. The Popes in former days made their composers, their choirs, their grand singers. The ancient Chapel Master was the pet child of the Court and the Sanctuary; they were the foremost men in their art and profession. Where now are such scholars to be found in the Roman Church? Let us take England. What is there to be heard in the new pro-cathedral in the High Street, Kensington? What in the cathedrals in Moorfields and in Southwark? What in Dr. Manning's pet church of St. Mary and All Angels, Bayswater; or even with the bare-footed white friars at the Vicarage Gardens, Kensington? If what is to be heard in their churches be reflections from Rome, she must have sunk into the abysses of abomination and desolation. Raucous male voices, screaming and tuneless boys' voices, uneducated accompanists, the ancient ritual music without rule or order, absurd modern chants, and service music marked by much ignorance and bad taste. The real mischief lies in the total ignorance of the clergy, and their sublime indifference to the wants of the congregations. Instead of giving the people the Kyrie Eleison, the Creed, and the Gloria to sing in concert with them, and making the service of some interest and some work with the congregation, the priests walk off, sit down aside, put on their caps, and leave the praise and glory of God to the scanty choir earning their few halfpence in a far-off gallery. Surely a grand choir Introit, a choir gradual, sequence, a tract; a choice Benedictus and a noble post-communion motet would give ample opportunities for the choir. Why take the bread out of the children's mouths and offer them a stone? Let Rome say what it will, the congregations have a right to the *Gloria* and *Credo*: and the present system of keeping people on their knees or on their seats when they should be standing up and praising God is most mischievous and most deplorable. No casuistry, no diplomacy, no pretence of argument can uphold it.

The Pope and the Council have nothing to lose in their consideration of the state of the Roman church music, but on the contrary much to gain. Let them walk in the old paths, set up the schools again, create a new school of both congregational and choir music—both necessities in the present day—and their meeting in council may hereafter be recorded as of great value in this respect. Music can do them no harm, although their mode of treating it may not be infallible.

M. Auber's "Dream of Love."

The last musical production of wonderful M. Auber, who is advancing well on in his ninth decade, is a rosewater work. That the result of labor so late in life would add much to M. Auber's reputation, nobody could suppose: it is much to add that it has not hurt his fame. "*La Rêve d'Amour*" is a pretty idyllic work, full of grace and humor, and consorting well with the Arcadian and utterly unreal character of the libretto. MM. D'Ennery and Cormon are not calculated to throw Scribe into the shade. The "*Dream of Love*" illustrates a very primitive and innocent method of securing happiness: the peasant hero brings down the doves of Venus with a pinch of salt on their tails. *Marcel*, the rustic youth in question, is a young dreamer of the silk tight and satin ribbon order of peasantry, almost as infrequent, and a good deal less objectionable, than Mr. Robertson's *Ha filer* in "*Dreams*." He roams through a wood and finds a sleeping beauty, with whom he falls in love. He imprints a kiss—*sur le front*, of course: your stage Frenchman is always respectful to an unmarried woman—and then runs away. Who she is *Marcel* cannot discover. Time passes; and, lured by the love of his cousin, *Denise*, he agrees to marry her. The feast is prepared, when a crowd of high-born lords and ladies make an irruption from the neighboring chateau, and come upon the wedding party. Among these *Marcel* recognizes his sleeping beauty of the wood, now *Mlle. Henriette de la Roche-Villiers*. Again poor *Marcel* runs away, leaving bride, breakfast, marriage and mediocrity.

Now *Mlle. Henriette de la Roche Villiers* is the proud wearer of an old name, who scorns the pretensions of a *Chevalier de Bois Fleurs*, on the ground that he is too recent. She draws the line at a couple of hundred years of ancestry, and is as particular as the recruiting officer of the Pope's Noble Guard. The mad love of a common *Marcel* is therefore of a nature to cause the noble rose of Mademoiselle to erect itself. But as pride goeth before destruction, MM. d'Ennery and Cormon prepare a dreadful retribution for Mademoiselle, and that scornful young lady—who is a mixture of Lady Clara Vere de Vere and the other Tennysonian Lady Clare—is informed by the *Chevalier* that she is not a *Roche Villiers* at all, but merely peasant born, her reputed father having purchased her, while a baby, from one of his tenants. To make matters worse, she is sister to *Denise*, the girl who loves *Marcel*; a relationship which brings into conflict inclination and duty. For whereas she is at first disposed—upon discovering her real station—to reward the devotion of one who is at all events now her equal in rank, she finds that *Denise* has loved him for long, and thus she determines to forward the happiness of her new found sister in preference to her own. By the exercise of some interest she secures the promotion of *Marcel*, who has entered the army. He comes back an officer, and then *Henriette* takes him in hand, and by a white lie—persuading him in fact that he is actually her brother—induces him to marry *Denise*, while *Henriette* gives her hand to the faithful *Chevalier*.

Of this idyllic nature is the plot of the piece. As to the music, it is pretty and agreeable, though less happy than that of "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur." The overture is crossed with a six eight pastoral, in which the hautbois and clarinet answer each other with rather good effect. A peasant-like introduction exhibits the seal of the master, and the first act has a melody for *Marcel*, "A l'ombre de nos bois," with an excellent bit of recitative: this romance usually draws down an encore. A rondo may also be mentioned, coquettishly sung by Mlle. Girard, commencing—

Ce qu'on voit faire
On veut le faire.

Still better is a pretty duet, for *Henriette* and the *Chevalier*.

Qu'ils sont charmants,
Les courts instants,

the principal phrase of which is exceedingly graceful, and forms a happy contrast with the *paysan* music preceding it. The finale to this Act exhibits a singular chromatic effect, and a short page of sombre color well imagined.

In the second Act a song for the *Chevalier* is also mostly bissé. In this Act there is a game of blindman's buff, which affords M. Auber the opportunity for some capital writing; a syncopated waltz is introduced, and the scene throughout is admirably scored. Passing over a grand duet for *Marcel* and *Henriette* as more ambitious than successful, we have to mention in the finale a soldier's song of attractive character, with a very original clarinet accompaniment. Between the second and third divisions of the opera, M. Auber, faithful to the manner of the Opera Comique, gives us a little entr'acte gavotte, something in the style of a slow polka. Then, after a romance for *Denise*, comes the gem of the work in the shape of a buffo trio, conceived in a pure vein of rollicking comedy.

"Dans un bon menage
Qui doit commander?"

asks the *Chevalier*. To which *Denise* and *Marcel* reply, and the result is a fresh and sparkling number in Auber's best style.

The composer is lucky in his executants. Mlle. Girard, who acts *Denise*, is an artist on whom the peasant role always sits naturally and gracefully. The *Henriette* is a *débutante*, Mlle. Priola: a young lady whose fresh, velvety and *bien timbrée* voice and artistic taste leave many hopeful things to be expected of her. M. Capoul, the tenor, maintains popularity—chiefly among the ladies; though his voice has shown of late the effects of wear and tear. M. Gailhard, the *Chevalier de Sainte Foy*, has a magnificent organ which he knows how to put to the best use. The costumes are pretty, the decorations excellent. In the second act a well-known picture by Lancret called "Le Balançoire" is realized in so admirable a manner as to elicit many rounds of applause nightly. On the whole "*La Rêve d'Amour*" seems likely to obtain, as it deserves, the compliment of a respectable run.—*Orchestra, Jan. 7.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 20.—An invitation concert at Chickering's Rooms, last night, deserves mention, not only as an enjoyable evening, but also as an event of no little interest and significance in the musical world. For this "*Soirée Musicale*" we are indebted to M. and Mme. Frederic Guzman, the Chilian pianists, whose playing, for two winter's past, created so much enthusiasm among the musicians and critics of Paris. This soirée at Chickering's only added one to many opportunities of hearing these artists, together and separate, which I have enjoyed since their arrival in America. The invitations numbered about 200, and were extended mainly to critics and musicians, and, though the evening was badly timed, our best reporters being in attendance at Miss Mehlig's concert in Steinway Hall; the fine rooms of Messrs. Chickering & Co., were nevertheless well filled by an audience capable of listening and judging.

Mr. Guzman is a native of Santiago, Chili, and was associated with Gottschalk while the lamented

artist was giving concerts in Valparaiso and Santiago. M. Guzman has since passed several years in Europe, devoting his time to a careful study of classical music, which, need it be said, is almost unknown in his own country. He is now, probably, the best living representation of the style in which Gottschalk was pre-eminent—while, at the same time he has another style, entirely different, which we ascribe to the influence of Chopin's music later in life. M. Guzman on this occasion played Weber's *Polonaise* in E, to which he gave full and free interpretation, displaying at the same time a wonderful technique; a *Nocturno* of his own composition (Souvenir in D); and, for an encore, a waltz in A minor, also his own. Both of these are works of great merit, and were played with exquisite delicacy and grace.

But the unique feature of the concert was the playing of several Duos for the piano, by M. Guzman, assisted by his wife, herself an artist of uncommon ability. These pieces comprised the famous Duo by Kalkbrenner; a March, *La Victoire*, by M. Guzman; and a number of Cuban Dances for four hands by Gottschalk. It has never before been my fortune to hear two artists play together with such perfect unity, such *élan*, such *abandon*. The effect—above all in the Cuban dances—was amazing, and resembles nothing which I have ever heard. The gifted artists were frequently recalled, and the murmurs of surprise and curiosity heard on all sides bore ample testimony of their success.

They will soon give a public concert at Steinway Hall, and will, undoubtedly, make a sensation here this winter. They were assisted last evening by Miss Jenny Landsman, who sang several pieces with excellent effect. A. A. C.

Berlin.—(*Extracts from a private letter*). A Quartet Soirée with Joachim playing the first violin! The E-flat quartet of Mendelssohn, C major of Haydn and D minor of Schubert. I have enjoyed a great deal of music in Berlin, but no programme has been so enjoyable throughout as this. The ensemble playing was perfect; I had never heard or dreamed of such violin playing as Joachim's. Such varied expression, such jollity and comic humor in the Haydn, such tenderness and such fire in the Schubert! I have heard Joachim twice before, but always at a great distance, for when we first came to Berlin we had to trust to the *Hausdiener* to get our tickets, now we get our tickets ourselves and get much better seats. We were quite fortunate yesterday, for nearly all the best seats and nearly all the good ones were taken by subscribers; and just as we were debating about taking the only seats that were at our disposal, a servant of Prince Radziwill came to return his master's tickets, four I think, as the Prince was ill and neither he nor his family could go to the concert. We reaped the advantage of his economy and got two seats very near, as near as possible to the performers. Good concerts are expensive here; I paid $1 50 currency for my ticket last night. All the concerts have been as much as $1.00; then you have to pay for the care of your wraps in the cloak room, and sometimes for your programme. I have heard one orchestral concert here, one of a regular series given by the royal orchestra. They gave Overture to the *Abencerages* by Cherubini, Overture to *Manfred* by Schumann, Jupiter Symphony, Mozart, and Beethoven's G major Pianoforte Concerto, played by Ober-Kapellmeister Taubert. I had never heard of him except as a composer, principally of songs, and was surprised and delighted at his playing. It seemed to me that the orchestra played the accompaniments to the Concerto better than they did any thing else; they were wonderfully played. Then I have heard the Dom Chor of boys, who sing without accompaniment, the Kozoltverein of mixed voices, who also sing without accompaniment, and last Sunday evening I heard the Sing Academie give Mozart's Requiem, Bach's Cantata, "Gottes Zeit ist der alle beste Zeit," and a chorus "Bleib bei uns" and Choral also by Bach.

I have been disappointed in the Opera here, that is in the solo singers. The operas are splendidly put upon the stage, the scenery very beautiful; the scene in *Oberon* when Rezia sings "Ocean thou mighty monster," was more effective than I had imagined anything could be upon the stage. The waves come rolling in upon the shore, the sky is covered with dark clouds and there is a storm; then the clouds break away and the sun sets clear, tinging the sea and clouds with a golden light. Then the stars come out, and in the dim light you see Oberon in a fairy boat attended by mermaids, one of whom sings the mermaid's song and the others swim about and play among the waves. But the singing was pretty poor Rezia was passable, but the tenor was about the worst I have ever heard. I have heard three tenors and none of them are good. I expect to hear the famous one to-night, and hope at last to hear a voice worth listening to. I had supposed that every part would be done well in Germany, in the royal Opera of Berlin. I have heard Mme. Joachim twice at the same time that I heard her husband. She has a lovely voice, round and full, and she sings in such a pure, simple style that it is a real delight to hear her. Not a superfluous note or grace, her style is almost severe in its simplicity. At one concert she sang Bach's "Erbarme dich," her husband playing the violin obbligato! Imagine it! She is a concert singer and sings classical music entirely; I have heard her sing Handel, Schumann, Schubert, Bach and Marcello. She has a very sweet face, lovely figure, and her bearing on the stage is just like her singing and like the music she sings.

On account of having the Prince's seats we were among the nobs last night, surrounded by gentlemen in uniform and with lots of stars and crosses and orders of all kinds dangling on their coats. Our seats were so placed that we had a full view of the audience, and I could not help once in a while looking at the people. The hall was crowded, and every face expressed thorough enjoyment. And such stillness! One poor man who sat near me, in trying to dispose of his cane, had the ill luck to drop it, and such a noise as it made in that utter quiet! The poor fellow colored up to the roots of his hair, and looked as if he would give anything to be invisible.

Nov 29th.—Well, I have heard Clara Schumann. She played a piano quartet of her husband's, a Sonata of Beethoven with Joachim, an Impromptu of Schubert, two songs without words of Mendelssohn, "*Warum*" and "*Traumeswirren*" by Schumann, and Chopin's B minor Scherzo. Parts of the quartet I enjoyed very much, but it seemed to me not to be wholly in Schumann's best vein. The Beethoven was perfect. I enjoyed it more than any thing else; it was well worth all the rest. The solos were beautifully played, but I have heard them played just as well, and at the risk of being thought infatuated by those who have not heard both, I must tell you that Mme. Schumann does not not begin to play Chopin like Mr. Dresel, and I have yet to hear the person who does.

I went to the Opera last Wednesday to hear Niemann, the tenor, and was disappointed. He is a very good singer, a *tenore robusto*, a good strong, voice but no sweetness, and the part I saw him in—*Fra Diavolo*—not at all adapted to him. As a whole the opera was very well given in all the parts, much better than any I had seen before. The King was in his box and everything had to be done well. Lucca, who was Zerlina, is just the most perfect piece of prettiness I ever saw. Every feature is perfect, and she has the loveliest little figure, and she is so graceful and such a finished little actress, that she fascinates completely. I don't know whether she is capable of anything greater, but she was perfect as Zerlina, and as Angela in the *Domino Noir*.

I forgot to tell you I saw Auberbach at Clara Schumann's concerts; he is a fat, genial-looking little man, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the music. Sunday before last was a *Todten-Fest* in Berlin. I got a wreath and for the second time made the attempt to find Mendelssohn's grave and succeeded. His grave is covered with ivy,—I enclose a leaf which I gathered—and is next that of Fanny Hensel who lies between her brother and husband, who died in 1861. On the other side of Mendelssohn lie, I suppose, two of his children, one a young boy, the other a girl 19 years old when she died in 1863; her name, Pauline Felicita, for the two brothers. His wife lies in the graveyard at Frankfort. A fresh wreath was lying on Fanny Hensel's grave.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 29, 1870.

Concerts.

Harvard Musical Association. The sixth Symphony Concert crowded the Music Hall. It was the largest audience yet. The first number on the programme was the Orchestral *Suite*, in D, of J. S. Bach,—i e. the same three *pieces* from it that were played here by Theodore Thomas recently. 1. *Overture*:—a broad, tranquil polyphonic movement, thoroughly genial, though of quaint, antique cut, ending with a spirited and interesting fugue. The instrumentation, besides the strings (in full force), consists only of a pair of oboes, and a pair of trumpets,—the latter partly added, we believe, by Mendelssohn. 2. The lovely *Aria*, which charmed every one. 3. The *Gavotte*, full of exulting life and joy and strength, yet perfectly self-possessed, and altogether original. Our Chamber Concert-goers will remember Mr. Dresel's piano-forte arrangement of it. The whole work is full of beauty, and of a serene, deep life. It is all wholesome music; nothing of weak sentimentality about it, nothing of false excitement. We touch Bach and are strong. The pieces were quite evenly and delicately rendered, though not with all the precision of instruments long trained to move like one; and we cannot help feeling that the native tempo of that *Gavotte* is somewhat more deliberate than as it was then taken.

Meanwhile the stage had been crowded at both ends by a hundred or more singers of both sexes, who now came forward and were massed together for the performance of the *Magnificat*, in D, by Durante, (of the Neapolitan school, pupil of A. Scarlatti, contemporary of Leo and Marcello, as well as Bach and Handel:—a great day of musicians that!). Robert Franz had given it full modern orchestral accompaniment, as befitted the large, resounding, open and triumphal character of the music. It is in the sterling old Italian church style,—again a specimen of *healthy* music; a noble theme is started by the sopranos, answered by a florid second theme in other voices, and the first theme passes in turn to every part,—all worked up together with masterly means of counterpoint, developing as from a vital germ.

Some of the six movements are in the minor, but the exulting tone prevails; the greatest moment in it is the short *Gloria Patri*, into which the Chorus: *Sicut locutus est* opens sublimely as into a boundless sea of praise:—wonderfully rich, grand harmony. The wide flood gates are twice closed for a moment, giving place to very brief, but beautiful duets of tender character, by soprano and alto, and by tenor and bass. Many listeners were greatly impressed by this large music. All must have felt how thoroughly *vocal* the composition is; those who rehearsed it quickly fell in love with it. But the general audience received it rather coldly, or as if doubtingly. To most it was an unwonted style, and needed to be heard several times. Moreover it was produced un-

der great disadvantages. In the first place the choir had to be made up of volunteers from many sources, the nucleus being a portion of the Cæcilia and the twenty members of the Brookline Club, both under the tuition of Mr. KREISSMANN; to these were added six or eight sure voices of each part from the ever ready and obliging Handel and Haydn Society, a number from the Orpheus, from the Harvard Musical Association, and several ladies of Cambridge and Boston ready to make sacrifices in their zeal for Art. The opportunities for rehearsal had been few. Then, it is one thing to rehearse in a small hall like Chickering's, and another to sing, with orchestra, on the vast platform of the Music Hall; and that Hall, occupied up to the last midnight by a three week's Fair, was not accessible to the singers to try their places and their voices in the unwonted space, until within three or four hours of the Concert. Of course much was risked: and the success, on the whole more than could have been expected, was mainly due to the earnest and inspiring efforts of the director, Mr. KREISSMANN, who infused his own valor into his little regiment. It was a good ensemble of tone quality and power; an air of culture about it; excellent material, could it be kept together as a permanent singing club connected with the Symphony Concerts.

Then came Mendelssohn's second Piano Concerto, in D minor. Indulgence was bespoken for Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, who was suffering with a lame hand; but all felt that he played it admirably, only betraying a little want of strength once or twice in the rapid octave passages, while in point of finish and expression he seemed to surpass himself.

Part II. opened with the Symphony—Schumann's No. 1, in B flat, the most familiar of the four, and probably the favorite one with most. Its unity is so complete, it soars on such strong wings, sustains itself so grandly; its promises are all so surprisingly, triumphantly fulfilled; its feeling is so deep and so intense, its purpose so unerring, that you cannot get away from it, and would not if you could. Many a touch reminds you of Beethoven, to whom no one else but Schubert ever came so near. It was perhaps the best Symphony performance that our orchestra have yet realized; all was clear and well proportioned, well subdued and blended; even the wind instruments appeared to love to keep in tune; and Mr. ZERRAHN must feel that his severe labor in rehearsal is more and more rewarded. Nothing thus far in these concerts has called forth more expressions of delight than that performance and that Symphony.

Two more choruses came next; very short and very strongly contrasted, perhaps too much so. The *Ave verum corpus* of Mozart is well known as a pure gem of harmony. Schumann's "*Zigeuner Leben*" (Gypsy Life) is very graphic music, wild, suggestive, full of genial life. Of course there is room in the subject for very picturesque accompaniment, of which Schumann has availed himself happily. From merry tambourine song and dance, to solemn legend told by crones crouching round the midnight fire, the color of the harmony keeps changing; and the bits of solo and duet issuing from all parts of the chorus, upon a lively orchestral background, are extremely interesting.—A capital rendering of Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture closed the concert brilliantly.

The programme for next Thursday offers, for the grand attraction, Schubert's Colossal Symphony in C. Before it come the *Wasserträger* Overture by Cherubini; Beethoven's C minor Concerto, to be played by Miss ALICE DUTTON; and two male choruses: "O Isis," from the *Magic Flute*, and the Forester's Chorus (with horns, &c.) from Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose," sung by the Orpheus Society.

THE RUSSIAN SINGERS. Truly a fresh sensation, and a delightful one, was that produced on us by the first concert of Mr. DIMITRI AGRENEFF SLAVIANSKY and his choir of nine male voices, in the Music Hall last Saturday evening. They are worthy of far more attention than they have yet received, and, could they but remain here (after the Opera is gone) and make their quality more known, their entertainments surely would be always crowded. They appear in national fancy costumes, and are men of interesting look and bearing. Mr. SLAVIANSKY himself, their leader and director, a man of noble and commanding presence, has one of the sweetest, purest, and most cultivated tenors we have heard since Mario; indeed his upper tones remind us of that singer. His middle and lower tones are rich and manly, and he sings with remarkable feeling and expression. The Cavatina by Glinka, the humorous piece called "A Farm House" of his own composition, the "Cradle Song," and above all, the wild and characteristic "Volga's Sailor Song (also his own, and thoroughly Russian), proved him one of the very best tenors to be heard anywhere just now.

All the other pieces were choruses or part-songs, of various character, mostly, however, in the Russian minor vein, which is very winning, and sung all in the Russian language, which, like the Slavonic tongues generally, is as musical as the Italian, and more liquid. The "Song about North," rich and wild and full of variety; the deep, religious harmony of the "Cherubim Prayer;" the Russian Songs grouped together at the opening of the second part: the "Olga Waltz," "Polish Mazurka," &c., all had a fresh, original charm; and the well known National Hymn, by Lvoff, gracefully preceded by "Viva L'America," in English, never sounded so well to our ears. We doubt if all our Arions, Liederkränze, &c., could furnish a dozen voices that could sing so admirably together. The principal basso, a dark, Oriental looking man, is like one of those great organ pipes behind him there; there he stands, straight and still,—you cannot even see his lips move, and a great round deep sub-bass tone breathes through him, sustaining the shifting harmony at times in a prolonged organ point. The two principal baritones also are remarkable; and all the voices are of rare power and beauty, and they sing, though unaccompanied, with perfect purity and truth of intonation.—They give a Matinée this afternoon, and we advise all to go and hear them.

ERNST PERABO's second Matinée (second series) had for programme:

Sonata, Op. 93, No. 2, D flat major ..... Richter
Zwei Balladen. First time in Boston ..... Carl Loewe.
Drei Clavierstücke (Recently published). No 2, E flat major. First time in Boston ..... Schubert
Sonata, Op. 27, No 1, E flat major ..... Beethoven

The Sonata by Richter,—Hauptmann's successor in old Sebastian Bach's place of Cantor at the *Thomas Schule* in Leipzig—was quite interesting; a musician-like and genial work; the Adagio particularly impressive. The two Ballads by Loewe hardly needed words (though it was well to put them on the programme), played as they were, to bring out the delicate pathos of the one ("The Departed," a Serenade by Uhland), or the grotesque, wild, wierd fascination of Goethe's "Dance of the Dead," to which the music is singularly true at every point. The little piano piece by Schubert did not strike us as one of his most interesting. The E flat Sonata of Beethoven,—the one coupled in the same *opus* with the "Moonlight,"—and never, that we remember, played in public here before, was exceedingly well worth hearing and was admirably rendered.

Next time we shall have a *Suite* by Bennett; the great *Etude en forme de Variations*, op. 13, by Schumann; and Beethoven's Sonata, op. 10, No. 3.

We are obliged to postpone our notice of the delightful private Soirees of the PARKER CLUB given on Friday the 14th and 21st of this month. The principal selections were the entire *Attalie* music of Mendelssohn; a Tenor Recitative and Choral from Bach's Christmas Oratorio; a *Benedictus* (Soprano Solo and Chorus) by Weber; and a selection from Gluck's *Orpheus* (Alto solo with chorus and dance of Furies).

English Opera.

The PAREPA ROSA troupe has been steadily growing in favor, and seldom has the Boston Theatre witnessed a nightly average of such full houses. That is certainly an English opera far superior to our past experiences in that way, that can give so charming a performance of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" as we heard on Wednesday night. That was the second time, and the house was packed from floor to ceiling. The sudden news which reached Mme. ROSA of her mother's death in London changed the programme of last week; it was a heavy blow to her, yet she has had the energy to sing in "Der Freyschütz," as Agatha; in the "Puritan's Daughter;" in "Martha," as the Lady; wonderfully well in all, and even more so, and with a fine vivacity and grace of action too, in Mozart's bewitching Susanna. She was charmingly sustained in this by Miss ROSE HERSEE as the Countess, and Mrs. SEGUIN in the pretty part of Cherubino; not badly either by Mr. CAMPBELL as Figaro, and by Mr. LAWRENCE as the Count; while the delicious orchestral music, (flowers springing all the time spontaneously as it were at the feet of the singers), and the whole ensemble, moved satisfactorily under the now sure and energetic baton of CARL ROSA. That orchestra contains some musicians who have been of note in London; among them Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, the composer, and Mr. HOWELL, an excellent contrabassist, a cousin of Parepa. But *Figaro* is played again to-night for their Finale, and we will speak of the performance more at length thereafter.

Of the other productions which we have been able to attend, we may note, first, a fine one of the "Somnambula," in which Rose Hersee's Amina, both in song and action, was as good and true as we could wish, and Mr. CASTLE used his sweet, rich tenor with a great deal of expression. *Fra Diavolo*, perhaps, suffered less than any piece in its English dress; it was delightfully presented in nearly all respects. A more fascinating Zerlina than Rose Hersee we hardly remember. Castle sang and acted the bravo with a free and easy grace for him. Mrs. Seguin was as pretty, and sang with her pure contralto voice as artistically, in the part of Lady Allcash, as she does in all her parts, and Mr. Seguin was the true conventional Milord. Mr. CAMPBELL and Mr. HALL took the parts of Beppo and Guiseppe, not like Italians "to the manner born," but cleverly, and the former certainly sang finely. Then there have been two capital performances of "Martha,"—Mme. Rosa as Martha, Miss Hersee as Nancy, Castle and Campbell as Lionel and Plunkett, and Seguin as Sir Tristan. And Weber's ever wonderful *Der Freyschütz*,—though neither Castle's Max nor Campbell's Caspar came up to old impressions of those parts—was done as a whole about as well as it has been by any German or Italian troupe here. The Agatha and Annchen of Parepa and Rose Hersee were of course artistic, though the Prayer as sung by Frederici reached a purer height of feeling. We did not hear the "Trovatore" (given three times); nor Gounod's "Faust," which appears to have been a great success, (and, next to *Figaro*, it was a severe test of the capabilities of an English company); nor the new Balfe opera "The Puritan's Daughter." But we shall hear the "Marriage of Figaro" again to-night, if we live, and so may you all, dear readers!

NEW HAVEN.—We think many of our readers will be interested in the programmes of three "Historical Recitals of Piano and Vocal Music" given here a few weeks since. It will be seen that the earlier and later music of the English, German, French and Italian Schools are represented in *short* pieces, to allow a great variety. The interpreters were: Mrs. Sara A. C. Eastman, Soprano; Mr. J. Sumner Smith, Tenor; Mr. E. A. Parsons, Pianist, and Mr. Thos. G. Shepard, Accompanist.

First Recital, Nov. 29.

English Songs—a "Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow," Air popular before 1568.

b. "Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph;" in Milton's "Comus."....Henry Lawes, 1634.
Katzenfuge....Dom. Scarlatti, 1730.
L'Infedele, Italian air....Pergolesi, 1710-'36.
a. Old French.—Chanson du Roman d'Alexandre, 1140-3.
b. Provençal.—On the death of Richard the Lion-hearted, 1199....Anselm Faydit.
Sonata in E flat, Op. 12, No. 5....Clementi; 1752—1832.
a. "Tutta raccolta," air from "Ezio," 1732; } Handel; 1684—1759.
b. "Lascia ch'io pianga," from "Rinaldo," 1711; }
Duettino—"Dite, O Cieli," Carissimi; began to flourish about 1635.
Cantata—"Non vo' piangere," Aless Stradella; 1645—'79.
Piano Duo.—Sonata, op. 3, No 1....Mozart, 1756—'92.
Old English Ditties; a. "Sumer is icumen in," Six hundred years old.
b. The three ravens....Air early in the 16th Century.
Andante, Op 62....J. L. Dussek, 1761—1810.
a. Alla Trinita Beata....Italian, about 1336.
b. Recit. and Air from "Die Macht der Tugend" 1700 R. Keiser, 1673—1739.
Air—"My heart ever faithful"...J. S. Bach, 1685—1750.
Prelude and Fugue, in F minor....J. S. Bach.
Duettino—"Cantando un di."C. M Clari, eminent in 1695.

Second Recital, Dec. 6.

English Song, "Dear Kitty."....Air popular before 1605.
Grand Sonata, Op. 120....F. Schubert, 1794—1828.
a. Air, from "Aristeo"....Gluck, 1714—'87.
b. Song, "The Violet"....Mozart, 1756—'92.
"Verdant Meadows," from "Alcina," 1735....Handel.
Scherzo a Capriccio, Posthumous. Mendelssohn, 1809—'47.
Old English Ditties,
a. "Oh Come you from Newcastle"....16th Century.
b. "The name of my true love"....17th Century.
Duettino, from "La Dame Blanche." Boieldieu, 1770—1834.
Nocturne in D flat....Chopin, 1810—'49.
a. Toglietemi la vita ancor," 1728. Aless. Scarlatti, 1659—1728.
b. The Spirit's Song....Haydn, 1732—1810.
Ave Maria....Cherubini, 1760—1842.
Concerto in E flat, Op. 73, two movements. Beethoven, 1770—1827.
"Reigen," "Sagt mir an"..C. M. Von Weber, 1786—1826.
Song, "The Quail"....Beethoven.
Fantasiebilder....Schumann, 1810—'56.
Duet, "Super flumina Babylonis," (By the rivers of Babylon)....Vincenzo Martini, celebrated in 1780.

Third Recital, Dec. 13.

Blondel's Song....Rob. Schumann.
Fantasia, "Masaniello"....Thalberg, 1812—
Song, "A Day Dream." Poem by A. A. Proctor. J. Blumenthal.
a. Geheimes, } b. Mein, }....Schubert.
Tarantella....Gus. Schumann.
Air, from Don Giovanni, "Vedrai Carino"....Mozart.
Duettino from "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur." Auber, 1784.
Romance and Rondo, from Concerto in E minor. Chopin, 1810—'49.
a. In Autumn. "Im Herbst"....Mendelssohn.
b. " " " " ....Rob. Franz, 1815—
Song, "Will he Come." Poem by Miss Proctor. Arthur S. Sullivan.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 15....Liszt, 1811—
Duet, "Lovely Maiden," "Jessonda," 1823 L. Spohr, 1784—1859.

Salem, Mass.—We hear but one opinion of the performance of the *Messiah*, on the 12th inst., in Mechanics' Hall, by the Salem Oratorio Society,—a young Society, formed about two years ago, and numbering some 300 voices in its chorus. All witnesses pronounce it one of the best performances of the *Messiah* that they ever heard; and some even say that it surpassed any recent effort of our Boston Handel and Haydn Society. The truth is, any young Society has some advantages over our old organization. Starting, in the first place, at a more advanced point of general musical culture and sincere belief in music, it is composed of young, fresh voices and spirits, eager for new tasks, new difficulties, unhampered by old habits and the quietistic spell of old associations. Its members do not go into the chorus ranks to revive the memories of their youth; its faces are all upturned to the future. Then again, in a quiet old town like Salem, the more cultured portion of society, not distracted by a hundred interests and attractions, like the same class in Boston, where one thing is continually jostled by another, can devote itself with whole heart and loyal punctuality to one or two good things, so as to make them truly good. As we had not the good fortune to be present, we quote from the report in the *Advertiser:*

The soprani were excellent, and indeed all the parts were well performed. Mrs. J. W. Weston of Salem, Mrs. C. A. Barry and Dr J. W. Langmaid of Boston, and Mr. W. H. Beckett of New York, were the soloists. Mrs. Barry and Dr. Langmaid were almost unexceptionable, and Mrs Weston, though slightly nervous at first, soon recovered herself, and sang the solo "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth" with fine effect. Mr. Beckett brought a great deal of care and attention to the performance of his role, but his voice is more of a barytone, and was hardly deep enough for the music of the part. Mr. Zerrahn, who seems to be indispensable to the satisfactory conducting of oratorios, was the director, and Mr. Frank W. Upton, an excellent musician, presided at the piano. The Germania Band was the orchestra, and their performances left nothing to be desired. The success of the affair is due largely to the talents and energy of the society, who, by their efforts, heartily seconded by the members, have succeeded in placing it in the front rank of our musical organizations. Mr. D. B. Hagar, of the Salem normal school, who fills the office of president of the society, has done much toward securing its prosperity.

Worcester, Mass.—Mr. B. D. Allen's second Chamber Concert took place Jan. 4. The *Palladium* says:

The concert opened with Mozart's beautiful Piano-Forte Sonata in F, with violin accompaniment, performed by Messrs. Allen and Listemann, who brought out its lovely strains and choice modulations with rare fidelity, and nicety of finish; it was a choice selection awakening anew one's loving appreciation of this artistic composer. Mr. Kreissmann sang two of Schubert's rare songs, Nos. 12 and 3 of the Schwangesang; the former, the lovely "On the Sea," admirably adapted to his voice, and sung with fine feeling and soul-felt earnestness; these with Beethoven's "Liederkreis," Op. 98, and Schumann's Songs, "Widmung," and "Fruhlingsnacht," receiving interpretations such as he alone is capable of giving; it is one of the treats of a life-time to listen to him. Mendelssohn's Andante for violoncello and piano, in which Mr. Heindl's violoncello unfolded such wondrous beauties, so feelingly expressed, was highly enjoyable; the two instruments combining to make this one of the finest selections. Mr. Listemann thrilled his hearers with his fine interpretation of that very difficult piece, "La Trille du Diable," by Tartini, in which his violin became a miniature orchestra, so rich was it in harmonies. He had previously played it at seventy concerts (without notes) and yet it was rendered with the warmth and fervor of a newer and fresher experience, so earnestly did it move him. The Trio for violin, 'cello, and piano was thoroughly Haydnish; genial, happy and sunny; and performed by three such artists could not fail to give enjoyment.

Previous to the closing piece, Mr. Allen played Chopin's Funeral March; a touching tribute to his friend, Mr. Hamilton; played as soul speaking to soul, awakening responsive chords in the hearts of all.

Death of Edward Hamilton.—Edward Hamilton, Esq, died in this city Sunday noon, at the age of 57, after an illness of about three weeks, of lung fever. He was a native of Worcester; was educated as a lawyer, and had an office for a while in Barre, and subsequently in Millbury; but for many years had been employed in the Worcester County Institution for Savings. Much of his time had been devoted to Music, in which he exhibited remarkable taste, discrimination, and cultivation; and to him, more than to any other, is Worcester indebted for the reputation it has achieved in musical matters. He was a composer of music, and had published three volumes of church music,—"Songs of Praise," "The "Sanctus," and the "Voice of Praise;" which are extensively used in the churches, and are much admired for the genius and exquisite taste they exhibit. A man of decided ability and culture, he was not less remarkable for his purity of life and character, his modest appreciation of himself, and his sympathy in all measures for the public good.—*Worcester Palladium, Jan.* 5.

Death of Gottschalk.—The last Brazilian mail steamer brings news of the death of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the celebrated American pianist. It appears that during a concert at Rio Janeiro, while playing one of his newest compositions, called "La Morte," he fell senseless. He was taken to Tijuca, where, after lingering three weeks, he died on the 18th of December. He was about forty years of age, having been born in New Orleans in 1829. He was educated in Paris, and made his first public appearance as a pianist in April, 1845 He travelled for several years in Europe, giving concerts, and in January, 1853, gave his first one in America, at New York.

M. Lefebure Wely, the well-known French organist and composer of Offertoires, &c., for the organ, fell dead, a few days since, at the foot of his organ, in the church of St. Sulpice, Paris.—*Jan.* 8.

Special Notices.

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A very desirable song, far above the ordinary grade.

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Essentially a home ballad, embodying sentiments with melody combined, which must find a home in every human heart.

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Don't treat a man disdainfully. 3. C to g. *Williams.* 30
A lively song, fraught with good-natured sentiment.

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Tennyson's Lullaby set to music, which, if babies had musically-cultivated ears, would not fail to *lull* them in their most uneasy moments.

Jim the Carter Lad. 3. C to e. *Williams.* 30
A cheerful, jolly strain, well calculated to drive away the *blues.*

A Star in the dark (Una stella in notte bruna). Song. *Muratori.* 40
When the corn is waving. *Blamphin.* 30
Non Partir. (And wilt thou go). *Boott.* 35
Il mio dolor. (My sorrow). *Guglielmo.* 35

Instrumental.

Addie Galop. Brillante. 5. E*b*. *Wiegand.* 60
Good practice for pupils, and good music withal.

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A very graceful and pleasing Dance Piece which will more than satisfy the most fastidious Terpsichorean devotee.

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Polka from "Hamlet". *Thomas.* 35

Ein herz, ein sinn. (One heart, one soul). Polka Mazurka. *Strauss.* 40

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 753. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1870. VOL. XXIX. No. 24.

Memories.

"The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
But the flown ecstacy my childhood heard
Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
Haply made sweeter by the accumulate thrill
That threads my undivided life and steals
A pathos from the years and graves between
I know not how it is with other men,
Whom I but guess, deciphering myself.
For me, once felt is so felt nevermore.
The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
Had in it the best ferment of the wine.
One spring I knew as never any since:
All night the surges of the warm southwest
Boomed intermittent through the shuddering elms
And brought a morning from the Gulf adrift,
Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick charm
Startled with crocuses the sullen turf
And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of song;
One summer hour abides, what time I perched,
Dappled with noonday, under simmering leaves,
And pulled the pulpy oxhearts, while aloof
An oriole clattered and the robins shrilled
Denouncing me as an alien and a thief;
One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash-leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind
Or twirling with directer impulse down
On those fallen yesterday, now barred with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year.
And once I learned how marvellous winter was,
When past the fence rails, downy-gray with rime,
I creaked adventurous o'er the spangled crust
That made familiar fields seem far and strange
As those stark wastes that whiten endlessly
In ghastly solitude about the pole,
And gleam relentless to the unsetting sun;
Instant the candid chambers of my brain
Were painted with these sov'ran images;
And later visions seem but copies pale
From those unfading frescoes of the past,
Which I, young savage, in my age of flint,
Gazed at, and dimly felt a power in me
Parted from nature by the joy in her
That doubtfully revealed me to myself.
Thenceforward I must stand outside the gate;
And paradise was paradise the more,
Known once and barred against satiety."

—"*The Cathedral.*"—*J. R. Lowell.*

Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

From the Life of Rossini, by H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.*

When Rossini signed his agreement with Cesarini he had not the least idea what the libretto furnished to him would be. The manager had to arrange that matter with the censor before consulting the composer at all. Rossini had bound himself to set whatever was given to him, "new or old"; and it was, perhaps, fortunate that he had not left himself the right of refusing the admirable subject which Cesarini proposed to him a few days afterward.

The statement that Rossini wrote the whole of the "Barber of Seville" in thirteen days belongs originally to Stendhal. Castil-Blaze* says one month. It is certain the work did not occupy the composer near a month, and he really seems to have completed it in about a fortnight.

On the 26th December, when the agreement was signed, there was no libretto, and Rossini had not yet finished with "Torvaldo e Dosliska," which was produced on the evening of the 26th. On that evening, and the two following ones, Rossini had to direct the execution of his new work. He was not free then until the 29th; but he was not bound to supply the first act—more than half the opera, allowing for the length and musical importance of the finale—before January 20th. The second act was to be furnished to the manager "at the time wished," and he certainly would not have desired to have it many days later than January 20th, inasmuch as the opera had to be presented to the public on February 5th.

Rossini, then, may have worked at the "Barber of Seville" from December 29th to January 24th, which would allow for the rehearsals just the time ordinarily required at the Italian theatres—twelve days. He must have composed the opera in less than a month; and he may, as Stendhal says, and as M. Azevedo repeats, apparently on Stendhal's authority, have finished it in thirteen days' time, for it is certain that some days were lost in choosing a subject, or rather in getting the choice approved by the Roman authorities.

At last, when the "Barber of Seville" had been decided upon by the manager and the censor, Rossini would only consent on condition that an entirely new libretto should be prepared for him. The construction of the new libretto was entrusted to Sterbini, the poet of "Torvaldo e Dorliska," and as no time was to be lost, the composer suggested that he should take up his quarters in "the house assigned to Luigi Zamboni."

In this remarkable establishment, the composer, the librettist, and the original Figaro, lived together for, say a fortnight, while the masterpiece was being manufactured.

For materials Rossini and his poet had Beaumarchais' comedy and the libretto of Paisiello's opera; and this time, by way of exception, instead of composing the music piece by piece as the words were furnished to him, Rossini commenced by asking Sterbini to read to him Beaumarchais' comedy from beginning to end.

"Il Barbiere" has quite the effect of an improvisation corrected and made perfect; and it was, indeed, produced under the most favorable circumstances for unity and completeness. Rossini had made Sterbini promise to remain with him until the opera was finished, and as rapidly as the latter wrote the verses the former set them to music.

Paisiello's distribution of scenes was not adopted—was purposely avoided; though the great situations in the comedy are of course reproduced in both the operas. In the new version of the "Barber" the grotesque episodical figures of "la Jeunesse" and "l'Eveillé," which Paisiello had retained, are very properly omitted. Where recitative would have been employed by the old master, Rossini has substituted dialogue sustained by the orchestra, the current of melody which flows throughout the work being here transferred from the voices to the instruments. There are more musical pieces, and there is two or three times as much music in the new "Barber" as in the old.

Fortunately Sterbini was an amateur poet, unburdened with literary pride, and prepared to carry out the composer's ideas. Rossini not only kept up with the librettist, but sometimes found himself getting in advance. He then suggested words for the music which he had already in his head. Some of the best pieces in "Il Barbiere," notably that of "La Calunnia," seem to have been directly inspired by Beaumarchais' eloquent, impetuous prose.

On the other hand, the famous "Largo al Fattotum," though equally replete with the spirit of Beaumarchais, may be said to owe something of its rhythm, and therefore something of its gayety, to Sterbini's rattling verses. The librettist was in a happy vein that morning, and thought he had overwritten himself. He told Rossini to take what verses suited him and throw the rest aside. Rossini took them all and set them to the rapid, elastic, light-hearted melody, which at once stamps the character of *Figaro*.

In the room where the two inventors were at work, a number of copyists were employed, to whom the sheets of music were thrown one by one as they were finished. Doubtless the chief lodger, Luigi Zamboni, looked in from time to time to see how the part of *Figaro* was getting on. Probably, too, the spirited impresario called occasionally to enquire how the work generally was progressing.

But whether or not Rossini received visits, he certainly did not return them. Without taking it for granted as M. Azevedo does, that the joint authors for thirteen days and nights had scarcely time to eat; and slept, when they could no longer keep their eyes open, on a sofa (they would have saved time in the end by taking their clothes off and going to bed), we may be quite sure that "Il Barbiere" is the result of one continuous effort—if to the act of such rapid spontaneous production the word effort can be applied.

Rossini is said to have told some one, that during the thirteen days which he devoted to the composition of the "Barber" (if Rossini really said "thirteen days" there is of course an end to the question of time), he did not get shaved.

"It seems strange," was the rather obvious reply, "that through the 'Barber' you should have gone without shaving."

"If I had got shaved," explained Rossini, very characteristically, "I should have gone out, and if I had gone out I should not have come back in time."

While Rossini was working and letting his beard grow, Paisiello was quietly taking measures to insure a warm reception for the new opera.

FIRST REPRESENTATION.

First representations are a composer's battles. Rossini's hardest fight was at the first representation of the "Barber of Seville." For some reason not explained, the Roman public were as ill disposed towards Sterbini, the librettist, as toward Rossini himself—who was simply looked upon as an audacious young man, for venturing to place himself in competition with the illustrious Paisiello.

Paisiello's work had grown old (as the preface to Rossini's libretto, with all its compliments, ingeniously points out), and it had ceased to be played. Perhaps for that very reason the Roman public continued to hold it in esteem. Rossini, all the same, was to be punished for his rashness, and he seems to have been hissed, not only without his work being heard, but before one note of it had been played, and, according to M. Azevedo, before the doors were opened.

At least two original accounts have been published of the "Barber's" first representation to the Roman public—one, the most copious, by Zanolini;* the other, the most trustworthy, by Mme. Giorgi Righetti, who took a leading part in the performance on the stage. Mme. Giorgi Righetti was the *Rosina* of the evening.

Garcia, the celebrated tenor, was the *Almaviva*.

The *Figaro* was our friend the chief lodger, Luigi Zamboni, who, after distinguishing h on all the operatic stages in Europe, became, like Garcia, a singing master, and taught other *Figaros*, besides *Almavivas* and *Rosinas*, how to sing Rossini's music.

The original *Don Basilio* was Vitarelli; *Bartholo*, Botticelli.

The overture, an original work, written expressly for "Il Barbiere," and not the overture to "Aureliano in Palmyra" afterward substituted for it, was executed in the midst of a general murmuring, "such," remarks Zanolini, "as is heard on the approach of a procession." Stend-

* Just reprinted by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

* Theatre Lyriques de Paris:—Histoire du Theatre Italien.

* L'Ape Italiana, Paris, 1836.

hal says that the Roman public recognized, or thought they recognized, in the overture the grumbling of the old guardian, and the lively remonstrances of his interesting ward. But he also says that the overture performed was that of "Aureliano;" probably he confounds two different representations. M. Azevedo thinks the original overture was lost through the carelessness of a copyist, but it is difficult to understand how not only the composer's score, but also the orchestral parts, could have been lost in this manner. One thing is certain, that on the opening night the overture met with but little attention.

The introduction, according to Stendhal, was not liked, but this can only mean that it was not heard.

The appearance of Garcia did not change the disposition of the public.

"The composer," says Mme. Giorgi Righetti, "was weak enough to allow Garcia to sing beneath *Rosina's* balcony a Spanish melody of his own arrangement." Garcia maintained, that as the scene was in Spain, the Spanish melody would give the drama an appropriate local color; but unfortunately, the artist who reasoned so well, and who was such an excellent singer, forgot to tune his guitar before appearing on the stage as *Almaviva*. He began the operation in the presence of the public; a string broke; the vocalist proceeded to replace it, but before he could do so, laughter and hisses were heard from all parts of the house. The Spanish air, when Garcia was at last ready to sing it, did not please the Italian audience, and the pit listened to it just enough to be able to give an ironical imitation of it afterward.

The audience could not hiss the introduction to *Figaro's* air; but when Zamboni entered, with another guitar in his hand, a loud laugh was set up, and not a phrase of "Largo al fattotum" was heard. When *Rosina* made her appearance in the balcony, the public were quite prepared to applaud Mme. Giorgi Righetti in an air which they thought they had a right to expect from her; but only hearing her utter a phrase which led to nothing, the expressions of disapprobation recommenced. The duet between *Almaviva* and *Figaro* was accompanied throughout with hissing and shouting. The fate of the work seemed now decided.

At length *Rosina* reappeared, and sang the cavatina which had so long been desired; for Mme. Giorgi Righetti was young, had a fresh, beautiful voice, and was a great favorite with the Roman public. Three long rounds of applause followed the conclusion of her air, and gave some hope that the opera might yet be saved. Rossini, who was at the orchestral piano, bowed to the public, then turned toward the singer, and whispered, "Oh, natura!"

The entry of *Don Basilio*, now so effective, was worse than a failure the first night. Vitorelli's make-up was admirable; but a small trap had been left open on the stage, at which he stumbled and fell. The singer had bruised his face terribly, and began his admirably dramatic air with his handkerchief to his nose. This in itself must have sufficed to spoil the effect of the music. Some of the audience, with preternatural stupidity, thought the fall and the subsequent consequent application of the handkerchief to the face, was in the regular "business" of the part, and not liking it, hissed.

The letter-duet miscarried, partly, it appears, through the introduction of some unnecessary incident, afterward omitted; but the audience were resolved to ridicule the work, and, as often happens in such cases, various things occurred to favor their pre-determination.

At the beginning of the magnificent finale, a cat appeared on the stage, and with the usual effect. *Figaro* drove it one way, *Bartholo* another, and in avoiding *Basilio* it encountered the skirt of *Rosina*—behaved, in short, as a cat will be sure to behave mixed up in the action of a grand operatic finale. The public were only too glad to have an opportunity of amusing themselves, apart from the comedy; and the opening of the finale was not listened to at all.

The noise went on increasing until the curtain fell. Then Rossini turned toward the public, shrugged his shoulders, and began to applaud. The audience were deeply offended by this openly-expressed contempt for their opinion, but they made no reply at the time.

The vengeance was reserved for the second act, of which not a note passed the orchestra. The hubbub was so great, that nothing like it was ever heard at any theatre. Rossini in the meanwhile remained perfectly calm, and afterward went home as composed as if the work, received in so insulting a manner, had been the production of some other musician. After changing their clothes, Mme. Giorgi Righetti, Garcia, Zamboni, and Botticelli went to his house to console him in his misfortune. They found him fast asleep.

The next day he wrote the delightful cavatina, "Ecco ridente il cielo," to replace Garcia's unfortunate Spanish air. The melody of the new solo was borrowed from the opening chorus of "Aureliano in Palmyra," written by Rossini, in 1814, for Milan, and produced without success; the said chorus having itself figured before in the same composer's "Ciro in Babilonia," also unfavorably received. Garcia read his cavatina as it was written, and sang it the same evening. Rossini, having now made the only alteration he thought necessary, went back to bed, and pretended to be ill, that he might not have to take his place in the evening at the piano. The charming melody which, in "Il Barbiere," is sung by *Count Almaviva* in honor of *Rosina*, is addressed by the chorus in "Aureliano" to the spouse of the grand *Osiris*, "Sposa del Grande Osiride," etc.

At the second performance the Romans seemed disposed to listen to the work of which they had really heard nothing the night before. This was all that was needed to insure the opera's triumphant success. Many of the pieces were applauded; but still no enthusiasm was exhibited. The music, however, pleased more and more with each succeeding representation, until at last the climax was reached, and "Il Barbiere" produced those transports of admiration among the Romans with which it was afterward received in every town in Italy, and in due time throughout Europe. It must be added, that a great many connoisseurs at Rome were struck from the first moment with the innumerable beauties of Rossini's score, and went to his house to congratulate him on its excellence. As for Rossini, he was not at all surprised at the change which took place in public opinion. He was as certain of the success of his work the first night, when it was being hooted, as he was a week afterward, when every one applauded it to the skies.

The tirana composed by Garcia: "Se il mio nome saper voi bramate," which he appears to have abandoned after the unfavorable manner in which it was received at Rome, was afterward re-introduced into the "Barber" by Rubini. It is known that the subject of the charming trio "Zitti, Zitti" does not belong to Rossini—or, at least, did not till he took it. It may be called a reminiscence of Rossini's youth, being note for note the air sung by *Simon* in Haydn's "Seasons," one of the works directed by Rossini at Bologna when he was still a student at the Lyceum.

Finally, the original idea of the air sung by the duenna *Berta* is taken from a Russian melody which Rossini had heard from the lips of a Russian lady at Rome, and had introduced into his opera for her sake. It is melodious, and above all lively; yet, occurring at a point in the drama where, for a time, all action ceases, it came to be looked upon as a signal for ordering ices.

Rossini wrote a trio for the scene of the music lesson, which has been either lost or (more probably) set aside by successive *Rosinas* who have preferred to substitute a violin concerto, or a waltz, or a national ballad, or anything else that the daughter of *Bartholo* would have been very likely to sing to her music-master. It is a pity that the trio cannot be recovered. *Rosina* might still sing a favorite air between the acts.

The original *Rosina*, by the way, Mme. Giorgi Righetti, had a mezzo soprano voice; indeed, Rossini in Italy wrote none of his great parts for the soprano. When he first began to compose, the highest parts were taken by the sopranist, while the prima donna was generally a contralto—an arrangement somewhat suggestive of our burlesques, in which male parts are taken by women, female parts by men.

Rossini rose from the contralto (Mme. Malanotte in "Tancredi," Mme. Marcolini in "L'Italiana in Algeri,") to the mezzo soprano (Mme. Giorgi Righetti and Mlle. Colbran); but in his Italian operas, the part of *Matilda* in "Matilda di Sabran" is the only first part written for the soprano voice. *Amenaide*, the soprano of "Tancredi," is a lady of secondary importance, the chief female part being of course that of *Tancredi*.

About the Boston Music Hall.

Thus from his "Easy Chair," in *Harper's Magazine*, discourseth our old friend, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS:

It is not, of course, possible that New York feels any chagrin that Boston has given the most colossal concert ever known upon the continent; but it is observable that, as wind and fire finally levelled the last timber of the Boston Coliseum in the dust, the first step was taken toward the Beethoven Centennial Celebration in New York. The project is not yet matured; but a vision of something very large indeed, something "metropolitan," begins to allure expectation; and Boston, having scored handsomely in the game, sits upon the ruins of her Coliseum and the profits of her Jubilee to see what New York will do.

If New York will build a proper hall for musical and other public purposes, she will do well, and the Beethoven Centennial will not be in vain. The Cooper Institute Hall is large enough for political meetings, and Steinway Hall is good for many purposes; but it is not a beautiful nor imposing room, as a great hall should be. The most impressive hall in the country is still the Boston Music Hall, where great height and two galleries, one above the other, with the organ and the imposing statue of Beethoven, give a fine feeling of dignity. But the Music Hall lacks one of the chief characteristics of a noble room for the purposes to which it is devoted, and that is, brilliancy. It is too dark. There is no smiling splendor of effect, which is always so enlivening. The darkness of the hall may be agreeable to weak eyes; it may even be described as "very much better than a glare of light"; but brilliancy remains an indispensable quality of a great hall devoted to popular enjoyment.

Yet, whether dark or light, how much has been enjoyed in that stately room! What memorable figures have passed across that platform! What exquisite strains of music, sung, played, or spoken, have died along those walls! No one who is familiar with our history for the last twenty years will sit in that hall for any purpose but suddenly he sees it crowded with a silent and attentive throng; sees a reading desk with vases of flowers, and a man of sturdy figure standing behind it, whose voice is deep and penetrating and sincere; whose words are things; who has a certain rustic shyness of movement, but whose sentences roll and flash like the volleys of a trained soldiery, and who stands in the warmth of his own emotion and the sympathy of his audience an indomitable gladiator, compelling the admiration even of his enemies as he fights with the Ephesian beasts. Against him, as he stands there every Sunday preaching to that vast multitude what seems to him the truth, and breaking to them what he believes to be the very bread of life, other men are preaching and praying, and the excommunications of the Vatican against Luther, shorn of their thunder and lightning, are hurled. Who is he that judges motives and sincerity? We do not know in this world what is believed, but only what is said and done.

This man, with bald head set low upon high, square shoulders, who looks firmly at the great audience through spectacles, and speaks in a low, half nasal tone, visits the widows and fatherless, and keeps himself unspotted from the world. What he believes, others may question. What he is, every aspiring soul must admire. Although almost every one of them would have theologically cast him out, and have recoiled from him with dismay, yet he preserves more than any other the traditional power and individuality of the old New England clergy. He applies the eternal truth, the moral law, as he feels it, to the life and times around him. They are heated white, and his words are blows of a sledge hammer to mould them into noble form. That dauntless mien is the true symbol of his mental aspect as he

confronts the menacing principalities and powers; and the man whose voice has so often charmed the crowded hall is one of the few who distinctly see and foretell the terrible war.

Long since his tongue is silent. He who came of the toughest stock, and might have looked to live almost a century, died when it was half spent. It may have seemed to the great throng easy to climb that platform and preach a sermon every Sunday morning; but to study early and late, as if he would master all knowledge—to write books, lectures, and speeches—to travel hard by night and day, losing his sleep and his food, and by the dim light in the car still pushing out the frontiers of his learning—to deny himself exercise and needful rest while the mental tension was so constant and the moral warfare so intense—this was not easy; this was to violate all the laws of life, which none knew better; and suddenly the stretched harp string snapped, and there was no more music!

Not every one who knew his power knew into what sweetness and tenderness it could be softened, nor suspected that in the gladiator there was the loving and simple heart of the boy. Here, as the Easy Chair sits listening to the orchestra, it recalls the preacher when he was the minister of a rural parish, and used to come strolling through the fields and patches of wood to measure his wit with the friendly scholar who was the chief at Brook Farm, or to sit docile at his feet of counsel and sympathy. Or, again, it sees him in his country pulpit, the same sturdy, heroic athlete, trying and tempering the weapons with which he was to fight upon this larger scene. It was a noble character; a devoted, generous, inspiring life; a memory always hallowed in this hall. The conductor waves his baton! The symphony thunders from a hundred instruments, but through them all breathes the low tone of the remembered voice.

> Fled is that music? Do I wake or sleep?

And as the concert proceeds, one of the series of the Harvard Musical Association, whose concerts are the musical pride of Boston, at which the performance is all of the purest classical music—so pure and so severe that the profane sometimes secretly ask whether melody in music is the unpardonable sin, and are peremptorily answered by the elect, "No; but rub-a dub dub and tum-ti iddity are not music"—as the concert proceeds it is surely a striking spectacle. The great hall, rather dimmer than ever because of the consciousness of daylight outside, is full of people, gathered in the afternoon, not only from the city, but from all the environs within twenty miles, and they sit as attentive and absorbed as a class of students at an interesting lecture. If, in such a concert, melody is not the unpardonable sin, whispering is. Woe betide a whisperer at a Harvard Musical! It were better for him, or even her, that the money for the tickets had been expended at the minstrels or the museum. You might as well be a forger, a swindler, a perjurer, a burglar in ordinary life, as to be a whisperer at a Harvard Musical. Yes—you might as well "speak right out in meetin'" itself as whisper here.

Such a disciplined audience, so quiet, so attentive, so susceptible to the slightest sigh of the oboe or wail of the violin, is a marvelous spectacle. They are hearing the finest and much of the freshest music in the world. They are not exactly sympathetic; perhaps the character of the music does not permit it. They applaud calmly, and, as it were, with reservations. It really seems sometimes that they approve the music rather than enjoy it. But the Easy Chair reflects with pride that the organizer of these concerts, if such a word may be used—and certainly with no exclusion of the coöperation which alone makes such concerts possible—is a Brook Farmer; and it complacently smiles upon the great multitude as unconscious pupils of that Arcadian influence.

And, indeed, in other days in this same city of Boston—in the halcyon days of the "Academy" concerts at the old Odeon, or still more ancient Boston Theatre—many of the Brook Farmers were often present in the flesh. Those were the days, or rather the nights, when Beethoven was truly introduced to America. Preluded with the pretty "Zanetta" overture by Auber, or with the "Serment" or the "Domino Noir," or with Hérold's shrill "Zampa," or some strain which would not now be tolerated in the Harvard concerts, the Fifth Symphony was played until it became familiar. And the long, willowy Schmidt stood at the head directing, proud as a general commanding his column. In the audience, earnest, interested, attentive, sparkling with humor was Margaret Fuller, not hesitating, when the thoughtless girls whispered and tittered and giggled in the most solemn adagio strains, to lean over when the movement ended, and to say to the offenders, "But let us have our turn, too; some of us came to hear the music."

There, also, was the delegation from Brook Farm, in whose appearance it was plain to see that in Arcadia the hair was worn long, that the stiff cravat and collar were repudiated, and that woollen blouses were a mute protest against the body coats of a selfish and competitive civilization. Those young fellows walked in from the Farm and out again. They made nothing of ten miles or so each way under the winter stars. And with them and of them, already accomplished in the beautiful science, already familiar with the great works of the great composers, was the present tutelary genius of the Harvard concerts, whose life, consecrated as critic and lover to this art, has been a true service to his city, and, reflectively, to the country.

But even Boston does not deny the charm of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and the delight of the New York Philharmonic music. Indeed, there was no audience which, from its training, was more authorized to judge the great excellence of the Thomas orchestra than that of the Harvard concerts. But when he went to Boston it was not a doubting Thomas. He did not play Bach and Beethoven only, but he tickled the amazed multitude with positive tunes. He raised his baton, and his varied orchestra, a single instrument in his magic grasp, consented to waltzes; or, like a cathedral choir becoming suddenly a lark, trilled airy roundelays, with which delighted, but not all assured of the propriety of delight, the audience smiled and shook, and the youngest catechumens even tapped time faintly with their feet! A sound which, could it be conceived audible in the midst of one of the Harvards, would probably cause such a shudder of horror that the hall itself would fall as by an earthquake.

Thus the Music Hall itself is a kind of symphony of memories. It is full of delightful ghosts. Among the visible figures there are a host of the unseen; and every singer, player, speaker, as he stands for an hour upon the platform, is measured by the masters of his art. But in the famous Peace Jubilee it had no part. Indeed the musical taste of which it is peculiarly the temple resisted the colossal and continuous concert with bells, anvils, and cannon as something monstrous, and as repulsive to true art as a huge and clumsy Eastern idol. But not even the finest taste of the Music Hall denied the impressiveness and grandeur of the result. New York, in the Beethoven Centennial, will have immense advantages. The musical resources of the city are truly "metropolitan," and such should the festival be.

Music in Rome.

[Correspondence of the Philad. Evening Bulletin.]

THE OPERA SEASON.—SGAMBATI'S MATINÉES.—BEETHOVEN, SCHUMANN AND RAFF PLAYED BY ITALIANS.—PICTURE OF A ROMAN CONCERT ROOM.

ROME, Jan. 7, 1870.—Advent is over. This is a signal at Rome for all sorts of gaieties to begin. From now until Lent the opera, vaudeville and concerts have full sway. At the "Apollo," the opera house of the *mode*, they are giving Donizetti's *Leonora* and the Brahma ballet. I tried to rent a box in the dress-circle for the season—no other part of the house is proper for a lady, according to the *fiat* of the Roman Mrs. Grundy—but it was impossible. I shall have to bide my time, and pounce down on one some day when death or the departure of an ambassador leaves an opening. An opera director whom I know had to wait two years to get a box for his bride, and then seized on one by chance.

The opera is a necessity to a Roman lady. She does not care to go every night, but at least twice a week; and every woman of means and family expects to have her opera-box even more than her carriage. The first and third nights of an opera are the grand dress occasions. The second and fourth are off-nights. Many persons rent a box for every first or every first and third, or every fourth representation, and so on, as the affair suits their purse or convenience. A family, or two friends, will often divide the four representations between them. The season of the Carnival, as the present one is called, gives twelve operas, each one four times; thus offering a chance to every one. The off-nights are not so costly as the dress nights. If you rent a box, for example, for the fourth representation, you pay seventy scudi for the season of twelve nights. If you can get one for a first representation, you pay ninety scudi, or more.

When you cannot get a box for the season, you must watch for a chance when their owners are going to some ball, or are otherwise engaged. Almost every night there is a possibility of doing this, especially on off nights. You cannot rent a single seat. You must take a whole box, which holds four persons comfortably. And it is a very nice thing to do, not only for your own pleasure, but for your friends, especially if you have not an establishment, and do not entertain, as almost every one does in Rome. An opera box makes honors easy between you and those to whom you owe agreeable debts of hospitality; and it is not a ruinous thing either.

The Sgambati matinées began on Wednesday. They will last from six weeks to two months, as they will take place once a week or fortnight. They are always delightful. Yesterday the programme was a string quartet of Beethoven (F major, op. 59, No. 1), one of those "three miracles," as the three quartets of the opus are called. Pinelli and his companions played it tolerably. They have improved since last season. But Italians never play Beethoven as Germans do. It is strange, for they play Schumann well; they seem to comprehend his music, but they execute Beethoven as if they were afraid of the poor old musical giant. The tradition remains among them that his music was once pronounced by artists of that day mystifications and unplayable; they never forget it.

The second piece was Raff's Sonata in E minor, opus 73, for piano and violin—especially violin—like the fifteenth amendment's "*specially Pomp*," as Pinelli's violin part was not equal to Sgambati's piano, and yet the composition exacted that it should be better. I did not like "*Pomp*." But the cream of the cup was the third and last piece—Schumann's quartet in E flat, opus 47, for piano, violin, alto and 'cello. The string performers played smoothly and true—they felt the influence of Sgambati's fine execution. The second movement struck me especially; it went off gloriously. But, indeed, the whole thing was played in perfect balance, and the piano was ruling power with Sgambati on the throne. Liszt came in for the cream with his friend, the handsome Hungarian Envoyé, a Monsignore with whom I have seen him so much lately. The great pianist made, as he always does, a little flutter. Liszt brings with him an indefinable influence that certainly does make the music go better; he is what these Italians call *simpatico*, and Sgambati especially feels it, I am sure, for when Liszt is present, he plays with an *élan* and pride that make his music charming to listen to, and Liszt's appreciation is magnetic.

But there is always a grotesque side to everything poetical, you know, and we had it at the concert, or at least I had, to perfection. Beside me sat a *fanatico per la musica*. He acted as if the music was specially for him; the audience was a vexatious intrusion; he would have turned us out if he could; he looked like a little terrier in pursuit of a rat, watching the whole. He applauded each musician as if he was their especial patron. Liszt's entrance had no effect on my *fanatico*, except to bore him; he knew nothing nor nobody greater than the music. It was a serious grumbling pleasure he took in it, however; and once, when there was a slight whisper in a far-off corner of the room, he rose up then and there, right in the middle of a movement, and uttered a furious "CHUT!" which startled us all half out of our senses. How Liszt lifted his eyebrows, and pouted out his tiger lips at him! But that made no difference to my neighbor; he cared for neither Piano King, nor Kaiser representative, nor Lord nor Lady; to him

> "Musical life was real,
> Musical life was earnest,
> And conversation was not its goal."

The room in which these matinées are held is as old-fashioned as possible. It looks like a deserted drawing or ball-room—not a very handsome one either—turned into a music-room for the occasion. There is a chimney-place, with an old mirror; a rough unearpeted platform is in a corner near one of the windows, with seats huddled together for the musicians, and not room

enough on it for the piano, which extended out in the audience part. Straw chairs are placed in rows against the wall, chimney recesses and around the piano and platform. There is a simple ingrain carpet on the floor, and an old chandelier which is never lighted. And this is the room they use year after year.

At the front entrance are a couple of gens d'armes; up stairs, two more gens d'armes. This gives style. A spence little Buttons, who looks like a Roman *gamin* dressed up for the occasion, hands you a programme. One of the artists takes your shawl or coat and gives you a check for it, even though you may have your Jeemes Yellowplush following you with a foot-warmer, as some of the ladies have. Another artist receives your ticket, and very likely a third will offer you his arm, especially if you are a distinguished patroness, or one whose opinion he values. He will escort you into this poor little concert-room with all the grand Roman air, entertain you with a charming bit of conversation, and look all the time as if he was your condescending slave. A royal duke introducing you into the palace of his ancestors could not do it better or more naturally.

Before the concert is over, if the musicians cannot read their music, two or three wax candles are hunted out of a corner, or a pocket, or an instrument-box, and put into the tin candle-holders of the music stands, more often awry than straight; but that is no matter to these Italians; they are all born artists, and consequently never do anything in an orderly way. But, after all, there is a charming picturesque effect produced, which makes you think of an old picture or an old stone.

The other afternoon, when the Schumann quartet was played after the second movement, while the applause was going on, these *dolce far niente* musicians were bowing and routing around at the same time for some candles, looking at each other helplessly. At last a piece of one was hauled out of a pocket, wrapped in paper, doubtless kept by the owner for going up and down the dark staircases of these Roman palazzi, which are never lighted, unless wealthy *forestieri* rent the apartments. At last three candles were mustered together out of hidden recesses, jammed into the rickety tins, and the music poured out its rich flood in the lovely andante. Heart and soul went into it; the artists played as much for their own pleasure as for that of their audience. Pinelli's rather commonplace Roman face grew very dreamy and interesting; the candle-light, mingled with the dim day, fell on Sgambati's curious head and features, and made him look like an inspired Zingara. And the audience—Princesses whose names are in the Almanach de Gotha, lords and ladies and rich commoners, a distinguished prelate-ambassador, the great Liszt—about two hundred and fifty of us in all—were as happy as if we had been in a fine hall whose appointments were in keeping with the delightful music. And such a picture as it made—full of suggestions for fifty romances!

The Libretto of Der Freischuetz.*

A short time before his death (on the 25th June, 1844), Friedrich Kind published at Leipzig a work entitled *Das Freischützbuch*, containing, besides the libretto of *Der Freischütz*, some curious details concerning the relations between Kind and his collaborator, Carl Maria von Weber, from which we extract the following particulars:

"Some time during the year 1816, Herr Schmiedel, *Kammermusicus*, called upon me, and brought with him a stranger dressed in black, and having a pale but clever face. Judging from his long arms, and his unusually developed hands, I at first took him for a pianist; it was Carl Maria von Weber. I was delighted at making his acquaintance; he had already a certain amount of reputation. He had set to music some popular songs taken from those of Herder and the Wunderhorn, of Korner and myself. This had flattered me all the more, as, up to then, I had never had any communication with him. I knew, moreover, that he was to have the post of chapel-master at Dresden.

"The conversation became animated; we spoke of a variety of subjects. At length, Weber said to me: 'You must write me an opera.' The proposal made me laugh. I had tried my hand at various kinds of composition, it is true, but the notion of writing a libretto had never entered my head. I rather liked the idea; besides, it is my firm conviction that nothing ought to be impossible for a poet. I frankly confessed to Weber that I scarcely knew my notes. He said that that would make no difference. 'It is settled; we shall understand one another; we will arrange the rest some other time!' We took leave of each other like two old friends.

"Weeks and months passed by; I had all sorts of work to do, but this did not cause me to renounce my project. I remembered that certain of my poems had been set to music, and proved successful; I remembered, too, having read, somewhere or other, that, by being united with opera, tragedy would reach the acmè of perfection. Lastly, Weber came and settled at Dresden, though I forget when.† He called and again spoke of my libretto. I at first affected unwillingness, but I did so like a girl who only desires to get married. I had often heard of the exacting disposition of composers, who look upon an opera merely from a musical point of view, and compel the author to introduce all sorts of modifications and alterations. I spoke out frankly to Weber on the subject. 'I will set your book,' he said, 'just as you send it in, of that I give you my word; as for details, which will require simply a stroke of the pen, you will, out of friendship to me, not refuse to change them.'

"The question was now to find a subject; I wanted a popular one, suited to Weber's peculiar kind of talent and my own. We looked through Musæus and a Benedictus; collections of romances and of tales. At length we decided on Apel's *Freischütz*, but we afterwards gave it up. The censure was severe; the subject might be considered dangerous, as tending to propagate superstitious ideas. Besides, in Apel's story, the lovers die. This would not be allowed on the stage. All these difficulties discouraged us, and we parted without coming to any determination.

"But the notion had taken a firm hold of me; my heart beat high; I paced up and down my room, exciting my imagination with the fresh poetry of the forests and of popular legends. At length, the mists cleared away, and the dawn began to appear. That same evening, or the next morning very early, I ran off to Weber. 'I will do *Freischütz* for you. I will tackle the devil himself! I go back; I will have nothing modern. We are living at the end of the Thirty Years' War, in the midst of the Forests of Bohemia. A pious hermit has appeared to me! The white rose is a protection against the Demon hunter! Innocence comes to the aid of the strong one, when the latter is hesitating; hell succumbs, and Heaven is triumphant!' I narrated my plot at length, and we flung ourselves in each others' arms, exclaiming: "Long live our *Freischütz*.'"

M. Edmond Neukomm relates (*History of Der Freischütz*, Paris, A. Faure, 1867) how the two friends came to quarrel after the triumph achieved by their work at Berlin, on the 18th June, 1821:—

"Weber had only returned a short time to Dresden, when his recent joy was succeeded by a feeling of sorrow, caused by the susceptibility of his collaborator, Kind.

"Kind accused Weber of not having brought him sufficiently forward, and, in addition, with having used him merely for his own ends. It was in vain that Weber appealed to their old friendship, and reminded him of his letters immediately after the first representation of their work at Berlin. But nothing was of any avail. Quite the contrary: just as the success of *Der Freischütz* increased, the greater was the amount of dissatisfaction manifested by Kind, who, at length gave full vent to his feelings. It was at the end of 1821. *Der Freischütz* had made its way triumphantly through all Germany; it had been represented simultaneously at every large theatre in that country. Its success had everywhere proved the same, immense and nearly unopposed; the work had, in consequence, brought in the sum of 1,693 thalers to its author, in less than six months. Weber thought this was the time for making another attempt at reconciliation with his friend Kind. He wrote him a charming letter, one of those letters which he so well knew how to write, a letter which was dictated by the heart from beginning to end. Considering his embarrassed circumstances, Weber begged Kind to accept thirty ducats, a sum equal to that they had fixed for Kind's share, and which had been paid . . . . 'My dear fellow, allow me to slip this into your hand, and promise me you will lay it out in some way agreeable to yourself, and to your friends, so that I may see my sole object in sending it gratified, namely: a wish to please you.'

"But Kind was not in the slightest degree touched by Weber's delicacy. He returned the present, accompanied by a letter, in which he complains of composers, who purchase a poem dirt cheap, and then consider the business settled, while they continue to enable every one else, singers, machinists, choristers, and even lamp-men, to profit by the large sums the opera brings in. He summed up by saying that a person worthy of belief, had stated that Count Brühl had sent 800 thalers for him, but that he had not seen a rapp. He returned, therefore, the thirty ducats to Weber, and looked upon the business as terminated. Weber kept his sorrow to himself, and said nothing."

* From Le Guide Musical.

† He left Berlin on the 12th January, 1817, and arrived the next evening at Dresden.

Pauline Lucca.

An instance of the revolution which the possession of a fine voice will effect upon the poorest fortunes is given in the career of Mme. Pauline Lucca. Like Mlle. Nilsson, the Baroness von Rahden owes her prosperity to exceptional natural abilities discovered among humble surroundings. Her youth was passed in poverty. The necessities of her family drove the little child to eke out subsistence by dancing in the Vienna Hoftheatre ballet, where she received more rebuffs than praises—rebuffs amounting often to positive cruelty. In 1850 the child of eight was scolded and threatened by the ballet master: even her parents' religion (they were Jews) being added to the scoffs of which the German language is so susceptible. Little Pauline was stupid, or wilful, and was ultimately rejected as useless for a dancer. In this extremity a relative who possessed some means offered to have her educated for a governess. She was sent to school, where she fared ill, according to her own account, published in a foreign paper from which we take some few particulars of her life. The story of her school-life is contained in a letter to a friend. She says:

"When I first entered the school I was scarcely nine years old. Some years before, as the child of a well-to-do merchant, I had attended school, but now learned the difference between such a position and my present standing. It was a long time before I could drill my childish heart to endure in silence all the humiliations to which I was subjected. But a triumph lay in store for me. As the time for the examination drew near, teachers and scholars were in continual excitement. I, alone, beheld the preparations with indifference, because certain I would be considered too insignificant to be questioned. Every day, from twelve until one o'clock, we were practised in singing; not in the form of regular musical instruction, but simply required to follow the air played on a violin, and drilled like so many canary birds. I was never allowed to sing, but served the teacher as a music stand, holding his notes for him. Everything was finally prepared, and the august day arrived. I remember how awed we were by the appearance of the principal in a new cap of extraordinary construction. We were required to dress alike, and trouble enough my poor mother had had to meet the expense of my outfit. The guests were assembled; the girls were ranged on benches—I in a corner behind the others—and the terrible man, the Examiner, proceeded to business. A solitary question was put to me just when I had arranged myself most com-

fortably to overlook the room. Of course, as I had not the least idea of the proper answer, I replied at random, and sat down again amid the scornful laughter of my fellow-scholars, and the frowns of my teachers. The Examiner alone seemed intensely amused, as if he considered the reply especially appropriate. I was again aroused by the rising of the whole school preparatory to singing. I looked up and saw my mother directly before me, the tears rolling down her face, and looking reproachfully at me. For the first time I was really mortified, and the thought flashed through my mind: How can I make up for that stupidity? I had been forbidden even the privilege of holding the notes at my examination, but with the assurance of fate, my heart urged me to go forward with the rest to sing.

"Quick as thought I advanced, heedless of the curious looks of the teachers. After the others had, parrot-like, gone over the songs required, the Examiner, whom I had earnestly, wistfully stared at during the singing, turned suddenly to me, with the question: 'Now, what can you sing?' 'Ach! every thing the others have sung—every thing,' answered I, sturdily.

"'So, so! then sing this'—

"It was a little air which I disliked; I turned up my pug nose, but sang it; then instantly asked permission to sing the *Ave Maria*, which, being the most difficult, had been omitted by the others. Permission was granted, and seizing the notes with the eagerness of one determined at one stroke to make amends for the past, I sang that simple but inexpressibly touching composition; (even now when I sing it the tears spring to my eyes). How did I sing? I do not know—only this much I remember, that as I ended I found myself caught in the arms of the Examiner, who, between tears and kisses, exclaimed, 'Child, thou hast sung like an angel!' I turned to my schoolmates, to meet only sour, envious faces—but one little girl ran up to embrace me and congratulate me. My mother was in a flutter of delight, and could not sufficiently express her wonder."

From the day when Pauline proved at school the possession of at all events *one* talent in an admirable degree, her vocation was decided. She was at once made a member of the chorus connected with the Kärnthner Theater, and half a dozen years later she made her first impression upon the public. She was seventeen, when in October, 1857, she sang the *rôle* of the first bridesmaid in "*Der Freischütz*." We are indebted to her again for a description of this important evening. The theatre was crowded to excess, and away up on "Olympus" sat a little, dried up, weather-beaten Jew, anxiously waiting for the moment of his child's success, for she had assured him she meant to create such a *furore* as to incite the manager to engage her for the rendition of the second best parts. She has not greatly altered since that time in personal appearance—is now, as then, a plump, graceful figure, with large, brilliant, blue-grey eyes, shadowed by long black lashes, and arched by boldly defined brows. She entered, leading the bridal chorus, and kneeling before Agathe, began the well-known melody in such a joyous, dashing, lark-like fashion, that the audience broke out in tumultuous applause. Such a rendition they had never before heard, and the little leader was called to the front of the stage to repeat the song. When the curtain finally fell, and the little old man waited impatiently at the door of the chorus green-room, Pauline flew out with the delightful news that she was engaged at six hundred guilders yearly to sing the lesser solo parts. It was, however, necessary that the orchestral conductor, Eckert, should first test her voice. This he did the following day, and pronounced the astonishing judgment that she possessed neither voice nor talent, and must remain in the chorus. Pauline has never lacked spirit, so she stamped her little foot in a rage, crying out that she had both voice and talent, and would show him sometime what he had lost; furthermore, she would never sing in the chorus again—and never again in Vienna. She persuaded her father to leave Vienna, and six months later we find her prima donna of the theatre of Olmütz. Here, during that winter she studied *eighteen* new parts, running the gamut of impersonations, from the tragic to the most extravagant soubrette. From Olmütz she went to Prague, where the intendant of the Royal Opera in Berlin discovered her—a happy man when he coaxed the rare bird to remove to that city. Since 1861 she has been attached, under a life-long contract, to the Royal Opera of the Prussian capital. The little Vienna Jewess—Pauline Lucas—has become the Christian Pauline Lucca, since a few years back the wife of the Baron von Rahden.

From the first evening of her appearance on the Berlin stage, she has been adored by the enthusiastic Berlin public. Whether personating *Margaret*, *Selika*, *Valentine*, *Leonora*, or the many other characters for which she is fitted, she is as successful in her wonderful influence upon her audience. There are greater artists in so far as the brilliant execution of astonishing trills and painfully wonderful staccato measures goes for music, but there are few such singers as Pauline Lucca. It is her peculiar talent to merge all individuality in the rendition of the character she may be performing—it is never Pauline, it is always *Margaret*, *Selika*, *Valentine* we see and hear. She is utterly free from affectations of any sort, and her great success is mainly due to her being always so simply, charmingly natural.

Her house as that of the Baroness von Rahden, is one of the most popular among the aristocracy of Berlin, and, although she gives delightful balls, dancing still remains her weakness—she likes it no better than when an eight year old child. By a strange freak of fate the same operatic conductor who pronounced such severe judgment upon her in Vienna is now occupying the same position in Berlin. For the past year, the Baroness has been suffering from a disease of the throat, which has prevented her interpretation of the more important musical *rôles*.—*Orchestra.*

Lefebure Wely.

By the death of this great virtuoso, aristocratic and elegant Paris has lost its own particular organist, I mean that one among contemporary organists whose talent was a more faithful expression than that of any one else of a class of persons of the present epoch, who pursue the road to Heaven with every possible regard to their own comfort. This favor, this reputation was something he saw spring up and grow without much effort on his part, for he simply obeyed his artistic temperament, and followed the impulses of a lively disposition, and of an extraordinarily fertile imagination.

Lefébure (Louis James Alfred), born at Paris, the 13th November, 1817, was the son of an organist of St. Roch. It is very certain that he knew his notes and the key-board before he knew his letters. At the age of eight, he played his first mass. When he was fifteen, he acted as his father's substitute, and about the same time, carried off at the Conservatory, where he had Halévy for master, the prizes for organ, counterpoint and fugue. It was on the organ of St. Roch that he began to indulge in his picturesque and daring extempore playing, always elegant, and sometimes grand and elevated; it placed him at the head of a new school, which possesses the secret of combining, in due proportions, melody and sentiment with science.

On being appointed organist to the Madeleine, in 1847, he found an instrument of Cavaillé Coll's. Its resources, until then ignored, were destined to put it in his power to realize all his inspirations. With what ardor, with what skill, did he not assist the impulse given to the organ building of modern times by physical science! By constant application, he acquired the art of combination, exquisite taste, a happy mixture of the different stops, an inexhaustible variety of sonorous effect, and, lastly, his mechanical virtuosity. He found, too, in this church, select, delicate and impressionable hearers, who responded to his natural inclinations, and mundane tastes and, by their suffrages, furnished with wings his exhibitions of extempore playing.

Lefébure was at the apogee of his reputation, when, in the month of April, 1863, he took possession of the great organ at St. Sulpice. In his new position, he found himself exposed to the jealousy of his rivals, and to a fresh outburst of criticism. The principal charges against him were the want of religious character in his ideas, and their petulance; these, however, constituted a great portion of the secret by which he achieved success in a church, the services of which should be distinguished by a great austerity of character. He could not bring himself not to shine, not to please, not to "faire diversion," and for this he sacrificed seriousness. The mathematical side of his art, the cold and inflated style [?] of the fugue, damped his dashing nature. Not that he ignored or did not appreciate these things; far from it. In his note-book, under the date of May, 1865, I read: "I extemporized to-day an interminable fugue for them: I hope they will not now say that I can play only polkas!" He was a profound harmonist, and no one was more capable of coming back to his melody, by a series of chords, sometimes astonishingly daring. On other occasions, a simple modulation sufficed to carry him away from his original theme. Yet, such was his love for art, that he neglected nothing which could contribute to expand and embellish the theme. For instance, every Sunday he used to read over the particular Offertory of the day, and then extemporized according to the sense and character of the words. Ought not every good organist to do the same. His extempore playing was, indeed, the accentuated re-echo of his nervous disposition. He entranced and carried away even those who did not like his manner. Rossini said to him one day, very justly: "People like you much more for your faults than for your good qualities."

A blade so thoroughly tempered naturally wore out the scabbard. On the organ at St. Sulpice, an organ requiring a great deal of physical strength, Lefébure, whose health was already much shaken, expended his energies with an ardor that accelerated his end. He was eaten up by fever; his extempore playing revealed his state. "He seemed to fear," as our colleague, Hip. Prévost wrote, the other day, "that he would not have sufficient time to sing, in his own harmonious language, all the melodies in his soul." The moment arrived, however, when he was compelled to beg M. Louis Dessane, the organist of the choir, to take his place "up there;" when he was compelled to trust his reputation to that gentleman, as distinguished as modest, whom, during his lifetime, he designated as his successor—and this artistic testament will, doubtless, be carried out. It was only with great difficulty that Lefébure could now ascend the steep stairs leading to the organ loft. One day, not long since, he promised to perform at a marriage, and he wished to keep his word. He was, therefore, laboriously making his way up, when suddenly the sound of the blow, given by the Swiss with his halberd, announced the commencement of the ceremony. In less time than is required to write down the fact, the gallant artist ran up forty steps, and, bathed in perspiration, and suffering from a cough which brought the blood tinged foam to his lips, he placed his hands upon the keyboard. He was never, perhaps, grander. It was his last piece of extempore playing; the farewell of the organist to the organ, the strains of which are like an echo of the Infinite.

Lefébure Wely wrote a great deal for his instrument; for the harmonium; and for the voice. I will cite merely his "Cantiques," which are exceedingly well known; a remarkable "O Salutaris;" a collection of "Offertories," some pieces composed expressly for the Musée Harmonium; a fantasia entitled *Fétasia*, for piano; the "Duo sympathique," dedicated to his two daughters, &c. At the Opéra Comique, he brought out a work, *Les Recruteurs*, in which Capoul made his first appearance, but which was not a success. It is but a few days since that, with a hand already struck by death, he traced his last compositions: "Le chant du Cygne," a melancholy reverie, for pianoforte and harmonium, in which we perceive very plainly the presentiment of his approaching death. He has left some posthumous works. "In all that he composed"—as M. Ambroise Thomas, a most competent judge, proclaimed, at the tomb—"*we must always admire the grace, the good taste, the purity of the style.* He has left works, noble in character, and elevated in sentiment, which will bear evidence of his passage among us, *and of the influence he must have exerted.*" A sure, devoted, and faithful friend; endowed with cutting frankness, tempered, however, by a large amount of kindness; an amiable companion; generous with the calculating spirit peculiar to musicians; witty and caustic like a real child of Paris, as he was, and, moreover, a spoilt child of Paris; of naturally distinguished manners, an enemy of everything trivial and commonplace; possessing, like all men on whom fortune smiles when they are young, a very strong opinion of himself individually, and never neglecting an opportunity of declaring his own merit:—such, with well-directed activity, and exceeding versatility of humor, is the complete physiognomy of Lefébure Wely, whose reputation extended to foreign countries, especially Germany.

This valiant and sincere artist has left his mark. In the gallery of organists of St. Sulpice, in which Nivert represents correctness; Clerembault, majesty; Coppeau, religious unction; Nicolas Séjan, elevated thought; Louis Séjan, elegance of form; and Georges Schmitt, impetuosity, and brilliancy; Lefébure Wely may claim many of the qualities of his predecessors, adding the radiant charm of melody, and the scintillations of a most charming fancy.

He leaves many sympathizing friends, whose feelings of esteem are now, alas! directed exclusively to his two charming daughters, his son, and his wife, herself an eminent artist, who appreciated him so well, and loved him so much.

EM. MATHIEU DE MONTER.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 25.—On Wednesday evening of last week M'lle. MEHLIG gave a very interesting concert at Steinway Hall, assisted by Messrs. Kopta and Bergner, and by a female vocalist. I quote the instrumental numbers:

P. F. Trio, B flat, op. 97.....Beethoven.
Nocturne, F minor, op. 55, No 1 ..... Chopin.
Prelude and Fugue in G minor (arr. by Liszt).....Bach.
Variations Brillantes, (Violin)..... ....Vieuxtemps.
Carneval, op. 9 .....Schumann.
Grande Polonaise.....F. Liszt.

The fine Trio, with its wonderfully beautiful Adagio, was well played, but the hall is too large to admit of one's enjoying anything in the way of chamber-music. Mlle. Mehlig seemed at times a little *tame*, especially in the first movement; but it was impossible to say as much with regard to her performance of the extremely difficult Fugue which she certainly gave with most admirable force and vigor. This was also true of the "Carneval," in which she showed herself a really great artist. The scope for expression and shading is so vast, and the changes of tempo and character are so frequent, that none but a thoroughly competent and self-poised artist should ever attempt to play these little gems which Schumann called "Carneval." At times indeed we could desire more *abandon*, but then one cannot have every thing, and her touch is certainly exquisitely delicate and yet firm. I did not exactly approve of her manner of playing the Chopin Nocturne, for she certainly took too much liberty with the tempo, and her indiscriminate use (or misuse) of the pedal was quite painful.

Mr. Kopta played delightfully. His tone is so good and accurate that one is delighted with its purity, albeit a little more strength would be agreeable. He played several double note passages in a masterly manner.

Mr. Bergner played carefully and well, but at times his 'cello seemed the least bit out of tune.

As for the "Vocalist"—who evidently sang her two solos in order to "fill out" the programme—in simple charity let me decline to say anything more than that she has neither voice nor method, and cannot sing at all.

The audience numbered something like 1,800 people, and most of them (not being Americans) paid marked attention to the programme as it was performed.

Musical matters are very dull here this winter, and if it were not for the Philharmonics I should be in despair. Theo Thomas has, in a mysterious way, disappeared from public gaze, and his "Symphony Soirées" (very delightful but very *non-paying* entertainments) have gone with him; this is also true of the Sunday Evening concerts, which were so enjoyable for the last two winters, but which are not even mentioned this season. Then we no longer have any Mason and Thomas' Soirées of chamber music; they were discontinued winter before last; the Harmonie Society and the Mendelssohn Union (our choral societies) seem to be either dead or hopelessly lethargic. F.

Feb. 7. On Saturday evening we had our 3d Philharmonic Concert, with the appended programme:

Symphony: "Consecration of Sounds"..... Spohr.
Cavatina, "Da piacer" Gazza Ladra.....Rossini.
Miss Clara L. Kellogg
P. F. Concerto, E flat major, No. 5 .....Beethoven.
Mlle Anna Mehlig.
Overture, Sacuntala,.....Goldmark.
Aria, "Dei vieni," Nozze di Figaro.....Mozart.
Overture' Leonora, No 2 .....Beethoven.

The orchestral playing was in every respect excellent, and too much praise cannot be given to the perfect unity with which every movement of the elaborate Symphony was performed. To my mind this celebrated work of Spohr's is less attractive than it is to many musicians, and the merits of the composition seem very unequally distributed; as for instance, the 2nd movement—Cradle-Song, Serenade, &c.,—with its curious mixed rhythm, is certainly a "gem of purest ray serene," while the "Marche" is totally out of keeping with any thing else, and is indeed, to my mind, even trivial.

The "Sacuntala" Overture, performed for the first time in this country, is essentially Frenchy in its effect, and therefore not immensely solid or forceful. There are some neat bits of instrumentation, and there are some harp passages which might possibly have been attractive if the sound of the harp had not been entirely drowned out by the other instruments; as a whole, very suggestive of Batiste's elaborate and frothy organ voluntaries.

Mlle. Mehlig achieved an artistic success in her performance of Beethoven's superb Concerto, which was played at one of our concerts last winter by Mr. Mills. Her excellences are a wonderfully delicate touch, an admirably even technique, and a poetic spirit which always grasps the meaning and plan of the composer. Her one especial weakness is a lack of breadth in style and phrasing. This deficiency was more especially evident in the final movement, which unquestionably requires great strength and force to give the requisite dignity and grandeur.

Mlle. M. was enthusiastically encored, in fact called out three times, but she declined to play again, and only acknowledged the compliment by bowing.

Miss Kellogg sang her two selections creditably and well, and had she been less self-conscious and "airy" would have made a pleasing impression. O that she would only listen to reason, and try to tone down her exuberant self-gratulatory manner, for she really is not a *great* artist, and no amount of printed encomiums will make her one; neither will that end be gained by the purchase of any number of floral testimonials, by previous arrangement among enthusiastic admirers. She was encored, and sang, in response, a trifling and totally incongruous "Chanson," Carl Bergmann—much to the surprise and satisfaction of the audience—playing the pianoforte accompaniment. F.

Chicago, Feb. 5.—Very few occurrences in a musical way are just now to be noted here. Since my former letter the Ritchings English Opera Troupe gave a season of three weeks at McVicker's Theatre, a little old-fashioned, rather inconvenient place for an audience, but, as I am told, a very good stage, and a good house for sound. The usual category of "Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "Martha," "Trovatore," and "Crown Diamonds" was gone through with, and further, "Faust," "The Postillion of Lonjumeau," "The Huguenots," and "Traviata."

The vocal resources of this combination were not extravagant. The principals are, as you know, Mrs. Bernard herself, Miss Howson (whom I did not hear), Mrs. Annie Kemp Bowler, Mr. Bowler, the Peakes, Mr. Bernard, and Henry Drayton. The chorus was very spirited, but very small. The orchestra was an indigenous growth, the product of a part of the city not yet "raised to grade," and so I forbear criticism. Mr. Behrens was said to direct; how well, I cannot say, not knowing how badly they could have played but for his restraining hand. Mr. Behrens must enlarge his repertory of high Dutch expletives, or give up the direction of a Chicago orchestra. These men are said to be hired at the rate of *so much a cubic foot of tone*. The kettle drummist gets the largest pay; the trombone next.

The costumes were really splendid. And however the ensemble might fall below what one could desire for the heavier operas, there was in every performance (except "Faust") much to admire, enough, indeed, to repay the listener. There is one performance to which I wish to call your especial attention when they visit Boston, and that is *La Traviata*. The scene in the second act between Mrs. Bernard (*La Traviata*) and Mr Drayton (*Georgie Germont*), and afterwards between Drayton and Bowler (*Alfredo*), was done the most perfectly of any operatic performance I ever saw. I have many times heard better voices than either, although these are pleasant to hear; but so complete a realization of what must have been the dramatist's intention, so lively a representation of the grieving father, and the loving, heart-broken woman, I never saw. It did not seem *acting*. Mrs. Bernard and Drayton did admirably throughout the season. Every single personation of Drayton's was a new revelation to us; one would not dream that *Plunkett* in "Martha" and *Germont* were rendered by the same man.

The Oratorio Society gave the *Messiah*, Jan. 27 and 28, to very good houses. Chicago is yet too poor to afford an organ in a public hall, so we had only orchestral accompaniment. This Society was organized last Spring and has a chorus of about three hundred. The President is Mr. Geo. L. Dunlap, a solid man; the Secretary, Mr. O. Blackman, Principal of Musical Instruction in our public schools. The musical direction has been from the first in the hands of Hans Balatka, who holds with us much the same relation that Zerrahn does in Boston.

The *Messiah* was given here about ten years ago by the Musical Union, under the direction of Mr. C. M. Cady (Root & Cady). The chorus numbered seventy and the orchestra fifteen. Since then it has not been attempted till now. Indeed until the Young Men's Christian Association built Farwell Hall, there was no good place in which to hold concerts or rehearsals of a large choral society; our only reliance was the churches, and these are always liable to be taken with a revival at inopportune times, (although Dr. Hatfield thinks the Chicago churches are as free from that as any he knows) Now, however, we have Farwell Hall, which, although deficient in the staid blue-stocking air of your Music Hall, is yet a pleasant, commodious, and feasible place of gathering. The chorus on this occasion went well. The alto was too light. The tenor and bass was splendid! The soprano good enough. The orchestra did well in the choruses and fairly in the solos. The poor trompeters had a "hard row" of it in the trumpet song; but Mr. Whitney came through with very little apparent regard to the abnormal developments behind him. And this Mr. Whitney (M. W.), Mr. Editor, quite captivated our city. His voice is so resonant, his method so broad and artistic, and his presence so proper, that we have nothing to do but to envy Boston the possession of so admirable an artist. Miss Brainard did the soprano solos in her usual excellent way. The alto got sick at just the wrong time, so we left her parts out. The quartet altos were taken by Miss Mary Holden. Mr. Jas. Whitney sang his parts very much to the audience's satisfaction, except a certain suspicion of nasal quality in the tone, and too much tremolo. On the whole, however, Chicago is glad to get him. The Society proposes to take up *Elijah* or the *Hymn of Praise*.

Der Freyschuetz.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 12, 1870.

Concerts.

The seventh of the Symphony Concerts, crowded of course, was a fair fulfilment of the following programme:

Overture to "The Water Carrier"..... ....Cherubini.
Choruses for Male Voices:
a. Priesterchor: "O Isis and Osiris," from "The Magic Flute".....Mozart.
b Foresters' Chorus, from "The Pilgrimage of the Rose".....Schumann.
Orpheus Musical Society.
P. F. Concerto, No. 3 C minor, op. 37.....Beethoven.
Miss Alice Dutton.
Symphony in C major..... .....Schubert.

One of the newspaper critics merely mentions the Cherubini Overture *en passant* as a *pretty* thing. It is one of the great Overtures, and season after season has been slowly but surely winning the recognition of the many, as it did of the few in the first season of the Concerts; a work of rare nobility and beauty, and seemeth better upon every hearing. With still more emphasis may this be said of the great Schubert Symphony in C,—*his* Ninth and last—the one of "the heavenly length," as Schumann said; a work in

which his genius seems to have tried the strength of its wings and found them equal to the highest and the longest flight, new aspiration still begotten of new triumph. After the brooding, earnest, self-suppressed, deep planning and resolving introduction, how the heroic, high-strung rhythm, strong enough for all the wealth of harmony with which it is weighted, sweeps away with you and bears you on from glory unto glory, as on a joyous and unlimited excursion amid starry clusters of new worlds! Perpetual surprise, —the more so that the same rhythm is kept up and the same motives constantly return After the wonderful Andante, a long and complete poem in itself, the same exhaustless, soaring and adventurous energy, striking out new paths, new rhythms, in the Scherzo (with its delicious Trio, as if touching for a moment upon one of the Happy Isles) and the Finale, with those thundering reiterations in the basses, sustains itself unflagging to the end. The whole Symphony reveals a great state of mind, an inward realization of the soul's richest life, which it seems marvellous that any man could so sustain throughout so long and arduous a work. The Symphony was remarkably well played, and it is the universal testimony of those who have heard it many times that still the last impression is more glorious than all before.

The entire C-minor Concerto of Beethoven had never been played here before. Mr. Lang, in the second season of the Concerts, played the first movement only, which is certainly the most significant, with the Cadenza by Moscheles. This time his fair pupil, MISS DUTTON, allowed us to hear the whole, using in the first part the fine Cadenza written by Carl Reinecke. The *Largo*, although full of beauty and of tender feeling, is not of Beethoven's best; its perpetual figures of embellishment seem commonplace *for him*, and such as Hummel or some others might have written. The Finale, however, common as its gay and piquant motive sounds, is full of delicate and fine originality. Miss Dutton won much praise by the performance, showing marked improvement, though the strength flagged a little near the end, and there was sometimes want of clearness, of self-possessed, quiet strength in the left hand.

The Orpheus, now under Mr. ZERRAHN's direction, numbered some forty voices, rich, resonant, well blended, and sang better than we have heard them for some years. The fresh and breezy "wood notes wild" of Schumann's chorus, all in praise of forest life, caught new animation and a poetic tinge from the accompanying horns and bass trombone, the peculiar rhythm of whose passages seems to have misled a critic of the *Advertiser* into the impression that they stammered and blundered in the execution; they are meant to come in somewhat tumultuously, with crossing and commingling echoes as it were.

Next Thursday's Concert offers us: Symphony in G minor, *Mozart*; Unfinished Symphony, *Schubert*; Overtures, "Melusina," by *Mendelssohn*, and "Wood Nymph," *Bennett*; Serenade, from a Quartet, (for all the strings), *Haydn*; Piano Concerto in D, (first time), *Mozart*, played by Mr Hermann Daum.

MR J. C. D. PARKER resumes his TRIO CONCERTS, on successive Saturday evenings, at Chickering's. We felt it to be a real privation that we had to lose the first one, which took place last Saturday evening; but we have no hesitation in endorsing what we find said of it and of him in the *Advertiser* of Monday:

It is pleasant to say a word about Mr. James C. D. Parker, whose artistic career all of us who care for our city's progress in other and better things than the increase in population and wealth must watch with interest. Born and bred in Boston, he has done his best to repay the debt which every one owes to his birth place and home, and we should find it hard to name another native Bostonian who has accomplished so much for the cultivation among us of pure musical art and taste.

His first trio concert of the season was given at Chickerings' Hall on Saturday evening. Listemann with the violin, and Heindl with the 'cello, played so well that one forgot that the great West has swallowed Schultze and Wulf Fries was sensibly diminished. Mrs. Barry, always Mr. Parker's right hand woman, sung a recitative and air by Paisiello and a couple of Mendelssohn songs as our best contralto should. She is singing this winter in some respects better than ever before. The trios were Haydn's in A flat and Beethoven's in E flat.

Mr Parker himself, beside his part in the trios, played a Nocturne of Chopin and a charming little novelette (whatever *that* is in music) by Schumann. And all that he did was done excellently. We have often thought that Mr Parker does not appear at his best in a concerto in the great hall, (though, we confess we almost changed our mind after his rendering of the Mendelssohn concerto at the Symphony concert last month) because his playing is so very quiet, —so severely undemonstrative. It is not that it lacks warmth, so much as that it has not always flash and sparkle enough to hold its own against the full orchestra But here, in a chamber concert, his exquisite refinement and taste give an admirable account of themselves They are worth all the virtuosity in the world. We hope that our readers will not neglect the remaining concerts of the set, which will be given on the three following Saturday evenings.

MR PERABO, in his third Matinée (Friday, Feb. 4), played to the great satisfaction of a large and appreciative audience, the following selections:

Suite, op. 21 C sharp minor . . . . Wm. St. Bennett
a) Presto e leggiero. d) Alla Fantasia.
b) Allegretto leggiero. e) Presto agitato
c) Agitato assai. f) Lento e Allegro
"Vier Clavier Stücke," op 7 . . . . Otto Dresel
No. 2, Preludium. G flat major.
No. 1, Scherzino. F major.
Etude en forme de Variations, op. 13. C sharp minor
Rob. Schumann
Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3. D major . . . . Beethoven
a) Presto c) Menuetto, Allegro.
b) Largo e mesto. d) Rondo Allegro.

The *Suite* by Bennett is not an imitation of the old dance forms of Bach and Handel's day, but simply an agreeable succession of short, graceful fancies altogether modern in their features. Two or three of them were strikingly beautiful, but the series as a whole, though pleasing, not particularly inspiring. The two little pieces by Mr Dresel were like old friends to most, and very welcome; a graceful tribute of the younger to the older artist whose long absence is so much felt.

That *Etude* by Schumann is a remarkable piece of Variation work, truly creative developments of a theme that has much in it; at every change it gives you something new and of deep import. A very difficult work withal, but not so to Perabo. The selection from Beethoven's earlier Sonatas was a happy one. We are not sure that it has found its way into our concert rooms before, although a favorite in private. The contrast of its weighty and impressive *Largo*, in 6-8 time, with the light, airy elegance of the Minuet and Trio, and of both with the impetuous opening *Presto* and concluding *Rondo*, is very fine, and never lets the interest flag It was admirably rendered, though the intensity of the player now and then betrayed him into an apparently unconscious hurrying of the tempo for a few measures at a time.

At the last Matinée (next Friday), Mr Perabo will play a Sonata in A minor by Mozart, something by Schumann (op. 23), and again, what will be particularly welcome, the *last* Sonata (op. 111) of Beethoven.

ENGLISH OPERA If the Parepa Rosa Company had done nothing else, the manner in which they can perform the "Marriage of Figaro" (as they have done three times in the Boston Theatre) fully establishes their right to the remarkable success they have had here and elsewhere. Of course we would much rather hear Mozart's delicious music sung in the Italian; but with this single drawback, and in spite of it, the presentation of that rare work of pure imaginative genius as a whole was worthy of any opera troupe that has been heard here. No, we must say in spite of one or two deductions further. The Figaro of Mr CAMPBELL, particularly, which was too stiff and serious; he sings the music finely, and with a rich, sonorous voice, but it is no fault of his that he was not born with the *vis comica*, such as we have seen in the Italians and somewhat in Formes. Nor was Mr. HALL'S Don Bartolo more than indifferent good; but here it is a small part compared with that in Rossini's "Barber." But speaking of the smaller parts, we must acknowledge that the tenor, Mr. NORDBLOM, really appeared and sung to very good advantage as the old music master Don Basilio, and the old Marcellina of Miss STOCKTON was a fair contribution to the completeness of the thing. Mr. LAWRENCE, as the Count, both sang and acted better than we have heard him in other rôles; his baritone is of a rich and musical quality, and he uses it generally well, if sometimes with some overdoing of expression.

Now for the rest we can indulge in praise with little scruple Surely it is rare good fortune to see the three principal female parts so charmingly presented To each of them has Mozart given of his divinest melody without stint. The airs of Susanna and the Countess and the Page are a whole priceless treasury of song By favor of the ladies, his superiors, this fascinating young rogue of a Cherubino must be allowed to claim our attention first And never was he more fascinating than in the impersonation of Mrs SEGUIN It lacked no grace of personal beauty, free, natural, refined action, rich, pure mezzo-soprano voice, and expressive rendering of the music This young Don Juan in the bud, just awake to the strange mystery of the passion that is to absorb him, could not have sung his own trembling sweet confessions (we mean the ideal Cherubino himself) more feelingly, more beautifully than they were sung here The "*Non so più cosa son*" and "*Voi che sapete*" told their story after Mozart's own heart, there can be no doubt. All the pretty by play, too, was all alive with cunning humor.

Miss ROSE HERSEE had only her *petite* figure (dwarfed still more in the presence of her maid) to contend against in her otherwise very happy presentation of the Countess Her action was natural and easy, and she sang, with her somewhat small but telling voice, delightfully She is indeed a finished singer, and is always in earnest, making the most of every moment of her part whether in song or silence.

Then for the Susanna, in one of her many and successful rôles has Mme PAREPA-ROSA pleased us so much. You almost forgot the ponderous physique in the unflagging animation, the ease and sprightly humor of her action, ever felicitous and winning every one's good will She was in fine voice particularly that closing night, the stormy Saturday, when the theatre was crowded—and sang in her best style In the pure and heavenly melody of "*Deh vieni*," to a most chaste, fine execution she added something nearer to the true high feeling than we have felt in many of her vocal triumphs The Letter duet "*Sull' aria*," between her and the Countess, was surpassingly beautiful, and had of course to be repeated

The rest our printer says, must wait

MERE MENTION Do not forget Mr PARKER'S Trio Concert this evening, nor the Russians this afternoon, and best of all, their Sacred Concert at Selwyn's to-morrow evening: they had the best sort of audience and a large one, on Wednesday the first night of their return

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Miss Mehlig's Concert.

(From the New York Tribune, Jan 20.)

A new pianist has come among us. She has been heard several times in public, but only as an accessory, and not as the central point of interest. Each time, however, that she has appeared, the good impression that she first produced has been strengthened, and the belief confirmed that her abilities are of no ordinary measure of excellence

Last evening, this young lady gave her first concert at Steinway Hall The programme was addressed rather to musicians than to a general audience, and the selections were made with a view doubtless of showing the general scope of Miss Mehlig's studies in her art, and the results that she has attained The recital of the pieces that she played will illustrate the variety of her subjects and styles:

Trio, op. 97 (pianoforte violin and 'cello) . . . . Beethoven
Nocturne . . . . Chopin
Prelude and Fugue . . . . Bach
Allegro, three pieces op. 9 . . . . Schumann
Grand Polonaise . . . . Liszt

Here we have a programme that is calculated to test the powers of the most consummate pianist To play it one must be master of every style, of the breadth and repose necessary to the interpretation of Beethoven, of the nervous sensibility, capriciousness of mood, and poetic subtlety that belong to Chopin; of the dramatic intensity, restlessness, fire, and passion that characterize Schumann; of the steadfastness, and strength, and firmness that are essential to the playing of the fugues of Bach; of the transcendent execution that Liszt requires of those who would conquer his most difficult works

That all these gifts should be centred upon one performer it would be too much to expect, and yet Miss Mehlig has so far possessed herself of them as to entitle her to be considered a really great artist. No other could hold an audience of connoisseurs such as that gathered last evening so long and so firmly, for some of the pieces were certainly "caviare to the general," and such as one looks rather to hear in a

quiet music-room, with a handful of listeners, than in a public concert hall. Of this character was Schumann's description of the Carnival, a composition we should hardly think less than 40 pages in length, and requiring at least 20 minutes to play; but it was listened to not only with patience but with interest, and its close was followed by the applause of those unmistakably pleased.

The sentiment with which the Nocturne of Chopin was played was of the right quality, not exaggerated into sentimentality on the one hand nor held with too much strictness on the other. The fugue by Bach illustrated the accuracy of Miss Mehlig's playing and the mechanical finish to which she had brought it, for in a fugue there is no room for sentiment and nothing tells but inexorable exactness. Four melodies are being twisted and interwoven and still are to be kept distinct, and a false note ruins everything. The fugue that Miss Mehlig played was the one in G Minor, composed for organ and arranged by Liszt for the piano. The arrangement is one of great excellence, the pedal part being finely worked in. Miss Mehlig played it grandly, with a downright earnestness that befitted the composition, and with a clearness and force and a distinctness of the themes that did her the greatest credit. That it might be seen how far she had overcome the final possibilities of the instrument as summed up by the great headmaster of the school of difficulties, the young artist played for a closing piece Liszt's Grande Polonaise. The composition was, we have heard, studied by her under the personal direction of the composer, and Miss Mehlig certainly rendered it with wonderful nerve and power, and a technical skill that at once set at rest all question as to her being entitled to hold a foremost rank among the pianists of the present day.

The Russian Opera.

The Russian Opera Company now performing at the French Theatre is worthy of more than a passing notice. It is presenting to the public a performance entirely different from any that has been given here—an exceptional performance—one that we hear as it were by accident, and which is not likely to be repeated soon. Judged by the standards that we apply to French and Italian operas, the representation falls curiously short of artistic perfection, and those who care only to have their ears gratified by melodious strains will not attain that result by going to the Russian Opera. And for this very reason the performance seems to us to be the more interesting, and the more absolutely it differs in every particular from the Italian models, the more deeply interesting it becomes. And certainly from this point of view it is everything that could be wished. It is the reverse of all one's preconceived notions of opera.

In the first place, it is most curious to hear a language spoken, not one word of which from beginning to end carries the slightest idea to the mind of the hearer. This is not possible either with the French, the German, or the Italian, all of which are cognate to our tongue, and have many words of a familiar sound even to those who have never studied the language; but the Russian fails to give the hearer a single clue. The work performed is called a "comic opera." It is as comic as its title, "Askold's Tomb." An important scene is in a graveyard, and a heavy pall of solemnity covers the entire play. In fact, the predominant feature both of the music and the words is melancholy. If, then, this is a specimen of Russian comedy, we shudder to think what Russian tragedy must be. We believe this work to be a direct reflection of the character of the people. Lightheartedness is the last result of civilization. Neither the Irish, nor the Hungarians, nor the Poles, nor the Russians have any of it in their national music. The opera, besides being very heavy and sombre, is not treated at all after the manner of operatic composers in general. There is not a trio, or a quartet, or a concerted piece of any kind, except one duet, from the beginning to the end. The performers sing each by himself, assisted sometimes by a chorus. No action is attempted. The prima donna folds her arms and moves quietly and sadly up and down the stage as she sings. It is not that she does not know how to act, but that she has no intention whatever of trying to. A perfect repose and self-control and quiet is manifested in every motion.

The dresses are quaint and singular, and some of them are very rich and beautiful.

In the course of the opera two national dances occur. The first of these is danced by four of the ladies of the company in long dresses, with the stately movements of a minuet, and accompanied with graceful, slow wavings of the arms—altogether a strange and unaccustomed dance, as different as possible from the indecent caperings of the French stage.

Finally, the whole performance seemed to us not only novel and interesting, but wonderfully instructive. In two hours at this representation one can get a clearer insight into the manners, and costumes, and customs, and national traits of this far-off and great Slavic race, than in weeks of delving among books. The stage is the epitome of a nation's life, and here is an opportunity such as seldom occurs to study that of our Russian friends.—*N. Y. Sun, Dec.* 17.

A Fashionable Concert at Steinway Hall.

The Church Music Association is an organization that has created quite a sensation among the fashionable people of the city. It is under the auspices of the clergy and laity of the Episcopal churches of this city in general, and of Trinity Church in especial. Upon its Executive Committee are Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Sam. Barlow, Mrs. Dix, and other prominent ladies.

Its purpose is to organize a chorus from the most proficient amateurs, having regard also to the social position of the members. As amateurs are not altogether to be trusted, there is a nucleus of German professionals to give them steadiness and courage. In all there are about 150 in the chorus, and they are supported by an orchestra of some fifty pieces. Dr. Pech, an organist of Trinity parish, conducts.

They give three concerts; no tickets are sold. The affair is supported by the subscribers, of whom there are fifty, each subscriber paying one hundred dollars, and being entitled to twenty-three tickets to each concert. With these they invite their friends. On the ticket is printed "Evening dress"—an indication that the gentlemen are expected in dress-coats, and the ladies without bonnets. The ushers are gentlemen prominent in society. The place of holding the concerts is Steinway Hall. The music performed is a mass by one of the great composers, and a secular composition.

On Wednesday last, the first concert of the season took place. A canvas covered way from the street to the entrance of the hall was erected, and the hall itself was carpeted for the occasion. There never was such an audience in it before. All fashionable New York was present in elegant attire, and as for the chorus it was resplendent in low-necked dresses and powdered hair, and smiled sweetly to its near relative, the audience. The clergy flecked the audience here and there in spots of blandly smiling black, and looked complacently upon their flocks. Ordinary concerts begin at 8 o'clock, but this one began at half-past 8, though it compensated for the late beginning by not getting out till half-past 11.

Mozart's Twelfth Mass and the first half of Oberon were sung indifferently well, though far better than any one who heard the rehearsals would have supposed possible. Though some two thousand persons were present, the concert was a private one, and is entitled to immunity from criticism, and we therefore make none. A marked feature of the occasion was the conductor, Mr. James Pech, "Mus. Doc. Oxon.," or Oxford musical doctor. His peculiarity as a conductor is that he kicks time. The method, though singular, might be pardoned as an eccentricity if he kicked at the same time with his beat; but as the two were seldom together, his orchestra, totally unused to such proceedings, were at a loss whether to give their attention to his feet or his hands, and, between the two, floundered badly in their time. Dr. Pech has also signalized himself by a printed analysis of the music, interspersed with biographical references to himself and his own emotions at various epochs of his life. Among the singular statements that he makes is one to the effect that if he had been more intimate with his chorus he would have left out a few bars from one of the movements, but we fail to do him justice; his own words are alone sufficient for that—here they are:

"Had our acquaintance with the highly-refined and cultivated circle, comprising those ladies and gentlemen who compose our very excellent chorus, been of longer standing, we should have exercised a judicious daring, and expunged the middle part of the *Dona*, when our delight, we might say our raptures, would have been as perfect as intense."

And here is another bit of autobiography of refreshing sweetness and simplicity, and so artlessly introduced:

"The *Et Incarnatus* is exquisite. The flow of the melody is so graceful—the answers are so finely made in the several parts, and the whole is so divinely pathetic as well as simple, that (on hearing it, some years since, when conducting this Mass at the People's Philharmonic Concerts, in Exeter Hall, London, with Mme. Catherine Hayes as *Prima*,) we thought it could not be exceeded, till we arrived at the *Benedictus*."

At the next concert the Association is to give Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and Haydn's Sixteenth Mass.—*Sun. Jan.* 18.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sweet and low. Quartet. 3. C. *Barnby.* 35
Tennyson's Lullaby set to music, which, if babies had musically-cultivated ears, would not fail to *lull* them in their most uneasy moments.

Jim the Carter Lad. 3. C to e. *Williams.* 30
A cheerful, jolly strain, well calculated to drive away the *blues*.

A Star in the dark (Una stella in notte bruna). Song. *Muratori.* 40

When the corn is waving. *Blamphin.* 30

Non Partir. (And wilt thou go). *Boott.* 35

Il mio dolor. (My sorrow). *Guglielmo.* 35

Au revoir! not adieu. 3. D minor and major. *Levey.* 35
A very desirable song, far above the ordinary grade.

How gently fall those simple words, "God bless you." 3. C to e. *Thomas* 35
Essentially a home ballad, embodying sentiments with melody combined, which must find a home in every human heart.

A brighter world than this. 2. F to f. *Cox.* 30
A sweet, soothing ballad, which ought to (and probably will) become a great favorite.

Don't treat a man disdainfully. 3. C to g. *Williams.* 30
A lively song, fraught with good-natured sentiment.

Instrumental.

March for the Piano-forte. 4 hands. For Teacher and Pupil. 2. C. *Mason.* 75
The pupil's (or primo) part of the duet is limited to the compass of a fifth, and is consequently available to pupils of the smallest executive capacity.

Polka from "Hamlet". *Thomas.* 35

Ein herz, ein sinn. (One heart, one soul). Polka Mazurka. *Strauss.* 40

Addie Galop. Brillante. 5. E*b*. *Wiegand.* 60
Good practice for pupils, and good music withal.

Lob der Frauen. (Praise of Woman). Polka Mazourka. 3. D. *Strauss.* 40
A very graceful and pleasing Dance Piece which will more than satisfy the most fastidious Terpsichorean devotee.

Lingering Joys. Polka Mazourka. 3. C. *Gerster.* 30
Another attractive dance piece similar in character to the preceding.

Floating Waltz. 2. A. *Wright.* 30

Books.

THE AMERICAN TUNE BOOK. A complete collection of the tunes which are widely popular in America, with the most popular Anthems and Set pieces, preceded by a new course of Instruction for Singing Schools. The Tunes and Anthems selected from all sources by five hundred Teachers and Choir Leaders. 1.50
The above announcement is a sufficient warranty of the excellence and efficiency of this collection of Church Music. The American Tune Book is eminently *the* Tune Book for general adoption in American Choirs.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 754. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1870. VOL. XXIX. No. 25.

"In die Ferne."

[At Mr. Perabo's first Matinee, Oct. 21th, Löwe's beautiful ballad "In die Ferne," was sung by ANNA WHITTEN. No one present can forget the tones of her voice, which (in connection with words) seemed prophetic of the approaching departure of the gifted and beloved singer].

A voice fell on my listening ear;
The singer's gracious form was near,
I heard her tones so sweet and clear:
"In die Ferne!"
A prelude was it, fit and rare,
To harmonies awaiting there
In der Ferne.

For in the coming season's hours
The young interpreter of powers
So vast and high, was to be ours
In der Ferne;
Touching all depths of heart and soul,
Swayed by the Master Mind's control,
In der Ferne.

But e'er those hours had reached their last,
The singer's spirit backward cast
Its mortal form, and upward passed
In die Ferne.
And as she winged her Heavenward flight,
She saw the glories of the Light
In der Ferne.

* * * * * * *

Again he struck the chords which stirred
The inmost soul, yet undisturbed
Mingling with those notes I heard:
"In die Ferne."
The voice, the song was yet the same,
As floating on the air it came:
"In die Ferne."

W.

[From the London Musical Times]

Bach's Grosse Passions-Musik.

(ST. MATTHEW.)

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[Continued from page 178.]

It is strange even to wonderful that the matchless productions of the greatest master of counterpoint should have remained a secret in the land of his birth, and the locality of his activity, for as long again as the whole term of his life, after death had closed his labors. So, when Mozart was in Leipzig in 1790, it was only by laying the separate parts side by side of some of Bach's least inaccessible compositions, in the library of St. Thomas's Church, that he could peruse and take delight in those great works whose existence and concealment are almost equally marvellous. In 1803, more than half a century after the surcease of the grand old cantor, Forkel declared to the world what a hidden treasure was in his unknown music, and proved his assertion by bringing into public some, though but a small quota, of the master's noble art-legacy. These few specimens of his rare genius, with the two series of Preludes and Fugues known collectively in England as the "forty-eight," were all that was printed of Bach until the new interest in him and his writings was kindled by the reproduction of the music for the Matthew *Passion*, in the hundredth year after its original performance.

It is less remarkable that the fame, the works, nay the name of Bach reached not this country. So little did Englishmen guess at the radiance which would beam from the countenance of the then veiled prophet, that the ponderous Burney, who devoted four massive volumes to general musical history and one to his researches in Germany, Burney, who was personally familiar with Carl Philip Emanuel the most fortunate son of Bach, dismissed the man, the musician, the master, whose now acknowledged greatness is the glory of art and of mankind, in a single paragraph; and this may be regarded as evidence of how little people here knew, how little people here cared about Bach and his works at the close of the last century. After the publication of Forkel's biography and selections, Samuel Wesley obtained some of Bach's music, promptly perceived and justly prized its endless beauty, and zealously strove to propagate a knowledge of and respect for it. He joined with C. F. Horn in printing an English edition of the *Wohltemperirte Clavier*, and some of the organ trios. Horn, a German by birth, was organist of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, and the father of the popular song writer and singer, Charles Edward Horn; and it was probably he who, in those days of difficult communication with the continent, imported the first copies of Bach's music. Then, and not till then, was the veil torn which had hidden the might of the master from English observance; and even then, his power was so partially revealed to musicians wholly unprepared for its recognition, that its extent and its very nature were totally mistaken. Bach was assumed to be a profound scholar, and his works within reach were regarded as scholastic exercises, while the character, the variety, and, above all, the wondrous expression that specially distinguish them were, to the generality scarcely more than to the student, imperceptible. He was supposed and commonly said to be a writer of fugues, but of nothing else; and this brief sum of his capabilities included no acknowledgment of the interest, far beyond the elaboration, that he of all men imparted to the fugal form. To this very day the prejudicial influence of that false estimate clogs our comprehension of the genius of Bach, and the merit of his music; and, in spite of growing familiarity with the beauties of his Suites, and countless other lighter writings, the habit here is to fancy that Bach is fully represented in his fugues, to regard these but from one narrow aspect, and to expect fugalism in every fresh specimen with which we meet of his innumerable productions.

Who looks for this characteristic of the master in his music of the *Passion* will look vainly; and if he be not disappointed at the absence of the fugal element throughout the work, he will be surprised at the poetical beauty of its declamation, the continuity of its melodies, and their truthfulness to the subject they aim to express, at the choral effects as fine as they are unfamiliar, and at the loving tenderness and intense religious feeling that infuse the whole. The work is indeed a contrapuntal marvel, albeit the device of imitation is almost totally unemployed in it, from first to last. The appliance of the art of counterpoint to the multiplication of the melodic interest, is shown in the complexity of the writing, and this evidences an unparalleled freedom, which is not more subject for astonishment than for admiration. It is practised in the accompaniments of the songs, wherein every instrument has a melody independent of the vocal part; and in the construction of the choruses, wherein all the voices and instruments, often of the two separate orchestras, have each their individual and distinctive progressions.

Such complication induces, of course, the extreme of difficulty in performance; but German example establishes that the difficulty has a limit, is not endless, not insurmountable. What has been overcome, always may be; and even the endeavor to master this masterpiece need not be endless if undertaken in the right artistic spirit by executants and auditors, whose repayment for their pains will indeed be ample.

The general character and prevalent expression of this oratorio are indicated by its title of *The Passion*. "He suffered and was buried" is the entire subject of the work, in the embodiment of which no tones but of sadness could appropriately be employed, since no feeling but grief was to be illustrated. Despair, however, is as remote as jubilation from the purport and the rendering of the text: and thus all powerful means of contrast were beyond the use of the artist, whose sole resource, therefore, in this respect was to vary the accents of one penitential outpouring, which is as deep in its pathos as it is infinite in its sweetness. Here, then, are no Hallelujahs, no shouts of glory, no ejaculations of great rejoicing, such as diversify the great *Sacred Oratorio* of Handel; sorrow is the ceaseless theme, and meekness is the steadfast spirit in which this is uttered.

In order to a proximate comprehension of this work, a modern hearer needs to regard it in the objective rather than the subjective mood—as representing rather the tenets of others than his own.

Firstly, the lapse of a hundred and forty years has wrought great changes in the theological views of mankind. In the days of Solomon Deyling and Sebastian Bach, it was men's habit to think more of the physical features of the gospel story, whereas now their thoughts run rather upon its intellectual bearings. Their minds then dwelt upon the personal pains of the great sufferer, and were still imbued with the early Christian principle of enhancing to the utmost his bodily agony, even to the extent of making pain paramount at the expense of beauty, as exemplified in the pictorial illustrations of the doctrine, which represent the Saviour and the Virgin as hideous, to prevent their possible involvement in pleasurable associations. The loveliness of the divine character, its resistless attraction to all men, even the enemies of Him who bore it, and the exquisite beauty of holiness, are points more fondly regarded, and, indeed, more familiar in the present day; and we assert our Christianity rather in emulating the charities of sacred example, than in deploring the pangs through which He passed who taught the lesson of love. Hence, we must to some extent look through a glass tinted with the feelings of a bygone age, in order to perceive what was addressed to that generation in the light in which it was conceived and in which it was received. Hence, we must think ourselves into the thoughts of those men who strove to renew in themselves the anguish of the great sufferer from taunts and wounds and bleeding and thirst, and who believed that in such renewal was piety.

Secondly, the means and circumstances of the first performance of the *Passion* are not now, and may never be again attainable. In England, at least, a numerous party, whose views are as earnest as I believe them to be false, wish to exclude all such works as the *Passion* from performance in sacred buildings, wish to deny its loftiest uses to the musical art. Even were the influence of this well-meaning, but, it may be ill-judging party, still resisted, other reasons than their opposition prevail to prevent this particular work from being given, according to its original design, as a special Church Service. Were there nothing else, the people's unfamiliarity with the choral tunes of the hymns, and, still more, of the tunes in inseparable association with the same words, makes it impossible that any English public can take part in any performance of Bach's oratorio that then

was sustained by the congregation of St. Thomas' Church in Leipzig, who not only sang the tunes, but felt in them the voice of a mother's caresses awakening the sweetest memories of infancy.

Hence, we can now at most only imagine the holy place with all the thoughts that cling to it, the two opposite platforms with the double choir of singers and players, and the devout audience participating in due place in the performance with the two trained choirs; but this we must imagine, as completely as we must the frame of mind wherein the work was cast, if we would do justice to the composer, the composition, and ourselves, in witnessing the performance of the *Passion*.

Throughout this work, the instrumentation presents a special and most interesting subject for study. Very much less than in the contemporaneous compositions of Handel, is the completion of the harmony left to be improvised by the organist. Save in the recitatives, and in those not universally, there is no place where the voice and the bass parts constitute the entire score, and the music has, so to speak, to be made into music by indispensable additions from another hand than that of the composer. There are always several instruments engaged in the accompaniment of the voice; but, for the most part, they are less employed to fill up the harmony than to multiply the melodies, less to perfect the fullness of tone than to enrich the counterpoint, less to support the solo part than to divide the interest. Handel often, one might say mostly, writes but the voice and bass, leaving the larger, if not the more important portion of the accompaniment, to be supplemented on the harpsichord or organ, and intersperses his truly skeleton scores with occasional phrases for violins or other instruments, chiefly during the rests of the voice part, and rarely to accompany the singing.

When he makes use of this last device, his higher instrument or instruments have generally such parts as are better described by the term counterpoint than accompaniment, having to play less *with* the voice part than *against* it, standing as often above as below it, and being, indeed, quite independent of the principal melody. In like manner are Bach's instrumental parts constructed, except that, instead of such imitative or responsive points for them being of occasional occurrence, they run throughout an entire piece, and, indeed, through nearly every piece. The main aim in modern accompaniment is at giving paramount prominence to the vocal part, and at enhancing this prominence, while nourishing its effect by ample but always subordinate harmony. The subordinate harmony of Handel is indicated only by the figures over his bass parts, which afford no clue for the distribution or dispersion of the chords or the figurative forms wherein their notes may be scattered, a matter greatly essential to their effect. Bach equally implies by his figured basses that he, unlike modern musicians, requires similar discretionary amplification of his incompletely written scores; but his written parts are so continuous and so entangled, that a skill all but equal to his own is needful for the construction of anything that can be subordinate to them, that can sustain but not obtrude upon them.

The number and the variety of instruments employed in the course of the *Passion* are remarkable. This must not suggest, however, that the oratorio presents any beyond the very slightest anticipation of that beautiful art of combining and contrasting the widely-various qualities of tone of different instruments, akin in music to the art of coloring in painting, which was perfected if not wholly originated by Mozart, and which gives such charm to musical effect, that, too often in later days, some composers trust in its exercise to veil their weakness of ideas.

Two *flauti traversi* are often employed in both orchestras—the *flauto traverso* being distinguished from the elder flute, which was held longways from the lips and blown at the end like a clarionet or oboe, since held traversely and blown at the side—the German flute, whose name figures in the old-fashioned title-pages of last century arrangement, the only form of flute now in use, though its mechanism is now so elaborated that at present little more than the form remains of the original.

Twice two oboes are also frequently required: the *oboe d'amore* is sometimes substituted for the more ordinary instrument of the same class; and two parts ocasionally also appear for the *oboe da caccia*. This reminds one of the ancient custom of making all classes of instruments—viols, trumpets, hautboys, shawms—in sets, comprising the various sizes necessary for the several parts of treble, mean, tenor and bass, in each class or "consort" of instruments. Already in Bacon's time, who wrote as knowingly on music as upon everything, exception was sometimes made from the practice of restricting a composition to a single set of instruments, and when some of one consort were employed together with some of another, the combination was defined as "broken music." So, in Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth*, in the scene where the King courts the French princess, whose imperfect English is pointedly syllabled by the poet, Henry says, "Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken.

The *oboe d'amore* was—for one dares not say that a single specimen is extant—longer than the ordinary instrument, with a thinner bore and smaller bell; was pitched a third lower, and had a finer and perhaps sweeter, though more plaintive tone. The *oboe da caccia* was much larger; its parts stand in the alto clef, and it is, perhaps, fairly represented by the *corno Inglese* or *cor Anglais* in present vogue. Two of these low oboes and one flute form the entire accompaniment to the soprano voice in the air, "From mercy will my Saviour perish," which, exceptionally, has no figured bass, no part for the organ; a lovely combination, whose unbroken use, however, reminds one more of the treatment of the organ, where certain stops are drawn for two manuals, and are unchanged throughout a piece, than of the orchestra where new qualities of tone are brought into play at each new phrase, and even for the enforcement or individualization of any particular chord. Similarly, in several, nay in most of the other pieces, some particular instruments are employed throughout to the exclusion of the rest, and so a distinctive quality of tone characterizes many of the numbers, but is not varied in the course of any one movement.

Two songs, "Have mercy upon me," and "Give, O give me back my Lord," have a part for a solo violin, the distinction of which from the multiplied violins of the orchestra will always be marked by the speciality of the player's tone, as in modern instances of an obbligato accompaniment.

Another air, "Come Blessed Cross," presents a difficulty to modern performance in its part for the *viol da Gamba*, an instrument now unattainable, and without a player, even if a specimen could be found. Its name distinguishes it from the *viol da Braccia*, which is virtually the viola of present use, this being the viol to be rested on the arm, the other being that to be held between the legs, according to the plan with our violoncello. The term *viol da Bracchia* is corrupted in the German word *Bratsche*, the colloquial name in that country for the viola or tenor, the word *viol* being dropped, as with us it is when we speak of a bass viol, and call it exclusively a bass. There were two kinds of *viol da Gamba*, one with six strings, the other with seven. The latter must have been that for which this piece was written; its strings were tuned as follows:—

Its part stands in the alto clef, with occasional notes in the bass. It seems that, generally, florid passages were written for it, and *cantabile* phrases still more, that lie on the four upper strings; and that the last three strings, those below the break in the order of tuning by fifths, were of a somewhat different quality of tone, and were rarely used but for single notes that were the basses of the phrases that followed them. Chords of three or more notes, even to the extent of comprising all the seven strings, were sometimes written for it, which were of course played as are such combinations on the violin—the notes following in instant succession, since the arch of the bridge prevents their being sounded together. A recitative in the oratorio is accompanied in chords on the *viol da Gamba*, but the author must have been dissatisfied with the effect of this arrangement, for it was discarded in favor of another, but the original part is printed as an appendix to the score of the oratorio in the edition of the Bach *Gesellschaft*. Here, then, is an anticipation of the ugly modern English practice of accompanying recitative with chords in arpeggio on the violoncello, and here, too, is a valid protest against it by Bach.

The instrument is said to have had a tone lighter, and of a more nasal quality than our violoncello. It is said to have been a great favorite in this country, and certainly the last eminent player upon it, C. F. Abel, spent many years in high esteem among us, and died here in 1787. Some ingenuity is wanted to adapt the part for this obsolete instrument to present possibility, which may, perhaps be best effected by assigning to the viola all the continuous phrases and passages, and to the basses those detached notes which are below the compass of this substitute.

Sweetness and roundness of tone appear to have been the composer's object rather than loudness; for in no instance are brass instruments employed, though Bach's frequent use of drums, trumpets, and trombones in other of his orchestral works, proves that these were all at his command when he chose to avail himself of them. It strongly exemplifies the practice of the age, that he, who wrote more voluminously for the organ and more fitly than any other man, should have left the part entirely blank for this instrument, as Handel always did; but whereas, with rare exceptions, Handel's figuring seems to have been filled in by some kind of copyist or secretary, not by himself, Bach's is written in his own hand, both in the score and in the parts which he himself transcribed. Here is clear enough evidence that he wanted the organ to be played; but one may suppose that as, if he played one, he could could not play both organs, he wrote the figures for the guidance under his control of whomever should fulfil this delicate task. In places which have not two organs—and where is the public building that has?—it may be desirable, in accompanying the double choruses, for the player to appropriate one manual to each choir, so as to make up for his unity of place and instrument by an always obvious distinction of tone. These are all points, however, for the decision of conductors and players; and the foregoing suggestions must be received as such.

(To be continued).

The Boston Art Museum.

(From "Old and New.")

There is one department of popular education which has been hitherto neglected in Boston, so far as any public provision for it is concerned. The instinct for art is quite as native and perhaps quite as general as the instinct for letters, science, or music, but it has never in any scheme of popular instruction been admitted to an equal place with these. Art has been and still is very generally regarded as a matter of pure luxury, and quite apart from the every day business of a working people. But it would be difficult to prove that it is any more apart than the literature or science which is admitted to be a necessity of the most humble school systems. How does a course of elementary physics help a man forward in a life of trade or mechanical work more than a study of the Parthenaic frieze? How does a poem of Wordsworth or a speech of Webster, committed to memory from a "First Class Book," prepare a boy or a girl for the business of life more directly than a picture of Edward Frère, or a photograph of a Gothic cathedral?

The persistent wrong-headedness of the American people on this point is very curious to observe. Whether it is a relic of the old prejudice which made the Puritan look at a picture or a

statue much as a bull looks at a red cloth, or whether it is but the natural self-limitation of the Anglo Saxon mind, which loves to believe itself clear and positive and free from sentiment, emphasized and aggravated by the exigencies of circumstance which have beset the people of the New World and which are but just now beginning to lighten their pressure, we do not venture to say. But, either as cause or effect, the phenomenon is closely related to the hardness and angularity, the lack of what Matthew Arnold is so fond of calling "sweetness and light"—which characterizes the shrewd communities of America, intelligent and facile as they are, and which draws so sharp a line of contrast between them and most of the nations of continental Europe. These, less shrewd, less intelligent, less adaptable, exhibit in their manners, their art, their manufactures, an easy grace, an instinct for what is tasteful and picturesque, which might well make the most prosaic pedagogue of the old school ask himself whether education do not include more things than his philosophy has ever dreamed of.

No person who has ever observed carefully the crowds of people of all conditions which throng the little back galleries of the print shops, will deny the following propositions:

1. That the people in general like to look at pictures. This proposition is entirely independent of the cultivation of the people, or the quality of the pictures.

2. That practically speaking, the crowded little rooms above mentioned are the only places in the country where they can gratify this liking.

3. That whether they see at these places good or bad pictures, depends wholly upon the question whether good or bad happens to be at the time the most profitable investment for the proprietors of the print-shops.

4. That these proprietors, however intelligent, liberal, and enterprising, are not in a position which qualifies them for acting as the sole educators of the people in a branch of culture so important as this. [Thus in Boston at Mr. Childs's establishment, the succession of business gives us the magnificent collection of carbon photographs from the drawings of the old masters, sandwiched between a sensation picture of Bierstadt and Mr. Wright's picture of "Eve at the Fountain," so called.]

If, these general propositions are agreed to, what follows is a matter of course, namely, that as the providing of other and better means of education in the fine arts is a matter in which nobody is so much interested as the people themselves, the people ought to provide such means without loss of time, by establishing at once, on a scale commensurate with the just fame of the city of Boston, an Institute of the Fine Arts which shall as far as possible offer the same opportunities for cultivation in matters of art which the libraries offer for cultivation in literature. This duty was recognized a long while ago. It is now twelve years since a memorial was presented to the legislature asking for a reservation of land on the Back Bay for the purpose of a Museum and Gallery of the Fine Arts. It was signed by many "citizens of credit and renown," and advocated before the proper committee by many earnest and sensible lovers of art. It was represented to the committee that the time was ripe for the foundation of a gallery which should be a just source of pride to the city and State; that the pictures and statuary of the Athenæum would be at once deposited there; that the Jarves pictures waited only for a purchaser, and that contributions from other sources would flow in as soon as a suitable shelter could be provided. But whether the legislature of that remote period was not sufficiently penetrated with a sense of the place which the fine arts ought to occupy in the popular education, or whether the committee harbored a suspicion that the zeal of some of the petitioners was based on a desire to realize an advance in the prices of real estate adjacent to the proposed institution, the result of the application was unfavorable. The project was abandoned, its friends accepted the defeat, the Athenæum continued its exhibitions in the top of its high building, the Jarves gallery was in whole or in part deposited in the New Haven art building, where it still remains, and during the twelve crowded years which have since gone by, although two or three times every year some friend of progress has been fired with enthusiasm enough to inspire a more or less lively communication in the "Transcript" or "Advertiser," there has been until now no real attempt to set agoing what all the while seemed to everybody a scheme at once so important and so practicable.

The effort and the failure looked like another example of the sanguine temper in which the good old town conceives the most hopeful and imposing schemes for the worthy aggrandizement of its people, and after well airing them in public meetings, and in legislative committees, quietly drops them and leaves to some other community the benefit of its deliberations and the realization of its dreams. We are not, however, much inclined to regret that the effort resulted in a failure. The civilization of the city was not ripe for it. We should be bold indeed in saying that it is ripe for it now. But it is certainly more nearly ripe. Anybody can see the change which twelve years have worked in the readiness of the people to receive and appreciate an institution of the kind we are speaking of.

It is then with the liveliest satisfaction that we have this winter seen the project revived by another set of men and in a somewhat new aspect. Strange to say, the Social Science Association, which has doubtless seemed to many of our readers only one more of the numberless societies with sounding titles, which appear to have been created chiefly with a view to multiplying the opportunities for speech-making, has accomplished what private interest had failed to accomplish, and has set this movement on foot again with a momentum which promises this time to carry it out of the region of projects into that of facts.

It happened oddly enough, that during the summer months, when the Social Science Association was endeavoring to determine upon the best shape to present its scheme to the public, the proprietors of the Athenæum, embarrassed for some years past by the encroachment of their growing library on the space devoted to the collection of pictures and statuary, and just then reduced nearly to despair by the bequest of Colonel Lawrence's collection of mediæval armor, revived the proposition which they had for some years considered, to build a Museum on their own account which should provide room for all their works of art, and at the same time leave their house in Beacon Street to be occupied by the books alone, and the necessary reading and conversation rooms. Repeated conferences between the special committees of the Athenæum and the Social Science Association, in which the inevitable dangers of divided counsel among a score of men seeking a common end through various methods seem to have been overcome with singular success, resulted finally in a substantial agreement on all the essential points of organization and government. It was determined that while a certain portion of the trustees should be selected from the citizens at large, on the simple ground of knowledge and experience relating to art, the rest should be made up of public men *ex officiis*, as the Mayor of Boston, the Superintendent of Schools, the Secretary of the State Board of Education, the President of Harvard College, etc., the aim being to recognize and emphasize the distinctly educational character of the undertaking.

With respect to the financial aspect of the project there is little to say, except that the city government is reckoned on for the gift of the square of land known as St. James Park, the same on which the Coliseum was built a year ago. The funds for the building and its furnishing and maintenance, are to be collected by subscription from the citizens, the only money already promised being the gift of $25,000 from Mrs Lawrence, having reference chiefly to the bequest of her late husband above mentioned, and given on condition that an additional amount of $75,000 should be collected by subscription or otherwise. But though the sum of $100,000 thus obtained would probably be more than sufficient for the cost of such a building as would be needed for the present, the committee foresaw so many and large additional expenses at the outset, added to what must necessarily be reserved as a fund for meeting the running expenses of the Museum, that the sum to be raised was, we believe, fixed at double that amount. Even this amount would be insufficient to provide for any regular increase of the collections, and it therefore was not proposed to make the galleries free except on one or two days of each week.

The details of the undertaking are, however, of course to a great degree undetermined, and may well remain so for some time to come. What the public are interested to know is, that they are in the hands of competent and earnest men who have no motive for any action but the wisest, and who will be able, if any can, to command the means which may be found necessary to place this important institution on a sure and firm foundation.

The collections with which the new Museum may be expected to open, include the pictures and statues belonging to the Athenæum, the engravings bequeathed by Mr. Gray to Harvard College, the works of art now in the Public Library, including the engravings lately given by Mr. Appleton, the admirable collection of architectural casts now belonging to the Institute of Technology, and the collection of armor of Mr. Lawrence, with such immediate additions as the funds at the disposal of the government may admit of. The Museum will thus begin life under circumstances far more brilliant and promising than those which attended the opening of the Public Library, and with half the aid from private munificence and public appropriation which that has received will take rank among the noblest educational institutions of America. No one will expect another Louvre or another Vatican: as no one expects another Notre Dame, or another St. Peter's. But Paris and Rome are beyond the reach of the mass of the people; and it is to lift the mass of the people into higher regions of enjoyment, and cultivation, and knowledge, that this undertaking is to be carried through. If we believe as we profess to do, that the civilization of America is to be raised to a higher level than the civilization of any bygone age, we shall best prove it by neglecting no effort to preserve and to better all the instruction which has come down to us from the past, and to use it as a leaven with which to enlighten the heavy and gross materialism which has become our distinguishing trait among the nations of the earth.

The Tosti Collection of Prints.

The admirable collection of prints belonging now to the city of Boston, spoken of above, has but just now been presented to the Public Library by Mr. Thomas G. Appleton. The full number of prints is ten thousand, several hundred of which are framed and glazed, so that they are arranged for general exhibition in the reading-room and other halls.

Cardinal Tosti, whose portrait is in this collection, at the right end of a row of the cardinals of his time, was a handsome man, who lived to be ninety or thereabouts. He was one of the managers of the hospital of San Michele, but was none the less at the same time a lover of the fine arts, and was, indeed, sometimes blamed by his brother cardinals for too much interest in them. Two of the youths of the hospital, Mercuri and Calamatta, under his encouragement, devoted themselves to art and became the leading engravers of their time, as is well known to all collectors of modern engravings. Specimens of all their works, many of which are now very rare and precious, mostly before the letter, are to be found in this collection. Whether the happy accident of being the patron who had the development of these two geniuses lay at the foundation of a collection of which they were a centre, or whether they were added to a collection before made, we are unable to say. At all events the collection speaks for itself. It was made according to the taste, whim, or opportunity of the Cardinal, and solely to gratify his own desires. He did not aim to be historically connected, nor probably did the means of the Cardinal enable him to gratify himself with all the more costly examples. It presents not merely very many engravings whi-

are useful for popular instruction, but contains certain specialities, such as a most extensive collection of portraits, and as might naturally be expected, many prints of religious subjects which will be acceptable to our sterile Protestant portfolios. Nearly six hundred fine prints, so carefully selected, neatly framed in mahogany or black walnut, were of course very suitable for a public institution where they could be hung without risk of injury before the eyes, and not buried in the silence and darkness of portfolios, or if exposed, liable to speedy destruction. To these must be added one hundred and thirty seven volumes containing a variety of subjects largely architectural, architecture having been a passion with the Cardinal; and by their solid binding, guaranteed against injury when used by the public. These are deposited in convenient and spacious cases, open to examination in the upper gallery of the Library.—*Ibid.*

Anecdote of Rossini.

Mr. Dwight:—In the last number of the *Journal of Music* I see an extract from a new Life of Rossini, in which a question is raised as to the time required for the composition of the "Barber." Now, I remember well a certain winter in Florence, a good many years ago, when this opera was given, with great success, at the Pergola. Rossini was living then in Florence, but, according to his wont, never troubled himself to hear his own music performed. An English painter, Mr. S. (he who afterwards built the theatre at Fiesole) met the composer at an evening *conversazione*, and ventured to congratulate him on the admirable performance of his work. "*Roba leggiera*," said Rossini, "*l'ho fatta in cinque giorni*," (Light stuff, I did it in five days.")

Rossini is known to have been an incorrigible wag, but what he meant probably was that, in that time, he had mapped out the whole composition in his brain, and the rest was only, comparatively, mechanical work. Even this, to other mortals, would seem only possible by miracle. To create the "Barber" in five days, or the Universe in six, may be held to be equally difficult; both seeming impossible, and belonging to the same category, the superhuman.

In retracing those by-gone days, I think I see the mäestro pacing the streets of Florence, with slow gait and head erect. I remember once being in the company of an American friend, newly arrived, meeting him in the Mercato Nuovo. As the lion advanced on the opposite side of the street, I stopped and drew my friend's attention to him.

"Do you see that man?"

"Yes."

"That's Rossini!"

"Who?"

"The celebrated Rossini, the great composer."

"Ah, yes; I think I've heard of him."

"But he evidently had not. Now, if it had been Beethoven, or Franz.....? B.

[Or say....Gilmore!—Ed.

Monday Popular Concerts. (London).

[From the "Saturday Review," Jan. 22.]

At the Monday Popular Concerts we have music for itself, and for itself alone—music precisely as it was intended by the composers who produced it, and with no other temptation of any kind to make it pass muster. Of course efficient execution with such an end in view was a *sine quâ non*, and this, in various degrees of perfection, has been obtained. String quartets, piano sonatas, and other compositions coming under the head of "chamber music," represent art in its highest manifestations. He who can listen to them with attention and pleasure shows himself essentially an amateur, inasmuch as he finds gratification in music simply as music, and not as music set off by this or that extraneous aid. That many such exist is certain; otherwise, instead of 332 concerts, which, from February, 1859, to the present time, Mr Chappell has been able to give, he would never, in all probability, have advanced so far as the first half hundred. Meanwhile, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., are become "household words" in a closer sense than was ever the case before. We previously knew Mozart by his operas, Haydn by his symphonies (in a small degree, be it understood) and vocal canzonets, Mendelssohn by his oratorios and his inimitable *Lieder ohne Worte*, almost alone. Now we are beginning to know them in their most intimate relations—listening to what they said and thought while "musicizing" (as Richard Wagner would say) at their own firesides, for the love of art, and for nothing else. But it is not only with these bright stars that Mr. Chappell is making us thus familiar. He has exhibited some luminaries—"lesser lights" if we will—which have afforded only less gratification. If all musicians were Mozarts and Haydns and Beethovens and Mendelssohns, a painful sense of oppression, we cannot but think, would ensue. A perpetual intercourse with giants might tend to become irksome. True, Haydn, in his way, was an occasionally condescending giant; but the others, Beethoven in particular, were apt to exhibit themselves in such a manner as to persuade lookers-on that all the rest of the world were dwarfs. For this reason, if for no other, one must feel a strong sympathy for men like Dussek, Woelfl, Sterndale Bennett, &c., who, giants enough compared with ordinary musicians, reveal, nevertheless, certain shortcomings which allow us freely to criticize them, and, while envying their gifts, to love them all the more. To the works of men like these, not forgetting Clementi, Hummel, and others, we have been now and then introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts; and rarely has one been heard, when adequately performed, without affording unanimous satisfaction. The comprehensiveness, in short, with which the scheme of these entertainments is carried out forms by no means one of their least salient attractions.

But to quit generalization, we may proceed at once briefly to comment upon what, up to this moment, have been the leading incidents of the twelfth season. Let us first state that Mr. Chappell had, as usual, provided well for the legitimate success of his speculation, by engaging the services of a quartet of string instrument players of proved ability. At the head of these was a lady, whose singular genius absolved her from any necessity of claiming precedence under shelter of the universally-accepted motto—"*place aux dames*." Woman though she be, Mme. Norman Neruda holds her position by right of thorough ability to sustain it with honor. She has for some time enjoyed a reputation on the Continent as the greatest lady-performer on the violin since Teresa Milanollo, who played "first fiddle" at some of the concerts of the "Beethoven Quartet Society," instituted by the late Mr. T. Alsager (one of the most enthusiastic amateurs of his day), more than a quarter of a century since. But, in our opinion, Mme. Neruda surpasses her famous predecessor in more than one respect. During her short visit to England, last summer, she showed herself a mistress alike of fantasia and concerto—of the free and severe styles of *bravura* playing. At a concert in St. James's Hall she also declared her capacity in another way, by admirably leading Mendelssohn's quartet in D major, No. 1, Op. 44. At the Monday Popular Concerts, during an interesting series of performances, she has now emphatically proved herself, without distinction of sex, a master of quartet-playing inferior to few that could be named. To say that she possesses a tone equal in strength and richness to that of Herr Joseph Joachim, or that in depth of sentiment and vigor of execution she emulates that greatest of all living masters of the violin, would be to say what is untrue; but where Mme. Neruda falls short of Herr Joachim is where, on such an instrument as the fiddle, a woman must inevitably fall short of a man. On the other hand, she has graces of her own which Herr Joachim would no more attempt to rival than Mars to rival the fascinations of Venus. Her handling of the "instrument of instruments" is, in its manner, perfect. Her tone, though wanting in breadth, is singularly sweet and agreeable; her mechanism, almost invariably true, is in certain respects prodigious; her intonation is rarely, if ever, at fault; and her expression is enchanting, not only because it is always natural and unaffected, not only because it is utterly devoid of commonplace, but because it bears the stamp of original thought. One of the great attractions of this lady's expression is the entire absence of exaggeration; and this, combined with a manner of phrasing which could scarcely by any possibility be more finished, lends an indescribable charm to her playing. Enough that, in Mme. Neruda, Mr. Chappell has obtained both a new attraction for the public and a mainstay for his quartets, when "the inimitable J. J" —as Herr Joachim is familiarly (and appropriately) styled among amateurs—is not at disposal. The other members of the quartet, during the concerts preceding Christmas, were Herr L. Ries, who has been "second violin" from the commencement; Signor Zerbini, an occasional and very serviceable, because very competent, viola; and Signor Piatti, whose absence from the quartet of the Monday Popular Concerts would, we think, be more severely felt than that of any other performer. A violinist may lead, and, for a time, Herr Joachim not be missed; but a violoncellist, no matter who, can never play without creating cause for regret that Signor Piatti is absent. Happily, Signor Piatti is now invariably present, his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts being for the uninterrupted series, season after season.

And now, in a few sentences, we may state what Mme. Neruda played, and what she played the best. At the first concert the quartets were Mendelssohn's in D major (already mentioned), and Haydn's in D minor (so often compared with that of Mozart in the same key, which Mozart dedicated to Haydn). With Mendelssohn we were pleased—as was the case last summer; but with Haydn we were beyond measure charmed; purer expression of music that is purity itself could hardly be imagined. At the same concert the lady-violinist gave to perfection the sonata of Mozart in B flat, for violin and pianoforte, written for Mlle. Strinasacchi—the Norman-Neruda, doubtless, of Mozart's day, although her fame is now exclusively due to the sonata composed expressly for her by the man who also composed *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*. In this performance Mme. Neruda's coadjutor, at the pianoforte, was Herr Ernst Pauer—a worthy coadjutator, we need hardly say. At the next concert Mme. Neruda led a quartet by Haydn, in B flat—a display of execution as superior to that in Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartet, No. 2 (E minor), first piece in the programme, as the quartet of Beethoven is superior to that of Haydn. Here we could not but feel that beyond a certain line the genius of the new and interesting violinist, however unique, could not travel. The ripe productions of the greatest musicians, are out of her intellectual reach. At the subsequent concert, however, she not only showed that she could play Mozart's quartet in D minor as well as she had already played its counterpart, by Haydn, in the same key, but she roused the audience to enthusiasm in the *adagio* from Spohr's ninth violin concerto. To play Haydn and Mozart so as to satisfy their most fervent admirers is no small thing; but to add Spohr—the great realist, who could see the clouds, and imagine nothing above—was to earn a fresh claim for versatility. At the fourth concert, Mme. Neruda gained a new kind of victory, with Schubert's romantic and somewhat melancholy quartet in A minor (the "Hungarian")—playing on the same occasion, with Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, his grand trio in B flat (about which Schumann talked so much rhapsody), and with Mr. Hallé, Beethoven's sonata in A minor (Op. 23.) The last named composer's quartet in G major (Op. 18), and a quartet by Haydn (in C), at the concert after, provided for Mme. Neruda not only an occasion again to show how thoroughly she could enter into the spirit of Haydn, but one to show how in Beethoven's earlier works she could feel just as thoroughly at home with Beethoven. At this concert she played, with Mr. Hallé, Mozart's beautiful sonata in F (containing the variations in D minor)—administering to all who heard her a salutary lesson in natural and untormented phrasing. Next followed, on her last appearance, Mme. Neruda's greatest success, and also her only failure—if failure, where there was so much of excellent, it could justly be called. Anything more touching, refined and beautiful than her reading of Mozart's "Orphean" (it has been aptly styled) quintet in G minor—the quintet of quintets—was never heard; anything more comparatively disappointing than her performance (with Mr. Hallé) of Beethoven's well-known sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, could scarcely be fancied. But this merely proves that if we expect constant perfection we are likely to be deceived. In summing up, briefly, the effect produced upon us by Mme. Neruda's successive performances, we may say that she is the greatest and most accomplished lady violinist in our remembrance; but that she is still a *lady violinist*. In Haydn and Mozart she is perfect; in the earlier works of Beethoven (whose Romances, in F and G, by the way, she played at a morning and evening concert respectively, as well as we could dream of hearing them played), she is perfect; in Mendelssohn she is showy and brilliant; but in the larger and profounder works of Beethoven she is somewhat out of her depth. Criticism apart, however, she is a genuine artist, and an invaluable acquisition to the Monday Popular Concerts.

We have already hinted that among the pianists before Christmas were Herr Pauer and Mr. Hallé. Herr Pauer produced, on one evening, a very marked effect by his vigorous and artistic execution of Schubert's very difficult and very elaborate fantasia in C—the one in which the theme of the well known song, "The Wanderer," is introduced. Mr. Hallé brought forward nothing that he had not previously given at these concerts. This gentleman's execution is as exquisitely neat, as mechanically irreproachable, as ever; but his expression, as was shown more particularly in the sonatas of Schubert in B flat major

and A minor, is becoming somewhat over-elaborated. He will not allow a phrase to speak for itself, but puts all, so to say, in "fine language." One might imagine that Mr. Hallé looked upon every simple melody (to quote *Les Précieuses Ridicules*) as "*du dernier bourgeois*," and strove his utmost to make it assume "*le bel air des choses*." The other pianist before Christmas was a young lady, a foreigner, who attempted Beethoven's so called *Sonata Pastorale* (in D, Op. 28), and played it in a manner so closely resembling that of an imperfectly educated school-girl, that we withhold her name, and merely enter a protest against such exhibitions at high class entertainments as altogether out of place.

The two concerts since Christmas have been interesting for more reasons than one. That conscientiously striving violinist, Herr Ludwig Straus, on each evening, led the quartets with his accustomed zeal and ability. These were the glorious No. 1 (so-called, although, in strict accuracy, No. 3) of Beethoven, in F, and his still more glorious No 9 (No. 3 of the "Rasumowsky" set), in C. Then we had, for the twentieth time at least, the same composer's famous septet in E flat, for string and wind instruments, about which Haydn thought so much, and Beethoven, affectedly so little, while posterity, without reference either to Haydn or Beethoven, has proclaimed it "immortal"; and Mozart's scarcely less familiar, and certainly not less beautiful, quintet in A, for clarionet and string quartet, in which Mr. Lazarus plays the clarionet part as well as he has ever played it,—and he has played it often enough On each occasion the pianist, Mme. Arabella Goddard, in accordance with what, in her case, is a time-honored custom, brought forward something never previously heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. On the first evening it was a grand fantasia by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, eldest of Johann Sebastian Bach's twenty-one children, and most gifted of his twelve sons, the majority of whom were more or less musical. The second son, Philipp Emmanuel, is in the world's belief, after his father, the most celebrated who bears the honored name; but this Philipp Emmanuel himself said of his elder brother, W Friedemann, that he (W. Friedemann) represented their father better than all the rest of them put together. ("*Er konnte unsern Vater eher ersetzen als wir alle zusammengenommen*"). The truth is, however, that Friedemann Bach was more richly endowed than industrious—that is, be it understood, compared with the people about him; for an idle "Bach" would have been something very far beyond a perseveringly diligent composer bearing any other name. Enough that Friedemann Bach has left a great deal of music, much of which is in print, still more, possibly, in manuscript.

What is known of him shows that he stands nearer to his illustrious father even than Philipp Emmanuel, of whom Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven (totally ignorant of Friedemann) knew so much, and whom they esteemed so highly. Friedemann was the greatest organist of his day and the greatest organ composer. What Mme. Goddard selected as an example of his genius, was one of those works for the clavichord (now pianoforte) which have hitherto only existed in manuscript.* She has already played it at her pianoforte recitals, last year, to a more select (which may signify less numerous) audience; but the reception given to it by Mr. Chappell's "2,000" or thereabouts, was heartier than could by any likelihood have been obtained from a "fashionable" audience in the summer. The work itself, which we have no space to describe, is eminently remarkable; it not only foreshadows Haydn and Mozart, but occasionally even Beethoven. Unlike the organ music of Friedemann Bach, which bears so close a resemblance to that of his father, it is something quite new and distinct from the clavichord music of that great model—as new, indeed, for its time, as anything that ever came from spontaneously plastic genius. At the second concert, Mme Goddard played the magnificent "Introduction, Fugue, and Sonata," in C minor, of Woelfl—another among the many neglected musical geniuses who have lived, and labored, and produced comparatively in vain. To Woelfl, however, about whom we hope to find some other opportunity of speaking, we have already cursorily referred; and all we can at present say of his sonata in C minor is that it was just as welcome and just as cordially received as the fantasia of W. Friedemann Bach Mme Goddard's other performances were Mendelssohn's sonata in D (No. 2), for pianoforte and violoncello, and W Sterndale Bennett's sonata duo in A for the same instruments—in both of which her associate was Signor Piatti. Players better matched could not be named—in saying which we are paying the highest possible compliment to each. The sonata of our greatest English musician was especially interesting, as having been given for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—although it is now some eighteen years since it was written (expressly for Signor Piatti). A more finished, interesting, and engaging piece of its kind could hardly be named. The middle movement alone would stamp it as a work of genius.

The vocal music at these concerts, though not invariably of the same high order, or exhibiting the same commendable spirit of research, as the instrumental, was especially noticeable at the two performances under immediate consideration. The singer was Mr. Santley, who at the first concert introduced, for the first time, an Italian song by Allessandro Scarlatti (father of Domenico Scarlatti, the celebrated composer for the harpsichord)—"O cessate di piegarmi," which Handel might have owned, and from which Handel unquestionably drew inspiration; besides two of the most familiar songs of Schubert—the "Praise of Tears" and "Hark! the Lark" When Mr. Santley sings, and when Mr. Santley sings such music, it must add to the attraction of any concert, however classical.

At the afternoon performance on Saturday we shall once more hear Herr Joseph Joachim—with whose appearance, as of yore, the Monday Popular Concert season attains its zenith.

* It has just been published as No. 1 of a series of "Revivals."

Something about Franz Schubert.

At the time the above letters were written I was only slightly acquainted with Schubert, though I had heard him sing his songs on two or three occasions. His voice (*un voix de compositeur*) was something between a sweet tenor and a baritone; his style simple and natural, full of feeling, and without the slightest affectation In the winter of 1824-25, as a jurist of four years' standing, I was, what with the Vienna edition of Shakespeare, and what with my own productions, overwhelmed with work I was gradually accumulating innumerable dramas and comedies, among which was the *Goldschmied von Nürnberg*, as well as subsequently *Der Mann von Anstand*, *Faustmut*, and other ideal and romantic effusions, with which, for the moment, practical, realistic managers would have nothing to do. But I still continued to work on without respite, and spent nearly all my evenings in my lonely room.

I was sitting, then, in that hermitage of mine, one evening, in the month of February, 1825, when my old friend, Schwind, came in, bringing with him Schubert, who was then already celebrated, or at least known. We soon became intimate. In compliance with Schwind's wish, I was obliged to read some absurd things I had written in my youth. We then went to the piano, and Schubert sang. We played, also, with four hands, and then adjourned to the tavern where we remained to a late hour of the night (I am vain enough to mention that it is to my continuous musical practice with my friend that I owe my tolerable skill in reading at sight.)

The alliance was concluded From that day forth, we three friends were inseparable Others, too, gathered round us, most of them painters and musicians, and formed a set of a lively kind, full of fresh life, animated by similar sentiments and similar aspirations, and sharing with each other their pleasures and their pains. First among them was that fine fellow, Schober, who, in the summer of 1825, at length arrived in Vienna

Old age becomes from time to time garrulous, but it is only in youth that people have really something to tell each other, and have never finished doing so. Such was the case with us. How often did we three wander about till nearly daylight, seeing one another home in turns, and not being able to part, not unfrequently passing the night at one or the other's rooms

We were not very particular about comfort. Friend Moritz would, for instance, fling himself, merely wrapped in a leathern counterpane, upon the bare floor, and on one occasion, when a pipe was wanted, he cut up the case of Schubert's eye-glasses into one. As regards property, communistic ideas prevailed; hats, boots, neck handkerchiefs, and even coats, as well as any other articles of apparel, that happened to fit him who required them, all formed one common stock, but gradually, if often worn by the same individual, who thus gained a kind of affection for them, became his undisputed private property

Whoever happened to be in cash paid for the other, or others Sometimes it came to pass that two had no money, and the third only—the same Of course, Schubert was the Crœsus among us, now and then rolling in silver, when he had sold a song or two, or even a whole series, as, for instance, the songs of Walter Scott, for which Artaria or Diabelli paid him five hundred florins, Austrian currency—a price with which he was perfectly contented, and which he resolved to husband carefully, but as was always the case, at once failed to do so. For a time, he spent the money freely, treating everyone—then came once more short commons. In a word, the tide was continually ebbing and flowing. It was to the fact of its being high water in Schubert's pocket, that I owe the pleasure of hearing Paganini. I could not manage the five florins that Concert Pirate required Of course, it was absolutely imperative that Schubert should hear him, but he would not go a second time without me. He grew quite angry when I refused to accept a ticket from him

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "I have heard him once, and I was savage you were not with me! I tell you there will not be another fellow like him! Money is a drug in the market with me at present, so come along!" and he dragged me off.

Who would not, under the circumstances, have allowed himself to be persuaded? So we heard the infernally-celestial fiddler, on whose fantasias Heine has written such fine ones himself We were no less entranced with his wonderful *Adagio*, than surprised at his diabolical dodges. We were, also, no less humorously edified at the incredibly ludicrous bows made by the demoniacal individual, who resembled a thin black doll upon wires. According to custom I was taken to a tavern, and treated after the concert, a bottle more than usual being consumed and set down to the account of our enthusiasm.

That was when it was high tide! But there was a reverse to the medal. On another occasion, I went, early in the afternoon, to the café near the Karnthnerthor Theatre, and ordered a "Melange" with which I ate half-a-dozen "*Kipfel*" Shortly afterwards, Schubert appeared and did the same We were both surprised at our respective appetites being so good so shortly after dinner.

"The fact is I have not dined" said my friend, in a somewhat dejected tone.

"No more have I," I replied laughing.

Without any previous arrangement, we had both come to the café, where we were well known, and had "stuck up" the "Melange," instead of having a dinner, for which neither of us was that day in a position to pay. It was completely low tide with both of us

It was under similar circumstances that the fact of our calling each other "Du," was celebrated in sugar and water! Then again came Schubert evenings, "Schubertladen" as they were called, with jolly, high-spirited companions, when the wine flowed in streams; that good fellow Vogl sang all the splendid songs for our amusement, and poor Franz Schubert had to accompany them, till his short fat fingers would scarcely obey him any longer. But he was worse off at our house parties—merely "Wurstelballe" in those simple times—though there was no scarcity of pretty women, married and unmarried, at them. Our "Bertel," as he was occasionally called in a coaxing tone, had to play his newest waltzes over and over again, till an endless cotillion was finished, so that it was only at the modest supper that the short, corpulent manniken, bathed in perspiration, had a moment's rest. It was not astonishing that he sometimes escaped, and that many a "Schubertiade" had to be given without Schubert, if he did not, perchance, feel inclined for company, or some one or other among the persons invited did not particularly please him It not unfrequently happened that he would let a whole party wait for him in vain, while he was sitting over a bottle, in some obscure wineshop, with half a dozen ushers, his former colleagues. When we reproached him, the next day, for his conduct, he would answer with a good-natured snigger: "I was not in the humor"

This is, perhaps, the proper place for correcting certain errors which circulate from time to time, regarding the easy going, genial artist, especially among persons who have no small opinion of their own good breeding, as they call it. "It is not to be denied that Schubert, poor fellow, possessed talent, but he was totally deficient in polish, in good tone, and even in acquirements—nay, in everything constituting a scholar or a gentleman," people used to say, and, at last, they were rather inclined to picture the genial songster as a kind of "drunken savage," as in his day the prosaic Voltaire designated that poetic giant Shakespeare *in usum Delphini*.

It is certainly true that Schubert had no regular University education, his studies had not extended much beyond the course prescribed at the Gymnasium, and he was a self taught man, all his short existence. In his own branch of art, he was tolerably acquainted with the composers and models, and, under Salieri's direction, had applied himself sufficiently to theory, though, as I will afterwards relate, it was not till the last year of his life that he set about studying certain subjects, which he had previously neglected. In literature, too, he was anything but ignorant and the poetic way, full of life, with which he could

grasp the most different poetic individualities, such as Goethe, Schiller, William Müller, J. G. Seydl, Mayrhofer, Walter Scott and Heine; clothe them anew in flesh and blood, and faithfully reproduce in beautiful, noble, and characteristic music the idiosyncracy of each one—such instances of palingenesis should suffice, by the mere fact of their existence, and without any further proof, to show from what deep feeling, from how delicately strung a soul his creations flowed! Any one who so understands poets is a poet himself. And there is a great difference between a man who is a poet, and occasionally quaffs his wine in an Anacreontic spirit with his friends and those who think as he does, and a drunken savage! This savage, too, read seriously; extracts exist in his own hand from historical and even philosophical writers; his diaries contain his own ideas, which are sometimes highly original, as well as poems; and his favorite associates were artists, and persons connected with art. He entertained, on the other hand, a perfect dread of ordinary prosy individuals, and with regard to those narrow-minded beings, high or low, commonly called the educated classes, Goethe's exclamation:—

> "Lieber will ich schlechter werden
> Als mich ennuyiren,"

was always his motto, as it was that of us all. In mediocre company he felt isolated, uncomfortable, and oppressed, and easily grew ill-tempered, despite the great attention shown him when he was beginning to be celebrated. It was not, therefore, astonishing, if he sometimes at table took more than he could bear, and, by a few strong out-bursts, sought to free himself from the depressing influence of those around him, so that they started back in dismay. I myself witnessed a scene of this description, but, after all, it was more comic than reprehensible. It was one summer's afternoon. We had strolled out, with Franz Lachner and others, to Grinzing, for the purpose of having some of the new wine, a beverage of which Schubert was especially fond, though I myself never liked its sharp, acid taste. We sat talking pleasantly over the liquor, and did not walk back till it was dark. I wanted to go home at once, as I resided at that time in a distant suburb, but Schubert dragged me forcibly into a tavern. I was also obliged to accompany him to a café, where he was accustomed to finish his evening, stopping in fact till late into the night. It was one o'clock in the morning, and an exceedingly animated musical discussion had sprang up as we sat drinking hot punch. Schubert tossed off one glass after another, and fell into a sort of enthusiastic fit, and, more eloquent than usual, explained to Lachner and myself all his plans for the future. As fate would have it, a very unlucky star conducted into the café two musicians, celebrated members of the band at the Operahouse. On their entrance, Schubert stopped short in the midst of his animated harangue. His forehead grew wrinkled, and his small grey eyes glared wildly from beneath his spectacles, which he kept pushing ceaselessly backwards and forwards. Scarcely, however, had the musicians caught sight of the master, before they rushed up to him, seized hold of his hands, said a thousand complimentary things, and nearly crushed him with flattery. At length it came out that they were most anxious to have a new composition, with solos for their own particular instruments, for a concert they intended giving. "The *maestro* Schubert would assuredly be so obliging as to, etc., etc."

The master, however, appeared anything but so obliging, and made no reply. Being repeatedly pressed, he at length said curtly, "No! for you I will write nothing."

"Not for us?" said the musicians in amazement.

"No! most certainly not!"

"And why not, Herr Schubert?" was the reply, in an irritated tone. "I think we are as much *artists* as yourself! no better are to be found in all Vienna!"

"Artists!" exclaimed Schubert, hastily drinking the last glass of punch, and getting up from his seat. Then, cocking his hat, over his ear the little fellow placed himself, as though menacingly, before the two virtuosos, one of whom was a big, and the other a corpulent man. "Artists!" he repeated, "Catgut-scrapers, you mean. You are nothing more! One of you nibbles the brass mouthpiece of his wooden cudgel, and the other puffs out his cheeks by blowing down his French horn. Do you call that art? It is a mechanical trade, a knack, that brings in money, and there an end!—You, artists! Do you not know what the great Lessing says?—How can a man do nothing all his life but nibble the end of a piece of wood with holes in it!—that is what he says"—(turning to me)—"or something of the kind. Am I not right?" (Again addressing the virtuosos), "You pretend to be artists! You are only fiddlers and blowing machines, the whole lot of you! *I* am an artist, if you like. I am Schubert, Franz Schubert, whom everyone knows, and of whom every one speaks! A man who has written great things, and beautiful things which you are incapable of understanding—and who will write something still more beautiful."—(To Lachner): "Is not that true, my boy?—Something very fine indeed! Cantatas and quartets, operas and symphonies! I am not merely a waltz-composer, as you see stated in the stupid papers, and as stupid men repeat—I am Schubert! Franz Schubert! Remember that! When the word *art* is uttered, the speaker refers to me, and not to you, insects and worms, who ask for solos, which I will never write for you—I know why! You crawling, gnawing worms, you whom I ought to crush beneath my foot—the foot of a man who touches the stars—*sublimi feriam sidera vertice*,"—(to me): "translate that for them.—The stars, I say, while you, poor horn blowing worms, wriggle in the dust, and with the dust as dust are blown about and rot."

Such a tirade, only verbally far worse, though I have faithfully reproduced its spirit, was that which he launched at the heads of the dumb-foundered virtuosos who stood gaping with their mouths wide open, and without being able to say a word in reply, while Lachner and myself endeavored to get the excited composer away from what was, at any rate, a very unpleasant scene. We took him home, soothing him as we went along.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 26, 1870.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The eighth Symphony Concert (Thursday Afternoon, Feb. 17), was made up as follows:

Overture, "The Fair Melusina,"..... .....Mendelssohn.
Symphony, in G minor.....Mozart.

Pianoforte Concerto, in D major, No. 2, Ed of Breitkopf and Härtel. First time.....Mozart.
Allegro. Larghetto. Allegretto.
Hermann Daum.
Unfinished Symphony, in B minor.....Schubert.
Allegro moderato. Andante con moto.
Serenade [from a Quartet], by all the strings.....Haydn.
Overture, "The Wood Nymph".....Bennett.

This was not altogether a fortunate combination. We say not fortunate, because the programme as a whole, as it resulted after various balked purposes and changes, was somewhat the accident of an accident. Too many sweets, too little contrast, although plenty of variety; but a variety entirely within the sphere of soothing, gentle influence. It was unfortunate, too, that the Mozart Concerto came immediately after the Mozart Symphony; yet the component elements of the programme hardly allowed another order. The two Overtures, both romantic, picturesque and interesting as provoking a comparison, had to be placed far apart to avoid monotony.

The G-minor Symphony (which led off in the very first of these concerts five years ago), is one of the perfect creations of its kind, so recognized by all musicians. We wonder not a little therefore, when we read in one of the Dailies that it is "by no means one of the greatest of the great composer's Symphonies!" Which among them, then, *is* greater—with the one exception of the 'Jupiter?" For, leaving that out, none of Mozart's Symphonies are *great* in the sense in which the term as quoted seems to have been used. Their greatness is in the perfection of their art, their pure imaginative beauty, their unity of form pervaded by one warm, spontaneous life, as if they grew and were not made. And in these attributes the G-minor stands at the head of all the Symphonies. The rendering this time was delicate, the fine vitality of outline well preserved, and in the main the lovely, luscious coloring as well.

Mr. DAUM is a devoted, conscientious student of the masters of piano writing, who does not seem by temperament or strength of physique to find his forte in tasks with orchestra before great audiences. He plays too much as if he were alone in his own quiet room, a reverent reader of his master, rather than a self-forgetting, strong interpreter: The listener waits in vain to feel the sparks struck out. Yet all is rendered smoothly, cleanly for the most part,—bating a too frequent blurring intervention of the pedal. Nor did this one in D major, although wearing the unmistakable family features, prove to be one of the most interesting of Mozart's Concertos; the more famous one in D minor, or another in E flat, considering that so far we had heard none of them here, would have been a happier choice. We are certainly thankful to Mr. Daum for letting us hear a Mozart Concerto at all; the choice of author, at all events, was creditable in a time when all our artists seem reluctant to produce themselves in any but the more brilliant and electrifying works in this form by great composers since Mozart,—the two greatest ones of his immediate successor, Beethoven, being the greatest of any yet. The first movement in the one under consideration is of most account, though evidently the *Larghetto*, with its simple, quaint, idyllic melody, its pretty motive prettily imitating itself—gracefully and feelingly played too—gave most general pleasure. The Finale, one of the slightest of Mozart's commonplaces, sounds too much like a pupil's exercise in Hünten or some "Modern School" of the past generation. The elaborate Cadenzas, introduced in the two quick movements, very good ones, were written by Carl Reinecke. (And here we must remark that we had been misinformed, when we attributed to Reinecke the Cadenzas used by Miss Dutton in the Beethoven Concerto; they were by Moscheles). Mr. Daum won the respect and sympathy of his audience, and was quite warmly applauded, especially after the slow movement.

The two movements of the Unfinished Symphony mark neither "the highest" nor "the latest wave" of Schubert's genius, as the authority above cited would have us believe. They were written some time before the great, crowning work, the Symphony in C. Full of beauties, and of originality, of course they are, and only genius great as Schubert's could account for them. Plainly they have become very popular, and many, even of the most experienced music-lovers, hear them for the first time with a delightful surprise. There is no denying the charm of the melodic theme pervading the first movement, nor the tragic pathos and delicacy of both movements, nor the occasional passages of grandeur. It is a fragmentary effort of strange fascination, but not a triumphant work. It has at least two defects. In the first place it is not positively *Symphonic*; during the greater part of the Allegro you are in doubt whether you are listening to a Symphony, or to a tragic Overture, the restless *tremolo* is so dramatic; the overmastering mood is more than the artistic genial mastery. And then, taking the *Andante* and *Allegro* together, the entire tone is one of utter melancholy and depression; Music fails to work out its spiritual victory here and win great Joy, as it does in all the Symphonies of Beethoven, and in the great one of Schubert. The Allegro seems to describe a feverish brain haunted by one lovely, hopeful melody, which it in vain pursues, rising near the end to a great climax of despair which is indeed sublime and in the grandest vein of Symphony, but only momen-

tary. Another of these great suggestions occurs near the beginning of the Andante; but on the whole we have the glorious brain here in a comparatively impotent and sickly state. Wonderfully lovely and strange themes are no wonder ever in a man like Schubert; his pianoforte Sonatas are full of them, and yet these, with two or three exceptions, cannot as artistic wholes be counted among his great successes. Can we wonder that Schubert put this work aside unfinished?

The little Quartet piece from Haydn, played by all the strings (after a manner much in vogue in Paris, and recently exemplified to us in this very *morceau* by Thomas's Orchestra), was a charming bit of *pianissimo* effect, in itself very much enjoyed; though, considering all that had preceded, some bracing, vigorous *fortissimos* might have been better for us. And we must own that there is justice in the following remarks in the *Transcript:*

It might well be questioned whether the Haydn "Serenade" by all the strings—however grateful the piece—rightly found its place on the programme; serving, as its primarily did, to illustrate in imitation a mere instrumental effect. It was given with muted strings, and was not a success in comparison with the Thomas rendering. Shut one's eyes, and the sound seemed to come at most from a double quartet of strings; the prime achievement—that of fulness and volume even under the restraint of an absolute *pianissimo*, was not attained.

Bennett's romantic Overture loses nothing by repetition; yet this Wood Nymph, though charming, need cause no jealousy in the fair Melusina.

The next programme (ninth and last but one of the Concerts, March 3) will not be open to any of the above complaints; while the first appearance of the young German Pianist, Miss ANNA MEHLIG, who has made so fine an impression on the most musical people in New York as well in Europe, will be a marked event in our musical year. It is this:

PART I. Overture to "Genoveva," *Schumann*; Recit. and Aria: "Addio, O miei sospir," from Gluck's "Orfeo," (first time), sung by Mrs. C. A. Barry; Piano Concerto in F minor, *Chopin*, played by Miss Anna Mehlig, (her first appearance in Boston.)
PART II. Alto Arias, from *Handel's* Italian Operas, arranged by *Robert Franz* (first time in any concert), sung by Mrs. Barry; *Beethoven's* Heroic Symphony.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. Notwithstanding the absence of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, classical entertainments of this class have abounded with us, beyond all precedent, this winter. The LISTEMANN Quartet Matinées are over; PERABO has completed two sets of Piano Matinées, of four each, and soon begins with Evening Concerts; MR. PETERSILEA has given two of his four Musical "Receptions"; MR. PARKER finishes to-night his Trio Soirées, four in number, given weekly. And still we have in prospect four "Piano forte Recitals" (beginning Tuesday, March 1.) by Mr. JAMES M. TRACY, assisted by Mr. H. WILDE, vocalist; and, probably, most welcome news, a series by HUGO LEONHARD. To these must be added, but that they are countless, the Matinées, &c., of the two Conservatories.

Of all these the scene has been and will be Chickering Hall, and after these are over we shall know that pleasant place no more save as a remembered blessing. The greedy mouth of Business, Dry Goods, gapes wide to swallow up the building, and the Messrs. Chickering will remove a few blocks southward on the same street, where they will soon have another and a larger Hall, and Music will not cease to be under the constant obligations to them that it always has been.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S Second Trio Soirée, Saturday evening, Feb. 12, was made up of choice elements:

Trio in E flat, op. 1 ...... Beethoven.
Allegro. Adagio. Scherzo. Presto.
Aria, from "Die Entfuhrung" ...... Mozart.
Piano Solos:
Prelude in E major ...... Bach.
Scherzo in E minor ...... Mendelssohn.
Songs:
Night Song ...... Schumann
The Violet ...... Mozart.
Trio in F major ...... Schumann.
Allegro molto. Adagio Espressivo. Moderato. Allegro non troppo.

Both the Trios were rendered in good style and with true artistic feeling, Messrs. LISTEMANN and HEINDL taking the violin and 'cello parts. The early one by Beethoven does not lose its freshness, nor seem less original after the very interesting one by Schumann, which was new to us, and too good to be dismissed with a single hearing. The whole work is full of power and beauty, particularly the third movement, which has a peculiar rhythm, and in the second part of which the melody in the piano is accompanied by a charming variation on itself begun by the violin and passed on to the 'cello. Mr. Parker played the smaller pieces in a clear and finished manner, with fine taste and feeling. The singer, Mrs. A. P. BROWNE, who has a bright and fresh soprano, not particularly sympathetic, with fair execution, made quite an agreeable impression, especially in the two smaller songs.

The programme of the third Soirée was this:

Trio in G major ...... Mozart.
Allegro. Andante. Allegretto.
Aria, from "St. Paul," "Be thou faithful" ...... Mendelssohn.
Violoncello obligato.
Piano Solo: Ballad in A flat ...... Chopin.
Song: Suleika ...... Schubert.
Trio in D minor ...... Mendelssohn.

The Mozart Trio,—the first by him which we remember to have heard in any of our concert rooms—was most enjoyable. An easy task for the performers, compared with the more modern works of that kind, but yet requiring a mature artistic feeling, a fine, vital touch and finish, which it had in this case. Familiar as the Mozart features were, they had the charm of novelty and freshness presented in this for him (to us) unwonted form. It is unaffected, happy music, full of grace and geniality; light hearted, but not trivial. The variations of the piquant Allegretto theme sparkle with charming pleasantry, and Mr. Parker's happy rendering of one or two of them called forth much applause. The D minor Trio of Mendelssohn, of course, is always acceptable, nor did the artists fail to make its beauty felt. We do not think that Mr. Parker's forte lies in Chopin; yet the *Ballade*, but for a little coldness, was on the whole nicely played.

It was a real pleasure to hear the sympathetic tenor voice of Dr. S. W. LANGMAID, improved by careful culture as it is, and always used expressively, in songs of such rare beauty and significance as these two. He entered truly into the spirit of each style of music, and brought out their beauty and deep feeling. Mr. Heindl comes in for a good share of the credit for his expressive violoncello accompaniment of the sacred Aria. Schubert's "Suleika" is one of the most exquisite of all the songs which that marvellous song writer produced so easily.

MR. ERNST PERABO concluded his second series of four Matinées, on Friday, Feb. 18. A large audience, as usual, were delighted with his rendering of a unique, and for the most part novel programme:

Sonata, (A minor, No. 7, Edition Peters, Leipsic.) ...... Mozart.
a] Allegro maestoso. b] Andante cantabile con espressione. c] Presto.
"Nachtstücke," op. 23 ...... Robert Schumann.
No. 1. Mehr langsam oft zurückhaltend.
No. 2. Markirt und lebhaft.
No. 3. Mit grosser Lebhaftigkeit.
No. 4. Einfach.
a] Etude, op. 10 No. 4. [C sharp minor.] } Chopin.
b] Tarantella, op. 43. [A flat major.] }
Sonata, op. 111, C Minor ...... Beethoven.
a] Maestoso. Allegro con brio ed appassionato.
b] Arietta. Adagio.

The Mozart Sonata, one of the strongest and richest of the set, (No. 5, in the Ditson edition), was played once before by Mr. Perabo, some two years ago, and was worthy of revival. The "Night Pieces," by Schumann, are strangely characteristic specimens of his moody and peculiar genius. The first (in a "rather slow, and often reluctant" tempo), is sombre in tone, and would seem monotonous and dull, not fairly mastered. The second ("marked and lively,") the third (*vivacissimo*), and the fourth, ("simple," as it is marked and already familiar to not a few here), went on increasing in interest, for they were finely interpreted.

Of Perabo, also, we should say that Chopin's sphere was not particularly *his* sphere. His selections showed the more brilliant side of the composer, and quite felicitously. But the great feature of the concert, as of an earlier one, and which everybody wished to hear repeated more than anything in the young artist's whole rich series of interpretations, was the last of Beethoven's Sonatas, in C minor. Schindler is the authority for Mr. Perabo's statement in a note, that "Beethoven wrote this Sonata, also, op. 109 and 110, in the autumn of 1821, at one sitting, (*in einer Zuge*), in order to convince an anxious friend, Count Brunswick, that his intellect was unimpaired." But Schindler's expression is *schrieb nieder*," wrote them *down*, which may imply that the work of composition had been already done. Otherwise the thing would seem miraculous. Perabo played it magnificently, and the great features of the work, so full of fire, depth of feeling, and rich imagination, stamped themselves upon more than one mind wont to feel itself astray and overtasked and weary amid the bewildering flashes of Beethoven's later genius. It was a grand finale to the series of concerts.

Mr. Perabo announces his first Evening Concert for March 22, when he will play two of the Schubert Sonatas, and Beethoven's Six Variations, op. 34; and when Mr. KREISSMANN, too, will sing Löwe's setting of Goethe's droll, fantastic "*Hochzeitslied*" (Wedding Song). We may also state that Mr. LEONHARD will join him, on a similar occasion, in the performance of what perhaps is Schubert's most grandly conceived work, next to the Symphony in C, itself symphonic in suggestion, and made into a Symphony by Joachim,—the Fantasia for four hands.

Mozart's Marriage of Figaro.

[Concluding remarks on the performance by the English troupe, which were crowded out in our last number.]

The concerted pieces went well, and the Orchestra under CARL ROSA's sure direction, though it needed more strings, did fair justice to Mozart's exquisite instrumentation. It is easy to single out airs, scenes, special parts for admiration, and it is for these that most listeners seek the Opera. But to the real music-lover, what even more than these, in an imaginative, unique, and whole creation, like this happy production of young Mozart's brain, enchants, absorbs, and fills with delicious after-vibrations in the chambers of the soul, is the lavish and spontaneous springing up of flowers of beauty in all the unpretending little, what seem mere connecting passages—what may be caught by listening, especially at any passing moment to the orchestra,—in short the beauty of the composition as a whole. Most people do not notice this, and thereby they lose as much, as commonplace mortals, all preoccupied with worldly cares, lose of the daily beauty of the sky and light, or of those wondrous visitations of the divine artist, Nature, when she transforms our parks and streets, and lifts houses into such unimaginable fairy world, as she has done in last night's snow storm.

"Figaro" is a rare work of genius and it is well that our people so appreciate it. But let us not admit what some say, that it is even greater than *Don Giovanni*. The latter, to all the melody and grace of "Figaro," adds another element, of the sublimest grandeur, wholly absent here,—or rather interblends the two—to wit, the supernatural; and that not only where it takes supreme possession in the tremendous last scene, but, (what is more to the purpose of our argument) where, as in the scene where Leporello is forced to invite the statue to supper, the terror of the supernatural creeps into, without silencing the comic and grotesque; and, all the while, the orchestra singing and breathing balmy summer night over it all, and over us!

MORE ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. The Harvard Musical Association will give two extra Symphony Concerts on the two Thursdays following their subscription series. The first, March 24, will be in aid of the noble patriotic project of a Boston Art Museum, particularly for that department of it which is most important and stands most in need, that of Casts of the great Sculpture of the world! The programme will consist largely of the works of Beethoven, and Mr. LEONHARD will then redeem his promise of playing the Schumann Concerto. The second, March 31, will be in compliment to the Conductor, CARL ZERRAHN, and will also offer great attractions. The [illegible] no priority in the choice of seats. Further particulars shortly.

GENOA.—The great event of the musical season here this winter has been the opening of a new Concert room built for Professor Bossola and named by him "Sala Sivori," in honor of the illustrious violinist, Camillo Sivori, who is by birth a Genoese, and who gave his services on the present inaugural occasion. Two distinguished amateur vocalists, Signor Diaz de Soria and Signora Delsignore, lent their talent; and the Marchese d' Arcais delivered an introductory discourse on the cultivation of musical art. The programme selected by Maestro Bossola included Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor for violin and orchestra, admirably executed by Sivori and his instrumental assistants. The care with which this piece had been studied, and the delight with which its performance was received on the present occasion, may serve to prove that when classical pieces are chosen and well produced they give infinitely more pleasure than the trashy so-called music which is generally supposed to be more popular and attractive. The public taste is of a higher and more discriminating kind than is usually attributed to it; and we think that the attention with which this Concerto was listened to by a Genoese audience, and the applause it received from them, form marked evidences of the fact. The Marchese d'Arcais, in his discourse, took occasion to allude to the improvement visible in Genoese taste for sterling music; gracefully and graciously tracing one source of this improvement to the four years' series of classical concerts given at the house of a musical non-Italian resident in this beautiful city.

The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh of Maestro Lavagnino's Classical Concerts, at the Villa Novello, took place on the 22nd and 29th of December, and the 5th and 12th of January; the sixth concert consisted of a second historical selection of compositions from ancient and modern Italian masters. The programme included Leonardo Leo's choral fugue "Kyrie eleison;" Alessandro Scarlatti's Arietta, "Deh! cessati;" Carissimi's Motet, "Gaudeamus;" Marcello's Psalm, "Qual anelante;" Lulli's air from "Alceste" (for Charon), "Il faut passer dans ma barque;" duet and fugue from Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, "Vidit suum" and "Amen;" Guglielmi's Aria sancta, with clarionet obbligato, "Gratias agimus;" a jig and minuet, by Corelli and Geminiani, for violin and piano forte; Cherubini's round for women's voices, "Perfida Clori;" Paisiello's terzetto buffo, from his "Barbiere di Siviglia," "Ma, dov'eri tu;" and Giordani's brindisi "Vivan tutte le Vezzose."—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

JENA.—The 13th ult. was the hundredth anniversaty of the foundation of the Academic Concerts, which have succeeded each other uninterruptedly longer than any other concerts in Germany, always excepting the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipsic, the first of which was given one hundred and twenty-six years ago! In honor of the occasion, the Grand-Duke of Saxe Weimar-Eisenach forwarded the Cross of the Order of the White Falcon, first class, to Dr. Carl Gille, managing director of the concerts, and the University presented him with the honorary diploma of Doctor of Philosophy. From Queen Augusta of Prussia Dr. Gille received the following letter:—"Taking, as I do take, so great an interest in everything that goes on in my country, I cannot refrain from expressing the sincere sympathy excited in my breast by the hundredth anniversary of the Academical Concerts in Jena, and, at the same time, from adding how much I appreciate the services which you, both as director for many years, of these concerts, and as chairman fo the General Musical Association of Germany, have rendered to the cause of our national art. May you long be spared to labor for it as successfully as hitherto, and to receive the thanks of all those who are interested in its development. Berlin, 17th January, 1870. Augusta." Herr Neumann, who, for the last ten years, has acted most efficiently as the musical director of the concerts, received the gold Medal for Civil Merit, from the Grand-Duke of Saxe Weimar Eisenach. The programme of the hundredth concert comprised:—Symphony in A major, Stade; Prologue, C. Dohm; "An die Künstler" (solos, chorus for male voices, and orchestra), Liszt; "Festival Overture," C. Lassen; Cantata, solos, chorus, and orchestra, C. Lassen; "Gaudeamus igitur," humorous piece, solos, chorus, and orchestra, Franz Liszt. The last three pieces were composed expressly for the anniversary. Some of the regulations laid down for the students taking part in the concerts a century ago are highly amusing, and served to give us an insight into what the student-life of the period must have been. One of the regulations, for instance, is, that no student shall appear in his dressing-gown or with curl papers in his hair, but in clean clothing and linen, and with his hair properly arranged, or with a wig. Another regulation requires the students "to be quiet and act in a becoming manner at the concert, and not make a noise, or get into disputes; the *viri academici* are prohibited from seeing any females home."

BONN.—The Musical library of the late Professor Otto Jahn is offered for sale. The price is fixed at ten thousand thalers.—Great preparations are being made to celebrate, becomingly, Beethoven's centenary, in August.

AIX LA-CHAPELLE. The programme for the Forty-Seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, which, as announced in last week's number of the *Musical World*, will take place here at Whitsuntide, under the direction of Herr Franz Lachner, is, at length, definitely settled. It will comprise, on the first day, Beethoven's *Missa solemnis* and *Sinfonia Eroica*; on the second day, the same composer's grand "*Leonore* Overture," and Handel's *Deborah*; and, on the third day, a miscellaneous selection, vocal and instrumental.

ST. PETERSBURGH. Herr Ferdinand Hiller conducted at the fifth concert of the Russian Musical Society. The following was the programme on the occasion: "Fingal's Cave Overture," Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Max Bruch (Herr Auber); Ferdinand Hiller's Overture to Schiller's tragedy of *Demetrius*; Adagio for Violin, Hiller; "Perpetuum mobile," Paganini (Herren F. Hiller and Auber); and Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Beethoven. Herr Ferdinand Hiller was most warmly received and enthusiastically applauded.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was lately produced at the Russian Operahouse, Mlle. Lawrojsky particularly distinguishing herself as Fides.

EDINBURG. At the organ recital in the Music Class Room in Park Place, on Thursday, Professor Oakeley made the following remarks with reference to the performance of Bach's Instrumental compositions in England: "At the last organ performance here, said the Professor, allusion was made to the transcendent genius of Johann Sebastian Bach, as a choral composer, and to the neglect in England of his cantatas, oratorios, masses, and other vocal works, of which he has left so rich and rare a legacy. As an instrumental composer Bach is better known, but not really widely so, and chiefly by his great fugues for organ and harpsichord, or clavichord, instruments now represented by the modern pianoforte, and for his *Suites de pieces pour Clavecin*, compositions superseded by the sonata of modern times, consisting of a series of movements in the same key, entitled Sarabandes, Gavottes, Allemandes, Bourées, Courantes, and so on. His orchestral suites are very rarely performed, for the obvious reason that they were composed before the introduction of several instruments now in use, indeed before the true and manifold beauties of "orchestration" were discovered, or at all events developed. And it is to be regretted that some great modern master, Mendelssohn for instance, has not done for Bach what Mozart did for Handel in the way of additional instrumentation. Something, indeed, has been lately attempted in this way with regard to the accompaniments to a few of Bach's choral works, by one of Schumann's disciples, Robert Franz, whose labors have been successful, if we may judge from the fact of his added orchestral parts having been used at the two last Rhenish festivals—at Cologne, in 1868, when the superb Whitsuntide cantata was given, and at Düsseldorf last year, when the great "Magnificat" in D was performed, from which work excerpts shall be introduced here on some future occasion. Some of Bach's organ music has also been transcribed for orchestra by Esser, of Vienna, who has scored the Toccata and Fugue in F major, and the "Passacaglia," which I have heard at a garden-concert at Prague, to which the charge for admission was about threepence. And Franz Lachner, late Kapellmeister at Munich, introduced at the festival there in 1863 one of the Preludes and Fugues thus enriched by him, when the reception accorded to it was striking and memorable. It is, said the Professor, my intention to give one of these organ works, thus transcribed, at the Reid Concert next year. But the original orchestral score of Bach not only requires addition, but also alteration, as several instruments of his time are now out of use; for instance, the "violoncello piccolo" and the horns and oboes "di caccia," and indeed his obbligato employment of the trumpets presents much difficulty without modification. Thus then, the unfrequent performance of Bach's instrumental scores is accounted for, and has been already noticed; the chief obstacle in his vocal scores, besides their intrinsic difficulty, is the absence of a good or indeed any English text.—*Choir.*

Special Notices.

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A pleasant comicality.

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The 172nd Hymn. Arranged from "Maritana." 3. A. *Swartwout.* 40

Captivity. Far from the haunts of men. 2. G to G. *Henrion.* 30

Nora Lee. 3. D to f. *Hervey.* 30

None I loved like thee. Ballad and Chorus. 3. B*b* to f. *Smith.* 30

Far away. 2. F to F. *Lindsay.* 30

Planchette. Comic Song. 2. B*b* to D. *Veazie.* 35

Hang up the babies' stocking. Song and Chorus. 30

O may we meet again. Ballad. 35

Xenia. Oh heart unfaithful. 6. B*b* to g. *Lutz.* 60
A showy song in operatic style.

Veni Domine. Trio. Female voices. 5. G minor to g. *Mendelssohn.* 40
An excellent piece for class or choir.

Do I love thee. 5. A*b* to g. *Wiegand.* 40
A gem of the first water.

A star in the dark night. (Una stella in notte bruna.) 3. B*b* to e. *Muratori.* 40
A choice song full of feeling.

Instrumental.

Sweet Smile Polka. 4 Hands. E*b*. 4. *Grass.* 60

Three Preludes Pianoforte (No. 3). E minor *Mendelssohn.* 30

Whitlock Schottische. 2. B*b*. *Holbrook.* 30

Berliner Kinder. (Berlin Children Walzer). 4. E*b*. *Bela.* 75

Washington Gray Cavalry March. 3. B*b*. (with handsome Vignette). 50

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A choice Polka Mazourka, in Strauss's captivating style.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 755. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 12, 1870. VOL. XXIX. No. 26.

Herr Bauernfeld's Reminiscences of Franz Schubert.*

(Continued from page 194).

The next morning I ran off to see how Schubert was, as the state in which I had left him occasioned me anxiety. I found him in bed, fast asleep, with his glasses on his head, as usual. Scattered about the room in wild confusion lay the clothes he had taken off the night before. On the writing table was a sheet of paper half covered with writing, and on it an ocean of ink from the inkstand that had been overturned. On the paper was written: "Two o'clock, p.m." Then came a few confused aphorisms, and bursts of excited feeling. There could be no doubt that he had penned them after the angry scene of the previous night. I noted down the astounding passage: "Oh, Nero, you are to be envied, because you were powerful enough to destroy disgusting people in the midst of song and melody."

I waited till he woke up. "Is that you?" he enquired, when he recognized me. Then pushing his glasses into their right place, he held out his hand with a friendly but almost confused smile. "Have you slept off your fit?" I said with a certain emphasis. "Pooh! nonsense!" he exclaimed, jumping out of bed with a loud laugh. I could not help referring to the scene. "What will people think of you," I asked with somewhat of a reproving air.

"The blackguards," he replied quietly and good-naturedly. "Don't you know that they are the most intriguing humbugs on the face of the earth? They are just the same with me as with others. They got what they deserved! I am sorry for it though, all the same. But I will write them the solos they want, and they will yet kiss my hand for it. I know their sort."—There is a bit of Schubert.

If, when he was excited by discussions on art, and by intoxicating drinks, the feeling of his own worth, compared to commonplace individuals, obtruded itself upon him more forcibly than would have been pleasing even to himself when sober, this only happened now and then, when he was in an exceptional mood. On other occasions, we never found poor Franz aught but amiable and retiring, most warmly devoted to his friends, as proved by the letters I have quoted, and willingly acknowledging any thing that others did, going for instance into ecstasies at every fresh specimen, however small, of the talent of our genial friend Schwind. For what was bad and preposterous, on the other hand, he entertained a feeling of downright hatred.

Schubert's mode of life was simple like himself. Every morning at nine o'clock, the Muse sought him, seldom leaving before two o'clock, and not till after presenting him with something valuable. When he had hit upon anything particularly excellent, he became more than usually good humored, and was the life and soul of all his set in the evening. But a man is not always merry! Though in certain things tolerably realistic, Schubert was not free from a touch of romantic exaltation. He fell, for instance, madly in love with one of his pupils, a young Countess Esterhazy, to whom he dedicated one of the most beautiful things he wrote for the piano, the Four-handed Fantasia in F minor. Besides visiting the house of the young lady's father to give lessons, he sometimes went there under the protection of his patron, Vogl, the singer, who associated with princes and counts as with his equals, always talked very grandly and, when he had the genial composer under his wings, behaved like the keeper of a menagerie, with some peculiar rarity from the animal kingdom to exhibit. Schubert was not averse, on such occasions, to be left in the background, for he could then devote all his attention to his adored pupil, and drive Love's dart still deeper in his heart. For a lyric poet as well as for a composer, an unhappy passion, if not too unhappy, is, perhaps, an advantage, since it increases a subjective sentiment, and imparts to the poems and songs springing from it, a color and tone of the most beautiful reality. Productions such as the "Beiden Salei ka," the "Zürnende Diana," a great deal of the "Müllerlieder," and the "Winterreise," all musical confessions, steeped in fervor of true and profound passion, are purified and refined as genuine artistic works in the most beautiful form, proceeding from the gentle heart of the enamored writer. In Schubert, however, there slumbered a *double nature*. The *Austrian* element, coarse and sensual, was evident in it as well as art. New and fresh melodies, together with harmonies and rhythms gushed in endless abundance from his richly gifted mind, but they not unfrequently bore signs of having emanated from the soil so rich in tradition from which the composer himself had sprung—though this is far from being meant as a reproach! Just as the folk's song generally is the foundation of opera, so must also both the songs and operas of a nation be formed and developed in accordance with its peculiar musical susceptibility. I need only mention Rossini, Auber, and Weber, and refer to the widely different course pursued by the operas of various nationalities. The Italian barcarole, and the French song and romance have retained as a rule their stereotype form; the German *Lied*, however, appears capable of endless extension. At first, it was a simple song with strophes, as with Reichardt and Zelter. Zumsteeg, subsequently brought the carefully composed ballad into vogue and this lasted till Schubert created his short lyric dramas of the soul. It is true that since that time the German *Lied* has made no further progress of importance, [?] for, though we cannot think lightly of the purely artistic, noble, and poetic form, with which Mendelssohn invested it, yet with this master, *invention*, the original and creative element, does not go hand in hand with acquirements and artistic development. With Schubert, on the contrary, there is much to blame in the form, and in the musical treatment, as well as in the fresh melodies themselves. The last are sometimes too national, too *Austrian*, and remind us of folk's tunes, the somewhat low handling and disagreeable rhythm of which do not quite justify their forcing themselves into a poetical *Lied*. On this subject we had occasionally discussions with Master Franz, as for instance, when we attempted to prove to him that certain passages in the "Müllerlieder" reminded the hearer of an old Austrian Grenadier-march and tattoo, or of Wenzel Müllers: "Wer niemals einen Rausch hat g'habt."—He either grew seriously angry at such petty irritating criticism, or laughed at us and said: "What do you fellows know about it? So it is and so it should be!"—But so it should *not* be; that is to say: he was bound not to write simply as gushing high spirit and undeveloped youth dictated, and in his later and more mature productions there are none of the student-like, trivial motives to which we objected.

But if, in social intercourse as well as in art, the Austrian character was sometimes rather too uproariously manifested in Schubert, as a young fellow full of life and high spirits, on other occasions the demon of melancholy and sorrow overshadowed him with its dark wings—though it was certainly not altogether a bad spirit, since in the sombre hours of its visitations it frequently suggested to him some of his most painfully beautiful songs. But the combat between a wild roystering life and incessant mental activity is always exhausting, if there is no proper equilibrium in the soul. In our friend's case, there was, however, an ideal passion at work, refining, restraining, and compensating, and we may regard the Countess Caroline as his visible and beneficent Muse; as the Leonora of this musical Tasso.

The same thing happened to Master Franz that happens to all other German composers: as long as he lived he was sighing for a really good libretto. It is true he had completed some operas, such as *Alphons und Estrella*, and *Fierrabras*, as well as the operetta, *Der hausliche Krieg*, which, some thirty years later was produced and created a *furore*, but, in consequence of the indifference of managers for what is poetical and really beautiful, soon disappeared from the bills, because it—did not suit manager's pockets to employ first-rate artists in such a trifle. Schubert had long begged me among the rest to write him a libretto. I passed the spring and summer of 1826 with a friend in the Carinthian mountains. On cold and rainy days I arranged the legend of the Count of Gleichen as the subject for an opera, and wrote to apprise Schubert of the fact. He was not long answering. The letter addressed to both friends, though strange to say I alone am apostrophized throughout,* runs as follows:—

"My dear Bauernfeld,
"My dear Mayerhofer,

"That you should write the opera was a very sensible proceeding on your part, but I wish I saw it before me. I have been asked for my opera books, to see what could be done with them. If your libretto were quite ready I might show the people that, and, when it was approved, for I have no doubts as to its value, I might begin on it in Heaven's name, or send it to the Milder at Berlin. Mlle. Schechner has appeared here in *Die Schweizer Familie*, and been extraordinarily successful. As there is great similarity between her and the Milder, she may do for us.

"Do not remain away too long; it is very melancholy and miserable here. The spirit of wearisomeness has made too much progress. From Schober and Schwind one hears nothing but lamentations, which are far more heart-rending than those we heard in Passion Week.—I have scarcely been to Grinzing once since you left, and with Schwind not at all." (Here follow one or two allusions of a private nature, and not suited for publication). "Out of all this you may do a nice little division-sum in jollity. *Die Zauberflöte* has been performed very well at the Theater an der Wien. *Der Freischütz*, at the Imperial Karnthnerthor-Theater, very badly. Herr Jacob and Mad. Babere in the Leopoldstadt, unsurpassable. Your poetry published in the *Modezeitung*" (I do not know to what poetry he refers) "is very beautiful, but that in your last letter is more so. The elevated jollity and comic sublimity, and the particularly tender outcry of pain at the end, where you bring in the good town of Willach—ah—ah—in a masterly manner, place it among the finest specimens of this kind of composition" (I had written a kind of parody: *Die Lustigen in Willach*, describing our bucolic life among country people, stewards, gamekeepers, clergymen, and their fair cooks). "I am not working at all.—The weather here is really fearful; the Almighty appears to have deserted us entirely; the sun will never shine even for a mo-

* From the "Presse" (Vienna). Translated for the "London Musical World."

* This has reference to the use of the second person singular in the original, a nicety to be rendered in English only by an equivalent, and not by "Thou," "Thee," etc., which, thus employed, are un-English, a fact that has not appeared to strike a great many very estimable individuals who—with the help of a dictionary—are in the habit of translating from French and other foreign tongues. These worthy persons do not seem aware that what is an "*idiotisme*," as the French say, in one language, may, in another, become an idiotism, which is a very different thing.—J. V. B.

ment. It is May, and you cannot sit out in a garden. Fearful! Terrible! Horrible! For me it is the most cruel state of things possible. Schwind and I want to go in June with Spann" (afterwards *Hofrath*, and my official superior) "to Linz. We can meet there or in Gmunden, only let us know for certain—as soon as possible. Don't wait two months first. Farewell!"

Thus ends the epistle. He was so absent he had forgotten to sign it. It is, by the way, the only letter I possess from Schubert to myself. The rest, as well as letters from Raupach, Zimmermann, Tieck, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and other deceased celebrities, have fallen into the hands of the confounded autograph-collectors, who are never tired of asking for a specimen.

[From the Nation.]

Amateur Musical Societies in Philadelphia.

It is now thirty-five years since the *Maennerchor*, the oldest German singing society in the United States, was founded in Philadelphia, by Philip Wolsieffer. The germ then planted has borne rich fruit. The little chorus consisted of about a dozen gentlemen. There are now some twenty societies, with 750 members, without including the passive members, who far outnumber the singers.

With the growth of the German population, and its constant craving for social enjoyment, such a result was inevitable. In the Quaker City, as elsewhere, the meeting-places of these societies are, in effect, club-rooms. The larger and more wealthy organizations give an annual ball, the preparations for which absorb much of their energy. They do but little singing outside of their club-rooms; rarely give a concert, unless in aid of some charity, and are never very much in earnest, in a musical sense, except when preparing for the prize concert at some Saengerfest. Festive gatherings at which jollity is always the chief aim, whether the music be excellent or otherwise, may contribute to the pleasures of those who participate in them, but it is not so clear that they accomplish much in the service of art. It is, perhaps, owing to the frequent sacrifice of Orpheus to Gambrinus that the German singers of Philadelphia have achieved less than they might have done. With a few honorable exceptions, the societies show but little evidence of a desire to improve.

Another circumstance unfavorable to their progress is that most of them possess no female members, and are thus debarred from attempting the larger compositions which are written for a mixed chorus. In spite of these drawbacks, the Junger-Maennerchor (an offshoot of the Maennerchor) and the Saengerbund have been so well trained as to prove very formidable competitors of the New York Liederkranz, as the prize concert during the Baltimore Saengerfest fully proved.

Of the American societies, the first in order, as regards age or numbers, is the Handel and Haydn. It is under the leadership of Mr. L. Engelke, and gives some three or four concerts during the season. Whether it be owing to a lack of interest on the part of the public, or carelessness on the part of its members, it seems to have lost prestige. Even in its best days it never did anything very creditable, except in affording its audiences an opportunity to hear Parepa, and various other artists of acknowledged ability, in oratorio.

Their concerts might have been made more interesting if Philadelphia only had a good, or even a tolerable orchestra. With numerous clever instrumental performers, there is no permanent orchestral organization capable of giving a satisfactory recital of a symphony. The Philharmonic of New York has attained a degree of proficiency which it were unreasonable to seek here, and the playing of Theodore Thomas's orchestra came as a revelation, since which Philadelphians are painfully alive to their want of a good band.

The Mendelssohn Society, of which Mr. Jean Louis is conductor, is a younger organization, and, at one time, enjoyed great esteem. Why it has failed of success can be best answered by its own members. Even a good leader can accomplish but little when singers neglect rehearsals. Mr. Ritter's wail has been heard throughout the land, and there are many chorus-directors who sympathize with him.

Perhaps the most successful of all is the West Philadelphia Choral Society. It numbers about 120 ladies and gentlemen, and is directed by Mr. Peirson, an amateur of decided ability. It has given but one concert, to an invited audience, and, for its numbers, is acknowledged to be the best chorus in the city.

The Abt Society, of which Mr. A. R. Taylor is leader, numbers twenty-six gentlemen, who, it is presumed, are in earnest, since they resolutely enforce the rule that all who neglect rehearsals must be dropped. As a result this little society offers the best male chorus in Philadelphia. It gives monthly concerts to its subscribers and invited guests.

The youngest of the sisterhood is the Beethoven Society, with Mr. Carl Wolfsohn as its conductor. It is a mixed chorus, numbering some eighty members. Aside from the study of chorus singing, the society aims at the creation of a Beethoven Stipendium, with the object of defraying the expense of a musical education for students who have talent and yet cannot afford to pay for instruction—a noble aim, truly, and one in which it deserves to succeed. Whether it is intended to give concerts we are as yet unable to say.

The Vocal Union, led by Mr. Wolsieffer, is a male chorus, numbering about as many members as the Abt Society.

Finally, there is the Amphion Club, which, although a social organization, devotes one or two evenings of every week to music. It also gives concerts with light, pleasing programmes. At these performances, which are always delightful reunions, there are very considerable re-enforcements of outsiders, without whose aid the concerts would be noticeable rather as social than artistic successes.

Among Philadelphia amateurs, there are many of great proficiency who cheerfully contribute to the success of the societies already established. Musical life is active enough, and musical circles are, in this country at least, nowhere more charming. The great need, however, is the presence of some one possessing the musical knowledge and the administrative ability required to combine forces, which are, at present, too much divided to accomplish anything very remarkable.

To the Editor of the Nation:

SIR:—Allow me to add to your list of musical enterprises in Philadelphia a mention of the series of "Parlor Concerts," for the performance of strictly classical music, by a string quartet club, under the direction of Miss Jackson, *pianiste*.

Begun twenty years ago, as private entertainments at the residences of twenty subscribers, the receipts all devoted to the improvement of the performances, these concerts (still under the same rule) have for the last two seasons been given in a public hall to growing audiences. Through Mme. Seiler (known in musical circles from her work on "The Voice in Singing") and the composer David, Miss Jackson was enabled to secure in Germany, in 1868, the services of Mr. G. Guhlemann, a graduate of the Leipsic Conservatory, as conductor.

We are modest, you know, in the presence of New York, but the degree of proficiency to which he has brought the quintet is said by competent judges to be such that even Mr. Thomas's orchestra surpasses it in numbers only. And in the interest of musical art everywhere, it may not be unpleasing to add that it is planned that equality in this particular, also, shall be duly reached.

Z——.

Philadelphia, February 14, 1870.

"Chilperic."

We have all heard of the man whose last state, owing to an increase in the number and wickedness of the evil spirits within him, was worse than his first. At the beginning that miserable person was tenanted by only one devil; but the one, being gregarious and liking the quarters, took seven others of a worse class, and made an infernal party. The narrative illustrates much. It has even a musical application, and to this we turn at once, foregoing all the obvious moralizing upon the easy descent of Avernus, &c., which the general subject invites.

There was a time when the man aforesaid had no devil; and there was, also, a time when society knew not Offenbach. Society may have been, even then, far from musically pure, but—it knew not Offenbach. That is to say, it was free from the influence of one who, by uniting a certain form of art with positive absurdity and comparative indecency, not only degrades art in all its forms, but makes it attractive in its degradation. So far the past had the advantage of the present. M. Offenbach is with us; his music is heard in all our public places (streets included), and Schneider is his prophetess. If the mischief were sure to end, as it began, with M. Offenbach, there would be less cause for crying out, "Life is short and art is long;" and the art of music may survive the life of M. Offenbach. But mischief has always extraordinary vitality. When one devil gains an entrance, seven others are pretty sure to follow. It was a foregone conclusion, therefore, that Offenbach, in possession and flourishing, would attract others more or less unto himself. The result has borne out the conclusion. We have at all events, M. Hervé.

The question arises here, in what respect M. Hervé resembles his prototype. We answer,—In so far as he is unlike Offenbach, he is worse than Offenbach. The latter must be considered a genius in his way. At any rate he possesses the uncommon faculty of knowing what he can do, and sticking to it. There are rumors that, just as Mr. Buckstone is said to consider himself a great tragic actor spoilt by an erratic Fate, so M. Offenbach longs to appear in the character of a serious composer. We shall believe these rumors when they are verified, and not before. There is nothing in the man's works to show that he is in danger of mistaking his *role*, and of producing music worthy a musician's serious consideration. M. Offenbach will, doubtless, remain content to pipe that Folly may dance; and to derive his chief inspiration from Eros. So far, we have a certain respect for him. Moreover—and this increases our respect—he mixes only a low form of art with the other ingredients of an Offenbachian cup. He wears his colors (motley) on his sleeve, without seeking to hide them underneath the classic toga. Now let us turn to M. Hervé. This gentleman also comes to us hand-in-hand with Folly; but, judging from some portions of *Chilperic*, he is not content simply to make folks laugh with (and at) him. He would ape the grand seigneur of music. He would take flight now and then, heedless of Icarus, into the pure atmosphere of high art. Hence there are passages in his music, the intention of which is obvious, and which jar strangely with the buffoonery of their surroundings. Against this development of Offenbachism it is needful to protest, because the precedent may be followed; and there may arise a man both willing and able—which M. Hervé is not—to command the union of high art and folly. Heaven forefend this issue. We have no objection to Pan's pipes when the show is Punch and Judy; but it would be an incongruous thing for the hero of our peripatetic drama, to thrash his wife to the strains of Beethoven. Here, then, is something to be done: When M. Hervé or anybody else, lifts his hand to drag real art down to the level of *opera-bouffe*, rap his knuckles.

Against *opera-bouffe*, pure and simple, we shall not preach, any more than we shall criticise its music. When M. Hervé, in *Chilperic*, is not ambitious, his lively strains help to laughter; and after all nonsense has its use. Nonsense has, also, its sphere—to which it should be kept.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

Position of Instruments in the Orchestra.

Another attempt to solve that difficult question, the best position of the various orchestral forces in the concert-room orchestra, has been recently made at the Crystal Palace by Mr. Manns, whose new arrangement displays so much artistic forethought as to merit in this place a short description. The prime idea seems to have been the collection of all the bass instruments, with the exception of the bass trombone and ophicleide, in a compact central mass, so as to form a solid pivot of foundation tone, and to secure in the slowly vibrating, deep-toned instruments greater readiness of attack, by bringing the whole of the bass masses directly under the conductor's baton.—The wind instruments Mr. Manns places on his left, with the exception of the trombones and euphonium; a feature which may be commended as enabling the director with his disengaged hand to indicate the points of entrance to this section of his forces.

The reeds are placed in fours, with the lowest toned instruments towards the centre, in accordance with

the prime idea of the scheme, that of centralizing the bass tone. The grouping of this department is thoughtful, and in accordance with the general scoring principals of the great masters. The flutes and clarinets are in the front line of the wind; the double-reed instruments, the oboes and bassoons, come next and to the rear of these are stationed the four horns, at the back of which, lastly, but verging towards the centre, are the trumpets or cornets. To our fancy a slight defect in the scheme is the isolated position of the trombones and euphonium, which, placed at the back of the orchestra to the conductor's right, retain their old and usual position in the concert room. The result occasionally is that the trombone tone passes through the mass of strings in front in raw gusts of sound, in consequence of being too far from the modifying influence of the horn tone. Another disadvantage in this disposition of the orchestral force is the spreading out of the mass of violins to the extreme edges of the orchestra, the first to the left of the conductor, and the second to his right. In passages in which the violins work together in thirds or sixths, as in the accompaniments to Handel's "For unto us a Child is born," this arrangement must result in a direct loss of sympathy. There is also an important feature in modern orchestral music, the employment of the mass of violoncellos in broad melodies, which Mr. Manns's plan does not appear to have taken account of. In some of the Continental orchestras the violoncellos are massed together, and all the contrabasses are placed in close proximity; by this arrangement the old method of setting one violoncello and a contrabass to play from the same copy is avoided, and the violoncellos, gaining greater unanimity of attack and solidarity of tone, produce a more passionate and penetrating effect. In the performances of one of Handel's oratorios we should, of course, advocate the old method of placing the basses two and two. The best position for the different orchestral masses has probably still to be found; and as the instrumentalists cannot, like the companies of a regiment, be ordered to the front by turns as required, there will always be drawbacks to set against any gains which may be obtained by change.—*Musician, for February.*

Mr. Fechter at the Boston Theatre.

[Transcript, March 28.]

Mr. Fechter's Hamlet has more vitality than any seen in Boston since the elder Booth's. He labors under the disadvantage of a French accent. He is not always correct in the text. He is not sensitive to the rhythm of Shakespeare's blank verse. We doubt whether his characterization of Hamlet is not rather passionate realism than the highest impassioned and imaginative identification. In all the relations of the character to the unreal and supernatural, where the elder Booth's conception had the imaginative lift and infinite suggestiveness of one of Turner's greatest landscapes, Mr. Fechter's has a sharply defined and narrow horizon. Booth's had more breadth and subtlety, while he was also profoundly in earnest.

But Mr. Fechter has what neither the scholarly Macready nor the fascinating younger Booth has had—a vital, central conception of the character. It may be right, or it may be wrong, but it is so thoroughly realized that his individuality is lost in Hamlet's, and that all details of representation take vital relations to his essential nature. Mr. Macready's Hamlet was an admirable collection of thoughtful readings. Edwin Booth's is another collection, less thoughtful and less valuable, but with all the charms of youth, of beauty, and of fine declamatory elocution. Each has lacked central grasp and imaginative embodiment of character. They studied Hamlet externally and "played the inference." The consequence is that they have thrown new light on particular passages, and that we are indebted to both for their conscientious study of all the stage accessories of the play and for a certain even excellence of representation. But the studied and artificial have been apparent in walk, look, speech and action. Each played the part, instead of *being the man.*

An intelligent person would not know, after hearing Edwin Booth, whether he thought Hamlet sane or insane, or on the border land between. Mr. Fechter leaves no room for doubt. He believes the madness entirely feigned. He knows that melancholy affects different temperaments differently. He believes that Hamlet's was active, alert, energetic, varying. He can infer nothing else from the play. He therefore sees nothing inconsistent with a deep melancholy in all the natural variety of manifestation of such a temperament. And there is none.

But we imagine that Mr. Fechter's idea of Hamlet strikes deeper. It had always seemed to us that though a Richard would not in Hamlet's place have hesitated, no man of great executive faculty, *who had a conscience*, placed in those circumstances, could have failed to doubt what was his duty. Hamlet was asked by a mere ghost, with additional shadowy and doubtful circumstantial evidence, to commit a murder. His justification would have been insufficient before any human court, or before heaven. And the very ghost who urges him to revenge, still has such affection for his late faithless and wretched wife that he checks the execution of revenge itself by his tender care for her. It is a wide open question, but it has always seemed to us that if Hamlet had had a clear, simple and sufficient duty, and a work to be done vast and complex, he would have shown more executive faculty than Richard, from the very fact that he was his superior in intellect and had a conscience.

Whether Mr Fechter is right or wrong, he is thoroughly in earnest. He so realizes the character that the details and externals of his acting are to be interpreted in the light of his conception. Little things take care of themselves. He strikes through forms and conventionalities to the fact and the thing. He magnetizes all he touches. His Hamlet should be heard two or three times, that it may have justice, and then, the relation between himself and his hearer being once established, he triumphs over accent, over the occasional sing-song of French verse, over occasional wrong to English rhythm, over all stage traditions, and electrifies his audience by overwhelming earnestness and reality. His action is more vitally graceful and picturesque than that of any English or American tragedian. It seems "the unbought grace of nature."

Because he plays in melodrama, we expected melodramatic action in his Hamlet, but we did not find it. He plays Macbeth, Othello and Iago as well as Ruy Blas. His Othello, though a wider departure from English tradition than any of his characters, was a success in London, and his Iago was played there to crowded houses for some fifty nights.....

Mr. Fechter's father was a German sculptor. His mother was French. He was born in England, whence he left with his father for Paris when twelve years old. He had the early training of a sculptor before he was an actor. Before he had played three times at the Theatre Français, Rachel detected his talent, and he very soon was selected by her as her leading supporter. Ten years ago he went to England for his health, with no thought of acting, was induced to recover the language, played first in "Ruy Blas" and then in "Hamlet," of which he had long been a student, and at once took the high place which he has easily maintained to this day.

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Of Mr Fechter's Ruy Blas there is no occasion to say much, unless we indulge in reiterations of admiring praise; for after commenting at length on his genius, fine qualities and peculiarities as an artist, it is only of the application of these to a new character that we have left ourselves anything to say. The justifiable anticipations, from all we had heard and seen of him, of a performance of finished beauty, subtle delineation of changeful feelings, intense passion, startling magnetic force, and that indescribable softening and blending something which, for want of a more definite term, we call picturesqueness, were in no whit disappointed.

In quiet dignity and ease of bearing at the outset; in the conflict of pride and self respect with shame and contempt for his menial condition; in the warmth of friendship; in the transfiguration wrought by a pure, ennobling, but hopeless love; in integrity of soul as he was exalted to office; in the grand self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, wherein his worshipping affection found its reward; and in his vehement scorn and retributory vengeance and tragic death—in all this, and by all this, was shown the conceiving, creating and executive power of a mind, a heart and an imagination equal to the highest demands upon dramatic ability.

Passing by the thoroughly artistic use made of inviting "situations"; the special scenes of struggles with contending emotions; the exquisite tenderness, delicacy and warmth of the confession in look and act of a reverent love; and the terrific outbursts of judicial scorn and anger, nothing strained, nothing overdone—passing by these details, most impressive was the progress and keeping of the whole; the growth that developed character rather than plot, until the climax of heart-broken misery was reached, to be mercifully shadowed and ended by heroic death. Out of the poverty or the mere suggestive hints of a meagre and unnatural romantic drama, Mr. Fechter, as Ruy Blas, incarnated a great nature, and gave to that nature a fulness of utterance and a triumphant expression; thus making it for all who saw him a living and individualized reality.

Of Marianne, it may be said that Miss Leclerq added to the repute she won last week by her Ophelia, and gave evidence of painstaking correctness, graceful bearing and capacity for quite thrilling expression of strong emotions, and maiden delicacy whilst yielding unconsciously to the irresistible impulses of the heart, asserting their rightful superiority to artificial restraints. Mr. Bangs as Don Salluste gave more than a fair support to the principals, and in the earlier portions of the play was quite up to the cool, intriguing and vindicative villany.—*Ibid.*

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Mr Fechter's Claude Melnotte. We have heretofore expressed such sincere respect and admiration for Mr. Fechter's genius, that we shall be rightly understood when we indulge the hope that Saturday will give us his last performance of Claude Melnotte in Boston. Though he is still in the prime of manhood, he is twenty years too old for the part. The first three acts have been better played in Boston by actors with but a tithe of his talent. And it is only because the last two acts give him a few opportunities for that intensity of realization in which he stands alone upon the English stage, that this sentimental boys' and girls' play did not drop dead at his feet. As it was, they electrified the audience into forgetfulness that an actor who can illumine Hamlet, Iago and Othello, only inadequately interpreted the "Lady of Lyons."

"Ruy Blas" is, to be sure, a melodrama. His treatment of that is occasionally a little too "continental" for English and American taste. But it is all alive with language and situations for his special genius for passionate realism and intensity, and in it he is all aglow and radiant with a love respectful, delicate, chivalrous, manly, intense. Every word of Ruy Blas leaps naturally from his own lips and nature. Not half of the language of his part last night was worthy of him, and he, for just that reason, was unfit for it. A man who has no superior in Hamlet, Iago and Ruy Blas should not in justice to his own genius and its admirers place himself in doubtful competition with the sentimental boy lovers of the stage.

We should not speak thus plainly did we not regard this part as one for which he is not only in a great degree fortunately unfitted, but as one which is utterly unworthy of his talents. Whether he plays tragedy or melodrama, we have a right to ask for his own sake as well as ours, that it shall be a play which shall give some scope to the variety and intensity of his nature.

These words will not lessen his Saturday's audience, which is sure to be great, and to be electrified by those touches of nature and bursts of power for which the play gives him some opportunities.—*Ibid.*

(From the Advertiser, March 3.)

We cannot see that Mr. Fechter fails in any particular to realize the best and the noblest conception of *Claude*. He is admirable in the sensitive and frank manliness of his peasant life; in his easy refinement and delicate humor, when he counterfeits the Italian Prince, he far surpasses other representatives of the character; and in the beautiful courtesy and chivalrous bearing which mark his intercourse and encounter with *Colonel Damas*, his acting is beyond praise. In delineating the passion of love, the quality of his performance here, as in "Ruy Blas," can be judged only by comparing its different parts with each other; for he has neither equal nor rival in this field where the last and highest test of histrionic skill is applied. Whether it be in the time of his expectancy, in the period of his complete but self-loathed triumph, in the hour of his humiliation and shame, or in the day of final anxiety and triumph, this wonderful love burns with flaming, almost with awful, intensity, proving its reality in its hope, in its despair, in its abnegation of self, and in its constancy; and its aspiration, its tenderness, its self sacrifice and its trust, have always the same vividness and fire and the same almost sacramental purity and solemnity. In the stronger and fiercer aspects of the character his power is as great and magnetic as ever, and, as always, is pervaded by the suggestion of a reserve of force which is not used; and, as a consequence, it never falls into the feebleness of frenzy when it means to be only intense. The scene which was, perhaps, the best and most thrilling feature of the whole performance illustrated this idea admirably. It is in the third act, where he turns upon *Beauseant* and *Glavis* and warns them on their peril not to insult his unhappy wife or his own wretchedness any further. We scarcely remember a more thrilling effect upon the stage, than that produced last night by his utterance of the words, "Away with you," when he first turns upon his tormentors. It was like a sudden flash of lightning, full of terrible warning and danger; but it had the same mark of reserved power. And in the fierce denunciation which follows, even when, with an action new to our stage, he forced *Beauseant* to kneel and pick up the rejected purse of gold, in the very torrent, tempest and whirlwind of his passion he never lost this imposing self control.

Miss Leclercq's *Pauline* was magnificent in parts,

[illegible] in its excellence. We cannot give it higher praise than to say that in many scenes she fairly divided the honors with Mr. Fechter. . . .

The impression made upon the very large and cultivated audience was, for Boston, and in view of the character of the assemblage, entirely unprecedented. Mr. Fechter and Miss Leclercq were four times called before the curtain and were greeted with excited cheers. We have seldom seen such an audience so thrown out of its usual state of calmness and self-possession. The wildest and most demonstrative enthusiasm, however, may well be pardoned in the presence of such an actor, and of an impersonation so real, so vivid, so beautiful and so expressive.

(From the Springfield Republican, March 5).

Boston gave the severest test of Fechter that he is likely to meet with in America. A Boston audience is proverbially critical; and in that city Edwin Booth is a favorite with everybody, from the arctic heights of Beacon hill, and the Elysian fields along the Milldam and beyond the Public garden, to the dwellers in Mesopotamian Dorchester and beside the suburban waters of Roxbury Ditch. Fechter did not come to a vacant throne, not to the perpetual anarchy of New York, but to a loyal Bostonian vassalage, who gloried in Booth as Evan Dhu did in Vich Ian Vohr. For all that, Fechter came, was seen and conquered; a few of the connoisseurs, like Mrs. Howe, who is committed in lyric verse to the praises of Booth, still hold out; but even these are too just to deny that Fechter is a great realistic artist. Mrs. Howe says indeed, and with truth, that he is not an ideal actor, as Rachel was, but stands, rather, on the lower level of Ristori. And the grizzled connoisseurs who cherish the memory of the elder Booth, add that he, too, rose above Fechter in the power of idealizing his characters; and this, whether true or not, cannot be disputed, for who can compare what now is, with what is only a thrilling and gracious reminiscence? which is all that remains

After a well-graced actor leaves the stage.

Fechter has now played in Boston his Hamlet repeatedly, his Ruy Blas more than once, and has even placed his burly and grand personation behind the thin frame of Bulwer's melo-dramatic Claude Melnotte. Of his Hamlet our correspondent has sufficiently spoken: it was a revelation to Boston as it is to all audiences who see it for the first time, even if prepared by the descriptions of Dickens and the diluted critiques of the New York newspapers. His Ruy Blas is entirely different—the impersonation of passion and the sentiment of love, combined in their highest expression. His Claude Melnotte is a personage heroic and human, in spite of all that Bulwer could do, in the most superficial period of his intellectual career, to make the character false and insipid. Of his other parts we need not speak, for these alone would have been sufficient to demonstrate his genius.

It must not be forgotten, however that Fechter comes here with a whole suite of characters, distinct and different from those which he has yet played in America. Born in England of a German father and a French mother, he was educated in Paris, where his father was an artist, and took lessons and prizes in drawing, while he was practicing in the classes at the Theatre Français and winning his first glories of an actor in the sight of Rachel. This was twenty years ago and more; and, as is well known, he became the choice of Rachel to support her in her leading parts. In this way he held the stage of the greatest theatre in the world, and was the favorite of Paris in many comic and tragic and melodramatic characters before he visited England, and gradually gained the same or greater renown in London. His declamation shows the traces of this mixed descent and familiarity with several spoken languages. It is said that he does not speak German, though it was his father's native tongue; but a German broadness mingles with the French intonation of his English. Claude Melnotte calls his love "Poh-line," speaks of "dorches" to light her way, the "glaim" of another to her hand, and he wails the destruction of his own "choys." These are German blemishes in his recitation, not French ones; while the light and even accentuation of his periods and lines of verse is pure Parisian, and as remote as possible from the marked emphasis of English declamation. One needs to get accustomed to this; then he finds in it the sort of charm that we notice in Agassiz's pronunciation; though, of course, Fechter's voice is much more trained than Agassiz's. The advantage this French elocution gives him is to free him at once from the detestable rant and mouthing of the English and American stage; and in this respect his playing will be a lesson to our actors. They may also take a hint from the care with which he has himself supported; insisting that the subordinate parts shall be well played, and that every actor shall deal conscientiously with the audience.

Everybody who can should see Fechter, and more than once too. Although Emerson, in his new volume of essays, omits acting from his list of the fine arts, it is one of them, and in its perfection one of the highest. Its pleasures are transitory as compared with poetry or painting or even music, but they are the result of grand powers, gracefully exercised for the illustration of human life. So long as men and women continue to take an interest in human nature and in human history, the stage will continue to attract them, and, when filled by such artists as Fechter, it teaches grandly, while giving a pleasure which is neither trivial nor ignoble. Johnson said of Garrick that his death had "eclipsed the gayety of nations." The continued career of Fechter brightens and instructs audiences to which Garrick's were but as village assemblies.

A German on the Social Position of Musicians.*

The most varied opinions prevail regarding the position musicians occupy in society, what position they are justified in occupying, and in what way they should strive to achieve, and maintain it; every opinion is founded upon a different view of the subject; each claims to be the correct one; and each contains as great an amount of truth as of error. Good society affirms that it welcomes most cordially every musician worth anything; that it receives him on a footing of perfect equality, and that, even though he may not be very celebrated or particularly gifted, still, as an artist honorably striving to do his best, he may reckon upon a most friendly reception; that, among leading musicians, only the presumptuous and arrogant, and also, such as combine insignificant productions with grand pretensions, find themselves slighted and humbled; but that their dissatisfaction is not the result of the treatment with which they meet, but of the too high opinion they entertain of themselves, an opinion which prevents them from obtaining a clear idea of their positions and their rights. We hear, on the other hand, reproaches against good society and its caprices; it is charged with patronizing only artists of great talent who have already attained a reputation with the public, and no longer require the patronage of individuals, or the marks of honor bestowed by them; that, among second-rate artists, the most friendly reception is by no means accorded to those striving honorably to achieve great things, but to those who understand how to gain the favor of the leading or the rich members of society, and that it is utterly incomprehensible how many who have never been known to produce aught of importance meet with so much favor, and are admitted into the best circles, while others, who enjoy a higher reputation, are left unnoticed. These opinions find an echo among artists themselves, according to their respective positions and circumstances. Among the great and celebrated who are honored and esteemed, some entertain the honorable and sound belief, that they owe exclusively to sincere and general enthusiasm for art the marks of distinction which they receive; others are pleased that they, as individuals, should mix in high society and be made the object of its attentions; that is sufficient for their ambition, and all other questions are a matter of indifference to them. Second-rate musicians, of course, judge general social relations according to the places assigned in those relations to themselves. The composer or virtuoso who is often invited to dinner or to an evening party, by her Excellence the Countess of So-and-So, or by Mme. la Commerzienrath Three-Stars, and introduced to their acquaintances, feels perfectly charmed by the amiability of such society, and cannot, or will not, comprehend how any one can doubt the sincere love of art entertained by its members, and their profound intelligence; but the artist, on the other hand, whom they do not invite and recommend, is filled with resentment, and allows himself not unfrequently to indulge in lamentations and tirades, which might subject him to the suspicion of calling the grapes sour because they hang beyond his reach. Yet, both praise and complaint are justifiable, only they are not properly meted out and applied; they are founded partially upon false assumptions, and these give rise to the incorrect conclusions and opinions formed.

If we consider carefully the relations of musicians to Society, and their respective influence upon each other, we shall find that, on the one hand, Society is far from deserving the reproaches directed against it by those musicians who feel themselves aggrieved, but that, on the other hand, it ought to be the mission of artists of eminence to assist and maintain the freedom and independence of their position more than they hitherto have done, because they are the only persons who can do so.

In former times, the patronage and encouragement accorded to art proceeded—and in the case of music, exclusively—from the higher classes. The nobility of South Germany cultivated music with assiduity, and many families maintained private musical establishments (*Kapellen*) of their own; it was the members of this aristocracy that subscribed to concerts, which were never got up unless a subscription had been previously opened. The history of the greatest composers shows that the patronage of the nobility exercised the greatest influence upon their career—it proves to any one who considers the question attentively that Haydn, who conformed cheerfully to every turn of fate, and was so modest and amiable, enjoyed in a high degree the patronage of the aristocracy, while the independent Mozart, who looked the world more boldly in the face, is always complaining, in his letters, that he has to worry himself to no purpose. Beethoven was the first who ventured to place himself on an equality with the aristocracy; he succeeded, because a man so grandly endowed by nature could not fail to take the upper hand; how far the little word "van," which, before the decision of the *Landesgericht*,† was regarded as a predicate of nobility, contributed to the fact that the highest aristocracy treated him with such great consideration, and even put up with his outbursts of temper, is something to which we may here cursorily refer—that many members of this same aristocracy were sincere admirers and thorough judges of music; and that they would have recognized Beethoven as a great genius, even had he not come before them as "van Beethoven," are facts that cannot be contested; but it is equally impossible to deny that in a country where there existed a separate tribunal for cases affecting persons of noble birth, the fact that the great musical genius was of (supposed) noble descent, must have exercised at first a very great influence upon his social relations.

In North Germany, matters always wore a very different aspect. The higher classes there had far less influence upon the intellectual development of the nation, and scarcely troubled themselves about music at all. Even the example of the great Frederick, who cultivated music—in his own way it is true‡—honoring art and artists, found no imitators among the aristocracy. The middle classes have been from the middle of the last century, the patrons of music; in every town of any importance there have been well-attended subscription concerts, and it was not in the capitals of the princes of North Germany, but in Leipsic and Hamburgh that the greatest musicians and teachers resided: it was to the latter city that Ph. Em. Bach, among others, removed, though he held in Berlin the post of *cembalista* to the great monarch.

This short retrospective view of the matter is instructive for the present age, inasmuch as the latter exhibits a continuation of the relations formerly subsisting between musicians and the upper classes. Although the South German nobility no longer occupies the politico-social position, in which it gave the tone to all artistic relations, it still exhibits a lively and active interest in any one or any thing of importance; and though, on the other hand, the higher classes in the North of Germany manifest a far greater sympathy for art than they manifested in former times, the centre of gravity of art-life is still situated in the

* From the "Neue Berliner Musikzeitung."

† In his action against his sister-in-law.

‡ Zelter, in his Biography in Fasch, speaking of the great King, says: "The pretensions he advanced to possessing better taste than any one else in literature and in art, his system of governing by superior power, here as elsewhere, was insupportable to many persons."

towns inhabited by the middle classes more exclusively; it was not in the capitals that Hiller, Mendelssohn, and Schumann worked and labored. The musical festivals for which *St. Paul* was composed, were founded by commercial and manufacturing towns, and while, even at the present day, the incentive to a good portion of the artistic successes achieved in the South still proceeds from the higher classes, causing those successes to extend still further, there are good reasons for asserting that most successes in the North have forced their way from the towns to the capitals, and that it is the great reputation first achieved by composers at musical festivals and at subscription concerts that has served to guide the elegant concert-public at the residences of the different courts. The cases of very great virtuosos, who have played in empty or only half-filled rooms, but who after immense successes elsewhere (Leipsic, etc.), reported here (in Berlin), have given concerts, when the rooms have been crammed to suffocation, and still continue to be so, are so well-known, that it is immaterial to mention particular instances or to cite names.

What are we to conclude from this? Simply, thus much: that musicians will never obtain an independent social position until those who are not celebrated no longer endeavor to gain what is to be obtained only by great reputations, or especial tact, in no way connected with any artistic excellence; until great and famous artists accurately gauge how much of the homage paid to them is to be attributed to genuine enthusiasm for art, and how much to be put to the account of ostentation. They alone stand so high that they can, without the slightest presumption, obtain for every class of musicians a higher position, by strictly preserving their own place, as representatives of the highest order of art, and by not allowing themselves to be led by the homage of Society into making concessions, from which musicians occupying a less eminent position suffer, though they themselves do not. The latter are often told that they must be contented with being simply received, and must not expect the treatment accorded only to the most celebrated members of their profession; whoever will not conform to this state of things is accused of overmuch self-esteem—and if he ever truly perceives his own position and rights, he cannot say that the charge was altogether unfounded. He must look for his place, where it is ungrudgingly accorded, in middle-class society. If he succeeds in making a great reputation, certain circles will be open to him the more readily that he has not sought to penetrate into them, and then——it is his duty not to be presumptuous. Generally speaking, let him follow the rule of conduct which Horace, the poet and philosopher, laid down for himself: It is enough to pray to the Gods for what they give, and what they can take away. Let them accord me life and what I require to maintain it: I will myself provide evenness of mind.

"Sed satis est orare Jovem quæ donat et aufert;
Det vitam, det opus, æquum mi animum ipse parabo."

H. EHRLICH.

Musical Correspondence.

(*Extracts from a Private Letter.*)

BERLIN, JAN. 31.—I have at last heard the two great pianists. I went Wednesday evening to hear Rubinstein at the Singakademie rooms. The hall was full and the audience enthusiastic. Rubinstein began with the Hummel Septet. Rubinstein, as well as the other six men, played as nearly to perfection as mortals need come; with just the amount of expression the composition demanded. The horn in the Scherzo was delicious. Then followed songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann, charmingly sung by a Fräulein something, I forget her name, and accompanied by Rubinstein. Then Rubinstein played the Beethoven Sonata in E, Op. 109. The first movement of the Sonata is rather more than an ordinary mind can take in at only one hearing, even with Rubinstein's playing, but the slow movement was a thing to listen to on one's knees. I have never heard either singer or player give so much expression to music. Rubinstein's playing was perfectly simple and unaffected, even in the most intense portions of the movement, but it went to the soul as no one's else that I have ever heard. The movement is very long and the audience grew somewhat restless towards the last part, but I enjoyed every note of it.

After the Sonata, the Fräulein, whose name I forget, sang two songs by Rubinstein, which seemed to me to be rather dull, and a most bewitching "*Kinderlied*" by Taubert. Then Rubinstein played Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," which I should have enjoyed more if I had not got a piece of my programme stuck in my throat, which kept me in an exceedingly explosive state all through the piece. Indeed, Mme. Joachim, who sat immediately in front of me, gave such unmistakeable signs of rage, that I left the concert and had a comfortable set to outside and got the obnoxious bit of paper out.

Saturday I heard Tausig and was carried away as never before; this time by the all-subduing magnetism and animal spirits of the man. The programme was: Sonata, Op. 53, Beethoven; *Bourrée*, Bach; *Presto Scherzando*, Mendelssohn; Barcarolle, Ballade and 2 Mazurkas, Op. 59 and 33, Chopin; "*Aufforderung zum Tanze*," Weber; the whole of *Kreisleriana*, Schumann; *Ständchen von Shakespeare, nach Schubert*, and *Ungarische Rhapsodie*, Liszt. He played the Beethoven Sonata in perfect taste and refinement, and as much depth of feeling as the composition called for. He took the Bach Bourrée *very* fast, but the effect was electric, bubbling over with good nature and fun. His playing of the Mendelssohn piece was, I don't hesitate to say, the most perfect thing I have ever heard. The "*Aufforderung*" of Weber was a very brilliant and taking display, in which there were perhaps seven notes of Tausig to every one of Weber. His playing of the Hungarian Rhapsody was *entraînant* to the last degree. To see the man sit at the piano as quietly as J. C. D. Parker does, his handsome face glowing with good nature and animal spirits of the best kind, and hear him throw out octaves and arpeggios by the handful, in the rapid finale, beginning *pianissimo*, and then gradually *crescendo, crescendo, e sempre crescendo*, until he gets to a pitch of *fortissimo* that I have never heard equalled, and all without any apparent exertion and, above all, without any "noisiness," is an experience that I would not have missed for the world. He is one of the few pianists who make you feel how easy pianoforte playing is. And what is more wonderful is the way in which he keeps his whole team, so to speak, in the traces and never becomes anything approaching to what Prof. S. calls "outrageous." He has Liszt's way of looking up, just as Alide Topp has, but his whole expression of face is so *unsentimental* (that is sentimental in a bad sense) that at first it looks like looking round the room, and gives the impression of carelessness, but you soon get used to it.

Sunday afternoon H. and I went to Villa Colonna and heard the two movements of Schubert's "Unfinished" in B minor; played as Schubert himself might wish to hear it, the horns beautifully clear and liquid toned. We had just time to stop and hear the first movement of the Beethoven in D minor, (No. 9), which was well played, though the orchestra is too small to give it the effect it ought to have.

Tuesday evening H. and I went to an extra concert (that is one with two soloists and 10 Sgr. added and beer, supper, and cigars subtracted) at Bilse's. A Mlle. Krebs, from Dresden, played Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto *very* well; a little sentimental in the cantabile theme of the first movement, but very firm and even *entraînante* in the finale. A Herr Lotto played a not entirely beastly Concerto of his own for violin. His playing would have been a greater success, musically, if it had not seemed so much like trying how near he could come to a note without hitting it; his intonation was painfully near the note without ever being true. The orchestra played Schumann's grand D-minor, and the Scherzo "*Fée Mab*" from H. Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliette" Symphony. The Germans evidently don't enter into the spirit of Berlioz's music; their performance of the really spirituelle and captivating movement was wholly without *ressort*.

LOWELL, FEB. 23.—The new musical Association of this city, called "The Lowell Choral Society," gave at Huntington Hall last night a performance of Haydn's "Creation" which deserves a brief notice, both on account of its merits and of its faults. As I write my first sentence I fancy I can hear you, Mr. Editor, expressing your regret that all the out-of-town societies will persist in doing nothing but "The Creation" and "The Messiah," and in a general way I must say that I sympathized with your feeling in the matter. But in this instance, as the organization was put upon its first public trial, and that, too, in a very short time after its birth, the selection was undoubtedly judicious, for a majority of the members had become quite familiar with the choral parts of "The Creation," and the comparative simplicity of much of its music made the work suitable for a first essay. In view of the policy adopted for the first concert, this statement needs some qualification, however; for the Choral Society, for some unexplained reason, did not choose to engage the services of an orchestra, and the instrumental score was delivered over to a single pianist, Mr. George B. Allen. That gentleman is an admirable performer and did as much, perhaps, as mortal man could do under the circumstances; and the programme gave the soothing information that the instrument was an "*Orchestral Grand*," which it certainly was, and a very good one. But all these things together did not compensate, I hardly need say, for the terrible thinness, dryness, and inadequacy of one piano in the interpretation of Haydn's instrumental music. It was bad enough in the choruses, where the firm support of the orchestra was sadly missed; but in the elaborate descriptive passages, where the brilliant fancy of the cheerful old master runs riot in a thousand delicately wrought and highly involved instrumental conceits, the need of the violin was most painfully felt.

Of the work of the Society, considered as a Choral Society, I can speak with not a little satisfaction and enthusiasm. The choruses were as a rule rendered with great evenness, precision and taste. The whole number of singers was about two hundred, and the volume of sound was impressive. The first chorus, "And the Spirit of God," was finely given, the fortissimo on the last "light" being brought out with great body and purity of sound. The beautiful chorus "Awake the harp" was somewhat unsteady and rough in places, but the first part of the oratorio was nobly concluded with a grand and stirring performance of "The Heavens are telling," which was sung with well directed enthusiasm, with earnestness, skill, and splendid fervor. "Achieved is the glorious work" and the final chorus, "Sing the Lord, ye voices all," were also rendered in excellent fashion. Altogether the Society is to be much praised for attaining such a great degree of skill and success so early in its existence; and Mr. S. W. Stevens, the accomplished conductor under whose supervision the work was carried on, deserves to be commended for the high qualities of mind and temper which contributed in a large measure to the successful consummation.

The great fault of the occasion remains to be stated, and the interests of sound criticism require that it should neither be concealed nor extenuated. Instead of engaging competent singers from Boston for the difficult solo music, the solos were entrusted to the native talent of the city of Lowell, and the great airs, recitatives, and concerted pieces were, as a rule, man-

gled in the most fearful way. I cannot pause at this moment to verify my figures, but I believe that six or seven sopranos, one contralto, three tenors, and four basses alternated in experiments upon Haydn's great airs. Of course all unity of vocal effect was lost in the solo music. Even arch-angels lost their identity, and our first father found himself two "gentlemen at once," like a sort of reduced Cerberus. The airs and recitatives were generally bad enough, but the concerted pieces, with the exception of some duets in the third part, were calculated to set the teeth of the least sensitive on a keen edge. Of these the trio, "The Lord is great," was particularly and exceptionally trying. The great airs were performed as they are pretty sure to be under such circumstances. Faults of execution were, of course, very great, and too numerous to be separately mentioned, but the defects in expression were simply legion. What, indeed, can be expected of a vocalist of ordinary power of voice, and of very ordinary musical culture, in the rendering of such airs as "Rolling in foaming billows," "With verdure clad," "On mighty pens," and "Now heaven in fullest glory shone?" Very little, of course, in the way of vocal effect; and next to nothing in the shape of expression, for the simple reason that the mind of the performer is entirely taken up with the effort to get through his notes without serious blundering. As a result we must have, and in this case we had, a series of performances where bad phrasing, indistinct enunciation, impurity of tone, and general roughness of execution were lost sight of in the presence of inadequate or false expression. It was to be noticed, also, that several of the performers, and particularly some of the ladies, took liberties with the score of Haydn of a nature so grave that they would have appalled the heart of the stoutest and most experienced singer of the oratorio in London or Dresden,—to s y nothing of Boston. That the performers did their best it is needless to say, and the old proverb declares that the best can do no more; but we must regard this feature of the concert as a serious mistake. The presence of a very large company and the taking of a respectable admission fee entitled the audience to something more than being made the victims of experiments for the mere pleasure of the vocalists themselves. And the assignment of the solos to the Lowell singers could not have been properly regarded as a means of their future culture and attainment; the effect would be the very contrary indeed, for nothing can be more disastrous and dangerous to an undeveloped artist than a struggle in public with music which is too high for him. We augur the best things for the future of the Society, however, from the successful features of its first performance, and we have no doubt that they will profit by the faults as well as by the excellencies of their rendering of "The Creation." A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 12, 1870.

Ninth Symphony Concert.

Expectation was on tiptoe to hear the new young German lady pianist, who has been making such an impression in New York, and this, added to the other great attractions of the programme, crowded the Music Hall even more than anytime before.

Overture to "Genoveva,".....Schumann.
Recitative and Aria, "Addio, O miei sospiri," from "Orfeo." (First time).....Gluck.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
Pianoforte Concerto, No 2, in F minor, op 21...Chopin.
Maestoso. Larghetto. Allegro vivace.
Miss Anna Mehlig.

Alto Airs, arranged by Robert Franz, from the Italian Operas of .....Handel.
a. "Giacchè morir non posso," from "Radamisto."
b. "Son confusa pastorella," from "Poro."
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
Heroic Symphony, No. 3, in E flat.....Beethoven.

Schumann's Overture to his romantic Opera "Genoveva" has been keenly relished each successive season of these Concerts. This time it was better played than ever before, and its fine, delicate fancies, albeit of a mystical and brooding mood, freshened now and then by breezy horn passages, which bring the woods about us, found new appreciation. The Symphony, the great "*Eroica*," has no fault found with it except its length, the sense of which was aggravated this time by our indulging ourselves with an encore after the Concerto. The first two movements (*Allegro con brio*, and the "Funeral March on the death of a Hero") were admirably rendered, the wind instruments keeping in uncommonly good tune, and all moving with precision, nervous accent and good light and shade; and it was plain from the stillness and the intent, glowing faces that the hearts of the great audience moved with the music. The *Scherzo* also went not badly. At any rate we did not fail to catch the strange excitement of its multitudinous low murmur, as of a people on the eve of some momentous revolution, and the inspiring proclamation of the three horns in the Trio. The *Finale*, with its seemingly accidental, careless, but, as it proves, very pregnant theme, of a few detached notes, and its rich growth of wondrous variations (which we heard likened last year, when it was played under Mr. Eichberg's direction, to the dropping of a few seeds in the ground, and the springing up and spreading, in the variations, to a gigantic tree) — mingling with which comes in a haunting melody from the *Prometheus* music—was somewhat disturbed, at least the impression of it, by belated people hurrying home. We dare not say, under such circumstances, whether it had full justice done it in the orchestra or not; it certainly had *not* in the auditorium.

Mrs. Barry has gained in power and telling quality of voice, and only lacks a certain elasticity of outwardly impassioned manner to carry the impression of her always intelligently conceived, carefully studied, and sincerely, finely felt delivery of noble music to the souls of *all* her audience. As it is, many still find it cold and (to them) without hearty freedom and *abandon*, while those who know her nearer regard the *sentiment* of her singing as its chief charm. She has doubtless something yet to learn as to the best bringing out of the voice, and we doubt not that she will learn it. The Recitative, which is by far the best part of the selection from *Orfeo*, was given with just feeling and expression. The Aria—by no means equal to the somewhat hacknied "*Che farò*"—is rather a monotonous composition, with scarcely any modulation, with good, honest passage work for the voice, and an interesting figure of quartet accompaniment, joined by the oboes only in the interludes, and would be effective with a great voice and a consummate singer Mrs. B. executed her task well, though the piece rather gratified historical curiosity than produced any lively sensation. The two Arias from Handel's obsolete Italian operas—specimens of many fine, fresh flowers which Robert Franz has found still alive amid the rubbish, and tenderly and skilfully transplanted so that we may know their beauty and their fragrance—were well contrasted in character. In so large a hall, of course, and without orchestra, they could not on a single hearing tell their full significance; although Mr Leonhard's masterly rendering of the admirable Franz piano accompaniment were a fine feature, in itself, of any concert. In the strong, impassioned and declamatory melody of the first Air the singer, though showing a right conception and feeling of the music, was not so successful with her audience as in the exquisite "*Son confusa pastorella*," which is one of the loveliest pastoral melodies that Handel or any one has written. This suited her peculiarly and made a very fine impression.

The last time that we heard the Heroic Symphony (in the first concert of last year) it was in the same programme with a piano-forte Concerto (Chopin in E minor) played by Miss Alide Topp; this time it was followed by the other Chopin Concerto, in F minor, played (for the first time in these Concerts, though by no means the first time in Boston), by Miss Anna Mehlig.

She is younger even than she looks, not more than twenty-two. At the age of sixteen, she left the Conservatorium of Stuttgart, her native city, to begin her concert career in the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, where she gave decided proof both of her own remarkable talent and of the wisdom of her teacher, Prof. Lebert. That was in January, 1865. Thence she made the tour of the German cities, everywhere exciting admiration. She visited London during each of the four succeeding summers, playing the round of the Old and New Philharmonic, the Monday Popular, the Crystal Palace Concerts, besides giving each time a concert of her own. Meanwhile the Abbé Liszt had become interested in her, and when he left Rome to pass a few months in Weimar, he invited her to come to him,—an opportunity which the young artist of course eagerly accepted; and there for several months she played with him daily, going over her whole repertoire with him, and reading with him almost everything *à quatre mains*. We have not heard Liszt himself, but so far we have never been half so much interested in any of his compositions by any of his interpreters, as we have been by hearing some of them in private by this lady.

As Miss Mehlig came upon the stage, in dress and manner very modest, in figure tall and slightly awkward, without the slightest air of outward demonstration or egotism, her face beaming with a kindly, honest smile of real German and sincere good nature, a face intellectual enough and showing will and much experience for her years, she had already won the sympathy of her public and was welcomed with a warmth not common in the Music Hall. As she became absorbed in her task, those who sat near enough to see, were struck with the glowing musical expression of her countenance; the genuine artist nature revealed itself unconsciously there as plainly as it did in the thoroughly vital, clear, consistent, admirably finished rendering of the music by her fingers.

Those fingers in their action were like springs, faultless in their accuracy of play, crisp and elastic in the touch, trained to the perfection of *technique*, and with what seemed an absolute equality of power and of facility in the two hands. There was consummate taste in all the phrasing, the light and shade, the delicate *fioriture*, the heart-felt *cantabile*, the bold, impassioned *recitativo* declamation, and the full, broad, swelling *crescendos*, which alternate in Chopin, nowhere more remarkably, with a more unmistakeable stamp of genius, than in this Concerto. In the beginning of the *Larghetto*, her touch and accent

had more of the subtle nervous fire and fineness of that most sympathetic interpreter we ever heard of Chopin, Otto Dresel, than any other artist we remember, while she surpassed him in the power of carrying through the stronger passages with a triumphant evenness and firmness. She has remarkable power as well as delicacy. And, best of all, the soul and spirit of the music thoroughly possesses her. It was in the best sense interpretation, and not mere exhibition of the performer's virtuosity, using Chopin's fine creation for a medium. Every phrase and accent of that composition touched the right chord in the soul of every hearer, so that the music became life to them. Indeed we hardly dare to speak as strongly as we feel; for, if we did, we should only have to sum up all in a few words of Miss Mehlig's playing upon that occasion; as thus: There is no good thing that cannot heartily be said of it; it seems to unite all the qualities of good piano-playing; recalling all the good playing that it ever was our lot to hear —and we have heard Clara Schumann frequently for weeks, and Arabella Goddard, and most of the famous male pianists, with the exception of Liszt and those two latest sons of thunder, Rubinstein and Tausig,—we cannot feel sure that we ever did hear any better playing, if upon the whole as good. Of course in point of ripe, complete artistic character and culture, we will not compare so young an artist with the wife of Robert Schumann, or with many others. But this young German evidently is of a temper that implies continual improvement. The Leipzig *critiques* on her debut there in '65 predicted the most genuine success for her, and no doubt she plays far better now than she did then. At any rate she has taken captive the best and largest Boston audience; and we recall no other instance of such unqualified unanimty about an artist. The orchestra seemed to take fire from the spark of such true genius, and accompanied with unwonted verve and delicacy. The enthusiasm of the crowd broke through its usual reserve, and, being imperatively recalled, Miss Mehlig played, without accompaniment, Liszt's transcription of the *Campanella* of Paganini in a manner more effective than we ever heard before.

Chamber Concerts.

Mr. J. C. D. Parker's fourth and last Trio Soirée was well attended by the lovers of good music, who, all of them, in that sympathetic, quiet atmosphere, where the sincere Art spirit felt at home and undisturbed, heartily enjoyed the well selected programme.

Trio in G minor. ... ... Haydn.
Andante, with Variations. Adagio. Presto.
Serenade, } ... Mendelssohn.
The Cheerful Wanderer, }
Piano Solo: Adagio and Rondo ... Dussek.
{ Serenade ... Pettschke.
{ Loval Song ... Kücken.
Trio in E flat ... Schubert.
Allegro. Andante. Scherzo. Allegro moderato.

The part-songs were contributed by the Chickering Club, some dozen gentlemen of fine manly, well-trained voices, who have not escaped celebrity, although they cling so fondly to the shade. It is the best male part-singing to be heard hereabouts, to say the least; for a remarkable unity of spirit, as well as of voice, seems to have grown upon them. The Haydn Trio, simple, quaint, transparent, cheerful, full of unaffected grace, has the same sort of interest with all the others. We may thank Mr. Parker, and him almost alone in these times, for bringing out several specimens of these "treasures old" for our enjoyment. He plays them like an artist, one who knows how good they are, though to the pampered modern taste they may seem common.

Still more of the air of antiquity seemed to hang about the Adagio and Rondo from a Sonata by Dussek, with its wealth of minute embellishment, but they were winning through their grace and delicacy, which the pianist tenderly preserved. The E flat Schubert Trio, op. 100, the great Trio, has become a sure card in chamber concerts. From beginning to end, through all its four movements, it is a happy, glorious inspiration, and corresponds to his great Symphony in C, somewhat as the great Beethoven Trio in B flat does to the Fifth Symphony. It was interpreted by Messrs. Parker, Listemann, and Heindl with all the verve and all the delicacy one could desire, and heard through with unflagging zest.

Mr. James M. Tracy, late of Rochester, N.Y., gave the first of his series of four "Piano-Forte Recitals," at Chickering's, on Tuesday afternoon, March 1. Mr. Tracy's excellent programmes make us regret that we were not able to attend. This was the first, (the vocal selection being by Mr. H. Wilde):

Sonata A flat, op. 26. ... Beethoven.
{ a. Waltz Brilliante E flat, op. 18. ... Chopin.
{ b. Andante Caprice, op. 14. ... Mendelssohn.
A Venezia. ... Alari.
Sonata F minor, op. 2, No. 1. ... Beethoven.
Concerto, F minor, op. 79. ... Von Weber.

Mr. T.'s second Recital is now set down for the 24th inst; but as the first Extra Symphony Concert comes that afternoon, we trust he will be able to change the time. The programme includes Sonata, C minor, op. 13, Beethoven; Ballade, A flat, op. 47, Chopin; "Adelaide," Beethoven; Sonata, D major, op. 10, Beethoven; Sonata, C major, op. 24, Von Weber.

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea's first "Reception" came on Friday, Feb. 11. The selections were these:

Second Symphony, (First Movement. ... Beethoven.
Concert Aria, "Per questo bella". ... Mozart.
Mr. M. W. Whitney.
{ Berceuse. ... Chopin.
{ Larghetto, from Concerto in F minor ... Henselt.
I know that my Redeemer liveth ... Handel.
Miss Lena Hastreiter.
Träumerei. ... Schumann.
The Fisher's Wife ... Petersilea.
Miss Lena Hastreiter
Sonata Pathetique. (First Movement). ... Beethoven.
L'Addio. ... Donizetti.
Miss Hastreiter and Mr. Whitney.

The concert giver's rendering of the Symphony movement (whose arrangement we know not) was brilliant, strong and clear, reproducing much of the orchestral impression vividly. Nor was there any technical short-coming in the *Sonata Pathetique* of which he generously gave the whole, though we have felt more of the *pathos* and the poetry thereof from feebler, less trained hands. It was well to let us hear Schumann's little Album piece in its original and simple form, after having had it used so much for a study of orchestral *pianissimo*. Miss Lena Hastreiter, a pupil in the N. E. Conservatory, is from the West, we understand. She has a soprano voice of noble quality, by no means evenly developed, and her execution, though considerable, is as yet crude. Moreover, Handel's great song of Faith was rather an incongruous element in such a programme. Mr. Whitney's rendering of the bass Aria by Mozart was of course acceptable, his voice and style are always noble and impressive.

We were unable to attend Mr Petersilea's second Reception, of which the programme was as follows:

Second Symphony. ... Beethoven
Concerto in A minor, op. 85. ... Hummel
Part-Songs. The Gay Pilgrim ... Mangold.
" Serenade Polka ... Rhodes.
Two Songs, "She Stood by the Altar". ... Petersilea.
The Tempest. Transcriptions by C. Petersilea.
Sonata in A minor. ... Mozart.
Part-Songs:
"Freedom dwells throughout our Land" ... Ruder.
"With Parting Ray" ... Abt
Morte—Lamentation (by request). ... Gottschalk.
Played by the Composer at his last Concert
Etude in C major, No. 3 ... Rubinstein.

We hear much praise of the part-singing by Messrs Fitz, Fessenden, Cook and Ryder (him of the voluminous bass).

The Complimentary Concert to Mr. M. W. Whitney, last week, attracted to Chickering's Hall a host of his friends, who were desirous to make this Concert the substantial compliment which Mr. W.'s services in the concert room so richly deserve. The prominent feature of the programme was the singing of the Chickering Club, whose rendering of Four-part Songs seem to us by far the most perfect and delicate that we have heard from any organization for singing such music among us. Apart from the great excellencies of the voices (for this Club embraces many of the best known and best of our resident singers,) the light and shade and expression with which they give their songs is admirable. Mr. Whitney sang several songs with all the fine effect and success which his rare voice enable him to give to them, and was most warmly welcomed by the audience. Mrs. Barry contributed several songs, among them "*Che farò senza Eurydice*," which she gave with great beauty and true feeling. Mr. J. C. D. Parker played a *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn, with that careful and elegant rendering which characterizes all his public performances. Altogether the programme was one which in its composition and by the excellence of its performance, gave great pleasure to the large audience that filled the hall. W.

Next in Order. *March* 17, (Thursd.) Tenth and *last* Symphony Concert. Part I. Overture to "Iphigenia," *Gluck*; Tenor Aria, from the same, sung by Mr. Kreissmann; *Hummel's* Septet, played Mr. Perabo and others Part II. Symphony in C, No 2, *Schumann*; Cycle of Songs: "Dichterliebe," *Schumann*; Overture to "Oberon," *Weber*.

Friday 18*th*. At Chickering's, 4 P.M., Complimentary Matinée to Miss Mehlig, by the Harvard Musical Association. Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg will assist, and there will be an opportunity to hear the distinguished young pianist in selections from Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, &c. (Tickets, at $2 00, at Chickering's, Ditson's, and the Boston Music Hall).

Tuesday, 22*nd*, at Chickering's. First Evening Concert of Ernst Perabo, assisted by Mr Kreissmann.

Thursday Afternoon, 24*th*. First Extra Symphony Concert of the Harvard Mus. Assoc., in aid of the noble project of a "Boston Art Museum," wherein all the rare collections of sculpture, paintings, engravings, architectural models, &c., in this vicinity are to be brought together, for the free instruction and enjoyment of all. This institution is to give every child such privileges in Art, as the Public Library affords in Literature. The programme will include Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and "Leonora" Overture; Schumann's Piano Concerto, played by Hugo Leonhard, and other choice things yet to be named.

March 31. Second Extra Symphony Concert, in Compliment to the Conductor Carl Zerrahn. Miss Mehlig will play Beethoven's E-flat Concerto. Seventh Symphony; Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille" Overture, &c.

April 2, *Saturday Evening*. Benefit Concert of Mrs. C. A. Barry, assisted by Miss Anna Mehlig, and other distinguished artists, in the Music Hall.

Italian Opera, under the management of Signor Biscaccianti, opens at the Boston Theatre next Monday evening, with *Il Trovatore*. *Faust* comes next, and then (for a wonder) *William Tell!* The principal singers are Miss Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Miss Amelia Jackson [new]; the famous tenor, Lefranc [new]; Habelmann and Susini.

Farmington, Conn.—Mr. Klauser (through the medium of Messrs. F. von Inten, piano; Theo. Thomas, violin; and F. Bergner, 'cello), treated the young ladies under his musical charge at Miss Porter's School, to two more excellent programmes on the 23d and 24th ult. These were their forty-second and third concerts of this kind; the selections were as follows:

Trio in D, op 70, No. 1. ... Beethoven.
Concerto, in the Italian style, for Piano. ... Bach.
Sonate, for Violin, in G. ... Porpora.
I, Grave sostenuto.—Allegro Fuga. 2, Aria. 3, Allegretto moderato.
Waldscenen 9 Clavierstuecke, op 82 ... Schumann.
1. Eintritt 2 Jäger auf der Lauer. 3, Einsame Blume 4 Verrufene Stelle. 5. Freundliche Landschaft. 6, Herberge. 7, Vogel als Prophet. 8, Jagdlied 9, Abschied
Adagio, from the 3d Concerto. ... Göltermann.

Trio, for Piano, Violin and 'cello, in B, op. 52. Rubinstein.
1, Allegro. 3, Presto.
2, Adagio. 4 Allegro appassionata.

Trio, G minor, op 110.....Schumann.
1, Bewegt, doch nicht zu rasch. 2. Rasch.
3. Ziemlich langsam. 4, Kräftig, mit Humor.
Sonate, for Piano, in A flat, op. 110.....Beethoven.
Sonate, for Violin, in G minor.....Locatelli.
Largo. Allemanda. Adagio. Allegretto.
Polonaise, C sharp minor, op. 26.....Chopin.
Valse Caprice, op. 60.....Raff.
Trio, C minor, op. 66.....Mendelssohn.

New York. The fourth Philharmonic concert took place on Saturday evening.

The chief pieces performed were the overture to the *Magic Flute*, unexceptionable doubtless, but familiar almost to wearisomeness; Schumann's *Genoveva* overture, an interesting but by no means a great work; the Great C Minor Beethovan Symphony, which can no more tire one with repetition than can the ocean by being forever blue, which only excites fresh wonder at every hearing and fresh reverence for the prodigious genius that conceived it. Besides these larger pieces, was the Russian National Hymn, arranged by Kummer, for a violoncello and orchestra, and prefaced by a noble introduction which Mr. Bergner played with his accustomed finish. This composition of Kummer's is like the mermaid. Its beginning is symmetrical, beautiful, and feminine, but it wiggles off toward the end in those snaky, formless convolutions called variations. The violoncello is an instrument of complaint; in its place in the orchestra, it takes up the burden of sorrow, or of entreating love, or of hopeless longing, and gives it soulful expression; set to work out rapid passages, diluting, varying and ringing the changes upon an air in feeble imitation of its superior, the violin, it becomes trival, and forfeits the listener's respect.

A quintet of flute, oboe, clarionet, bassoon, and horn, the composition of Julius Rietz, was also played. These are all soft wind instruments, producing tones that, though of course they have individuality, still affect the air in the same way. Such a combination speedily becomes monotonous, and nothing but great art on the composer's part in relieving it with the other instruments of the orchestra used as accompaniment prevented its becoming very tame. What Rietz gained by this combination was a lovely unity and blending of soft, reedy notes and harmonies that soothed the ear with sensuous beauty like the murmuring of doves. Finally, it remains only to refer to Mrs. Davison's singing of the great scena and aria from the "Freischütz:" "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer." The lady herself is from the West, and has been heard much of late in private musical parties, so that expectation has been kindled to hear her in public. Her personal graces won her at once the sympathy of the audience, and this was further assured by the very beautiful quality of her voice. So sweet and delicate and delicious a tone few singers that we have the good fortune to hear possess. There was no trace of hardness or harshness in it. If Mrs. Davison's ability to use her voice were as great as the beauty of the voice itself, we should have only unqualified praise to offer. But she has not yet learned to sing. Even those elementary but all-important parts of vocal method, such as when to take breath and how to hold it, she has not yet learned; and in the slow movement she marred the beauty of the song very much by this faultiness of method and finding her breath exhausted and insufficient to hold the tone out to its proper length. Mrs. Davison's voice is not powerful, but this is more than compensated for by the purity of tone. Her high tones are especially weak, but what the upper register loses the lower register gains; besides, practice will add a note or two and strengthen those she already has. She does not vocalize well, but on the other hand she can sing a *cantabile* passage delightfully, and that is what a singer as renowned even as Carlotta Patti is incapable of doing. In a word, Mrs. Davison does not possess the art of singing, but the soul and the understanding and the capacity are all hers, and nothing is needed but well-directed application to make her an admirable artist.—*Sun, 7th.*

Miss Anna Mehlig gave a concert of unusual interest last Monday night at Steinway Hall—as may be judged from the following programme:—Trio, in E flat major (Miss Anna Mehlig, Messrs. Wenzel Kopta and Charles Werner), Franz Schubert, Grand aria, from *Tancredi* (Mdlle. Clara Perl), Rossini; *a* Fantasiestneck; *b.* Preludium and Fugue, E minor (Miss Anna Mehlig), Schumann and Mendelssohn; Violoncello solo, "Aria and Gavotte, (Mr. C. Werner, organ accompaniment by Mr. J. P. Morgan), Bach: *Spinnerlied*, from "The Flying Dutchman" (Miss Anna Mehlig), Wagner; Violin solo, "Adagio from Concerto" (Mr. Wenzel Kopta), Mendelssohn; Ariosa, from "La Prophete" (Mdlle. Clara Perl), Meyerbeer; *Hexameron*, grande duo for two pianos (Miss Anna Mehlig and Mr. S. B. Mills,) Liszt.

Second Concert of the Church Music Association. (New York.)

The second concert of this newly organized musical association was given on Tuesday evening. Socially speaking it was unqualified and brilliant in its success. Musically considered it was interesting and enjoyable, though imperfect in almost all its details. And this we say without the least desire to disparage, for as every one knows who has any musical experience, a good chorus is not a thing that can be gathered together on a day's notice, but is the result of long drilling and much patient labor on the part of conductor and singers. Dr. Pech has the elements of an admirable choral force, and if they will work and pay more attention to his beat and less to their books, and if the incompetent members, of whom we speak advisedly when we say there are many, are sternly weeded out, there may yet be a chorus of which New York may be proud. The basses seemed weak in numbers and in power—their voices lacked resonance, especially in the passages for basses alone. Some of them also constantly waited for others to begin, and in this way the points were not attacked vigorously. This was true, indeed, of the whole chorus. The short notes, too, were not usually sung short enough, but semi-quavers were dragged out to quavers, and a blurred effect thus given to the singing. What was lacking was boldness and promptitude in taking up the parts, courage to sing out, a more careful attention to the rests and the length of the notes, and an implicit following of the beat. If the members of the Church Music Association flatter themselves that they have resolved themselves at once into a chorus that is really of a high order of merit, they are thoroughly mistaken; but they certainly have it in their power to do noble work. There is, however, no royal road to that result but a constant drilling that will test their utmost patience. They have already greatly improved. So has their leader, Dr. Pech. A great deal of his extravagance of action was left off; the red box in which he had encased himself at the first concert was happily done away with; and although he still found it necessary very often to beat the time audibly upon his music stand, yet on the whole there was much more ease and calmness on his part than on the former occasion, and consequently more steadiness on the part of his singers. For nothing flusters a chorus so much as a flustered, nervous, and demonstrative leader, and nothing gives it so much confidence as a composed one. The machinery of leadership ought to be kept out of sight as much as possible. If the chorus could only sing without any conductor, the effect would be immeasurably better, but since it must needs be that conductors shall distract the eye, while the ear is the only organ that should be addressed, let them at least do it as little and as quietly as possible. Dr. Pech's prefatory comments on the programme upon Meyerbeer's Dinorah overture, Haydn's Sixteenth Mass and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, which were the pieces performed, were in excellent taste, instructive, temperate, wise and just, and doubtless added much to the pleasure with which those to whom the works were new listened to them. The Mass was much better sung than the Hymn of Praise. In fact in the latter, the singing of the well-known and supremely beautiful duet and chorus, "I waited for the Lord," was not only bad but positively painful; the chorus was all astray.

It was evident that the rehearsals had been too few to enable them to master the work laid out for them. Some of the solo singing was very good. Mrs. Davison whose name was on the programme, did not appear. Mme. Salvotti, a lady of whom we hope to hear more in the concert room, sang exceedingly well, in a sweet, clear, round and sympathetic voice, and with excellent method. The efforts of Mr. Leggart, Mr. W. J. Hill, and Mr. Jewett were also artistic and praiseworthy. The audience complied almost unanimously with the suggestion of "evening dress," printed on the tickets, and the consequence was that Steinway Hall shone more resplendent than ever a hall or theatre did in this city at any public concert. The next concert is to be given on the 18th of May. The easier of Beethoven's masses, that in C, is to be performed, and also the second part of Oberon. Mr. Pech makes his programmes too long. He was obliged to cut nearly half of the Hymn of Praise at this last concert. And his audience, otherwise well-behaved, have a most impolite and vicious habit of walking out in great numbers during the performance of the latter part of the programme. By so doing they selfishly mar the pleasure of all who remain to the end.—*Sun, March* 5.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 756. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 26, 1870. VOL. XXIX. No. 27.

[From the London Musical Times]

Bach's Grosse Passions-Musik.

(ST. MATTHEW.)

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[Continued from page 178.]

The consideration of this wonderful work naturally assumes a threefold division. Thus it will be to speak separately of the narrative portions set to Scriptural text, of the choral tunes employed to connect these most intimately with the people's sympathy, and of the reflective passages which may be accepted as the composer's comment on the sacred story.

English audiences have been made acquainted with the intermixture of the narrative with the dramatic form in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, in Professor Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, in Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and in Herr Goldschmidt's *Ruth*. In all these, the story is told, and the several personages concerned therein, whether individuals or a multitude, step as it were out of the picture, become animated, and appear in living presentation, speaking each his own words, and expressing his own feelings according to the interpretation of the composer. In the first three of these oratorios, however, the narration is assigned by turns to several voices, with no apparent object in the division but variety in the musical effect; while in Herr Goldschmidt's work, the Bach model is closely followed, the tenor voice being employed throughout to recite the history.

In all of these, the dramatic portions are far more copiously developed than in the composition under notice, wherein the solo characters are introduced but incidentally in the recitative, never having to repeat a single word, and scarcely ever having to sing a rhythmical phrase, far less a distinct movement, such as the two songs of St. Paul, the duet between him and St. Barnabas, and several analogous instances in the other works that have been adduced. The incidental choruses are indeed somewhat more extended, but the length of these is limited by dramatic propriety and never exceeds what may well be supposed to be the duration of the embodied action; and where the words are reiterated in such extension, it is for the sake of increasing the vitality of the scene rather than for that of completing the musical idea. A happy instance of this is where, at the last supper, when Jesus has declared that one of the twelve will betray him, they every one say, "Lord, is it I?" The astonishment of all at what they regard less as a suspicion than a prophecy, the anxious distrust of some in their own weakness, the steadfast confidence of others in the devotion they feel for their divine master, the loving eagerness of each to avert from himself the imputation and the possibility of fulfilling it—such is the various expression given to the heartfelt question as it passes from lip to lip, but is not more often uttered than it may have been on the actual occasion the evangelist describes. The moment is perpetuated in Leonardo's great picture of this incident, whereas here it is as fleeting as in real life; both presentations of the subject are true, and they exemplify the different functions and applications of the two arts by which they are rendered.

There needs some amount of reverence on the part of the auditor, for the work and still more for the subject, to secure him against any feeling of strangeness in a singer's rising to utter a single ejaculation perhaps, or a complete sentence at most, which it unrightly regarded may be supposed to interrupt rather than to continue and vivify the narrative. An auditor of the present day, hearing the oratorio not in a church but in a concert-room, and habituated to the forms as much as the freedoms of such a locality, may be liable to so misconceive the author's purpose and its fulfilment; but in this case, the custom of the whole Christian era would testify against him, for, as has been shown, it has been the Church's wont from primitive times to set forth the relation after this particular manner, and Bach's treatment of the text differs only from long-established precedent in the admirable truthfulness and the heart-searching expression with which he declaims the whole, as distinguished from the bald chanting of Roman use and the scarcely more impressive recitative of earlier Lutheran musicians.

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The single bass line with figures indicates the silence of the orchestra throughout this portion of the work, a device for giving full freedom to the singer's recitation and the utmost clearness to his enunciation. Be it not supposed, however, that the composer's purpose or the effect of the original performance would be in any way represented by the English practice of accompanying recitative on a violoncello and a double bass, and assigning the articulation of the harmony more particularly to the former. It must have been Bach's habit, as it certainly was Handel's to accompany recitative upon the harpsichord—or perhaps, occasionally upon a very soft stop of the organ—and to allow the bowed instrument to support the bass notes only.

With the richer tone of the pianoforte to replace that of its obsolete precursor, an improvement upon the original effect may be made in the present day, which may be still analogous to it, giving all the required assistance to the voice of the changeful harmonies which mark and most delicately color every inflection of the sense, and presenting with clearness and ample force the sometimes florid passages which in rare instances separate the sentences and illustrate their purport. A remarkable example of such passages and of the rigid restriction of means for their presentation, is in the description of the rending of the temple veil, the earthquake, and the other miraculous manifestations that succeed the death upon the cross. The scene is most vividly conceived, and is highly picturesque in its portrayal; and one might marvel that greater instrumental resources were not brought to bear upon the expression of the musical ideas, were one too short-sighted to penetrate the truly artistic purpose that induced this reticence of means.

The explanation of this orchestral economy is, that the instruments are reserved for another object. The words spoken by Jesus throughout the narrative, and these words only, are accompanied by all the string instruments, and mostly in long sustained, widely dispersed chords. This arrangement conspicuously distinguishes the personality of the Divine Being from everything that surrounds it, investigating it with a glory fully as significant as the impossible palpability which is employed to the same end in the old pictures, and imposing a sense of his preternatural character whenever he takes part in the action. One cannot but be amused at the simplicity of those great masters who found it necessary to encircle the head of the Saviour with a glory, that of the Virgin with a nimbus, and to make two horns of light issue from the head of Moses, in order to distinguish these personages in the eyes of the spectators.

Now, however strong may have been the magnetic influence of these living beings upon all around them, however sensitive all around may have been to their preternatural power, such influence must have been exercised upon the inner consciousness, and not upon the sensuous perception—the witnesses must have felt the light from within, not seeing its external radiation. Just such a metaphysical effect as must have prevailed among the men who heard the uttered speech of Jesus, is that induced by the distinctive accompaniment of his words, which, marks them with a peculiarity that all must feel who may be unable to define, and can never obtrude itself as a symbol out of nature and beyond truth.

A pointed exception from this design of more richly accompanying the words of Jesus than those of the other speakers, and an exception that is more remarkable because of the great importance and infinite pathos of the words in question, and the peculiar beauty of the setting, is in the treatment of the last exclamation of the dying Saviour. Here, with the accompaniment of the figured bass only, the Hebrew words, "Eli, Eli, lama lama sabachthani," are declaimed by Jesus with thrilling poignancy; and then, the Evangelist resumes the relation, and gives the translation of the text to the same musical phrase transposed a fourth higher. The intensity of the passage is of course increased by the transposition, and thus the words in the language understood by the audience are so rendered as faithfully to reflect and yet highly to strengthen the effect of the Hebrew.

The greater length of the speeches of Jesus than of any other personage, and the important doctrinal significance of several of them, give prominence to this character over every other that comes forward in the narration, and entail a peculiar and most grave responsibility upon the singer who sustains it. At the revival of the oratorio in Berlin, the arduous task fell upon Edward Devrient, who really instigated the reproduction of the work in public, and shared with Mendelssohn all the difficulties of that undertaking, if not divided with him the renown of its accomplishment. The two ardent friends and enthusiastic musicians brought their double intelligence to bear upon the interpretation of the great artist's meaning; and to emulate the pains spent upon the part by Devrient, who, having no tradition to guide him, may be called its second originator, will be worthy of the greatest singer that can undertake it after him.

It is to speak now of the treatment of the choral tunes dispersed throughout the oratorio,—those, namely, intended to be sung by the congregation—for there are some included in what have been defined as the reflective passages, where they are intermixed with other and totally distinct melodies, and are so elaborated as to render the performance possible only to members of an organized choir. As has been said earlier in these remarks, the tunes alone can have been sung by the people, while the harmony was sustained by the trained chorus with one or both organs, and sometimes with one or both orchestras. The character of this harmony, therefore, is not that, we may presume, which the author would generally have employed in writing for popular use, when the tunes are sung in the ordinary Service. On the contrary, instead of giving the broadest expression in the harmonization which might be applicable to each entire hymn, the aim here has obviously been to paint the purport of the particular verse that is selected, and to make this so far as possible an illustration of the point of the narrative at which it is inserted. With what a masterhand this aim is accomplished, no technical description can set forth. A keen sense of musical beauty, and, still more, of poetical fitness, is a better guide to the comprehension of this admirable portion of the oratorio, than can be any amount of knowledge of rules and principles. It must have been a most peculiar effect upon the singers, if they were gifted to

any extent with musical susceptibility, when they found the character and expression of their well-known tunes qualified by the accompanying harmony, and when they found these tunes with the selected verse of the hymns thus specially appropriated to the situations where they are introduced. We, strangers to the tunes and to the words, can never experience this effect; but we may well suppose its nature and its extent, and we may wish if not hope, that some day some inseparable hymns and tunes may become so familiar in England, that, should a future Bach arise, he may have a like effect within his reach.

One tune occurs four times in the course of the oratorio, I presume to four different verses of the same hymn. As No. 21, it begins, "Acknowledge me, my Keeper," and it follows the promise of Jesus, upon the Mount of Olives, to go before his disciples into Galilee, when he shall be risen again. As No. 23, the first words are, "I will stay here beside Thee," and it occurs as a comment upon St. Peter's second protestation that he never will deny his master. As No. 53, the first line in the English version reads, "Commit thy ways, O pilgrim," &c., and succeeds the account of the silence of Jesus upon Pilate's interrogation. And, lastly, it is set to the words, "O Head all bruis'd and wounded," as No. 63, and is there sequent upon the mockery of the soldiers, when they strike their enrobed prisoner upon the head with a reed.

This fourfold use of the tune may have been because of the pertinence of the words associated with it to the several situations of its introduction; may have been because of the beauty and the susceptibility of various treatment of the tune itself; and may have been because of the tune's remarkable popularity. That it possessed and still possesses such popularity, is evidenced by the frequency of its occurrence in the works of German composers, such as Schein (1627), Graun (1755), and many others, from the time of its first adoption in the Lutheran Church till our own. I say adoption, because it is one of the countless instances, as common in Germany as in England, of the appropriation of secular tunes to sacred use, this having been a great favorite in the sixteenth century as a love song, "Mein G'müth ist mir verwirret," in which character it was harmonized for five voices by H. L. Hasler, in 1601.

The rhythmical modification that the tune has undergone, while retaining its original melodic intervals, during the lapse of centuries, appears strangely as strongly to contradict the supposition that rhythm is a highly essential, if not the chief element of musical popularity; but here is not place for discussing the question, which, however interesting in itself, is irrelevant to the main subject before us. Let us return to Bach, and observe that he has given the tune in as many different keys as the times of its occurrence, and thus somewhat varies its effect; and that the last twice he has wonderfully diversified its character by his different harmonization, fitting it thus to the reverential sorrow and the keen anguish of the respective situations. Thus we have it in E, in E flat, in D, and in F. All the four arrangements have one point in common, a point of the utmost tenderness, that implies loving and longing as fully as music can express them; this is the use of a second inversion of the chord of the subdominant, which accompanies the penultimate syllable of the fifth line of each stanza. What power is there in the happy application of a single harmony, to conjure up images all but palpable, thoughts that seem to run to the mind's limits, and feelings that become our very own by the strong power of sympathy.

Another tune is twice employed. It is assigned to the congregation with the words, "Say, sweetest Jesu" (*Herzliebster Jesu,*) when its plaintive strains bespeak our sorrow at the Saviour's first announcement that his crucifixion will follow the feast of the Passover—*our* sorrow, because we who sing and we who hear are assumed to lament his sufferings as much as repent the sin for which they were borne. It occurs again, but there for the select choir only, interspersing the infinitely pathetic tenor solo, No. 25, "O grief," which reflects upon the agony in Gethsemane.

To describe its treatment here, reference must be made to the manner of performing the choral tunes in Lutheran churches, of which manner this treatment is an extension. The manner may be believed and perhaps proved to have been derived in the Reformed Church from Roman use, and is possibly a remnant of the earliest form of metrical music. A pause is made at the end of each line of the verse. Such was the case in the singing of metrical psalms and hymns in the Church of England, and such must be if the original broad, massive effect is to be preserved to our old grand psalm tunes. In German use, however, the pause is lengthened from a mere breathing point to a decided interruption of the rhythm; and the long sustained note of the voices, or their silence between the final and the initial note of one and the following line, is accompanied or filled up by an interlude on the organ.

These interludes are for the most part, necessarily, but florid passages upon one continued harmony, and are improvised by the player. Their extent is sometimes amplified on more important occasions, and nearly always in written composition of which a choral is the groundwork. The widest application of this form is the Fugue upon a Canto Fermo, wherein the contrapuntal elaboration of an independent subject intersperses the several strains of some standard tune, and is even continued as accompaniment while these strains are sung or played. Its employment is less frequent now than it was at the time when contrapuntal device was the chief if not the sole element of the musician's art; but there are enough specimens now-a-days to prove its applicability to modern means, and examples of its use constitute a chief part of the riches of the past.

The chorals throughout the oratorio, of which, according to the original design, the congregation were to sing the tune, have the old pause at the end of each line, during which either some extempore passage or only a sustained chord is to be played. Three of the reflective pieces comprise choral tunes which are more or less elaborated, as has now been described; for, although there be no fugue in the entire work; although it be remarkably free for its author in its general structure, there is to remember that counterpoint was the art atmosphere of this composer whence he drew his very breath of life, and that complication was as clear to his singularly perfect sense of order as his simplicity to other men's minds; and that thus, while he totally eschewed the fugal form of composition, he had manifold other means of elaboration at his command, and showed them to be exhaustless by their various application.

(To be continued).

Concert of the Church Music Association.

(From Watson's Art Journal, New York, March 5.)

The second concert of the first season of the Church Music Association took place at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, March 1. Contrary to the expectations of many, who believed that the interest in this association would die out after the first concert, the attendance was much larger and still more brilliant on this occasion; and it was evidently esteemed as a society affair, in the success of which every one present was interested. An audience of such sterling worth, and of such high social standing, has not been gathered together within the walls of an opera house or concert-hall for many years past, and we accept this demonstration as an indication of the advance which music and musicians have made, in point of influence and social standing, in this community. We do not lay particular stress upon the mere wealth of those who originated and those who sustain the Church Music Association, for wealth is not necessarily allied to education and intelligence; but in this instance, the promoters of this association are found among the oldest and most influential families in the city—among those bred up amidst the luxuries and refinements of life, both mental and physical, whose tastes have been cultivated and matured by travel, and refined by habits of education and association, and who would naturally be the promoters and the fosterers of art in every department.

That such an association should have sprung up from such a source, cannot but be a subject of solid satisfaction to all who have the interest of music earnestly at heart; for it is an admitted fact that where the intelligent and the wealthy evince an active interest on some subject, whatever it may be, the thousands recognize in it, at once, something worthy of especial consideration; something to be admired and cultivated; in short, something to be followed. Like superior apes, the instinct of imitation which prompts our first tottering footsteps clings to us through life, giving direction to our aspirations for the better or the worse, according to the circumstances of education or home surroundings. May we not hope, then, that the example afforded by the success of the Church Music Association will be followed in other directions? That in other classes of society similar societies will be established, less expensive in the details of their public performances, but having the same end in view: the promotion and the extension of a love and appreciation of the true and beautiful in music.

What a rebuke to our existing choral societies is the career of this five-month-old Church Music Association! Green, inexperienced, practically entirely ignorant of the class of music they were called upon to perform, they, the members, by their energy, earnestness, enthusiasm, and intelligence, and by their good faith in attending rehearsals and concerts, have accomplished more in their brief association life, than the others have achieved in ten or fifteen years. There is much, to be sure, in thorough breeding—blood and brain will tell. There is a great deal in having a conductor as earnest, enthusiastic, uncompromising, and as conscientious as Dr. James Peck has proved himself to be; still without *good faith* on the part of the society, his individual efforts, however strenuous, would have failed in achieving such a result as the performance of Tuesday evening presented. This result must have an influence upon society at large, and we do not think that we are over sanguine in believing that the influence will be for good.

The programme of the second concert comprised Meyerbeer's overture to "Dinorah," Haydn's Sixteenth Mass, and Mendelssohn's exquisite symphonie cantata "The Hymn of Praise."

The overture to "Dinorah" is very difficult to play, from its fragmentary character and the constant changes in the tempo; in addition to which the violin passages, though practicable, are excessively awkward and crabbed. Very delicate and sure manipulation is required in their execution; less than great excellence would produce the most terrible discord. Though with but two rehearsals, this work was rendered admirably. A little roughness was observable here and there, but in promptness of attack, general delicacy, and nice attention to light and shade, it was a performance of great excellence. The chorus, which bears an important part in the overture, commenced with some uncertainty of intonation, but it speedily recovered itself, and sustained its part well. The voices are admirably balanced, and the freshness and purity of their quality and their fine graduations in power, render the performance both effective and impressive. It was a brilliant opening to a very successful concert.

Haydn's Sixteenth Mass, though less showy and popular than Mozart's Twelfth, is a work of rare beauty, and in feeling is far more in keeping with the text. The religious sentiment is more predominant, and the aim seems to have been rather to preserve the pure devotional element, than to produce scientific music, as indicated by elaborate fugues, &c. Its chief charms are its spontaneity and its earnest utterance of a devotional spirit. The choruses are more difficult to execute than their lack of pretension would seem to indicate; they require great delicacy of utterance, promptness of attack, and decision in taking up points, frequently occurring upon difficult intervals. These requisites, in almost every case, were fulfilled by the association, only one or two instances of a momentary hesitancy occurring during the whole Mass. The soprani and tenori were particularly effective in each number of the Mass, not from their pre dominance, but from the rare purity of the quality of tone produced. When they came out in their power, the body of tone was beautiful in the extreme. Among the movements the "Kyrie Eleison," a portion of the "Gloria in Excelsis," "Laudamus te," and the fugue," "Et Vitam Venturi," were specially admirable in point of clear, vigorous and effective execution.

The solo parts were sustained by Mme. Salvotti, who has a voice of rare beauty throughout the whole scale, excepting when she forces the lower tones, when they become hollow and disagreeable; Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mr. William S. Leggatt, and Mr. Joseph Jewett. While we are compelled to observe that, as a whole, the solo singing was not on an equality with the choral and instrumental department, still some of the movements were admirably sung. We might instance the "Kyrie," the "Quoniam Tu Solus," the "Et Incarnatus est," and the "Benedictus," as the movements most successfully executed.

The whole would probably have been more successful, had the position of the singers been more favorable; as it was, the quartet was separated, and could not see the conductor. Under such circumstances, a perfect *rapport* could hardly be expected, more especially as in several movements the solo parts are so catchily interwoven with the choral parts.

The original score of this Mass is exceedingly meagre, and needed to be filled in, to give proper balance to the orchestra. This delicate task was undertaken by Dr. Pech, and was very ably accomplished. Haydn's instrumentation was strictly preserved, Dr. Pech simply adding the necessary wood and brass wind instruments to give richness, shading and coloring to the beautiful outlines. He effected this in a masterly manner, and with so nice an appreciation of the original, that we believe Haydn himself would have approved of the traditions.

Mendelssohn's immortal "Hymn of Praise" formed the second part of the concert, and it is to be regretted that, from the length of the programme, some portions of that exquisite work were necessarily omitted, and the regret was more keenly felt from the fact, that that which was given was so admirably performed. Of the symphonic movements the third number—the adagio religioso—was omitted, but the other two movements were superbly played. The first, maestoso-allegro, presented no points for criticism; it was read in the true spirit of the author, and was executed without a blemish. The second movement, allegretto un poco agitato, was taken, almost for the first time in this city, since its first performance, twenty years ago, in the right time. It is usually taken too fast, which robs the subject of its pathos, and the episodical chorale of its dignity. On this occasion both had their due weight, and with the exception of a want of sufficient emphasis in the delivery of the theme, the whole movement was exquisitely interpreted. It was a tone poem, as eloquent in its expression as any passage delivered by an inspired orator. It was loudly applauded, and the general sentiment was a desire for its repetition.

The difficult opening chorus and the still more difficult final chorus, were sung with admirable promptness, force, and vigor. There was no feeling the way, and bursting forth when confident; but the points were up taken upon the beat, with boldness of attack and solidity of tone. After the first chorus, we felt no anxiety for the rest; it was evident that every faculty of the singers was intent upon the work, and that the conductor had got them thoroughly in his hand—that they were mutually reliant. The result justified our faith, for no hesitation or wavering was observable from the first to the last. We have rarely heard finer shading or more delicate singing than in the beautiful chorus, "All ye that cried unto the Lord," and the chorus to the duet, "I Waited for the Lord." They were rendered to perfection. The conductor gave the true reading to the chorus, "All ye that cried," which is usually taken too slow, and to the air, "Sing ye praises," which is always taken too fast, and by so doing secured a fine artistic contrast. These *tempi* will be disputed by some, but to our mind they are clearly indicated by the character of the music, and they are certainly justified by the result.

The calm beauty of this music is not suited to the style of Mrs. Mixsell, neither is its simplicity calculated to display her voice to advantage. She, however, attacked it with earnestness, and evidenced a desire to do it justice. In the exquisite duet "I waited for the Lord," the voices of Mrs. Mixsell and Mme. Salvotti by no means harmonized, but the work was sung correctly.

The instrumental accompaniments, so full of grandeur, and abounding with countless points of beauty, were finely executed. The orchestra was, in truth, a splendid one, and followed the conductor's thought as with one impulse. Too much praise cannot be awarded them. Chorally and orchestrally the concert was a marked and brilliant success, and we doubt if there is another man in the country who, like Dr. Pech, could, on the one hand, wield the comparatively raw vocal material, and, on the other hand, control the splendid orchestral resources, with two rehearsals, with so truly admirable a result. He has proved himself master of the situation, and has vindicated his claim to the position we awarded him from the first, as one of the aldest conductors in America.

Mozart's "Don Juan."

If, as Fétis remarks, the "*Idomeneo*" of Mozart be the basis of all the music of the present day, "*Don Juan*" lies as the centre of all human intelligence with regard to operatic writing, not only in this day but for all other days. It is possible that there may be operas more pleasing to the ear than Mozart's "*Juan*," more passionate to the heart, tinged with a deeper personal sorrow, displaying more of the controversial schools in composition—but never again can there be such a romantic, innocent-hearted description of the denial of the infinite life and the humiliation of the present as seen in Mozart's portraiture of the scenes in "*Don Juan*." Professor Ruskin, in considering it the greatest prostitution of the greatest musical genius that has ever yet appeared upon earth, has judged hardly and harshly of the poor composer. He was not in the situation of Meyerbeer, and the *Bertram* of Meyerbeer is not the *Juan* of Mozart. Mozart lived by his pen; and when the Viennese publisher told him that unless he could write in a more popular style, he would buy no more manuscript of him, the prompt reply of the artist told of both his necessity and his honesty—"Then I had better starve and go to destruction at once." He was never in the position to choose his subjects; but the facts to be described, if not in unison with his disposition, never affected his artistic power. He saw that great things in art often failed from want of an admixture with the lower and meaner circumstances of life, and he accepted the combination, but not with any intention that it should circumscribe or debase the action of his own great heart. "*Don Juan*" was with him at first a necessity, and afterwards a deliberate choice, but he knew his own powers and instincts. He had to paint the true reprobate—one who was never sorry for anything he did and never intended to be; repentance was a word cut out of his dictionary; and when the Stone-Ghost cried out, "Repent," and the serving man joined in the entreaty, he could see nothing to repent of. Mozart had no sympathy in such a creed, his temperament and emotional tendencies were altogether opposed to it, and in the affluence of perfect artistic power, he well knew he could reveal it. This great artist who could write to his father and say, "I never lie down in bed without thinking I may never see another day, but I have no fear, for death alone fulfils the real design of life, and is the key to true happiness," cannot be considered as prostituting his genius when painting in all the intensity of burning passion the impotent struggle and nothingness of such a creed as the libertine's.

The great charm of the opera is the innocent way in which Mozart conceives and treats every incident. Is it something about love—*Zerlina*, *Donna Anna*, or even *Elvira*? Then comes forth the strong tenderness of affection—the man who sends a "million of kisses" to his wife—and he instantly weaves a little scene of true, honest feeling, a chapter in human life, sweet and solemn, as coming from one who holds certain beliefs in the purity of woman and in the faith of man. In the "Batti, batti," and the "Vedrai carino" of *Zerlina*, there is as much of the true spiritual life—the infinite existence—of a golden affection, as in the larger framed songs of *Donna Anna* and her lover *Ottavio*. Haydn could not realize anything of this kind, but he appreciated keenly the power he himself failed in, when he remarked "It is the affecting emotion, the deep musical intelligence, that makes Mozart the greatest composer living." Meyerbeer could not do it; indeed, the only bit of feeling shown in the *Bertram* is when the poor wretch (in the recitative) reflects it is all of no use, for he is irrecoverably damned. Even in the case of *Leporello*, Mozart's good heart makes the servant show a true affection for his master when in real affliction and danger. The Ghost asks *Juan* to come and sup with him; "No, no, don't," is the instant answer of the joker of jokes, and he is as earnest as the marble visitant in his prayer for sorrow and amendment on the part of the disappearing hero. And, amid the heartless fun and merriment created out of the woes of the poor abandoned and half demented lady, *Leporello* drops in with lovely tunes of melody sympathetic of her melancholy, and marvellously advantageous to the expression of the situation. It was Mozart's mission to reform the musical drama; he felt this, and made it the object of his life; all his thoughts were dependent on this condition of his mind, and gave him that high tone and advancing impulse which mark all he did. The only "*Don Juan*" to match that of Mozart is the "*Juan*" of Lord Byron; but then the two lie at the opposite points of the compass. Lord Byron in his "*Don Juan*"—a work of enormous power—is describing himself. Mozart, like the poets of the golden age, describes the cruelty and injustice of the libertine as a scene on the dark side of human nature which has come to him to be dealt with as thinker and artist, and manifests, by his individual mode of treatment, his power to realize the position, and yet look down upon it as one placed immeasurably beyond its sphere and influence. As with Byron, Don Juan is always Byron, so with Mozart, whatever is going on, Mozart is foremost, and therefore there never is anything very bad; for so great an optimist is he, that he tries to reform the unreformable and never stays to reason upon the improbability of the attempt. *Don Juan's* duet with *Zerlina*, "La ci darem," is a genuine bit of real feeling; there is no hard heartedness in him now, although, unlike Faust, he does not care a boilkin for the girl. *Faust* does love *Margaret*, but *Juan* is not in this case with *Zerlina*, and yet no interpreter of *Faust* has ever put so much real lovesong into his mouth as Mozart pours out of the lips of the professed deceiver.

The opera failed at Vienna, being badly mounted, badly rehearsed, badly played, badly sung, and worse understood. In fact, it was incomprehensible, and people said Mozart must re-write it, for it satisfied no one. The "*Axur*," a new opera by Salieri, succeeded against it. Mozart declined changing any part of his work, and congratulated the public on their preference for Salieri—ugly music to ugly men; rubbish to rubbish. Mozart was beyond their habitual train of thought. Salieri was not. The Viennese publisher was no doubt right, and Mozart had shot over the heads of the profession and the general public. That he died a few years after and was buried in the pauper burial ground between a huckster and midwife, and at an expense of about twenty shillings, and without a friend to follow him to the grave, are very significant facts as to the state of music in his day in Vienna, and the dog's life he must have led. The magnificent sextet, the grand finales, the supernatural recitatives for ghost and hero, were all too big for singers, players, and audience. Mozart had dealt with true passionate love in unusual and unconventional forms; he had realized its grace and beauty, its exaltation and refinement; he had put into the drama what the poet had never dreamt of; he had never stayed his hand, or stinted his imagination; never sacrificed aught to timid or prudential motives; thought little or nothing of public opinion; had gone beyond his art into the divine regions of the heart and the imagination—and the public declined to follow, preferring the material life, and abjuring all new desires, and reforming aspirations. Mozart had aimed to go beyond himself, and he had done so; it was an unnecessary effort, an indulgence not to be forgiven. So he passed to more symphonies and other operas; saving himself from starvation by composing dances and impromptus and short pieces for people who could not play. As was said of Beethoven, Mozart in his latter days had become unintelligible, an error he endeavoured to correct in his "*Magic Flute*," by the introduction of the comic element in a more Teutonic shape, and with the realism of a ring of bells. The attributes of the old Egyptian philosophy—endurance, gentleness, charity, self denial, and heavenly contemplation, required a strong saccharine sop, and Mozart added the sop with good will and without stint.

The superb casts of the "*Don Juan*" have long made the opera a great favourite, although long after its first presentation in England (1817), the Italian troupe fought shy of its great difficulties. The lady singers disliked the fetters of the orchestral accompaniments; but all such dislikes have long passed away. The advance of the "*Robert*" made the "*Juan*" easy to all, and Meyerbeer placed Mozart and his opera in the place he will ever occupy. There is nothing like a comparison between differences, especially when there is lavish luxury of genius on the one hand, opposed only against hard, dry, and painstaking

mechanism on the other. Mozart had the head, hand, and heart—and, further, the good motive. He was always up to real passionate heat.

Music as a Moral Agent.

Music is as ancient as the world itself. Were it necessary to cite authorities to prove this, we should be only embarrassed which to select. In all times man has sung himself, or made instruments do so. But, even had this not been the case, the birds of the air would be sufficient to attest that music was synchronous with Creation. What appears new in this art, and what is so really, is the form it has assumed since the sixteenth century. Until the time of Monteverde, who introduced in harmony the chord of the seventh on the dominant, music possessed a religious and placid character, which is preserved even in productions of a light description. Nearly all the airs of this period have a tender, melancholy, unctuous expression, essentially distinguishing them from modern music. The least practised ear recognizes in them an element not to be found elsewhere. Generally, they are characterized by a vague sadness which penetrates the soul. We feel in them something strange and contrary to our habits; a mixture, apparently, of religious and profane emotions. Old people are fond of hearing these ancient songs, and young people do not despise them.

For musicians who are tolerably well read, there is no mystery about the character peculiar to these compositions. We find in such good old airs the last vestiges of the ancient tonal system. It is still plain-song, with its varied modes, which breathes in the strain, gay or sad. Hence the slightly religious expression which is mixed up with the mundane ideas of the poetry. If we take a madrigal by Monteverde or by Palestrina, we shall be struck by the mystic coloring we have just described. It exists in all the works of this epoch, and maintained its footing so long, that the compositions of the eighteenth century are not completely free from it.

Even in our own days, this mitigated form of the ancient system of tonality has been employed. Meyerbeer has put it in the mouth of the Anabaptists of his *Prophète*. The effect is striking. This ought not to surprise us, for it would seem to be the property of music to reflect the human soul, which is, by nature, profoundly sad. But may we not start from this point to search for a system of musical æsthetics which shall fully and perfectly satisfy the idea we have formed of this great art. Music, in its actual form, dates only from yesterday. Since modern tonality has introduced human passions into the lyrical drama, master-pieces have been written, but no direction has been given for the genius of musicians to follow. The way in which they grope about in their inspirations proves plainly that music is a new art. For the last century, no man of genius has appeared without a revolution being the result. Such was the case with Rameau, with Gluck, on the stage; with Mozart and Beethoven, in the symphony. Each of these names, and we might cite a great many more, represents a phase of musical art. There is a subversion of ideas attached to it. These men, perfectly unappreciated at the outset, have afterwards been greeted with rapture, because they caused art, which was considered stationary, to advance a step.

At the present day, however, after proclaiming that music is favorable to the moral progress of nations, we seemed to have stopped at a decisive form, of which the most sublime prototype is to be found in the works of Mozart.

Despite such musicians as are led away by pride or by incapacity, the musical horizon is clearing up more and more in the direction of Germany. The classic land of the *Lied* and of the Symphony is trembling as at the dawn of a new era. Philosophers and poets are gazing intently at a point which stands out from the night, and casts far, very far into the future, a strong light, inundating the human ant-hill. A name, which never vibrates on respectful lips without finding an immediate response, has been, for some years past, pronounced all along the banks of the Rhine, and repeated beyond the frontiers of the North. This name, which we just now wrote, is that of Mozart! Mozart the golden mouthed, as he is called by an eminent critic, in reference to his Christian name of Chrysostom.

All men's eyes are turned towards this luminous name. As the distance becomes greater between us and the earthly existence of the author of *Don Juan*, the more do his works free themselves from the veil of the Past; they appear to us more radiant and more pure, as though they had borrowed the light of eternity from their composer's immortal soul.

This slow, instructive, and universal return towards the source of light, of which every spark is destined to kindle a world of ideas, is a happy reaction for art. It is an incontestable proof of an ancient alliance between music and man. We draw nearer Mozart, because no other musician has collected in his heart the human affections which flowed over in the heart of Mozart. We perceive moving in this great man's music all that constitutes the life of our souls. His music is the very epopee of nations. It is constituted of hopes, of sadness, of recollections, and of aspirations. It is religious, for it seeks God in the blue sky; it is Christian and democratic, because it breathes a love for all created beings and things. We see, therefore, in the conceptions of Mozart, the argument proving that music is really destined to effect the civilization of nations. If by civilization we understand the development of the moral faculties, a greater outpouring of heart, and a stronger bond, founded on profounder convictions, between individuals, it is the works of Mozart which should be taken as a basis, by musicians, as well as by statesmen who entertain the legitimate notion of rendering the masses moral by the medium of music.

As we said at the commencement, fine music is at bottom melancholy. This is true of the two centuries and a half which succeeded the introduction of the modern system of tonality, as it is of all that was done previously to that event. It is by this elegiac element that music first obtained possession of man's sympathy. It is by this that music will act upon future generations.

There is always a certain amount of sadness at the bottom of human affairs. Mozart expresses joy with a charm peculiar to himself, because it was a part of his delicate nature to perceive the mixed composition of it. That musician alone will live and regenerate the world who will identify himself most completely with man. Music must excite great thoughts; place itself in communication with the soul; and foster everything good and generous which the latter contains.

Reader, you have heard the wonderful harmonies in *Don Juan* and in *Die Zauberflöte*. You have felt touched, as by the reminiscences of the years of your youth. It was in fact those reminiscences whose song was heard in your heart. Your fond dreams returned; the sweet faces you loved bent once more over you. You loved your mother, your sister, your fair and gentle companions, running on the sward. The Sundays, all ablaze with sunshine, appeared again before you, with the young girls in their cool boddices and their irreproachable costumes, fluttering with ribbands. You gazed on a form, which was that of an angel, as it fled into the welcome shade of the wood; you listened to sounds which resembled the rustling of wings; you have thought of the vision which follows us in life; which never quits the firmament in which our eyes are fixed, and which goes before us, like the Star of the Shepherds. You heard voices which never advocated apostacy, treason, egotism, falsehood, or cowardice. You listened to those voices which are heard in the spring of life, like the song of birds in the spring of Nature. Those voices commanded you to love, and to attach but little value to the rest. As you listened to them in the grand and magical symphonies of Mozart, you felt you were a better man. Your soul opened more freely. The tears started to your eyes—tears at the recollection of those who were absent. You felt strengthened; you felt fresh youth; you felt you were purified from the stains of life by the effect which the chaste accents of such Divine music produced upon you. You thought as you thought when you were twenty; you loved as you loved at that age, which is blessed by Heaven; and your Ideal, the beloved One, regarding you from her azure throne, said: 'Tis well!

LOUIS ROGER.

[Here is a choice bit of criticism, found in the New York *Evening Post*. So "fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"]

Mozart in 1870.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

In glancing over your columns yesterday, the notice of the debut of the English opera troupe in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" attracted my attention as being the only one I have yet seen which shows an independence of the dry old traditions of musical art; but your critic is not half strong enough in his remarks. Will you permit me, on behalf of the many attendants at the Academy of Music, on Monday night, who found the much-vaunted music of Mozart decidedly dull, to express in plainer terms their disappointment?

I distinctly maintain that were the "Marriage of Figaro" to be offered to the public as the work of any modern composer it would have an uninterrupted run of one night. Its music is thin and uninteresting. The yawns of the audience Monday evening proved this. Out in the lobbies, musicians, opera-singers and critics freely acknowledged to themselves that the music was antiquated and tedious; but they—especially the critics—will not dare to say as much when outside of the Ring.

As a musical amateur I claim to be familiar with Mozart's music, and for his undoubted genius I have high reverence. His masses are sublime. His grander operas were a great advance on anything that preceded them. His music, however, has served its purpose, and its day has passed away, just as the days of stage coaches and sailing packets have. When Meyerbeer's, and Verdi's, and Pacini's, and Mercadante's, and Donizetti's, and Gounod's music can be had, why must I be bored with those works of Mozart which, like the "Figaro," are his weakest? Why must I hear his endless mannerisms and tame self-plagiarisms? Why must I listen to a comedy of vulgar intrigue, couched in childish semi idiotic language, because to it is wedded music in which three or four charming melodies seem only like oases in a dreary desert? Why must the critics and tradition lovers cling to this antiquated music simply because it is by Mozart?

I am told that in this opera the Parepa troupe in their travels have been unusually successful, that it has everywhere drawn crowded and delighted houses. This can be naturally explained. In the western villages musical appreciation is not as advanced as in the metropolis, and this little comedy with its pigmy music suits the artistic development of the villagers. Let them have it by all means, but let us in our leading metropolitan opera house have operas of the present day. I do not wish to wear a pigtail or powder my hair because Mozart did; neither do I wish to hear his music, especially when his weakest works are selected. I regret to see a great artist like Parepa wasting her time in old-fashioned trivialities. She might quite as consistently wear a poke bonnet and dress like her great great-grandmother.

Of course the tradition-lovers will praise the "Marriage of Figaro" to the skies. Perhaps the next few generations of them will howl in the same way over Verdi's music when he too shall have become antiquated and superseded by better forms of musical development; but the world at large will recognise that art as well as the material sciences progresses, and does not retrograde. AMATEUR.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8.—On Saturday evening Feb. 26, I attended the 4th concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. We had the following programme:

2d Symphony, C, op. 140 ..... Raff.
Cavatina, "Di piacer" ..... Rossini.
Miss Kellogg.
Quartet for "French Horn" ..... Weber.
Overture, Medea ..... Bargiel.
"Ah non credea" and "Ah non giunge" ..... Bellini.
Miss Kellogg.
Overture, "Columbus" ..... G. F. Bristow.

The Symphony was the same that was played at the 2d concert of our New York Society, and was performed even better than upon that occasion. The other orchestral pieces were also carefully rendered, and the concert was in every respect a very enjoyable one. No question can be raised with regard to any supposed inferiority of either Society to the other, for the orchestra is almost precisely the same, excepting in number. At the Brooklyn concerts there are usually 60 instrumentalists, and at our own concerts there are usually 100.

It gives me great pleasure to say that Miss Kellogg sang uncommonly well. She was less excellent in the Rossini aria than in the selections from "Sonnambula"; but her performance of the "Ah non credea" was really admirable, and I have never known her to sing as well; the Brooklyn Academy being much smaller than our "Catacombs," her clear, thin voice filled it nicely. She received, in each instance, a very decided and demonstrative encore, which she acknowledged by singing, 1st, a French chanson, and 2nd, Mozart's delightful "Deh vieni," which was emphatically her best effort during the evening.

The quartet for horns was quite interesting, although at times it did seem a little tedious. The programme was, however, quite a short one, and it would have been pleasant to have an instrumen-

tal solo of some kind. In every way the concert was a success, and the character of the programme was beyond reproach.

On Saturday evening, March 5th, we had the 4th concert of our Society, with the assistance of Mr. Bergner ('cello), and Mrs. Davison (soprano). I append the programme:

Overture, "Magic Flute".....Mozart.
Quintet. Flute, Oboe, Clarionet, Bassoon, Horn.. Rietz.
Scena and Aria, "Der Freischütz".....Weber.
Mrs. Davidson.
Fantasia, "Air Russe".....Kummer.
Mr. Bergner.
Overture, "Genovera".....Schumann.
5th Symphony, C minor.....Beethoven.

It seemed to me that Mr. Bergmann took the tempo of the "Magic Flute" Overture a shade too rapidly, as was also the case with the concluding pages of the 4th movement of the Symphony; otherwise the orchestral playing was quite up, perhaps, to its usual standard of excellence. The magnificent "Genoveva" and the Andante from the Symphony were the especial orchestral excellencies of the evening.

Mr. Bergner is so emphatically and unmistakably a true artist that it is a pleasure to speak of anything in which he takes a prominent part. He played the "Air Russe" with all his usual excellence of execution and clearness of tone, and won from the audience very warm demonstrations of satisfaction and delight. He replied to the encore merely by bowing, thereby setting a good example to ambitious amateurs who eagerly grasp anything which bears the remotest resemblance to a recall.

Mrs. Davison is a lady possessing a very good soprano voice, which is as yet only in the early stages of cultivation (apparently). In the "Prayer" and Aria from "Der Freischütz" it was very evident that her voice was totally inadequate for the rapid and brilliant bravura passages of the Aria; possibly at some future time she will become a singer of ability and excellence, especially if in the meantime she devotes herself resolutely to study and practice. At present she is a very pains-taking but quite mediocre vocalist, whose sphere is emphatically a moderate sized concert room.

The quintet for wind instruments, with orchestral accompaniment, was very attractive and pleasing, although not strikingly original either in ideas or treatment. It was very neatly rendered by the five gentlemen (members of the Society) to whom it was entrusted.

On Monday evening, March 7, Miss Mehlig (pianiste) gave a concert at Steinway Hall, being assisted by the following artists: Mr. Werner ('cello), Mr. Kopta (violin), Mr. J. P. Morgan (organ), Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Fradel (accompanist), and by Mlle. Clara Perl "from the Vienna Imperial Opera." I quote the programme:

Trio, E flat. Pianoforte, violin, 'cello.....F. Schubert
Aria, "Tancredi," [Mlle Perl].....Rossini.
Fantasiestuck.....Schumann
Prelude and Fugue, B minor.....Mendelssohn
Mlle Mehlig
Violoncello Solo. Aria and Gavotte.....Bach.
Spinnerlied, [arr. by Liszt].....Wagner
Mlle Mehlig
Violin Solo. Adagio from Mendelssohn's Concerto
Mr Kopta.
Arioso. "Prophète".....Meyerbeer.
Mlle. Perle.
Hexameron, Duo for 2 pianos.....Liszt
[Manuscript. 1st time in America].
Mlle. Mehlig and Mr. Mills.

This was one of the finest and most enjoyable musical entertainments of the season, and brought together at least 1400 appreciative people (mostly Germans), notwithstanding the storm and the very slippery condition of the pavements.

Miss Mehlig played with much more force and vigor than at her former concert, and acquitted herself superbly in everything which she undertook, unless we except Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp (in response to an encore), which she interpreted in a very peculiar and scarcely satisfactory way. I still think, as I said in a former letter, that she takes too much liberty with the tempo occasionally, and errs sometimes in an exaggeration, so to speak, of expression. [?] Her rendering of Mendelssohn's Fugue was a marvellous achievement, and it was at once evident that, unequal as may be her merits, this lady is a consummate artist. The most wonderful feature of her performance of the Fugue was a very gradual, carefully planned *accelerando* (with *crescendo*), which Mlle. M. played *resistlessly*, moving us all with her.

In the Duo with Mr. Mills (which proved to be an arrangement of a theme from *Puritani*), the wonderful evenness and clearness of the scale passages, and the artistic exactitude with which each artist played, all combined to accomplish a splendid success, and to fairly electrify the large audience.

Mr. Kopta, in the Trio and in his solo, played with all the finished execution and beautiful clearness of tone for which he is so justly distinguished, and was materially assisted, in the Mendelssohn Andante, by the very careful accompaniment, which was delightfully played by Mr. F. Von Inten.

As for Mlle. Perl (her first appearance here) she has a contralto voice of some compass, of much crude power, and of curiously dissonant quality. Mr. Werner, the violoncellist, played carefully and well, and has a very good tone although not very strong; the effect of his solo was somewhat marred by the fact that the organ and piano, by which he was accompanied, were not at all in accord with each other.

F.

(From a private letter.)

BERLIN, JAN. 20.—My usual evening abode is the "Concert-Haus" where Bilse's orchestra plays. They play well, though not so well as Pasdeloup's. The orchestra is small for Europe. Only five double basses and six 'celli. They do manage to get a very good *pianissimo* and *crescendo*, though their *fortissimo* is noisy. The most striking defect in the band is an obstreporous first oboe that is perfectly ear-piercing and never by any chance plays softly. Bilse has given us two or three tastes of Hector Berlioz, but the German orchestra does not play the French music any better than the Paris orchestra played the later Beethoven Symphonies. The other evening, I heard for the first time Wagner's "Faust Overture," and cannot express how much I like it. It is very sombre and abstruse, but that the subject demands.

Last evening I heard the first movement from Anton Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony; I was very much surprised and delighted by it. There is a marked individuality about it, which is a rare thing to find in composers now-a-days. Is Rubinstein a Russian? The music is just as individual and un-German as Gade's is. Gade is to me thoroughly un-German in his nature, although his style is German, that is to say neither French nor Italian. Berlioz is essentially French in his individuality, but his musical forms and the structure of his pieces have very little if anything in common with what is generally known as French music. Everything I have heard of his strikes me as thoroughly artistic and often intellectual. He is in strong contrast to Meyerbeer, whose "Bénédiction des poignards" I heard last evening. The man seems to have gone mad with the idea that he was a great contrapuntist. He never loses a chance of getting in some little bit of imitation, even if he makes everybody on the stage and half the orchestra wait with one foot in the air while the last instrument finishes the figure. He loses sight of the fact that the real art in counterpoint is to make each part flow smoothly, but does his imitation by letting one voice sing a bar and then wait while the next voice repeats it like an echo,—*ce qui n'est pas difficile*, and can be done just as easily with twenty *obbligato* parts as with two or three, if you only let each part wait long enough for the others to get through. I have heard of the "*Bénédiction des poignards*" all my life and expected to be carried away. It makes noise enough, certainly, but I don't think it compares with the "O sommo Carlo" in *Ernani*, either for melodic or harmonic beauty or grandeur, and it certainly has nothing of the *élan* of Verdi's finale. Then compare the famous trio of the last act of "Les Huguenots" with the final trio in *Ernani*, and see which is the greatest! To be sure the idea of announcing the appearance of the heavenly hosts by an *altissimo* trill of a piccolo flute solo has some degree of originality in it, but even that idea may have been borrowed from the scene shifter's whistle.

I have heard for the third time Ambroise Thomas's Overture to "Mignon," and think, still more than at first, that it is an instance of the most outrageous abuse of the good gifts of heaven in the shape of a charming theme, that was ever perpetrated by man! The theme of the Allegro is original and to me very beautiful, but it is smothered by such an amount of trombone, tuba, drum, cymbals and vulgarity of every sort, that its beauty is all lost. Was Mignon or any of her relations a rope dancer? There is a general air of tight rope that pervades the whole overture.

I heard Stern's (late Taubert's) orchestra the other afternoon. The orchestra is painfully small (only 1 contrabassi) but they play wonderfully, and Stern takes his movements slow enough even to suit me.

The Dresden Musical world is about nothing as far as I can find out. Rubinstein and Tausig come there once or twice in the winter and give a concert, and perhaps Joachim shows his face there once a year. Old Burde-Ney had her name up in the streets when I was there. There are two contrabassi in the Royal Opera orchestra and the singers are scandalous. The military bands are fine, and I believe there are concerts on the Brüllsche Terrasse and in the Grosser Garten. The Link'sches Bad has been turned into a casino. You can tell anybody on L's authority and on mine, that the *Freischütz* has been better given in Boston than it was this winter in Dresden. FIL.

Music Abroad.

LIVERPOOL. The London *Musical World* says

We are not to think that London monopolizes the good music heard in England, save when London goes to the country to hold high festival. This idea is far from correct. Some provincial towns are equal to the metropolis as regards activity and the facilities for gratifying an artistic taste. What Mr. Hallé has done at Manchester everybody knows, but we wish to illustrate our remarks more particularly by reference to Liverpool. In this great seaport music is chiefly represented by a Philharmonic Society, of which Mr. Benedict is conductor. This society gives twelve concerts yearly—concerts of high character as regards the selections. What music pleases the Liverpudlians, and how much they get, may be seen from the following catalogue of works performed during the last two years:—

Oratorios, Masses, and Sacred Cantatas.—Handel: *Messiah* (twice), *Judas Maccabæus*, and Coronation Anthem (Zadok the Priest). Haydn: *Creation* and the *Seasons* (Spring and Autumn). Mendelssohn: *Elijah*, 95th Psalm, and 'Hear my Prayer.' Beethoven: Mass in C. W. Sterndale Bennett: *The Woman of Samaria*. Gounod: *Messe de Sainte Cecile*. Rossini: *Messe Solennelle* and *Stabat* (twice.) Cantatas and choral works, with orchestral accompaniments.—Mendelssohn: *Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Finale* and choruses from *Lorelay*. J. F. Barnett: *Ancient Mariner*. Benedict: *Richard Cœur de Lion*. Symphonies.—Beethoven: No. 3, *Eroica*; No. 4, B flat; No. 5, C minor; No. 6, *Pastoral*; No. 7, A major. Haydn: No. 8, E flat; and No. 10, E flat. Mendelssohn: *Reformation* (twice), and No. 4, A major (Italian). Mozart: E flat; G minor. Spohr: No. 5, in C minor. Overtures.—Auber: *Exhibition*, *Fiancée*, *Gustave*, *Masaniello*, *Les Diamants*, *Leocadie*, *Le Serment*, *Zanetta*. Beethoven: *Egmont* and *Men of Promethus*. Benedict: *Prinz von Homburg*. Boieldieu: *La Dame Blanche*. Cherubini: *Les Abencerrages* and *Medea*. Hérold: *Zampa*. Lindpaintner: *Faust*. Mendelssohn: *Athalie*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (twice), and *Ruy Blas*. Meyerbeer: *Camp of Silesia*, *l'Etoile du Nord*, and *Struensée*. Méhul: *Joseph* and *Chasse du Jeune Henri*.

Mozart: *Cosi fan tutte*, *Seraglio*, and *Zauberflöte*. Nicolai: *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Onslow: *Le Colporteur*. Rossini: *Italiana in Algeri*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Semiramide*, and *Guillaume Tell*. Spohr: *Der Bergeist* and *Last Judgment*. Weber: *Ruler of Spirits*, *Euryanthe*, and *Preciosa*. Wagner: *Tannhäuser*. Concertos and solos with orchestial accompaniments. — Violin: Beethoven's Concerto, Ernst's fantasia, *Otello*, E. W. Thomas's *Barcarolle* and *Tarantelle*. Violoncello: Carl Eckert's *Concertstück*, B. Romberg's *Adagio* and *Rondo* from *Concert Suisse*. Pianoforte: Mendelssohn's *Rondo* in B minor (twice), Mozart's Concerto for two pianofortes in E flat; Chopin's *Andante Spianato* and *Polonaise*."

For comprehensiveness and quantity that list surpasses any that could be furnished by either of the metropolitan associations.

About the year 1800, Joseph Haydn, on his return from England, stopped for some time at the Monastry of the Premonstratensians, in Ochsenhausen, near Biberach, in Würtemberg. The monks residing there were of a highly musical turn, and the good understanding between them and their guest resulted in a request, at his departure, that he would leave them some original composition as a *souvenir*. In complying, he chose six proverbs as so many themes, viz.: "It is the first step that costs;" "Look before you leap;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "Suum cuique;" "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing;" "All's well that ends well;" and set them to music for four voices. These compositions are said to bear the stamp of the master, and to be infused with the happiest humor. In "Suum cuique," each of the four voices sings in a different time, as is most appropriate. On the breaking up of the convent Haydn's pieces passed into the hands of one of the fathers, and finally came to be the property of precentor Kaim, of Biberach, who has just had them engraved and published at Munich.

PRAGUE—The members of the celebrated Florentine Quartet were the objects of a murderous and cowardly attempt on their lives, during their way from Olmütz to this city. As they were passing Pardubitz, the window of the railway carriage occupied by them was shattered by a bullet, which lodged in the case containing the famous Stradnarius, on which Herr Jean Becker always plays. Luckily, the valuable instrument was not damaged. Herr Becker, on the contrary, was somewhat seriously injured by the fragments of the glass which were scattered about in all directions. The motive and the perpetrator of this dastardly outrage are unknown, but the police are actively employed in trying to discover at least the perpetrator.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 26, 1870.

Musical High Tide.

Most unmusical, uncomfortable of all months is March, and April often not much better. Yet, strangely, with the snows and rains and East winds, we are deluged with musical entertainments. Just when all are weary and can least endure distracting multitudinous excitement, come more solicitations (many of them tempting) than it is possible to give but a hurried half attention to. It is the misfortune of our musical life in Boston, that it never rains but it pours. What through three quarters of the year we long in vain to hear, comes down upon us all at once in a few winter months, and is more and more heaped upon us, like the snows over the northern country, just in this period of our limbo, the opening of what poets call the Spring. How much better it would be if all these fine opportunities were more equally distributed over the whole year, so that the long summer liesure too might share them, and each season get such moderate portion only as admits of full enjoyment and digestion. As it is, the concert record of the present month here—say from the middle of March to the middle of April, —bids fair to be as crowded and bewildering as that of the London season. In orchestral music alone, this short space is tantalizingly rich with three Harvard Symphony Concerts, to be followed by eight "Symphonic and Popular Concerts" of Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra crowded into one week! Of Chamber Concerts, there are Mr. Petersilea's third and fourth "Receptions," Mr. Perabo's two Soirées, Mr. Tracy's "Recitals"—all mainly of piano music—and, most memorable of all, the Complimentary Matinée to Miss Mehlig. To which add several more at the Conservatories. Then the two evenings of the Parker (vocal) Club; a public rehearsal by "the Boston Chorus" of the "Creation;" the "farewell" Concert of Mrs. C. A. Barry; the Annual Concert of Mr. Peck; &c., &c. Most of these larger Music Hall concerts offer the great attraction of Miss Mehlig. As if all this were not enough, comes suddenly Italian Opera, nightly for two weeks at the Boston Theatre. And the Great Organ we have always with us.

An expatriated musical Bostonian, one who knows what is what in music, might find a rich and curious feast in running his eye over the programmes of all this. We will spread out here what we can of it; but doubtless some of the salient points will so arrest attention that we shall hardly get half through the list to-day.

TENTH AND LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT.—The fifth successful season of the Harvard Musical Association maintained its prestige, both for Art and audience, to the end. The great Music Hall on Thursday afternoon (17th) was filled, as it had been nine times before, with more than two thousand eagerly attentive and delighted listeners; this time to the following programme:

1. Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis,".....Gluck.
2. Tenor Aria: "Nur ein Wunsch, nur ein Verlangen," from "Iphigenia in Tauris.".....Gluck.
   August Kreissmann.
3. Septet, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Violin, Violoncello, and Double Bass.....Hummel.
   Ernest Perabo, and Messrs. F. Zoehler, Ribas, Hamann, Heindl, A Suck and Stein.

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1. Symphony in C, No 2, op. 61.....Schumann.
2. Cycle of Songs: "Dichterliebe" (Heine,)...Schumann.
   August Kreissmann.
3. Overture to "Oberon,".....Weber.

The Schumann Symphony in C had been given in the first and second seasons of these concerts. We are tempted to recall the impression it made upon us then,—which we endeavored to express as follows:

The presence of true genius, in one of its great creative efforts, happily inspired too, was unmistakable to most listeners; albeit with the many expressions of satisfaction there have been mingled some complaints about the difficulty of understanding it, the strain upon the mind, &c. It was so with the yet greater Symphonies of Beethoven upon the first and second hearing. It is true that there is in the first movement something a little sickly, some spasmodic and some dreary traits, suggestions of pain and the struggle to be sound and well; for, as Schumann said, that movement was composed in a period of illness, and it seems to typify a healthy resolution, summoning up power from the centre, to resist and overcome the flitting pains and wayward fancies of a fevered brain. But it is laid out upon a broad, clear plan, which it developes logically and with commanding power, and it is full of beauties both of melodic thoughts and harmony and instrumental color. The adherence to the one key, or rather the reference and tendency to the C major, throughout all the four movements, with but little variation, is characteristic of the work. This in the slow introduction is marked in the bold, firm trumpet and horn tones, while the strings move dreamily and sadly, in undertone, groping up into the daylight (the tonic) from the shadows of the subdominant. Again, too, the unity is felt in the way in which the leading themes of the Allegro are foreshadowed in passages of the introduction; indeed the whole Symphony has its germs there. The oftener you listen to that Allegro, the less you feel the sickliness, and the more you enjoy the beauty and splendor of the triumph; the trumpet tones, challenging so boldly in the first bars, carry it.

The second movement is a true Scherzo, still in C, revelling in fine fairy sport, although perpetually modulating, as the leading melodic phrase woven into its whole texture keeps rapidly traversing diminished-seventh intervals. But how cheery those answering calls from flutes above and bassoons below, each in thirds! and how delightfully the latter climb to meet the former sometimes! If the joy is subtle, delicate and dreamy here, it becomes breezy and exhilarating in the triplets of the first Trio, (which returns into the Scherzo); and then a pensive mood comes over the same joy in the second Trio, where the staccato contrapuntal figure of the violas and 'cellos accompanies the even flow of the chief subject; and then how gracefully the moonlight fairy Scherzo theme steals back again!

In the Adagio (which, beginning in C minor, ends in C major) the soul, set free by this magical power of Art in which it has thus far revelled, rises into tranquil ecstacy, "a deep dream of peace," where all is heavenly and beautiful. Possibly the conception is just enough beyond the power of *perfect* execution in an orchestra, sometimes to disturb the enjoyment a little; we allude to such places as those long climbing trills of the violins upon the very highest notes, which will sound a little shrill and *creaky* in any short of an ideal performance; but has not the composer a right to claim some ideality of the listener? In the Finale, the spirit rouses itself from the sweet, dreamy rapture of the Adagio into what one of Schumann's biographers calls "a jubilant, heaven-storming happiness." Ganymed-like, you are borne aloft by Jove's strong eagle, and in the full noonday sunshine of C major.

The time the Symphony had the advantage of an orchestra larger and better trained than then, and of a more familiar acquaintance in a large part of the audience with the spirit and the ways of Schumann. It certainly was listened to throughout by the whole multitude with the closest attention, and with every sign of deep interest and pleasure, in spite perhaps of a somewhat puzzled expression on some countenances. The Scherzo with its two Trios is a marvellously fine imaginative creation, and both this and the profound beauty of the Adagio, were rendered with a purity and clearness which we are inclined to look upon as the happiest achievement so far of our orchestra. Mr. ZERRAHN may be congratulated on leading them through such labyrinths of difficulty with such ease and certainty. There are passages in this work where Schumann strikes almost the very vein in which Beethoven quarried, takes hold deep down with like firm grasp, and brings out kindred thoughts.

The Hummel Septet is the very work in which the young PERABO first made his debut here, in the last Symphony Concert of the first series, five years ago. And we might say of his playing now all that we said then—"only more so." It was, as far as our poor sense could judge, a perfect rendering of that not deep, but thoroughly graceful, genial and exceedingly exacting composition. He played it as if it were all in him and knew its own way out without anxious trouble on his part. And taking the composition as a whole, thanks to the careful coöperation of the concerting artists, it was about as well brought out as we have ever heard it. It was a matter of course that the Scherzo, in which the horn ushers back so witchingly the little motive of the Trio, should have to be repeated. (Those who insisted on this did not think *then* of complaining that the concert was ten minutes too long!)

The two Overtures also were remarkably well given. That from the first *Iphigenia* lent more interest to Mr. KREISSMANN'S tenor Aria from the second: the noble recitative and air in which Pylades exhorts Orestes to meet death bravely, and links his fate with that of his friend as their lives have been linked from childhood. ("Only one common wish, one longing," &c.) The music is full of subdued, chaste, manly tenderness, admirably simple and expressive. But it takes an artist to render it as truly as Mr. Kreissmann did. In spite of a cold, his tones were rich and warm, and with a finished style and quiet fervor he realized the spirit of the song. The orchestral back-ground was delicate and yet sufficient. But more remarkable was the effect produced in that great hall by his finely poetic rendering of half a

dozen out of the cycle of Heine love songs, which Schumann has caught up in so many little wafts of melody,—and with Mr. LEONHARD's exquisite accompaniment. Some of them rapturous ("Im wunderschönen Monat Mai;" "Die Rose, die Lilie," &c.;) some so delicately breathed as to be just audible, yet reaching the soul not the less; and one with which he closed, "Ich grolle nicht," impassioned, tragical;—they made an emotional and musical impression such as only true song inspirations truly sung can do, and such as larger, greater works may fail of. Mr. Kreissmann has some physical peculiarities of voice, to which some are far from partial; but as an interpreter of the best types of the German *Lied*, when have we heard his equal?

We shall wait for the two *extra* Symphony Concerts before summing up the season. Here are the programmes:

March 24.—IN AID OF THE ART MUSEUM.—Part I. Suite, for Orchestra, in D, *Bach*; Fifth Symphony, *Beethoven*.—Part II. Piano Concerto, *Schumann*, HUGO LEONHARD; Serenade (from a Quintet), by all the strings, *Haydn*; Overture to "Leonora," No. 3, *Beethoven*.

March 31.—In compliment to CARL ZERRAHN.—Part I. Seventh Symphony, *Beethoven*; Piano Concerto in Eb, *Beethoven*, Miss ANNA MEHLIG.—Part II. Introduction to an Act of "King Manfred," (first time), *Carl Reinecke*; *Weber's* Concertstück, Miss MEHLIG; Overture: "Becalmed at Sea," &c., *Mendelssohn*.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG. The complimentary matinée given to this lady on Friday, the 18th, at Chickering's, by the Harvard Musical Association, will ever stand out among our Chamber Concert memories as most memorable. It was one of those complete occasions in which there is nothing wanting, nothing to regret or wish to qualify. The spell of the music and the hour was upon every one from first to last. It was purely artistic; and the *rapport* between the artists with each other and the audience perfect. We doubt if ever before in our experience we have met so many people testifying to such unalloyed delight. The young artist who bore the chief part both of the labor and the honor, was one who by the singular vitality and perfection of her interpretation both in *technique* and in spirit, had magnetized us in the F-minor Concerto of Chopin; was now to show us the wide and varied range of great piano music in which she was not less at home; the assisting artists, choice spirits of mature experience, came to it with a new enthusiasm for Art as well as for her; the audience, select, just filling Chickering Hall, was of the very best; and the programme a notable addition to our record:

1. Andante and Variations, for two Pianos, . Schumann.
   Miss Anna Mehlig and Mr. Leonhard.
2. Songs: (a) "Am Meer,".....Schubert.
   (b) "Aufenthalt." .... "
   Mr. Kreissmann.
3. Sonata Appassionata, op. 57, ...Beethoven
   Allegro assai. Andante con moto.—Allegro ma non troppo.
   Miss Anna Mehlig.

PART II.

1. Introduction and Rondo, for Piano and Violin,..... .. ..Schubert.
   Miss Mehlig and Mr. Eichberg
2. Organ Prelude and Fugue, in G minor, arranged for the Pianoforte by Liszt .....Bach.
   Miss Anna Mehlig.
3. Songs: (a) "Frühlingskinder," op. 7, No 5,..R. Franz
   (b) Serenade, op. 17, No. 2, . .. "
   (c) "Wenn der Frühling auf die Berge steigt," op. 12, No. 6,..... "
   Mr. Kreissmann.
4. Scherzo, in B flat minor, op 31 .....Chopin.
   Miss Anna Mehlig.

There were text enough for much discourse in every number of this programme, but the brief record of the *Transcript*, hearty and intelligent, shall speak for our own feeling better than we ourselves might do just now:

Here was sympathetic opportunity for the young lady to exhibit her rare gift and accomplishment in all their various aspects; and we only echo the enthusiastic opinion of every one present in saying that her playing on this occasion was of the happiest and highest order, creating a deep and lasting impression. Her chief successes were in the Beethoven Sonata, and in the Bach Prelude and Fugue. These were revelations indeed of the inner life of each composer—of the deep spiritual poetry and romanticism of the one, and the pure classicality of the other. The Sonata, under her hands, was a marvel of execution and interpretation. In every technical respect and outward feature there was nothing wanting. It was all graceful, vital, powerful, perfect; in touch, accent, shading; in finished and graphic execution; in the striking out of the great Beethoven chords, and in the exquisite and bold attack of his rich and expressive bravura the performance compelled entire praise.

Nothing, too, could be finer than the strong conception and feeling that prompted the young pianist's fingers, and the betrayal of a sincere, earnest nature, that mastered the very spirit of the work, from its brilliant opening movement, through its subdued Andante, to the fire and rush and passion of the closing Allegro. It was ideal playing, triumphing over the mechanism of performance, transcendent as the latter was.

Not less of an experience was the rendering of the Prelude and Fugue; which was the clearest Bach exposition ever heard in this city. For once the great contrapuntist was made vital and interesting to everybody. The Prelude may have sounded sometimes better upon the organ, but the Fugue, never; as it came from Miss Mehlig's fingers it was instinct with beauty, faultless in proportion, joyous with life. All things considered, this was the great achievement of the pianist and gained for her a storm of applause.

Thus singling the foremost pieces on the programme, we may only hint how well the Schumann pieces for two pianos went, and how Mr. Leonhard rivalled the lady in artist touches; and what delight the Schubert Introduction and Rondo gave—Mr. Eichberg's violin retaining all its old time warm tone and musical feeling; and how the fitful poetry of Chopin was brilliantly and elegantly reproduced by Miss Mehlig; and, finally, what satisfaction Mr Kreissmann gave in his group of Schubert and Franz songs It was, matter and performance,—all, to delightfully dwell upon.

MR J. C. D PARKER'S CLUB of Amateur singers gave another delightful entertainment to their friends on Monday evening. Chickering Hall of course was full. The colds so common in this season seemed to have thinned the chorus ranks a little, but there was the same fine balance of parts, the same rich, pure, musical ensemble of tone, the same spirit and precision and fine light and shade in all the singing. The concert began with Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" and "O for the wings of a dove," in which the Soprano Solo was effectively sung by Miss GATES. Then came two beautiful part-songs: "Good night" by Schumann, and "Daybreak" (Longfellow's: "A wind came up out of the sea,") charmingly and graphically set by Mr. Parker, varying the expression with every couplet; indeed a nice piece of four-part writing. A selection from "St. Paul" came next, including the Recitatives: "Ananias, arise," &c.; the Bass solo: "I praise thee, O Lord," capitally sung by Mr. WINCH; and the lovely chorus that succeeds it: "The Lord He is good." This was sung with rare purity and delicacy. Another brace of part-songs: Gade's dreamy "Water Lily" and Mendelssohn's exhilarating "Lark Song," closed the first part.

Part Second consisted of Gade's Cantata: "The Crusaders," in which there is much interesting music with descriptive accompaniment. Particularly the second part, in which the sorceress Armida, Tasso's Armida, summons her Spirits of Darkness, changes the desert into a garden, and tries to tempt Rinaldo to "unimagined bliss." This gave great opportunity to the fine voice and thrilling dramatic power of Mrs. HARWOOD. The part of Rinaldo, tenor, was given with good taste and feeling by Dr. LANGMAID. The first part of the Cantata represents the weary knights and pilgrims in the desert, and Peter the Hermit, (basso, Mr. POWERS), rebuking their faint-heartedness. The third part brings us before Jerusalem; the music is martial and stirring, ending with a chorus: "Jerusalem! the goal is there! Sing Hosanna!"

IN PROSPECT.—We must adjourn the remainder of the history, to save a little room for glimpses of what is coming.

First, *next Tuesday evening*. Mr. PERABO's second and *last* Soiree, when he will play with Mr. Leonhard Schubert's great Duo, op. 140, for two pianos, out of which Joachim has made a Symphony. It will be a glorious novelty. The programme also embraces Liszt's arrangement of Hummel's Septet, and Schumann's Variations, op. 13.

Following the last Extra Symphony Concert, on *Saturday evening, April* 2, our excellent Contralto, Mrs. C. A. BARRY, gives a Farewell Concert, in the Music Hall, previous to her departure in May for Europe, where she has the laudable intention of passing a year in the further improvement of her voice and talent. We have not seen the programme, but she announces the assistance of the great pianiste, Miss Mehlig; also of Miss Houston; Miss Crane and Miss Mead (pupils of Mrs. Barry); Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mr. J. C. D. Parker, Mr. Arbuckle, and Mr. John Howard, accompanist. We trust the Hall will be crowded.

NEXT WEEK will be swallowed up in brilliant Concerts by THEODORE THOMAS and his admirable Orchestra of 56 distinguished artists. Among the number are Bergner, 'cello; Weiner, flute; Eller, oboe; Schmitz, Lotze, Bernstein and Gewalt, horns; Leetsch, trombone, and Toulmin, harp. Miss ANNA MEHLIG is engaged for Concertos and other piano solos in four at least of the eight Concerts; and Mr. KREISSMANN, too, will sing in some of them. The programmes, partly classical and partly popular, show a mixture of standard Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos, &c., with numerous modern novelties by Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, Grimm, Raff, &c., &c. The first Concert, *Tuesday evening, April* 5, offers the "Leonora" Overture, No. 3, of Beethoven; Weber's *Concertstück* (Miss MEHLIG); Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Tasso;" the "Tell" Overture; Schumann's "Träumerei;" Weber's "Invitation," orchestrated by Berlioz; a Chopin Solo; and Meyerbeer's "Schiller March."

Wednesday evening. Wagner's Prelude to "The Master singers of Nuremberg;" Adagio from Beethoven's "Prometheus;" Schumann's Concerto by Miss MEHLIG; second part of Berlioz's dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet;" Fifth Symphony of Beethoven.

Thursday evening. Suite in Canon form by Grimm; Introduction to third act of "Medea," Cherubini; Overture to "Coriolanus," Beethoven; D minor Symphony, Schumann.

Friday evening. "Faust" by Rubinstein; Chopin's E minor Concerto (Miss MEHLIG); Overture, "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; Overture to "Struensee" Meyerbeer; Theme and Variations, Haydn; Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Piano Solo, Liszt; "Jota Aragonesa," by Glinka.

Saturday afternoon. Symphony in D, Mozart; Beethoven's Concerto in G (Miss MEHLIG); Liszt's "Les Preludes," &c., &c.

April 13. Mr. A. P. PECK's annual Benefit Concert. With Thomas's Orchestra, Miss Mehlig, Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Miss Gates, and Mr. Whitney, basso.

WEBER'S "OBERON," of which all know and love the Overture, was brought out by the Parepa-Rosa troupe in Philadelphia, March 9th, for the first time (so far as we remember) in this country. The *Inquirer* of the next day speaks of it as follows:

ENGLISH OPERA.—"OBERON."—The opera of *Oberon* was first sung at the Covent Garden Theatre on the 12th of April, 1826. Charles Kemble, who was then the manager of the theatre, had been attracted by the success which *Der Freyschütz* met with in England, and so early as 1824 he forwarded a libretto (written by Mr. Planché) to Weber at Dresden, with the proposition that he should make it the ground-work of a grand English opera.

The story is not taken from Shakespeare's play, as the name would suggest, but from a German poem, by Wieland, the hero of which, "Sir Huon de Bordeaux," being a particular favorite of the fairy monarch, is enabled by him to accomplish super-natural wonders, first in the deliverance of "Rezia" from a dreaded marriage with one of Al Raschid's courtiers; and having made her his wife, being again enabled to rescue her from Barbary pirates, into whose hands she had luckless fallen.

Weber worked upon this plot for no less than eighteen months, bestowing upon its musical illustration the most fertile resources of his art and a vast amount of wearisome labor. The last five weeks before the opera was brought out he spent in London, directing almost daily rehearsals, and elaborating the various appointments. The scenery is said to have been unusually magnificent, and the choruses, to use Weber's own words, "were particularly good."

Of the principal performers he also spoke favorably. The original cast contained three historical names, two of which were afterwards widely known

in this country. The part of "Rezia" was filled by the celebrated Mary Anne Paton, who as Mrs. Wood electrified our early opera lovers thirty years ago. Braham, the great tenor, assumed the chivalrous character of "Sir Huon."

It is worth mentioning, as an example of the difficulties of composers, that he obliged Weber, much against his will, to write for him the grand battle scene sung by Mr. Castle last night as a substitute for his opening air in the first act. The interpolation was afterwards expunged from the German edition. Madame Vestris, more celebrated for her charming manners and excellent acting than for vocal superiority, appeared as "Fatima."

The success of the opera was immediate and lasting, but the exhaustion attending the composer's labors, together with a frail constitution and the trying ordeal of an English climate, completely prostrated him. Only a few weeks after the opening night Weber was found dead in his bed, at the house of his friend, Sir George Smart.

The verdict of critics upon this work seems to have been always favorable; but the intricacy of its musical illustrations has rather bewildered audiences of ordinary cultivation. Except in the incantation scene and chorus at the end of the act second, there is an absence of those peculiar attractions which helped to make *Der Freyschütz* famous.

The production of the opera last night was in the highest degree creditable. We have rarely seen any first representation accompanied by so few drawbacks; and when the peculiar and intricate scenic effects are considered, it is really wonderfully how smoothly everything proceeded.

Mme. Parepa appeared more graceful and becoming in her Oriental costume than we have seen her in any other character. Her singing of the sublime air in the third act was more than a triumph—it was one of the grandest of her efforts. This great *scena* would alone render *Oberon* immortal. The orchestral accompaniments to it were most powerful and impressive. Mrs. Seguin as "Fatima" was charming, and made a most pleasing impression in the pretty air, "A lonely Arab Maid," and a still greater one in "Araby, dear Araby."

Mr. Castle had the very difficult part of "Sir Huon," and sustained it with great credit throughout. Miss Warden, as "Puck," made a good impression on this her first appearance. She has a centralto voice of considerable power. Mr. De Solla looked decidedly too terrestrial for a fairy—very much of the earth earthy. The air in act third he sang, however, with much effect, and more ably than anything we have yet heard him do. The choruses were generally good, particularly the second one in the first act, and the Mermaid chorus at the end of act third.

Mr. Lawrence received the honor of the first *encore* of the evening in his opening air to act four. We could not help thinking how finely this gentleman's voice would sound in *Don Giovanni*, if the Company would produce it. The orchestra last night contributed largely to the success of *Oberon*. The fine overture, which on its initial performance under Weber's leadership received the unusual tribute of an *encore*, richly deserved it on this occasion, if only for the general intelligence and industrious study displayed in rendering it.

Both *Oberon* and *Marriage of Figaro* owe much of their success here to the excellence of this department and watchfulness of the conductor.

The skill and energy with which Mr. Carl Rosa assumes the different duties of a director have been very generally commented upon. In the various operas he has led in this city we have yet to see the first serious blunder in the instrumental department—a record as rare as it is honorable to him. We cannot better express our sense of his services than by repeating a compliment we have already heard paid him—"Nothing could reconcile us to the loss of Mr. Rosa as soloist, except the appropriateness of his position in the director's chair."

We need not call special attention to the matinée to-day, when the *Marriage of Figaro* is to close the season.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Wolfsohn's "Schumann Matinee" was one of the most delightful of the series. The principal feature of the programme was the *fantasie* in C major, which is, not only the greatest of Schumann's compositions for the piano, but one of the most splendid creations for that instrument in existence. It abounds in ideas, and it brings into play all the modern improvements in pianos. The first movement is fantastic and full of pathos and passion; the second is grave, massive and march-like, working up constantly to great climaxes; the third one is a beautiful slow movement, full of delicious melody from beginning to end. The difficulties of this piece are appalling, but they were overcome by Mr Wolfsohn, who playing with customary elegance, delicacy and feeling. This was the first performance of the *fantasie* ever given in this country, [No, it was played in Boston by Mr. Petersilea three years ago.—ED.] and we are glad to record that it gave intense satisfaction to the audience. The trio for piano, violin and violoncello was given at one of the concerts last winter, but we were glad to hear it again from Messrs. Wolfsohn, Kopta and Hennig, for it is a delightful composition, and it was played splendidly. We must accord warm praise to Mr. Wolfsohn's management of the exquisite Schumann *Romanza* and the *Träumerei*, both of which were given in most artistic manner. Mr. Gastel sang tastefully and well, not only in the Schumann song, but in two others, which atoned for Signor Barili's absence. The next concert of the series—the "Ralf Matinée," will be given on the 8th of April.—*Bulletin, March* 11.

(*From the same, March* 5.) There has rarely been given here a more satisfactory entertainment than Mr. Jarvis's third classical concert, at Dutton's Rooms, last evening. Mr. Jarvis's particular solo was the wonderful "Hungarian Gipsy Life," of Taussig—a composition almost new to us, for it has been performed here but once before, by Mr. Mills, at one of the Philharmonic concerts, of blessed memory, last winter. Whether it was because of the superior advantages we enjoyed last evening for hearing Mr. Jarvis, or whether his intrepretation was the more interesting of the two, we may not at this lapse of time with confidence assert. Nevertheless we are free to say that Mr. Jarvis's performance excited us to a degree of enthusiastic interest that Mr. Mills's playing failed to inspire. Mr. Jarvis has never played better than at this soirée.

For the rest, we had the lovely *adagio* from the clarionet quintet of Mozart transferred to the violoncello and exquisitely played by Mr. Hennig. Mr. Kopta, whose steady and sure progress in his art the watchful critic must not omit to note and commend, favored us with one of the most finished performances it has been our fortune to hear, of the enjoyable violin concerto of Mendelssohn.

The concert fitly concluded with the Beethoven trio (op. 97) in B flat. Of course, at the hands of these very accomplished gentlemen it was more than simply well done. It was of the very highest order of concerted playing.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The last of the series of delightful classical concerts given by Mr. B. D. Allen, took place in Washburn Hall, on Thursday evening, March 10th, with Miss J. E. Houston, vocalist, Mr. Julius Eichberg, violinist, and Mr. August Suck, violoncellist, as assistants. The programme, historically arranged, illustrated the progress of classical music from 1685 to 1847, which was as follows:

PERIOD I.

1. Sonata for Piano and Violin in three movements.....J. S Bach.
2. Aria. Angels ever bright and fair,.....G. F. Handel.

PERIOD II.

1. Slow movement for Violoncello and Piano....J. Haydn.
2. (a) Song—Loin de toi,.....W. A. Mozart.
   (b) Aria from "Il Re Pastore,".....C. Gluck.

PERIOD III.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. No. 3, L. V. Beethoven.
2. Song. The Serenade,.....F. Schubert.

PERIOD IV.

1. Piano Solos. (a) Impromptu, op. 29.....F. R. Chopin.
   (b) Cradle Song, op. 124.....R. Schumann.
2. Grand Trio. Piano, Violin and Violoncello, op 49,.....F. Mendelssohn.

The Sonata, a rich and delicate bit of instrumentation, was most faithfully interpreted, with rare, artistic expression. The second selection brought out Miss Houston to win new laurels and untold appreciation from an audience who have never before had an opportunity to hear her in her happier moments; in music of so noble character which she feels so earnestly, and interprets so finely. She was in excellent voice, and sang all her selections with rare appreciation and magnetic effect. Her whole-souled, sympathetic voice awakened responsive chords in the hearts of all her hearers, in her perfect rendering of Mozart's lovely song, and Schubert's Serenade, the latter receiving a persistent encore. Worcester now fully understands her magnificence of voice and style. The slow movement from Haydn, full of beauty and pathos, received delicate shading and artistic treatment from both performers, making one of the gems of the evening. The piano solos, so unlike in character, met their required treatment, finding a true exponent of their beauties. The wondrously beautiful Trio of Beethoven and the splendid Trio of Mendelssohn, so marvellously wrought, will long be remembered as closing these choice concerts which have enriched our winter.—*Palladium.*

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 757. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 2.

Modesty in Art.

(From Ruskin's "Queen of the Air.")

. . . . I think we shall better understand what we ought of the nature of Modesty, and of her opposite, by taking a simple instance of both, in the practice of that art of Music which the wisest have agreed in thinking the first element of education; only I must ask the reader's patience with me through a parenthesis.

Among the foremost men whose power has had to assert itself, though with conquest, yet with countless loss, through peculiarly English disadvantages of circumstance, are assuredly to be ranked together, both for honor and for mourning, Thomas Bewick and George Cruikshank. There is, however, less cause for regret in the instance of Bewick. We may understand that it was well for us once to see what an entirely powerful painter's genius, and an entirely keen and true man's temper, could achieve, together, unhelped, but also unharmed, among the black banks and wolds of Tyne. But the genius of Cruikshank has been cast away in an utterly ghastly and lamentable manner: his superb line-work, worthy of any class of subject, and his powers of conception and composition, of which I cannot venture to estimate the range in their degraded application, having been condemned, by his fate, to be spent either in rude jesting, or in vain war with conditions of vice too low alike for record or rebuke, among the dregs of the British populace. Yet perhaps I am wrong in regretting even this: it may be an appointed lesson for futurity, that the art of the best English etcher in the nineteenth century, spent on illustrations of the lives of burglars and drunkards, should one day be seen in museums beneath Greek vases fretted with drawings of the wars of Troy, or side by side with Durer's "Knight and Death."

Be that as it may, I am at present glad to be able to refer to one of these perpetuations, by his strong hand, of such human character as our faultless British constitution occasionally produces, in out-of-the-way corners. It is among his illustrations of the Irish Rebellion, and represents the pillage and destruction of a gentleman's house by the mob. They have made a heap in the drawing-room of the furniture and books, to set first fire to; and are tearing up the floor for its more easily kindled planks; the less busily-disposed meanwhile hacking round with rage, with axes, and smashing what they can with butt-ends of guns. I do not care to follow with words the ghastly truth of the picture into its detail; but the most expressive incident of the whole, and the one immediately to my purpose, is this, that one fellow has sat himself at the piano, on which, hitting down fiercely with his clenched fist, he plays, grinning, such tune as may be so producible, to which melody two of his companions, flourishing knotted sticks, dance, after their manner, on the top of the instrument.

I think we have in this conception as perfect an instance as we require of the lowest supposable phase of immodest or licentious art in music: the "inner consciousness of good" being dim, even in the musician and his audience; and wholly unsympathized with, and unacknowledged, by the Delphian, Vestal, and all other prophetic and cosmic powers. This represented scene came into my mind suddenly, one evening, a few weeks ago, in contrast with another which I was watching in its reality; namely, a group of gentle school-girls, leaning over Mr. Hallé as he was playing a variation on "Home, sweet Home." They had sustained with unwonted courage the glance of subdued indignation with which, having just closed a rippling melody of Sebastian Bach's, (much like what one might fancy the singing of nightingales would be if they fed on honey instead of flies), he turned to the slight, popular air. But they had their own associations with it, and besought for, and obtained it; and pressed close, at first, in vain, to see what no glance could follow, the traversing of the fingers. They soon thought no more of seeing. The wet eyes, round-open, and the little scarlet upper lips, lifted, and drawn slightly together, in passionate glow of utter wonder, became picture like, —porcelain-like, in motionless joy, as the sweet multitude of low notes fell in their timely infinities, like summer rain. Only La Robbia himself (nor even he, unless with tenderer use of color than is usual in his work) could have rendered some image of that listening.

But if the reader can give due vitality in his fancy to these two scenes, he will have in them representative types, clear enough for all future purpose, of the several agencies of debased and perfect art. And the interval may easily and continuously be filled by mediate gradations. Between the entirely immodest, unmeasured, and (in evil sense) unmannered, execution with the fist; and the entirely modest, measured, and (in the noblest sense) mannered, or moral'd, execution with the finger; between the impatient and unpractised doing, containing in itself the witness of lasting impatience and idleness through all previous life, and the patient and practised doing, containing in itself the witness of self-restraint and unwearied toil through all previous life;—between the expressed subject and sentiment of home violation, and the expressed subject and sentiment of home love; between the sympathy of audience, given in irreverent and contemptuous rage, joyless as the rabidness of a dog, and the sympathy of audience given in an almost appalled humility of intense, rapturous, and yet entirely reasoning and reasonable pleasure;—between these two limits of octave, the reader will find he can class, according to its modesty, usefulness, and grace, or beconingness, all other musical art. For although purity of purpose and fineness of execution by no means go together, degree to degree, (since fine, and indeed all but the finest, work is often spent in the most wanton purposes as in all our modern opera —and the rudest execution is again often joined with purest purpose, as in a mother's song to her child), still the entire accomplishment of music is only in the union of both. For the difference between that "all but" finest and "finest" is an infinite one; and besides this, however the power of the performer, once attained, may be afterwards misdirected, in slavery to popular passion or childishness, and spend itself, at its sweetest, in idle melodies, cold and ephemeral (like Michael Angelo's snow statue in the other art), or else in vicious difficulty and miserable noise—crackling of thorns under the pot of public sensuality—still, the attainment of this power, and the maintenance of it, involve always in the executant some virtue or courage of high kind; the understanding of which, and of the difference between the discipline which develops it, and the disorderly efforts of the amateur, it will be one of our first businesses to estimate rightly. And though not indeed by degree to degree, yet in essential relation (as of winds to waves, the one being always the true cause of the other, though they are not necessarily of equal force at the same time), we shall find vice in its varieties, with art-failure,—and virtue in its varieties, with art-success,—fall and rise together: the peasant-girl's song at her spinning-wheel, the peasant-laborer's "to the oaks and rills,"—domestic music, feebly yet sensitively skilful,—music for the multitude, of beneficent or of traitorous power,—dance-melodies, pure and orderly, or foul and frantic,—march music, blatant in mere fever or animal pugnacity, or majestic with force of national duty and memory,—song-music, reckless, sensual, sickly, slovenly, forgetful even of the foolish words it effaces with foolish noise, or thoughtful, sacred, healthful, artful, for ever sanctifying noble thought with separately distinguished loveliness of belonging sound,—all these families and gradations of good or evil, however mingled, follow, in so far as they are good, one constant law of virtue (or "life-strength," which is the literal meaning of the word, and its intended one, in wise men's mouths), and in so far as they are evil, are evil by outlawry and unvirtue, or death-weakness. Then, passing wholly beyond the domain of death, we may still imagine the ascendant nobleness of the art, through all the concordant life of incorrupt creatures, and a continually deeper harmony of "*pussant* words and murmurs made to bless," until we reach

> "The undisturbed song of pure consent,
> Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne."

The Two "Figaros" by Mozart and Rossini

Comic operas, as a rule, are not long lived, and the "*Figaro*" of Mozart, now about ninety years of age, and the "*Figaro*" of Rossini, about thirty years its junior, are the two great exceptions. With the English the comic element in music never had any abiding stay, and all that rendered the vernacular versions of the two "*Figaros*" at Old Covent Garden piquant and of interest has departed. The adaptations were great cruelties, for the light, lively, and strictly comic portions of these two operas were rejected and cut out. The late Sir Henry Bishop imagined he could be more playful and spirited than Mozart, and compose a better bravura than Rossini; but his excisions, however extraordinary, and his additions and supposed amendments, however uncommon and meritorious, failed in adding ardor and enthusiasm to the work of Mozart, or more of life and gaiety to the fancy of Rossini; and the only result of his labor was a rapid shortening of the comic existence on the English stage of the two greatest composers for the opera that ever flourished. Re-writing the "*Figaros*" was not a more venturesome task than imitating the "*Freischutz*" of Weber, the "*Last Judgment*" of Spohr, and the "*St. Paul*" of Mendelssohn; but each and all these efforts proved to be labor in vain on the part of Sir Henry, yielding neither profit nor emolument.

The plot of the *Figaro* married, differs as much from the plot of the marrying *Figaro*, as the genius and capabilities of the two composers. There is no real feeling and no intensity of thought in any one scene in "*Figaro the Barber*," and we much question whether the constant up and alive—the unbroken sparkle and effervescence—the utter absence of every point of repose, or any opening for serious or even sentimental coloring which mark the plot of the "*Barber*" would have done other than depressed the temperament of Mozart: whilst, on the other hand, the shades of tenderness and varied pathos rising up here and there in the Mozartian opera, demand an expression beyond the calibre of the swan, or rather the lark, of Pesaro. Rossini, however full of force and fun in his development of comic scenes, was, when he wrote the "*Barber*" but a mannerist, and a dismal one, in his portraiture of the deep and strong feelings appertaining to humanity. True it is, that the "*Tancredi*" and "*Otello*" in Rossinian guise raised an interest that, for a time, permeated all musical Europe; but the love, enterprise, and desperation of such a character as the Syracusan Prince is but feebly sketched in the touch and go pages of the Rossini score; and the agony of the Moor may be imag-

ined from the fact that David, the great tenor, interpolated the famous duet from the "*Armida*" into the final scene of the "*Otello*" and walked off the stage arm and arm with his adored *Desdemona*. No musical dramatic composer that has ever lived would have approached Mozart in his rendering of such operas as the "*Tancredi*," "*Otello*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," and "*Faust*." *Amenaide* in prison and in chains with *Tancredi* as the *Ivanhoe*—unknown knight and champion—would have given Mozart a chance of rivalling Sir Walter Scott; and as for the innocent *Desdemona*, the head-strong yet ill-treated *Juliet*, and the miserable *Margaret*—they must each wait their day: the poet has given them immortality—the musician of the future has this end to consummate.

Rossini was without rival when he composed the "*Barber*," for the so-called popular opera of the same name by Paisiello had been virtually made antique by the success of the new school. The French had overrun Italy, had carried with them their military bands, orchestras, and operas, and taught the Southerns their new phrases, combinations, and modes of execution; and Rossini had carried the trombones, trumpets, and half the military band into the theatre, combining the flash and dash of the new armoury with a display of power in vocalization that none but a great singer would have ventured to deal with. If his orchestral performers were shady, his vocalists were generally reliable, and oftentimes not to be challenged. He had acquired as much of the learning of the master as he needed, without the drudgery of the pupil; he had seen what art was, and what artists could do; and had received no small experience in the sentiments and passions of the musical public. As to verses and poetry he decried both: he wanted situation, transition, contrast, and climax, and in the "*Barber*" he obtained all four. The serenade of the *Count*, the rhapsody or soliloquy of the *Barber* and the letter-song of the heroine were severally prodigious advances on the work of Paisiello, and are to this day as masterly and interesting as when first produced. No man's hands can be competent to deal with another man's head; for no two pair of hands can execute alike; and a common invention is not be found in two sets of brains. No composer of any reputation has ever attempted an imitation of these three exquisite morceaux. The work has been so well and so fearlessly done, so perfect and so sure, that imitation can only end in vulgarity, and a something to be thoroughly ashamed of. The school is so simple there is nothing to catch hold of; the brilliancy and vivacity so truthful and intense there is no room for exaggeration; there was no trickery, deception, incomprehensibility, mystery, ostentation or pretence; all was the result of great knowledge, and the application of known means in a way never thought of before, and embodied in a graciousness and elegance of spirit that must have taken a lifetime to grasp and hold at ready and instant command. Of the same class are the two duets between *Figaro* and the *Count*, and *Figaro* and *Rosina* in the first act; brilliant and beautiful, overwhelming in their power, a power apparently produced by small and inadequate means, and yet enormous in their quantity of effect. Everything is right as far as it goes, and the composer has taken the true measure of singers, band, stage, and audience. He has engaged all, interested and satisfied all. The trio where the *Count* reveals himself to *Rosina*, and the famous "Zitti, Zitti," that follows it, are two capital situations that suited the temperament of Rossini, and which he has made marvellously sympathetic by the peculiarity of his contrasts, the delicacy of his ideas, and the sincerity of their expression. These movements on their first appearance were received as original and beyond measure captivating, and time has not weakened these predilections; they shine with undiminished lustre, and if the taste of the general public has improved, the result has not been attained by any advance on these exquisite specialities of Rossini.

It would be wrong to say that the *finales* in this opera are weak, for they are as full of bustle and complication, and are as clearly and gracefully constructed as any of Rossini's earlier works; there is a never-flagging animation, and an aggregation of melodious passages, and a courageous reliance on compilations and expedients which the composer well knew would meet with the sympathies of his audience; but, compared with the *finales* in the "*Figaro*" of Mozart, all the force and feeling of Rossini vanish, and the play of his imagination and his resources of the art cease to be matters of criticism. By the side of Mozart these *ensembles* lack grandeur and elevation, and indeed lose all their elegance, variety, and spirit. They are, of course, lively in their way, noisy, broad, and ornamental, with a thin border of melody; but there is no real dramatic interest, no true mental agitation, no intellectual power—nothing beyond what vocalists wanted at that day, and what could be readily and easily performed.

Whatever may be the changes in dramatic music, the *finales* in the operas of Mozart are certain of holding their own, and the *finales* of his "*Figaro*" can never pass out of mind or memory. The deep pathos of the songs of the true-hearted wife, the sentimental duets of the *Count* and *Susanna*, the romantic ditty of the page, and its more than true imitation by the lady's maid, the the mock heroics of *Figaro*, are all unequalled in their portraiture of the different shades of human feeling, and give a delicate and feminine charm to the opera quite foreign to the work of Rossini. Mozart revelled in his pictures of woman's love, whilst Rossini seems to have known but little about it, or thought it too weak to deserve painting. But if Mozart was feminine when dealing with woman's tenderness, he was not so in his *finales*. Here he is all original thought, of enormous conversational power, full of strong and fiery passion, and hurrying his hearers away into the current of his own strong, quick, and beautiful thoughts. Everything is new and ennobled, and nothing is allowed to pass without creating an influence and impression. Rossini is the scene-painter, whilst Mozart is the man with a high and penetrating intelligence, possessing the artistic power to make men think with him, and like him. The two "*Figaros*" were written with two great and distinct ends: both fulfilled their purpose. Mozart was earnest; Rossini honest. Neither attempted to deceive.—*London Orchestra.*

Tenors and Basses.

The tenor I take to be the happiest man in the world, or, at least, he ought to be. He is the individual whom all the operatic Elviras love. He loves them, also. He has all the serenades to sing. He alone can indulge in the *ut de poitrine*. Almost invariably, he is allowed to die for the heroine, when he isn't permitted to marry her, and always has a *fortissimo* death-song given to him, which, like the swan's, is the sweetest. What little stage business there is, in the way of kneeling at the feet of the *inamoratas*, kissing of hands, embracing of languishing Leonoras, belongs exclusively to him. He also can be the melancholy man, and drown susceptible damsels with tears, over his chalky grief and and cork-lined wrinkles of woe. The women dote upon the tenor, send him little billets, look at him through the lorgnettes, and adore him in secret, as Heine's pine adored the palm. He finds bouquets upon his mantle, and little perfumed notes upon his dressing-table. If he be a *tenor di grazia*, lovely woman will sigh for him; if a *tenor robusto*, lovely woman will die for him, or wish that heaven had made her such a man. The amateur tenor enjoys the same advantages as the operatic tenor, on a small scale. He is privileged to sing all the pretty things, and he may sing them as badly as may he, if he is only interesting. He is the idol before which female bread-and-butterhood bends, both Grecian and otherwise. He is usually fragile, *spirituel*, and delicate. He sleeps on the underside of a rose-leaf, drinks Angelica, eats caramels, and catches butterflies. He carries his voice in a lace pocket-handkerchief, when in the open air, and does it up in amber when he retires to sleep upon the rose-leaves. He alone is permitted to wear white kids and vest, and otherwise array himself after the manner of the festive hotel waiter. He knows the secret of immortal youth and never grows old. All tuneful lays set to the tinkling of flutes, guitars, and harps belong to him. He alone can sing to the moon and address the stars. In his *répertoire* are all the interesting brigands, the high born cavaliers, the romantic lovers, and the melancholy artists.

And he has nice legs, or, if he hasn't, he had better degenerate into a baritone, and have done with it.

A tenor without nice legs is worse off than a soprano who can't sing "With verdure clad" if there be such a *rara avis*, or an alto who has to do Siebel and Matteo Orsini with elephantine ankles, and there never was an alto in the world with whom I wouldn't measure feet, and give them the odds of one or two numbers.

The tenor lives in clover, chin deep, and never gets stung by the bees. Sometimes he forgets to wrap up his voice in the handkerchief when he goes out, or he sleeps in the direct line of a current of air, which comes in under the door, and the result is an indisposition. When he has an indisposition, he goes off hunting ducks at Calumet, instead of dears in the audience, and the manager forgives him and the audience pity him. He doesn't die like other singers, but gradually fades away like the rose, and disappears in a little cloud of perfume.

The basso, on the other hand, is the personification of vocal misery, and he knows it. He feels that he is not interesting at all. He knows that the women don't adore him, and he takes a fiendish delight in bellowing at them. He never has an opportunity to languish on the stage, or go round kneeling and sighing and kissing of hands. He is never a lover. If a brigand he is a dirty cut-throat. If a cavalier, he is some dilapidated old duke, with a young and pretty wife, just packing up preparatory to elopement with the tenor, and requesting him not to interfere with her little arrangements. If a sailor, he is a swaggering pirate. If an uncle, he is a miser. If a mayor, he is a simpleton. If a father, he is a fool. The composers never give him but one aria in opera, and that is always written an octave higher than he he can sing, or an octave lower than his boot heel. He is always in trouble with the orchestra. He knows he can squelch the first fiddles and reeds, and come out even with the bassoons and double basses, but the man with the trombone is his mortal enemy, and the man with the kettle-drums his skeleton. He feels in his heart of hearts that the one can blow him into ribbons, and the other pound him to a jelly, and what is more, he knows they are never happy, except when they are engaged in that pulverizing process. What little singing he has to do is devoted to panegyrics upon beer, dissertations upon cookery, and lugubrious screeds upon the infidelity of woman and his own ponderous wretchedness. When he is not confined to this, he is set up for a laughing stock in *buffo* work. He has no runs and trills and sky-rockets with which to dazzle people.

He knows that one of his long arias is like a long sermon. He usually has so much voice in his copper-lined and brass riveted throat, that it invariably gets the better of him, either running like molasses in cold weather, or coming out by fits and starts and leaking all round the edges. He must inevitably sing false, and it makes him unhappy. He is not at all delicate, being usually doubly blessed in chest and stomach, and the result is, he can't get sick if he tries. The blessed indisposition which so often gets into the velvet throat of the tenor, rarely gets into his, consequently his opportunities for duck-hunting at the Calumet are very limited. All of these afflictions make him misanthropical, and he goes through the world with his little *répertoire* of "The Calf of Gold," "Infelice," "O mio Palermo," "The Last Man," and "The Wanderer," a very Ishmael of wretchedness, and a howling Dervish of despair. He drinks beer and all sorts of fiery damnations, eats sausage and kraut with impunity, and smokes villainous tobacco in short clay pipes He despises the razor, and eschews the little weakness of kids and patent leathers The tenor is the nightingale; he is the crow. The tenor is the beloved of women, but for him no serenade, no face in the lattice shaming the moon with its brightness and beauty. I pray, therefore, all gentlefolk to deal kindly with the basso, and make his rough road as smooth as possible, for it is inevitable as fate that he will live to a hundred years of age, and sing every blessed day of the century, and will finally be gathered to his fathers, singing as he goes.—*Letters of Peregrine Pickle.*

The Forthcoming Opera Season in London.

I. Drury Lane.

London, this season, will have its two grand operatic companies, the one at Drury Lane, the other at Covent Garden. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson hold the reins at the Garden, whilst Mr. George Wood is the Director at Old Drury. Both schemes are now before the public and are scanned with curiosity and interest. That offered by Mr. George Wood unquestionably bears away the supremacy, and if the

programme be adhered to, the season at Drury Lane will be one of the greatest events that has ever taken place in the history of the musical drama. The production of some score of the finest operas are promised, and with casts that can only be described as of enormous strength, for Mr. George Wood has brought together an aggregation of stars of the first magnitude, which enables him to present the grand works of the classic composers, with a novelty and attraction certainly not hitherto attempted. Where the field is all brilliancy, it is no longer a question of a star or two. The "*Figaro*" of Mozart is to be given with Nilsson as the *Countess*, Volpini as *Susanna*, and Monbelli as *Cherubino*; whilst Santley assumes the *Count*; Faure, *Figaro*; Foli, *Bartolo*; and Lyall, *Basilio*.

In the "*Magic Flute*," Monbelli will be the novelty as *Papagena*, *Pamina* will be in the hands of Sinico, and Ilma de Murska will continue her supremacy in the *role* of the *Queen of the Night*. The cast in the "*Don Juan*" is unparalleled; Monbelli as *Zerlina*, Ilma de Murska as *Donna Elvira*, and Reboux the *Donna Anna*; *Don Giovanni* will be represented by Faure, *Ottavio* by Gardoni, *Il Commendatore* by Foli, *Masetto* by Verger, and *Leporello* by Castelli. Such are the prospects for Mozart and his three great and popular operas; and when we quote the scheme for "*Les Huguenots*," it will be found that Meyerbeer is no less worthily taken care of. *Valentine* is most happily placed with Mathilde Savertal, *Margaret* with Ilma de Murska, and *Urbain* with Trebelli; whilst to Mongini is assigned *Raoul*, to Faure *Nevers*, to Santley *St. Bris*, and to Foli *Marcel*.

Mlle. Christine Nilsson continues her well-known impersonations as *Violetta* in "*La Traviata*," *Margaret* in the "*Faust*," *Martha* in Flotow's opera of that name, *Amina* in "*La Sonnambula*," *Lucia* in the "*Lammermoor*," and will also appear as *Alice* in the "*Robert*" of Meyerbeer, a part in which she has recently made so great a sensation in Paris; also as *Desdemona* in the "*Otello*" of Rossini, and as *Mignon* in the opera of Ambroise Thomas. In the last three characters she is at present comparatively unknown in England, but they are by no means the least of her triumphs, and have only to be witnessed to be appreciated and admired.

Nothing short of a plethora of talent could have enabled the Director at Drury Lane to lay out such unusually powerful casts to these popular operas, and his engagements have been of the most lavish character. In addition to the queen of sopranos, Christine Nilsson, and Sinico, and Trebelli Bettini—vocalists universally beloved and esteemed—Mr. Wood has secured Mlle. Mathilde Savertal, a soprano of large voice and great reputation, one fully competent to take the parts in which Mlle. Tietjens has gained so much and so deserved a reputation. Then we find Pauline Lewitsky, a pupil (like Nilsson) of the famous master, Wartel, and one of fine voice and grand school; and in Volpini we have one, who in St. Petersburgh, is as popular and as esteemed as Patti—an excellent singer and one needing only place and opportunity to make her mark. Volpini was here for the campaign in the Lyceum last year, which came so suddenly to grief. Mme. Monbelli was also one of the troupe, and is known for her admirable concert room singing. She is every way a great artist, of superb presence, and a most desirable addition to Mr. Wood's staff. Nor must we forget Mlle. Reboux, celebrated for her *role* in the "*Mireille*," at Paris. This lady is a first-rate vocalist and excellent actress, and will doubtless prove of valuable assistance at Drury Lane. When we mention the useful Mlle. Corsi we shall have noticed the ten lady stars that give lustre to Mr. Wood's directorate for this season.

The gentlemen artists number no less than sixteen; some one must be first mentioned, nor shall we do much wrong when we commence with our celebrated countryman, Mr. Santley, now in the meridian of his powers, who holds his rank with undiminished reputation, and in addition to his representations of *Rigoletto*, *Papageno*, *Hoel*, *Plunkett*, *St. Bris*, *Il Conte* in Mozart's "*Figaro*," *Renato*, *Germont*, and *Valentin*, is to appear as *Macbeth*, as "*Macbeth*" has been reclothed by its composer for the Parisian stage. *Macbeth* in its early condition was but small and somewhat weak, nor did Verdi's nursing add any life to its brief career, and in all probability Mr. Santley may be spared the trouble of getting up a part in which he cannot well add to his fame. As the *Flying Dutchman*; *or*, *Lost Hollander* (as the new Italian version has it) there is ample room for his fire, force, and feeling. This opera, the second of the Wagnerian set, is in many respects a masterly work, and its second act is specially to be commended, for it is exceedingly fine, and satisfies all conditions of the musical drama. The proposed cast is unexceptionally strong and bright. Murska as *Senta*, Gardoni as *Erik*, Gassier as *Daland*, and Santley as the *Dutchman*. With such a cast and with such a band as Mr Wood has gathered together, and such a stage and appliances as Old Drury offers, there is a certainty of an effective rendering; and why this opera, so popular throughout Germany, should not obtain consummate favor in this country it is difficult to conceive. With all his peculiarities Richard Wagner is no ordinary man: it took some twenty years to popularize the "*Robert*" of Meyerbeer, and the Hollander is an advance upon the "*Robert*." It is sufficient to name that most perfect and accomplished of actors and singers, Mons. Faure, unsurpassable in his *Mephistopheles*, *Iago*, *Figaro*, *Nevers*, and *Don Juan*. Signor Foli has now well established his reputation, and still gains on his hearers on each successive appearance. In Signor Perotti will be found a young *tenore robusto* of no ordinary reputation in Italy, and in such parts as the *Duke* in "*Rigoletto*," *Alfredo* in "*Traviata*," *Manfredo* in "*Trovatore*," the subscribers will experience the charm of novelty, brilliancy, delicacy of execution, and an entire command of style that met full approval from all who know anything of good singing. There is also a new Baritone from Paris, Signor Verger, known and acknowledged as an artist of great power and a universal favorite in the French metropolis. He is pronounced in the "*Sonnambula*," the "*Don Juan*," the "*Traviata*," and for intention, ability, technical skill, and general business talent he is unquestionably a great addition. Signor Bettini's reputation is too well fixed and too widely known to need our dwelling upon. Mr. Wood has but upon a capital *basso profondo* in the person of Signor Ragnier, an excellent vocalist, actor, and general favorite in the great theatres of Italy. Of Signor Trevero, Castelli, Zebolo, Archinto, and Rinaldini, no more need be remarked than that they are each and all fully adequate for all that may be required of them.

The theatre having been decorated and completely remodelled after plans by Messrs. Marsh, Nelsson and Harvey, the architects, will be opened on Saturday the 16th of April. Herr Strauss leads the orchestra, Signor Santi is chorus master, and Mr. Stirling stage manager, Mr. Jarrett the acting-manager.

The Ballet will be unusually strong, Mlle. Fioretti being the principal danseuse.

II. Covent Garden.

The prospectus from Covent Garden embraces a long list of names commencing with Tietjens, Patti, Pauline Lucca, Schalchi; Signori Graziani, Casaboni, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Petitt, and Dr. Ganz. Of those not so well known we may mention Mlle. Olma, from the opera at Brussels, Mlle. Vanzini, an American with a moderate voice, and Mlle Cari (or Carey), also an American with a fine voice. Mlle Sessi, who has achieved a reputation in Paris from the circumstance of possessing a splendid head of hair and an attractive mode of coiffure, will take some of the parts hitherto entrusted to Patti, and that which has pleased and been approved in Paris will probably prove successful at Covent Garden. Mlle. Sessi's great drawback is her want of height, but in all other respects she is worthy of commendation. The secondary characters will be filled by the ladies Madigan, Dell' Anese, Locatelli, and Bauermeister. The leading tenor will be Herr Wachtel, and he will be assisted by Signor Naudin, an excellent artist, and by Signor Larocca, of good intentions but not much voice. Signor Mario is held in reserve and will be heard occasionally in his well known parts. The noble voice of Cotogni is a real service to the Gye and Mapleson corps; so also will be found Capponi and Bagagiolo. The conductors are to be Signori Vianesi and Bevignani. The duties of the prompter are looked forward to as being unusually severe, and consequently Covent Garden is to be served with a pair of prompters in the persons of Signori Lago and Rialp. Mr. A. Harris maintains his position as stage manager, Tito Mattei as maestro al piano, and Mr. Pittman as organist.

No less than twenty-four operas are promised and their casts advertised. The "*Ophelia*" of Thomas will be assigned to Mlle Sessi, who is also to undertake the *Queen of Night* in the "*Magic Flute*" of Mozart, the *Susanna* in the "*Figaro*," and *Isabella* in the "*Robert*." Patti, of course, stands upon her old triumphs: *Elvira* in "*I Puritani*," *Rosina* in the "*Barber*," *Zerlina* in "*Don Giovanni*," *Violetta* in "*Traviata*," and *Adina* in "*L'Elisir d'Amore*." Mlle. Tietjens will reappear in *Medea*, in "*Fidelio*;" in *Valentina*, *Pamina*, *Donna Anna*, the *Countess* in the "*Figaro*," *Alice* in the "*Robert*," and *Agatha* in the "*Freischütz*." Dr. Gunz will revive his performances of some three or four years ago, and be heard as *Jason* in the "*Medea*," *Florestan* in "*Fidelio*" *Tamino* in the "*Magic Flute*," and *Rodolf* in the "*Freischütz*." Herr Wachtel is to hold the parts of *Raoul*, *Vasco di Gama*, *Arnold*, and *Don Ottavio*. Mario is reserved for the "*I Puritani*," the "*Barber*," the "*Faust*," the "*Trovatore*," and the "*Martha*." Signor Naudin is placed in the "*Le Domino Noir*," *Fernando* in the "*Favorita*," "*L'Etoile du Nord*," "*L'Africaine*," "*Dinorah*," and "*Fra Diavolo*." "*Macbeth*," is advertised, with Graziani as *Macbeth*, and Tietjens as *Lady Macbeth*; and the casts of the "*William Tell*," the "*Don Juan*," and the "*Huguenots*," are severally good, but not to be compared with those announced for Drury Lane. Graziani, Ciampi, Cotogni, Capponi, are judiciously employed, and will be heard under propitious circumstances and their exertions will no doubt be graciously received. Mr Wood and Messrs Gye and Mapleson, the caterers for these gorgeous entertainments have no doubt had their difficulties to contend with in gathering together so splendid a staff, and there will be a tough and strong struggle for ascendancy with the public. On each side are there many favorite artists and first-rate vocalists, and nearly all the grand operas on which reputation are built are advertised for performance at both theatres. When talent is so rife and real excellence so abundant the enthusiasts for the musical drama may look forward to unlimited sensation, and to unnumbered repetitions without aught of wearisome effect. The season we take it must of necessity be most remarkable, and beyond measure brilliant and memorable. The sums expended and to be extended, must be enormous—a stern necessity in securing excellence and propriety in performance, and the managers are engaged in a competition which must prove most beneficial to the taste and musical knowledge of the public. We believe in the existance of a general feeling on the part of the public to patronize fine performances and it is upon fine performances that Mr. Wood, it would seem, has founded and intends to conduct his gigantic speculation. The Drury Lane scheme has been well weighed and considered in all its details and is evidently calculated to advance the dignity of the art, the reputation of the profession to secure the finest rendering of the music, and engage the warmest sympathies of the audience. We wish him with all sincerity of heart a successful issue in the cause he has taken such care and labor to establish.

In one respect the coming season will specially differ from preceding ones—in the array of new and youthful talent. Hitherto we have been too much contented with those who have appeared year after year probably a quarter of a century, small opportunity being afforded to the young and promising artist, partly from the dislike of managers to disturb existing arrangements, but more, perhaps, from the jealousy of the reigning favorites, who have declined to give up any of their repertoire to those who might prove dangerous rivals. This policy seems to be abandoned, notably in the case of the Drury Lane Company—certainly to the advantage of Art: and we cannot think that it will prove any thing but gain to the inaugurators of the new system.—*Orchestra, March 18.*

Weber's "Last Waltz" Again.

Trieste, Feb. 22, 1870.

Dear Dwight:—In your Journal of January 29, is a correction of an "absurdity" by another, ostensibly from a friend and pupil of Reissiger, about the so called Von Weber's last Waltz. The truth was given years ago in your paper, but as it seems to have been forgotten, let us try again by translating something on the subject. Yours truly,

A. W. T.

From the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, of July 1, 1829.*

Remarkable, yet evident proof, that the same dance can be composed or printed by two different composers at the same time.

All the world knows that dance music is now in an extraordinarily flourishing state in all German lands, and numerous as we count the marigold in our meadows, in equal numbers sprout out the dances. They, however, for the most part grow in Vienna, and, as an agreeable means of distinguishing them, often receive very original baptismal names. Now, it has happened, that one called "*Der Sehnsuchtwalzer* (*Le Desir*), *von Beethoven*, is with uncommon sympathy abundantly played and danced; but once when the spirit of dancing descended also upon Schubert, when he was still alive, and impelled him to publish his "Original Dances, Opus 9, Diabelli, Vi-

enna," then it happened that No. 2, called "*Trauerwalzer*," was precisely the same waltz as Beethoven's *Sehnsuchts walz*, though without the trio, in regard to which busy tongues persist in asserting, that Herr Hoffmann in Breslau was the one to add it to the walz.

Another curiosity of this sort again has recently attracted notice. There appeared, namely, published by Schott at Mayence, the Last Waltz of C. M. von Weber, on the title, with a picture of the composer, and under it: "proprieté de l'editeur," which of course fully proves, that that well-known honest firm had purchased it as a composition of Weber. Now, some years since, Herr Reissiger, at present Kapellmeister in Dresden in Weber's place, published through Peters in Leipzig certain dances, and—*mirabile dictu*—among them already stands bodily also that waltz, only in another key. It may then be asked: Which soul, in mysterious hours of friendly communication, had breathed this Waltz into the other? or, how, and by what secret sympathy, has it become possible that two dances are one?—and other like questions.

(*From the Same, July* 22, 1829.)

EXPLANATION.

The *Andante Energico*, which has appeared under the title: "*Derniere pensée musicale de C. M. de Weber*," in Paris, published by J. Pleyel et comp. (Proprieté des Editeurs), is nothing else than a Waltz composed by me, which is to be found in the set: "Danses brillantes pour le Pianoforte, œuv. 26," as No. 5, composed in 1822, and published, 1824, by C. F. Peters, in the "Bureau de Musique" at Leipzig; and unluckily somewhat changed to its injury.

However wanting in self-respect I consider it to quarrel about the authorship of a waltz, still I am of opinion that such cases deserve to be publicly censured, to save the public from being cheated; otherwise all music will soon be received with suspicion, if to pirated editions false titles be also added.

C. G. REISSIGER.

Dresden, 5 *July*, 1829.

The "Great Musical Festival" in San Francisco.

[From the Boston Advertiser Correspondent.]

San Francisco, Feb. 24, 1870.

San Francisco has undoubtedly proved herself to be the centre of refinement and culture on this coast, or rather Camilla Urso, the distinguished violinist, has proved it for her. In the restless search for wealth it might be supposed that her citizens ignored all else; that the higher phases of civilization were not represented among us. But it is not so. The great musical festival has proved a perfect triumph, and in it one may see the progress of this coast. To Camilla Urso belongs the whole credit of the suggestion that a concert like the Boston—as near as might be—should be held for the assistance of our Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco, which has struggled on for some fifteen years, when, in an evil hour the managers determined to erect a magnificent building in the very heart of the city. To make a long story short, they built it, and found themselves at the end of last year in a hopeless condition of bankruptcy.

The association is in debt to the tune of a million dollars, gold. Only the other day, a savings and loan society had to foreclose a mortgage of $170,000—the fact being that the revenue of the library would not pay the interest on its indebtedness. At this juncture a complete paralysis seems to have come over the managers of the institution, and it was reserved for a woman to show them a way out of their difficulties.

Mme. Urso took the whole responsibility of the management on her shoulders, and has proved herself to possess rare powers of organization. The list of city and county societies includes all the German choirs and numerous delegations from interior towns. Even Virginia City, Nevada, contributed some forty performers. The day selected for the opening performance was Washington's birthday, but Urso divides with the Father of his people the honors of this occasion. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the crowds began to throng the neighboring streets, and a little later, carriage after carriage, and street car after car deposited their living freight at the doors of the Pavilion. Before the seventeen hundred performers of the first day had taken their places, the building was filled with not less than ten or eleven thousand persons. At precisely half-past two, Herold, the conductor, raised his baton and the band burst forth with Weber's jubilee overture, which was magnificently rendered. This was followed by Zoelner's "Prayer of the Earth," which was given effectively, though somewhat roughly, by the German societies. The next feature worthy of notice was the arrival of the ladies of the chorus, who, when seated in their places, cannot better be described than as resembling a terraced parterre of gay flowers. As soon as the last lady had taken her seat, the band crashed forth with a musical potpourri including any number of national melodies, and finishing with "America," sung by 1200 voices, accompanied by all the accessories of a modern orchestra—organ, drums and the thunder of artillery, fired by electricity. But although "claptrap" had some place in this concert, there was plenty of classical music for the lovers of genuine unadulterated harmony. A chorus from Moses in Egypt, the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, the Hunter's Chorus in *Euryanthe*, and *Tannhauser* March, were all given in splendid style.

The great feature of the day, at least in popular estimation, was the "Anvil Chorus," rendered by 1200 singers, 400 instrumentalists and 100 firemen. The drummers beat a quickstep and the firemen with their red shirts marched and countermarched on the stage to the fifty anvils placed ready for them. Bells and cannon lent their aid; the big drum, eight feet two inches in diameter, and not less the big drummer himself, were most noticeable. The audience persisted in their demonstrative applause, and the chorus had to be repeated. During the re-performance of the same piece on the following day, a serious accident occurred. One of the guns outside the building had not been swabbed out very completely, and when a new cartridge was put in, went off with great vigor, sending the ramrod across the street and through the board partition of a building. On its way it broke the artilleryman's arm and struck a young street urchin in the abdomen, wounding him severely. The accident was not connected with the electrical arrangements, which at some rehearsals Madam Urso had superintended herself. She plays the cannon with decided ability.

The second day attracted even a larger audience—some 15,000 people were present—and the programme included a choice selection of oratorio and and classical music. The great event of the day was, however, the appearance of Camilla Urso herself, who played a concerto by Beethoven, and both on her entry and exit was received with a torrent of enthusiasm. Immediately afterwards the President of the Mercantile Library Association, Mr. R. B. Swain, asked the performers whether they would not give one extra performance—hundreds of persons having been unable to secure seats for the day. The "aye" of 1200 singers was given without a dissenting voice.

The third day was devoted principally to the school children's performance, and it was a sight to gladden one's heart to witness that gathering of 2000 young Californians, with health and heartiness imprinted on all their features. The girls with their bright-colored dresses were placed in the foreground. The performance this day commenced with that overture of overtures, that of *William Tell*, and later the "Coronation March" in the Prophet was rendered by a picked band. The pieces selected were principally well known school songs. "The Mocking Bird" was arranged as an alternating chorus with whistling responses from the not unwilling lungs of the boys. "America," "Where the Warbling Waters Flow," and the "Star-Spangled Banner," brought down the house. Again, the President asked whether the performers—this time all juveniles—would repeat their programme next Saturday, and it is needless to say that the "aye" which followed was hearty and unanimous. Indeed I believe that the children would not hesitate to sacrifice another week's schooling for such a treat.

It is difficult at the present time to estimate the probable net gain of the Mercantile Library from the receipts of this festival; they can hardly have less than $40,000 gold. The trustees have organized a ball for the benefit of Mme. Urso, to take place tomorrow evening.

Historical Music.

The production of Spohr's so called "Historical" Symphony at the Crystal Palace, and its very decided failure as a specimen of historical music, gives an opportunity for comment upon the form of art to which it belongs. Let us begin by saying that this is neither useful nor dignified. It is not useful, because we are not dependent upon modern composers for a knowledge of their predecessors. If, in politics, religion, and social life, we had full and accurate records of the past generally accessible, there would be no demand for the modern recorder of facts. This is actually the case in music. We know, or may know with very little trouble, what was the condition of music at any given epoch since it developed into a science; and may have such knowledge at first hand, because the actual compositions of the period have come down to us. Hence there is no need for the musicians of our own day to bring forward imitations. We can do without such things, and, even if they were better than they usually are, their authority compared with that of the originals lying close at hand would amount to nothing.

But neither is the writing of so-called "historical" music dignified. Seeing that it is not wanted, and can never have a value as what it pretends to be, those who compose the thing are little better than artistic masqueraders, dressing themselves up in the fashion of a past age to divert idle people. Of course there are occasions when, for the sake of local color, or of "unities" hardly less important in music than in drama, a composer has to go out of himself, and become identified with the men of the past so far as to think their thoughts and to speak their language. An example of this was supplied at the Exeter Hall audience of Saturday week by Mr. G. A. Macfarren's *May day*. In that case, the subject and all its surroundings illustrating old English life, the composer formed his music upon the old English pattern. Against a course so legitimate in its purpose and so artistic in its conception nothing can be said. But when imitation exists purely for its own sake it is an idle thing, and needs discouragement. This is the main reason why we cannot except the "Historical" Symphony of Spohr, a work ostensibly written in four different styles for no other apparent object, than to show off the fancied versatility of its composer.

But, granting that imitative music has a *raison d'être*, its existence should be held subject to certain conditions. For example, a composer may issue a series of historical sketches in chronological or any other order. Doing this he may be wasting his time, and making himself ridiculous, but nothing more. On the other hand, it cannot be permitted him to obtrude his whims on a recognized musical form to its impairment or destruction. If he chooses to make dolls for himself and dress them up in fancy costumes, nobody will trouble himself to say, "Don't;" but the case is different when he puts motley garments upon some classic figure. Of this latter Spohr has been guilty in his "Historical" Symphony. Such a work, as we think, is only permissible when one style is chosen—when there are four it becomes a fourfold absurdity. The unity of the symphonic form, to mention only the chief sin involved, is outraged. In Spohr's work we see that form treated as though made up of distinct parts, having no connection beyond that of accidental juxtaposition. Hence the "Historical" Symphony, so called, is, in strictness, not one work, but four, placed in the order, and, as regards mere outline, accommodated to the shape of a symphony proper. Beyond these points the difference is fundamental and essential. A symphony proper is not four works, but one; all its parts conducing to the same end, regulated by the same spirit, and indispensable to the same design. Examine any of the symphonies of Mozart or Beethoven, and this unity stands out plainly enough. The ear is led on from movement to movement as by a natural process; and at the close is satisfied with the satisfaction which a complete work of art can give. Contrast this with Spohr's production and the result is startling. In the latter we are shown a succession of phantasmagoria distorted by the medium through which they are apparent, and as distinct one from the other as the shadowy kings in *Macbeth*. Now Handel and Bach, now Haydn and Mozart, now Beethoven, and now Auber (or what is meant to be these illustrious men), pass before us till the mind is confused and definite ideas made impossible.

But there are special circumstances in the case of Spohr which make his failure more complete. We can only guess how Mozart or Mendelssohn would have succeeded with a "Historical" Symphony; and, guessing, we say they would have made the thing as interesting as complete imitation allows. Spohr has done nothing of the kind. His music is neither one thing nor the other. In outline it resembles the composer's model; in detail it is the pure and unadulterated composer himself. Hence the idea conveyed is, that Spohr could only catch the more obvious features of the men he copied, having no power to grasp their expression or reflect their thoughts. By this Spohr is not wronged. His was not a plastic genius, but one cast in iron. Whatever he did showed unvarying characteristics, and bore the same

unmistakable stamp. The least acute judge of style can never mistake his music; for as soon as his florid harmonies, incessant modulation, and sentimental phrases appear, they are recognized with no shadow of reserve. Hence Spohr, of all eminent musicians, was least fitted for the work he undertook. Such a man attempting historical music, is as though Mr. J. L. Toole appeared in the character of the lord Hamlet.

The upshot of the whole matter is not encouraging to the business of a musical masquerade. In composition, as in most other work, naturalness is best; and he most consults his own interest who, having first studied his own genius, implicitly obeys its indications, and employs the gifts of nature as nature intended. Conveying this lesson, the "Historical" Symphony is not without the use which attached to the bones of Bunyan's wandering pilgrims.—*London Musical World, Feb. 26.*

Musical Correspondence.

Death of Prof. Moscheles.

LEIPZIG, MARCH 13.—This celebrated pianist, composer, and teacher, after an illness of eight days, died at his residence in this city on the 10th inst., from inflammation of the lungs. His death was not altogether unexpected, since he had reached the age of seventy-six, and for the past year given signs of failing physical vitality. Still, it is thought and remarked by some of his most intimate friends, that, had he taken the precautions becoming to an individual of that age, had he not ventured out to evening concerts in defiance of inclement weather, and had he lessened his labors as a teacher, some more years might have been his in which to enjoy observations from the great height which he had reached as an artist.

He was born in Prague in the year 1794, May 30. He was the son of a successful merchant. His brilliant talent made itself manifest very early, claiming the attention and admiration of all the great geniuses of music that knew him. He sought instructions from the greatest masters, such as Haydn, Weber, Albrechtsberger and Salieri. Having acquired the excellence attributed to a solo-pianist, he commenced his famous course in giving concerts in the larger cities of Europe. He was well received wherever he appeared, and at length, as an evidence of the appreciation in which his qualifications were held, the Royal Academy of Music, in London, called and established him upon its faculty list for the term of twenty years; where he doubtless would have remained until his death, had he not a short time subsequent to the creation and organization of this Leipzig Conservatory of Music, listened with favor to his favorite pupil, Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who gave him an urgent invitation to take charge of the piano department, of which he has been the star for the last twenty five years. His unsurpassed excellence as a teacher, his power of analytical and synthetical explanation, gave him a supremacy that is seldom equalled. No one could say of him: "He is a fine player, but a poor teacher." Scattered hither and thither are the fruits of his labor. Some of the most exquisite pianists of the day have received from him their severest and best lessons. Many of these are now distinguishing or have already distinguished themselves in America, and will learn of his departure with regret, while it will awaken some very pleasant memories.

The compositions of this great musician render him no mean praise. There is a distinct individuality in all of his works. Those who are familiar with them will bear testimony as to their excellence; they are of the classic school of his age, of which he is the last.—(We are speaking of piano music, for he seldom, if ever, composed other.)

Aside from his greatness as an artist, much can be justly said of him as a man, serving life generally. His character was noble; he had a generous heart and a discreet mind. The great enthusiasm that he had in his profession caused no neglect of the improvement of his mental forces, and he was able and interesting in conversation upon general topics. All classes found favor in his nobility of soul. Having accumulated a handsome fortune by industry and moderation, he took great pleasure in assisting poor artists in their struggling to attain a worthy point. In fact, it is said that there was but little partiality in his pocket, that the needy and worthy of every class drew from it.

The numerous gathering of pupils, artists, citizens of all classes, this morning, at the house of the deceased to follow his remains to the cemetery, showed how sincere and general a regard was entertained for him. The music sung on this occasion by the pupils of the Conservatory, augmented by other talent of the city, consisted of selections from *Elias*, chorus thirty-two and twenty nine, together with other pieces of appropriate character which were given at the grave.

A noble wife, two lovely daughters, and one son, —who is an artist, a painter, in London,—are left to mourn his departure, and remember his remarkable kindness as a husband and a father; not forgetting his tender advice, for we are informed that he was a model of a man in his family in the highest sense of the term. As to this Conservatory of Music, it is called upon to sustain a loss which it will not easily make good. E. S. M.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 18.—Music in Cincinnati has been at a discount this winter. We have had plenty of visitors from abroad, but from an artistic point of view there is very little satisfaction in concerts as they are given by the greater part of traveling minstrels. Their programmes are generally a strange mixture of high and low music, such as cannot but give offence to a true lover of the art. The whole arrangement has a disagreeable sort of a business appearance; even the Boston Quintette Club, I am sorry to say, are not clear of reproach in this respect, playing arrangements of Overtures and Potpourris;—and this, even at the opening of concerts, is not worthy of their reputation.

A bright exception have been the concerts given by Theo. Thomas's Orchestra; their wonderful precision of execution, the beautiful blending of their instruments, and the highly artistic rendering of all the varied compositions they introduced, was a treat long to be remembered. And still they gave us no entire Symphony; the concerts were arranged so as to draw a general public; but this was done throughout in an artistical manner.

The visit of the Parepa-Rosa Opera troupe was most satisfactory and successful, only too short, owing to previous engagements elsewhere. It is a shame that our local reporters always cry down *English* Opera; they tried their hands even at this troupe, in which attempt, however, they signally failed.

Our Home Concerts have all been poorly attended with hardly any exception. Our Harmonic Society, that should be a leader, have sadly deteriorated in their performances. They swing round the circle in an attempt at drawing a general public, as they would call it, but it is really nothing else than stooping to bad taste, when they mix up with Oratorio music the lightest kind of Operatic Choruses, and male Songs accompanied by humming voices, such as the Germans sing in the open air,—something after the style of Yankee Doodle succeeding "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The redeeming feature in the concerts of the Harmonic Society is Mrs. Dexter's singing, which is always beautiful and artistic.

The Cecilia Society continue the even tenor of their way. The programmes of their concerts are always good and attractive, and frequently introduce novelties heard here for the first time. Their new leader, Mr. Nembach, proves to be a musician of thoroughly artistic cultivation, and with his assistance the Society has recently given signs of increased life.

CHICAGO, MARCH 25.—The Testimonial Benefit tendered to the Mendelssohn Quintette Club last Saturday, prior to their return to the East, makes a fitting occasion for me to give your readers a brief outline of their doings in this department of the "moral heritage" during the past few months.

As you know, the Quintette Club came West in October, and entered upon an extended tour which has just closed. They visited and gave concerts in all the principal towns of Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. To do this they travelled more than 9,000 miles, and gave over 150 concerts. In a large majority of instances their concerts have been the first introduction of really artistic music to the respective audiences; and, when we consider the power of first impressions, we can hardly over-estimate the artistic importance of a series of musical entertainments given by so accomplished artists as these, throughout the small cities that are just now entering upon that stage of existence in which artistic culture becomes possible. This and the unusually extended provincial tour of the Parepa-Rosa troupe, bringing the best singing where no true song had ever been before, seem to determine the present as a musical season long to be remembered.

In many of these towns the Club gave three or four concerts, and in some cases, where but one had been intended, they were obliged to return from long distances to give one or two others, so highly were their efforts appreciated. Of course the programmes were in most cases what a Boston audience would term light, but every one contained at least selections from the classics and very often a whole quartet. Beyond this it was not found possible to carry the attempt to introduce classic music. The remainder of the selections consisted of arrangements of airs from operas, parts of concertos, short extracts from symphonies, and a variety of virtuoso doings. About the best appreciated of all these things were the wonderful performances of Heindl on the flute. The immense number of notes that he manages to get out of a flute in little or no time, and his truly wonderful length of wind, in which none but Parepa seems his equal, proved entirely too much for the self possession of every audience.

Even in Chicago the programmes were no more severe than the Club have been in the habit of giving in the suburbs of Boston, and by no means up to the ultra-classical standard of the soirees in Chickering's Hall. They have given here eight concerts of the regular series, and quite a number of extra ones in churches in various parts of the city. Our city is divided, as some of your readers may know, into three parts, by that delectable pig trough known as Chicago River, which with its two branches makes a sort of Y around which our city is built. Between the arms of the Y lies the "west side," in which live about half of our population. As there was no suitable room to be had, no concerts were given in this part of the city. Those on the "south side" were given in Crosby's, a kind of dismal appendage of the Opera House, far too large for such concerts, and constantly disturbed by stray sounds from the auditorium or from the thickly jostling cars in the streets below (to say nothing of the man with squeaky boots who opens the windows). I have often wondered why the Club did not give their south-side concerts in the "lower hall" in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, a room at once quiet, pleasant, and of just the right size.

On the "north side" four regular concerts were given in the Historical Hall, a pleasant, *recherché* little place, holding four hundred or so. Here they have gathered the best Chicago audiences, and here they have played their best western programmes; yet kindly as they did "temper the wind to the shorn lambs" in the matter of classicism, it was made a request that on the occasion of the farewell benefit the

programme should be *as light as possible.* Hence it came that the following was the bill of fare:

Overture to the "Poet and Peasant.".....Suppe.
Scene and Air, "Il Bacio."
Miss Jennie Busk.
Italian Fantasia, for Flute.....Tersheck.
Edward Heindl.
Selections from Oberon, for Quintet..... .....Weber.
Fantasie Melodique, for Violoncello.....Schubert.
Wulf Fries.

Caprice in B minor, for Piano, Quintet accomp't,
Mendelssohn.
"Salterella," Solo for Violin .....Alard.
William Schultze.
a] Song without Words No 9. Bk V.....Mendelssohn.
b] Scherzo from "Reformation Symphony." "
English Ballad. "Alpine Shepherd".....Glover.
Miss Jennie Busk.
First Potpourri, an Original and Favorite Theme.
T. Ryan.

Concerning the execution of these selections I do not need to say anything, except that it was in the Club's best style. One of the most interesting features was the Mendelssohn *Caprice*, of which the piano part was played by Miss Tinkham, a young lady of, apparently, sixteen or so. Her performance made a *very* favorable impression, it was so modest yet so assured, and the result gave so much evidence of artistic comprehension and such promise for the future. It was also gratifying that the debut of a young pianiste should be made in a work of real merit, rather than in a pretentious show-piece, as is commonly the case. In this respect Miss Tinkham's example may properly put many of our teachers to the blush.

I have spun rather a long yarn; my excuse is that I fear me it will be many a day before my pen gets afoul of this noble band of musicians again.

Meanwhile I am, DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 9, 1870.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The two Benefits of the past fortnight (Thursday, March 24 and 31) filled out the full dozen of grand SYMPHONY CONCERTS given under the auspices of the Association during the fifth season. With programmes of as nearly equal excellence as possible, and equal chances of a worthy rendering, these two concerts, musically, might have been expected to prove equally attractive; and indeed the unflagging interest and enthusiasm, with which the ten subscription concerts had been followed up, naturally led to the belief that the prospect of two more would be eagerly and generally welcomed; the more so that the members of the Association waived their privilege of the first choice of seats. But circumstances alter cases, and there was a great and unexpected difference in the sale of tickets for the two. The first, in aid of the projected Museum of the Fine Arts, barely covered expenses; and indeed, but for the generous reduction of charges on the part of the Orchestra, the Music Hall, and one or two newspapers, and the outright gift of their valuable services by Mr. Zerrahn and Mr. Leonhard, it would have proved a loss. The explanation is two-fold: first, because the public at large are not yet sufficiently possessed with the *idea* of the Art Museum, and with its importance. But then the Benefit would never have been thought of, had it not been taken for granted that the *musical* attraction of itself would be pretty sure to fill the hall. At any other time, perhaps, it would have done so; but just then there had one star risen into the ascendant, exciting to the general imagination; Miss ANNA MEHLIG was to play in the second Concert, Mr. ZERRAHN'S Benefit! This, added to the great popularity of our Conductor. Thomas's splendid orchestra also was announced for a whole week of concerts, with Miss Mehlig too for *his* bright particular star. So the more familiar, unpretending excellence of the intermediate occasion was overlooked. It could not reasonably be supposed, all things considered, that either concert would be a whit better than the other; only the first was doomed to comparatively small attendance. Now for a brief review of each.

That for the ART MUSEUM had the following programme:

Suite, for Orchestra, in D, (Second time).....J. S. Bach.
Overture. Aria. Gavotte.
Fifth Symphony, in C minor.....Beethoven.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in A minor, op 54.....Schumann.
Allegro Affettuoso.—Intermezzo.—Finale.
Hugo Leonhard
Serenade (from a Quartet), by all the strings.....Haydn.
Overture to "Leonora." No 3, in C.....Beethoven.

The *Suite* by Bach was beautifully played,—a marked improvement on the first performance,—and the sincere, healthy, hearty music was keenly relished; particularly the lovely *Aria* and the jovial *Gavotte.* The C-minor Symphony (one of the two prime favorites among the nine of Beethoven, and about which musicians never can agree which is the greatest, this or the seventh), and the greatest perhaps of all Overtures, the *Leonora,* No. 4, were also admirably played. The little Haydn Serenade again, by all the strings (this time *unmuted*, giving an effect of greater breadth and number than before) served for a tempting *bonne bouche* between the two great pieces of the second part, and made a witching effect of pianissimo and naive delicacy.

Schumann's Concerto in A minor is certainly one of the three or four greatest works in that kind after the two or three greatest by Beethoven; and in Mr. LEONHARD we had an artist of the finer stamp, amply equal to it, technically as well as in the power of rightly conceiving and reproducing the spirit of musical creations of so high an order,—one whose appearance is always hailed with pleasure and who never disappoints. But the fates were against him; a most annoying accident, one perhaps unprecedented, but which might have occured to anybody, crossed, not so much his own best mood, as the conditions of the best effect of the performance. By some carelessness in moving the fine Chickering piano into its place, the lid which shuts down over the keyboard had got lifted at one end out of its socket, so that, as he played, it slowly slid forward resting on the black keys. This, growing irremediable otherwise, brought the performance to a full stop, and orchestra and pianist were obliged to begin the piece anew. As it was, though of course much disturbed and feeling as if the gracious spell were broken, Mr. Leonhard gave an admirable rendering of the work; indeed we never listened to a more exquisite treatment of the delicate *Intermezzo.*

The concert was exceedingly enjoyed by nearly a thousand people, and was indeed one of the truest feasts of Art of the whole season. As for the Art Museum, it at least helped to call attention to a noble project, and to inaugurate the movement worthily, and we may trust auspiciously, with noble music.

Mr. ZERRAHN'S Benefit filled the Music Hall, and was in every way a warm and worthy tribute to the indefatigable Conductor who has moulded our orchestral material to such fine service. Surely the difference between their performance and that of the Thomas Orchestra will be found to have narrowed very perceptibly since last year. Here is the programme:

Overture: "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt" (Becalmed at Sea; a Breeze; Happy Voyage; Coming into Port).
Mendelssohn.
Piano-Forte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat, op. 73. Beethoven.
Allegro. Adagio. Rondo Finale.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Vorspiel to the fifth act of "King Manfred," C. Reinecke.
(First time in Boston).

Concert-stueck, for P. F. with Orchestra.....Weber.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Seventh Symphony, in A major.....Beethoven.

The orchestra, throughout, was up to its highest mark of excellence, and the audience enthusiastic to the end, although the concert was unusually long,—for which said audience must thank itself, or rather, one portion of it thank the other. Without attempt at *encores* it would have kept itself within bounds. The old Seventh Symphony never rang out its note of triumph and of joy more gloriously; and the becalmed ship of Mendelssohn's fancy made its happiest voyage and came into port with flying colors. For best effect, however, it should end a concert; but it was well to separate the great Beethoven Symphony from the great Beethoven Concerto.

The short Prelude from Reinecke's opera is a rich, subdued, sweet strain of harmony, mostly for the strings, and with a certain sense of mystery about it, which took the fancy of the audience and had to be repeated. We cannot say that there seemed to be much originality, much thought or fancy in it: it is such a strain as an organist might improvise with a subdued, calm, serious feeling, and charms more by its nice execution, than by any rare invention.

Miss MEHLIG made another triumph, in the "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven, showing the same vitality of touch and of conception, the same easy, perfect grasp of all its phrases, chords and passages, the same brilliant, exquisitely shaded execution. And the same wonderful power; for in the strong, swift octave passages she was clearly heard above the *fortissimo* of the whole orchestra. Nothing could be finer, too, than the perpetual shading which she gave (say) to that long staccato passage which travels up and down the instrument so strangely and with such singular effect. We do not say that it is or can be in so young an artist to enter fully into all the intentions of the most deeply planned mature work of so deep a nature as Beethoven; one must have *lived* much and tasted deep experience for this. But it was a thoroughly musical, vitalized, sincere performance, and carried a magnetic virtue with it. The Adagio was given with exquisite delicacy of feeling. In some other parts, especially the finale, there were occasional *ritardandos* in which expression seemed a little overdone; was it the influence of Liszt? But there is no affectation about it, nor can you detect a shade of that in manner or performance; she is sincerely absorbed and happy in her music, and at the same time never hurried out of *tempo* by her own excitement, but having the artistic self-possession to a degree remarkable for one so young, and most refreshing. We do not remember ever to have heard so brilliant and triumphant a performance as hers was of Weber's *cheval-de bataille* for piano virtuosos. It electrified the house.

So closed the fifth and still the most successful season of the Harvard Concerts. We shall sum up the whole five at leisure.

Mr. Ernst Perabo's two Soirées were a welcome supplement to his two series of Matinées (four in each). Of the first (Tuesday, March 22) this was the programme:

Sonata, (C major,) unfinished; written in April, 1825). Schubert.
[First time in Boston]
a. Moderato c. Menuetto, Allegretto, unfinished.
b. Andante. d. Rondo, Allegro, unfinished.
"Hochzeitslied" [Wedding Song]. op 20....Carl Loewe.
Six Variations, op. 34, F major .....Beethoven.
Songs: a "Du liebes Auge," op 16, No. 1.
b. "Die Rose, die Lilie," op. 21, No 5
c. "Wenn der Frühling auf die Berge steigt," Op. 42, No. 6..... .. Robert Franz.
Sonata, op. 53 D major .....Schubert.
a. Allegro vivace. c Scherzo, Allegro vivace.
b. Con moto. d Rondo, Allegro moderato.

The Sonata in D of Schubert had already been made somewhat familiar here in several renderings by Mr. Perabo, and is always welcomed as one of the most spirited and grand of his creations in that form. The young artist always plays it *con amore* and with a fire that makes it felt. Of the unfinished Sonata in C, it was our misfortune to lose the first half. What we heard was interesting and original; but it did seem that the composer broke off so suddenly in the Rondo after prolonged and vain attempts to round it to a close. The Six Variations by Beethoven (heard here only once before when Miss Alide Topp introduced them), are worthy specimens of the great master's rare, imaginative gift in variation making, —out of a pregnant theme (often, as in this case, his own) developing exquisite surprises, in each of which you still trace unmistakably the family relationship. They were finely rendered.

Mr. Kreissmann's singing added greatly to the pleasure of this concert. We wish we had room to transfer to these columns the clever translation that was printed on the bill, of Goethe's exquisitely droll, fantastic Ballad: "The Wedding Song." Löwe's music, both song and accompaniment, expresses all its images most graphically, and the singer and pianist brought it out with fine effect. Of course the three Franz songs were sung as no one else but Kreissmann sings them; the third ("When the Spring comes climbing o'er the hills") is one of the very finest in the last sets Franz has given to the world.

The second and last Soirée (March 29) was one of the most rare treats that Perabo has ever given. The programme of itself shows that:

Grand Duo for four hands, op 140, C major....Schubert.
[First time in Boston.]
Etude en Forme de Variations, op 13 ....Schumann.
a. "Busslied," Song of Repentance, from "Geistliche Lieder von Gellert" vol. 2 ....Beethoven.
Arranged by Franz Liszt
b. "Die Abgeschiedenen," The Secluded, op 9 vol 2. No 3..... ....Carl Löwe.
Arranged by Ernst Perabo.
Grand Septet, op 74, D minor .. ..Hummel.
Arranged by Franz Liszt

The Duo in C, for four hands, is indeed "Grand;" its themes, its whole thought, the broad way in which the work is laid out, suggest orchestral proportions. To more than one musician it had long ago occurred that Schubert must have meant it in the end for a grand Symphony. Portions of it, as the Scherzo particularly, need an orchestra to express their full intentions. Accordingly the great violinist Joachim has done a good work in scoring it for a Symphony; and doubtless in that form it would have been heard before now in our Harvard Concerts, but for the fact that the publisher in Vienna who owns the MS. score and parts has not yet seen fit to print them. Mr. Leonhard joined hands with Perabo in the performance, and the two artists worked together with a manly sympathy and mutual understanding, bringing out its grandeurs and its traits of delicacy so that all were much impressed by the whole work and would gladly have heard it over again. The *Andante* seems to us only second to the divine one in the great ninth Symphony of the same composer.

The Schumann Variations in C sharp minor were once played by Mr. Perabo in a Symphony Concert, and from one of that author's most important works. Great depth of meaning and of feeling, logical persistency of thought with marvelous imaginative variety of illustration and a power of holding up the same essential idea in many lights and in the tempering atmosphere of many moods, is what you feel in it throughout. In this extremely difficult task Mr. Perabo acquitted himself nobly. A yet more arduous task awaited him; namely, to play the Hummel Septet entire, (the parts of the other six instruments incorporated into one by Liszt, in that masterly bold way of his), with his one pair of hands. We must confess we never listened to the Septet with more satisfaction; for with such arrangement and such playing, the unity was complete, the outline nowhere blurred or broken.

The song transcriptions, too were interesting. The "*Busslied*," the only one of much pretention (though all are beautiful and noble, full of pure religious feeling) of Beethoven's settings of Six Religious Songs by Gellert, consists of two movements: the first slow and mournful, as if weighed down with the sense of sin; and then a quicker tempo, with a figurative movement, as the hope of mercy brightens in the soul. But why Liszt has worked up this latter part into such a *tour de force* of *bravura* passes our comprehension: the religious poetry seems utterly forgotten; nor could the pianist well resist such invitation to unbridled *accelerando*. His own simple and honest transcription of the sweet and tender melody of Löwe brought repose again.

Mrs. C. A. Barry's Farewell Concert was largely attended and most enjoyable; the programme one of the very best of the miscellaneous kind in a large hall, without orchestra, that we remember. But we are obliged to reserve the fuller notice it deserves.

The same, too, of the opening Orchestral Concerts of Theodore Thomas, (since we have to go to press before Fast Day) they will furnish rich and varied matter for discussion in the lump. The first (Tuesday eve) was crowded and received with great enthusiasm, Miss Mehlig again covering herself with glory. To-day there will be two Concerts. *Afternoon* Mozart Symphony in D; Beethoven's loveliest Concerto, in G, by Anna Mehlig; Liszt's "Preludes," &c., &c. *Evening*: Overtures to "Oberon" and "Tannhäuser," Air and Gavotte by Bach; Scherzo from Reformation Symphony; Torchlight March by Meyerbeer, Hungarian March, Berlioz; Quartet for Horn; Trombone Solo, &c. *Sunday Eve.* Schumann's B-flat Symphony; Gade's "Spring Fantasie," for vocal Quartet (Mss Gates, Miss Ryan, Mr. Kreissmann and Mr. Schraubstaedter), piano Miss Mehlig and Orchestra; three movements from Beethoven's "Prometheus" music; "Erl King," by Mr. Kreissmann, &c. *Monday*: (*last* concert, when Miss Mehlig will play Liszt's Concerto in E flat, and the chief orchestral novelty will be a Suite by Rolf.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.—The death of the Nestor among pianists and piano-teachers and composers, Ignaz Moscheles, beloved by all, and who has written music that will not soon perish, is announced in a letter which we print upon another page.

Our townsman, Otto Dresel, has been invited in most flattering terms to play in the Gewandhaus Concerts, and a place kept open for him in the programme for a long time; but his poor health has prevented his acceptance of the honor.

A correspondent, a Bostonian, sends us programmes of the Gewandhaus Concerts, as follows:

12th Concert, Jan. 13. Overture: "In the Highlands," Gade; Aria from "Elijah," sung by Frau Peschka-Leutner; Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto, played by Frl. Emma Brandes, of Schwerin; Aria from Haydn's "Seasons;" Piano Solos: Presto in A, by Scarlatti, "Des Abends," Schumann, and Rondo in C, Weber; First Symphony, in B flat, Schumann.

13th Concert, Jan. 20. Fest-Overture by Rob. Volkmann; two Songs, in Canon style, for female Chorus, by Reinecke; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, by Herr Singer, of Würtemburg.—Gade's third Symphony, in A minor; two Songs for female chorus, with accomp. of two horns and harp, by Brahms; Romanza in F, Beethoven, and Rhapsodie Hongroise, Singer, (both for violin.)

14th Concert, Jan. 27. Mozart's Birthday; selections all from his works.—Overture to "Zauberflöte;" Canzona from "Figaro's Marriage," sung by Frl. Lilli Lehmann; Sinfonie Concertante for Violin and Viola (Concertmasters Röntgen and David); Aria from "Don Juan;" Piano Solos; Rondo in A minor, and Fantasie in F minor (Kapellmeister C. Reinecke); "Orgel-stücke für seine Uhr;" Chorus from "Zauberflöte," sung by the Pauliner Sängerverein.—Symphony in C, with the fugue finale.

15th, Feb. 3. Overture to "Jessonda," Spohr; Hummel's Piano Concerto in B minor, played by Herr Sigismund Blumner, of Berlin; Scene from Weber's "Euryanthe"—Mendelssohn's "Antigone" music, (text declaimed by Frl. Link and Herr Arnau, solos sung by Herren Wiedeman, Rebling, Schmidt and Ehrke, choruses by the Pauliner Sängerverein.

Feb. 10. (For the Benefit of the Orchestra Fund). Fantasie-Overture to Moore's "Paradise and the Peri," Sterndale Bennett; Recit and Aria, with violin obbligato, Mozart, (Fr. Peschka Leutner and David); E flat Concerto of Beethoven, played by Frl. Emma Brandes.—Prelude for Violin Solo, Bach, arranged for orchestra by Stöhr; Aria from Winter's "Interrupted Sacrifice;" Piano Solos: "Humoreske," Schumann, and Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn; "Overture: "The Roman Carneval," Berlioz.

16th Concert, Feb. 17. Overture to Baron's "Manfred," Schumann; Recit. and Aria from Handel's "Rinaldo," sung by Frl. Volkart of Zürich; Adagio for Violin, Spohr, played by Frl. Franziska Friese (a pupil of the Conservatorium, from Berlin); Recit. and Aria from Gluck's "Orpheus;" Variations on a theme from Mozart, for the Violin, by David, performed by Frl. Friese; Songs, with Piano; "Des Morgens in dem Thaue," by J. Henchemer, and "Du wundersüsses Kind," by Th. Kirchner.—Symphony No. 2, in D, Beethoven.

—More of like sort in our next.

Dresden.—The following extracts from Dresden journals will of course interest our readers. The distinguished critic, Carl Banck, writes in the *Dresdener Journal*:

"Herr B. J. Lang, of Boston, gave a piano concert on Friday, March 11, in the hall of the piano maker Rönisch. He played compositions of J. S. Bach, Handel, Chopin, Mendelssohn (G minor Concerto and Caprice, op 16), Liszt (arrangement of Weber's Polonaise in E flat). His playing showed a technique very clean and thorough, with an easy handling; while his rendering evinced a sound musical culture, and an intelligent conception shaping all with fine and careful shading. Most praiseworthy was his rendering of the Mendelssohn compositions; in those which give room for a freer movement, a want of flow and sweep of rhythm was more perceptible. Of the two Fantasies of his own composition, short lyric pieces—Songs without Words—the first particularly showed a right fine and thoughtful feeling. It must be remarked, that Herr Lang is an excellent organ player, who distinguishes himself by the musical correctness and tasteful treatment of his performances upon that instrument. Herr L. will give another concert by the end of this month."

The *Tageblatt* says: "All who were present count it among their pleasantest musical memories of this winter; for, high as are the requirements now made, among the multitude of good pianists, the concert-giver satisfied them completely. The artistic understanding with which the programme was put together showed, that Herr Lang belongs among those virtuosos, whose power results from æsthetic striving, and not from mere mechanical studies. With equal excellence he interpreted Bach, Handel and Mendelssohn, as well as Chopin and Liszt. His playing is distinguished by pithy, energetic comprehension, while the elegiac element steps somewhat into the

back-ground. His own two Fantasies, in A major and C major, with whose rendering Herr Lang gave pleasure, are cleverly invented and particularly distinguished by enchaining modulation."

London.

Oratorio Concerts. Mr. Barnby's zeal for high and noble tasks has shown itself lately in the production of Beethoven's great *Missa Solemnis*, in D, which had been only twice before performed in England. (We heard it in 1861 at the Birmingham Festival). This time it was preceded by the Choral Fantasia, Mme. Arabella Goddard playing the piano part.—They have already commenced rehearsal on the equally great and difficult problem of the *Matthew Passion* by Sebastian Bach. What they have begun, we doubt not, they will carry through. Would it were so here in Boston!

Philharmonic Society's Concerts. — Two grand symphonies by Beethoven and Cherubini, and a concerto of Mendelssohn's, formed a fit opening concert for the 58th season of this old society. Cherubini led the way with a symphony in D, composed for the society in the year 1815, which was performed for the third time at the concert on Wednesday evening at S James's Hall, to an unusually crowded and fashionable audience. It is somewhat lengthy and in parts heavy, but the few opening bars succeeded by a spirited allegro, and the minuetto and trio especially noticeable, were sufficient to sustain the interest and assert the master hand of this veteran Italian composer. The concerto of Mendelssohn's was that in E minor, the executant being Mme. Norman-Neruda. This lady, whose wonderful genius stops at nothing, fairly surpassed herself in this tuneful and yet difficult composition. The applause was so spontaneous that the allegro was suspended for some few minutes at the end of some beautiful passages which occur in this wonderful movement, so brilliant was the tone and bowing. Of course at the conclusion of the finale allegro, with its irresistible melody, the lady was enthusiastically recalled. Beethoven's symphony was that in C minor(No. 5); so well is this sublime work of the great master known that it is needless to comment on its many beauties; suffice it to say that it was never given with more spirit, and was much applauded. The overtures selected were *Der Freischütz* (Weber), and *Fidelio* (No 4) Beethoven. The vocalists were Mlle. Carola and Mr Vernon Rigby, the lady choosing an air from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and two lieder of Schubert, while Mr. Rigby gave "Love sounds the alarm" (*Acis and Galatea*), Handel. At the second concert on March 30th, symphony in D (Mozart), and symphony in F, No. 8, (Beethoven), with Herr Joachim as soloist, are announced.—*Choir, March* 19.

Monday Popular Concerts.—Two works were conspicuous in the scheme of Saturday's Popular Concert; one, Schubert's quintet for violins, viola, and two violoncellos (Op 163); the other, a "dramatic fantasia" for pianoforte, by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach. Schubert's work was lately revived by Mr. Chappell, and met with so much favour as to secure the honour of Saturday's repetition. The result might have been forseen, although enormous length stood in the way. So far, the quintet is comparable to its author's ninth symphony, which, as everybody knows makes equal demand upon one's admiration and one's time. No composer less fertile than Schubert in beautiful ideas, and not more endowed with ability to use for the best such as he may have, could write at equal length without material loss. But the quintet proves, what, indeed, the ninth symphony proved long ago, that Schubert is the "Ancient Mariner" of his order His story may be very long, but there is no getting away from him. Instead of discussing Op. 163 in detail, we will simply mention that it displays both the characteristic beauties and defects of a man who, not free from the latter, abounded in the former. The work was played to perfection by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Daubert, and Piatti.

W F Bach's fantasia is one of a series of "Revivals," now publishing, and will therefore come under notice at a future time. We may, however, say at once that in certain respects it equals, in others surpasses the work by the same author which was brought forward not long ago. Each movement shows clearness of design, attractive melody, and pleasant artlessness of treatment; while the dramatic character given by the use of recitative is alike novel and interesting. As usual, when new things are produced at these concerts, Mme. Arabella Goddard was the pianist. Freidemann Bach's music made but little demand upon her great executive power, but it enabled her to show once more with what ability she can read a work, and lay its meaning as well as its design before her audience. The accomplished lady was recalled after retiring from the platform; and richly deserved the honor. Beethoven's favorite sonata for piano and violin in C minor (Op. 30) ended the concert; in its performance Mme. Goddard was associated with Herr Joachim, the result being simply perfect. Miss Edmonds sang two songs after a fashion as unpretending as it was charming.

The concert on Monday was one of the most brilliant of the season. Mme. Arabella Goddard played Mendelssohn's three magnificent "Posthumous Studies" magnificently, and was encored in the second (in F) and third (in A minor). The "encore" to the third was too emphatic to be disregarded, and the Study was accordingly repeated. Equally remarkable was Mme. Goddard's performance of Sterndale Bennett's exquisite "Chamber Trio" in A, with violin and violoncello—Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. A more perfect execution of a work full of delicacy, and while, at times, just as marked by vigor and brilliancy, has rarely been listened to. The charming Serenade which forms the middle movement, with its piquant accompaniment for violin and violoncello, "*pizzicato*" was enthusiastically encored and repeated. The success of the Trio in A was so decided that, as we understand, it is to be given again at the Monday Popular Concerts, April 4th on the occasion of Mme. Goddard's annual "benefit." The quartets at the concert on Monday last were Beethoven, No. 4, Op. 18 (in C minor), and one by Haydn in G (first time). Both were played by Herr Joachim, Herr Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, in perfection. The singer was Mlle. Carola. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist.—*Mus. World, March* 19.

On Monday night, Mme. Schumann made her first appearance for the season, and played Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, in a manner peculiarly her own. She was twice enthusiastically called back at the end of her performance. She also played with Herr Joachim, the same composer's sonata in A major, Op. 30. Schumann's labored quartet in F major began the concert. Now that Mr. Chappell has joined hands with Mr. Manns of the Crystal Palace, we may hope to be speedily Schumannized to a wish. The most interesting instrumental feature of the programme was Beethoven's trio in G, for violin, viola, and 'cello, splendidly played by Joachim, Straus, and Piatti. The singing of Herr Stockhausen, in songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Handel, was as near perfection as possible. Being encored in Schumann's "Widmung," he sang another *Lied* by that composer.—*Mus. World, Feb.* 26.

Florence.—Herr von Bülow performed several pieces at the last concert, given by the Società Cherubini.

Konigsberg.—Herr Rubinstein's last work, a "one act sacred opera," entitled *Der Thurmbau von Babel*, was performed a short time ago.

Leige.—The 129th anniversary of Grétry's birth was celebrated in this town, his birthplace, by the revival of his opera, *Zémire et Azore*. The *Guide Musical* observes:—"It is a strange thing that of all Grétry's scores, the one which, in our opinion, has preserved its color, together with its freshness and novelty, is the very one in which, to use the expression of Grétry himself, he tried to do a bit of the old ——, we mean *Richard Cœur de Lion*, a work full of originality and chivalrous character. We do not hesitate preferring it greatly to *Zémire et Azore*, which, we all know, was the composer's favorite opera. We cannot conceal the fact, that *Zémire et Azore* has aged extremely, both as regards the music and the book." It might reasonably be supposed that, if the management thought it worth while to revive the opera, and on such an occasion, too, they would have done so in good style. Quite the contrary. The performance was unsatisfactory. On this head our contemporary remarks:—"The occasion was a solemn one: a great fuss had been previously made about it. The fact was notified to every person who passed by a few wretched flags, waving in the cold air, around Grétry's statue, and the public came in great numbers, believing in a programme of which only a portion of the promises was fulfilled." After *Zémire et Azore*, Mlle. Joillet read the verses composed by M Marcellis, senior, for the inauguration of Grétry's statue, in 1843; then various choruses, by the hero of the festival, were sung, and, lastly, his bust was duly crowned, on the stage, with laurels.—About the middle of March, Mme. Adelina Patti will appear in *Faust* and *Les Huguenots*. In the latter opera she will sustain, for the first time in any theatre, the part of Valentine.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 758. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 3.

Moscheles.

(From the Leipzig "Signale," translated for the London Musical World.)

Another of the great musical celebrities whom Leipsic proudly called her own has passed from among us, and the loss will be deeply felt, not only here but everywhere else. On the morning of the tenth of March, the sad news ran through the town with the speed of lightning, that, at a quarter past 2 A. M., Professor Ignatius Moscheles had gently and quietly expired.

Though he was very old—having nearly completed his 76th year—and had been ailing the entire winter, the noble-minded master seemed to have happily got over the last serious attack. A few days previous to his decease, he was seen in the concert-room and in the theatre, where the production of new works always greatly interested him; for the warmest sympathy with all artists and all matters connected with art was one of the many amiable and rare qualities which distinguished him, even at his advanced age. But a sudden relapse again flung him on a bed of sickness, and, a few days later, a pulmonary attack put an end to his existence.—Let us cast a hasty retrospective glance on the career, so fertile in beneficial results, a career which the honored master pursued with undiminished intellectual power to the very last—a career of fame, prosperity and peace.

Ignatius Moscheles was born on the 30th of March, 1794, at Prague, where his father was an Israelitish tradesman. His musical talent manifested itself at so early an age, that his father, a careful man, soon made him take lessons, first from Zahbradka, a Bohemian, and then, from Dozelsky. When the boy was ten, he was fit for the Prague Conservatory, of which the celebrated director, Dionys Weber, instructed him from 1804 to 1808, with such good results that the young phenomenon was able to appear in public by 1806, exciting universal astonishment, both by his virtuoso-like, fiery pianoforte-playing, and his successful essays in composition. It was determined that he should be sent to Vienna (1808), in order that he might there complete his musical education.

As a boy of fourteen, Moscheles enjoyed the advantage of instruction, at Vienna, first from Albrechtsberger and afterwards from Salieri. The result was most astounding. The very next year (1809) he played at a concert in Vienna with great success. Salieri took a warm interest in him, and afterwards appointed him his deputy for three years at the Kärnthnerthor-Theater, thus exempting him at the same time from the military conscription. The young virtuoso's talent developed itself so quickly and brilliantly that he soon became one of the favorites of the Vienna public, and the centre of all matters connected with concerts, though Hummel (who left Vienna in 1816) was then shining as a star of the first magnitude, and young Meyerbeer exciting great sensation as a pianist. But it was this very rivalry which impelled Moscheles to keep raising himself higher and higher. At the age of two-and-twenty he was the most popular pianoforte teacher and virtuoso, besides displaying indefatigable industry as a composer; his extemporaneous performances on the piano were celebrated even then. "The public," Hanslick tells us, in Moscheles's own words, "rushed forward, with open arms, to receive and welcome the virtuoso; for *bravura* pieces at that period were something new." During the Congress of Vienna, (1815), Moscheles played, for the first time, his most brilliant effort as a virtuoso, namely, his "Variations, with Orchestra, on Alexander's March," a piece that afterwards became so celebrated. In 1817 he gave concerts with the very popular guitarist, Giuliani, and, in 1818, with Mayseder, both these artists having previously played with Hummel. Moscheles earned no less applause and honor than his celebrated predecessor.

As far back as 1816 Moscheles made his first professional tour through Germany, everywhere exciting admiration by his eminent virtuosity as well as by the elegance and dash of his style. During another tour, undertaken in 1820, he visited Holland, France, and England, meeting with so brilliant a reception that, in 1821, he settled in London. It is from the time of his sojourn in England that his European celebrity commenced. It was in England, too, that he entered upon the full maturity of his productive powers, powers which soon obtained for him a name as celebrated in the character of a composer for the piano as in that of a performer on it. He did not return to Germany before 1823. He visited his birthplace, as well as Munich, Dresden, Leipsic, Berlin, Hamburgh, etc., and in Vienna achieved even greater triumphs than ever. He came forth the decided conqueror from a contest with Kalkbrenner. The public acknowledged, unhesitatingly, that there was a profounder purport in Moscheles's compositions, and something more imposing in his style; with all his smoothness and *bravura*, Kalkbrenner was superficial. Moscheles's extemporaneous performances, too, performances in which he displayed such unusual brilliancy, far surpassed those of Kalkbrenner. Moscheles and Hummel were, at that period, acknowledged unconditionally as the most effective composers for the pianoforte, and the most sterling virtuosos since the time of Mozart and Beethoven; with them there began a new period of pianoforte playing.

After his return to London (1824), Moscheles received all the honors which the English love to bestow upon their favorites. He was appointed Professor at the Royal Academy of Music (1827), and a Director of the Philharmonic Concerts; he was the most fashionable master among the aristocracy, and the most popular pianist, while his co-operation was as early sought for the concerts of others, as his own were invariably numerously attended. For the cultivation and propagation of classical music, as well as for the elevation of musical taste generally, Moscheles did a great deal in England, for he did not confine his efforts to London alone, but visited the provincial towns, as well as Scotland and Ireland.

It was at this period that young Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, during his tour through England, studied under Moscheles, who soon became his most intimate friend. Mendelssohn's letters mention this in a most charming manner. The fact of Mendelssohn's removing to Leipsic was the primary cause of Moscheles coming here on a visit, and, among other things, giving a concert with Mendelssohn, when the two masters played Moscheles's "Hommage à Handel," together, an event of which Schumann wrote so enthusiastic an account.

This bond of friendship between the two artists assumed great and lasting significance when Mendelssohn, after the establishment of the Leipsic Conservatory, prevailed on Moscheles to migrate to Leipsic, and accept the post of first professor of the piano. This was in 1846, and must have been of all the greater importance for the prosperity and reputation of the newly founded institution, from the fact that Mendelssohn was unfortunately taken from us the very next year. Moscheles's celebrated name attracted a large number of pupils from far and near, especially from England and America. The noble-minded master was indefatigable in precept and example; in the encouragement of young students of talent; and in the never varying kindliness with which he gave his opinion on their productions; he was a model of punctuality and unflagging zeal in the discharge of his professional duties, while his mental freshness and bodily vigor were so rare that he continued to figure successfully as a virtuoso and composer up to a very advanced period of his life. While, on the one hand, he knew how to maintain, with undiminished strength, the classical traditions of the grand period to which his youth belonged, he advanced, on the other, in a most extraordinary manner, with his own times, taking an interest in everything new and important, and being always kind and just in his opinion of others.

It was not alone as a pianist and a teacher, but as a composer likewise, that Moscheles rendered lasting service to art. As virtuosity with him was not the final object, but simply the artistic means, his compositions bear the sterling stamp of classical form and artistic earnestness, and, even in the higher solo style, always exhibit delicate and interesting touches. His *Etudes* are justly considered classical models of indisputable value. Of his eight "Concertos for the Piano and Orchestra," that in G minor is the most celebrated. From the long list of his other works (the Opus No. of those published goes up to 112), we would especially select the "Sonate mélancolique;" the Trio, Op. 84; the Sextet, Op. 35; the Septet, Op. 88; the "Hommage à Handel," for two pianos; the "Sonata for four Hands," Op. 47; and the "Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello," Op. 121. Moscheles wrote for the orchestra several symphonies and two overtures, (those to *The Jungfrau von Orleans*, and to the ballet, *Die Portraits*). As an author, too, he proved his cleverness; he wrote, among other things, an English biography of Beethoven, in which he alluded to his own connection with that master, who entertained a high personal regard for him as the interpreter of his works. Moscheles added, moreover, a collection of original letters.

It is said that Moscheles has written an autobiography, which will most certainly be published. The deceased master was in the laudable habit of keeping a very exact diary, and this will doubtless furnish a rich store of materials for the special history of music. His name will live honorably in the history of art; his portrait will never be effaced from the memory of any one who knew him.

(From The Orchestra, March 26th).

Ignace Moscheles—the son of the Jew tradesman of Prague—stands as one of the first results of the bread cast upon the waters by Mozart and Beethoven. When a boy it was thought that a professor of music should know something more than the technicalities of mere playing, and he was brought up like the masters of old, thoroughly well versed in all appertaining to his business as both an art and science. From his youth up he was a great executant upon the piano, and his scientific knowledge enabled him to hold the position his performances had given him. In the last fifty years Moscheles has occupied a foremost place in the long catalogue of artists in music, and he has died in harness as one of the professors in the Leipsic Conservatoire at the ripe age of seventy-eight [?] years. Fétis records he was born in 1794—others that the date showed 1791. He left the Royal Academy of Music here when much wanted, nor has his place been supplied. His great love, his passionate affection for Mendelssohn, and his unnecessary dread of the influence of the new school of Thalberg on the amateurs of this country led him to exchange his tutorial duties in London for the more quiet but more severe routine of the Academy at Leipsic; but it was a mistake; had he

stayed no man would have been more patronized, no man more admired. He was essentially an artist, and his conduct invariably gained him the respect and esteem accorded the artist. He died at Leipsic, on the 10th inst.

Moscheles was born at Prague, between 1791 and 1794, of Hebrew parents; and, when about ten years of age, entered the conservatory of that city, then under the rule of Dionys Weber. He was educated in the school of Clementi, strengthened by close study of the clavier compositions of Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. When about twelve years old, he played in the public concerts at Prague with success; and soon after left Prague for Vienna, studying counterpoint under Albrechtsberger, and the philosophy of composition under Salieri. Moscheles here met Meyerbeer, then a famed pianist, and each helped the other in their common study. From 1816 to 1821 Moscheles travelled through Germany to Paris, and so great were his performances on the piano that he was distinguished as the founder of a new school—something which in matter and manner surpassed that of Clementi, the father of piano playing, and even that of the no less famed J. A. Cramer. When at Paris he gave several concerts at the Grand Opera, and no doubt made a great impression on the leading members of the far-famed Conservatoire. From Paris he came to London, then the residence of Ries, also a pupil of Beethoven, who ever since 1813 had held great sway among the pianists of this metropolis. Ries had played much and composed much; for so long as Muzio Clementi continued to give him forty guineas for a sonata, he wrote without ceasing, and the Ries sonata was a perfect drug in the concert room. The style of Moscheles was sunlight in comparison with that of Ries, and the latter soon left Moscheles to the field and the honor thereof.

Moscheles came to this country in 1821, and appeared at the Philharmonic concerts the same season with Mr. Kieswetter, the great violin player, and Mr. Tulou, the then emperor of performers on the flute. The subscribers to this celebrated concert heard Moscheles first in his concerto in E flat. He was then in his thirtieth year, and had achieved a great reputation on the continent. In those days the leading pianists were Clementi, J. B. Cramer, Ries, Neate, Potter, Meves, Cianchettini, and Griffin. Moscheles from his performance that evening, took a foremost position, and it is recorded of him that "his powers of execution were wonderful, and the physical construction of his hand such as to render ordinary difficulties mere amusement or child's play. Both the school of composition and the general style and expression were new to English ears; his music was described as wanting melody, and being somewhat hard amid much energy and contrast; when ingenious, quaint; and when forcible, bordering somewhat on the violent; ever learned and often surprising, it left nothing to sink in the soul or live in the memory. But in style of playing he was universally allowed the supremacy; never was heard an imperfect note or unfinished phrase; in in the legato, the staccato, triplets, octaves, repetition of notes, velocity and precision in passing from one distant interval to another, variety of touch and tone, pliable fingers and forcible wrist, and in all attributes relating to delicacy, brilliancy, rapidity, and legitimate power, the musical profession fully estimated his extraordinary gifts and acquirements, and never, on the part of the amateurs, was there more liberal or spontaneous applause.

In 1823, Moscheles left London to revisit his family and friends at Prague, and gave concerts at Munich, Vienna, Dresden, Leipsic, Berlin, and Hamburg, and returned to London covered with fresh laurels. He settled down to hard work in teaching and composing; and for twenty years was foremost for zeal and energy in all the good work at the Royal Academy of Music, the Philharmonic concerts, his own splendid annual concerts, and every other association that reflected credit on music and the profession. He brought out the great symphony (the Choral) of Beethoven—edited his sonatas—the sonatas of Weber, and accompanied all this with a stream of his own compositions—concertos, sonatas, fantasias, sestets, duets, rondos, and studies, fortified by constant performances in public of the works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and the founders of the school of piano playing. He ever kept up his practice, and was always "ready to play" and in a way that no man but himself could play. It was not difficult to imitate many of the peculiarities of fashionable pianists, but Moscheles was somewhat more than the performer of the hour.

As a master Moscheles was one of the best to be found in all Europe. In consequence of his great reputation, Mendelssohn visited this country with his father, and for some considerable time was in every respect Moscheles's pupil for advance in pianoforte playing; and under the guidance of Moscheles, Mendelssohn laid the real foundation for his superb mode of execution on that instrument. When, some years after, he revisited England, and as a great organ player as well as great pianist, Moscheles was much puzzled in his endeavor to solve the, to him, inexplicable riddle. He knew that Mendelssohn's opportunities for organ practice were few and far between, and was not a little ambitious in an attempt to take up the pedal music of old Sebastian. Mendelssohn did not tell his old master that an old pianoforte of Collard and Clementi, with a pedal board chalked on the bare boards, an unrivalled memory, and a cool, clear head, had brought about that which excited so much talk and so much mystery. The practice upon old wiry pianos and stiff deep falling keyboards of the mediæval German organ gave Mendelssohn a supremacy in the staccato, a brilliancy and force which far transcended all living pianists; even Thalberg alongside Mendelssohn was a sleepy executant, and when the octave passages came, Mendelssohn's wrists and fingers were like sledge-hammers. The school was old Bach and his organ keys grafted on the teaching of Moscheles. As it could not have been done without the Bach and the organ, so it would not have been done without the careful nursing of such a master as was Moscheles. The day came when the master was to take a lesson from his pupil; nor did he disdain to do so. By constant playing with his old pupil, and watching his peculiarity, and breathing in his spirit, Moscheles pulled up and increased his power of performce: and when the two set to work on two pianos, or even on one, to improvise and to give life and being to the extempore duet, then the extraordinary talent and acquirements of these two great pianists were fully revealed. The *intention* was music-playing—something to excite a sympathy for the poetry of the art; but the occasion and the enthusiasm of the moment drew from the two performers all the monstrous technical power, and real, true, artistic learning, the grandeur and pre-eminence of perfect schooling which was lying within them, and needing some extraordinary feat to draw it all out of them. In the social meetings of some half-dozen of the greatest pianists—when everybody was bound to play—and the names were written down on slips of paper and put into a hat, and each drew for his turn, Moscheles always came off second to Mendelssohn, and foremost when Mendelssohn was absent. He could think in sounds, and think through a movement, and never fail for want of ideas, or pass the bounds of just feeling and good taste.

In 1846 he resigned his appointments in London, after having directed the Grand Musical Festival at Birmingham. His intention was to have taken a Chapel-master's appointment, but from the earnest wish of Mendelssohn he went to Leipsic and joined him as one of the masters in the new Conservatoire.

The sudden death of Mendelssohn was a source of great affliction to his friend, or rather to one who loved him as a father, and in some measure changed the whole current of his life. As one of the executors of the will he most wisely refused to leave any composition of Mendelssohn for the press and public eye unless such as he thought the composer himself would approve. For this Moscheles was much abused, but he acted justly and kindly to his friend's memory, and deserved and received the applause of all thinking musicians.

With vocal and sacred music Moscheles did little or nothing. He published no songs, and with the exception of a Psalm for choir and orchestra, performed at the Birmingham Festival, he attempted nothing in church music. Being of Jewish race he was shut out of the church on the continent, and here there was no "Master of the Chapel" open to him: and if so, no emolument as composer. He published a "Life of Beethoven," translated from the German, with some additions of his own. As a theorist he had studied in the school of Köch, and at one time attempted to establish a students' class for the dissemination of the theory—good in itself, and one easily to be worked. His proposal met with small encouragement, and Moscheles never revived the scheme.

In a pecuniary view, his career in England was a great success. Industry, prudence and capability met in his case with their reward; he retired from his labors with no inconsiderable results, and would, in Germany, be esteemed a wealthy man.

We believe no pianist ever produced so instantaneous and overwhelming an impression as did Moscheles on his first appearance in this country at the Philharmonic Concerts. There was universal astonishment and a perfect hurricane of applause. Fifteen years afterwards the scene was revived in the person and playing of Thalberg. Moscheles sat on a side bench not far from the performer, and watched him with all the interest that J. B. Cramer had fifteen years before scanned the then inconceivable feats and flights of the young Bohemian. In both cases there was the general murmur: "How does he do it? How does he do it?"

[From the London Musical Times]

Bach's Grosse Passions-Musik.

(ST. MATTHEW.)

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[Concluded from page 175.]

It is, lastly, to speak of the reflective passages—I use their German definition—which constitute, abstractly as music, to the general hearer, and for ex-ecclesiastical performance, the most attractive and perhaps most interesting portions of the work.

The Oratorio opens with a Double Chorus, in which one choir represents Zion exhorting all believers to weep for the sins of the world, and the other choir represents the Faithful responding to the summons. A singularly effective application of the antiphonal form—to use the word in its ecclesiastical, not in its Greek sense—is feliciously appropriated to the distinction of these two individualities. The exclamations, "Behold him, the bridegroom, like a lamb!" of the first choir are broken by the interrogations of the second, "Whom, How?" and these separate syllables stand out with distinct prominence. An independent melodic figure for the instruments is a background to the vocal phrases; and all these very diverse musical characters are as the pillars of a mighty building, while the dome they support is the choral, "O Lamb of God," which constitutes a ninth vocal part, and peers above the grand harmonic structure as its crowning glory, standing forth from time to time as the ever chief idea, though for a while it be hidden by other features of the musical architecture.

The Recitative, "Thou dear Redeemer," and Aria "Grief and pain," for contralto, follow the incident of the woman anointing the feet of Jesus. The lasting pain of a bruised heart is laid bare in this most pathetic piece—for the two movements constitute but one whole—which must bring such relief as tears afford on its earnest utterance.

Far more piercing is the anguish of the Aria for soprano, "Only bleed, thou dearest heart," which occurs when Judas accepts the bribe for his treachery. In the piece last named is shown the heaviness of woe, but this pictures its acutest pangs. High, indeed, must be the tragic powers of singers who can vitalize these great conceptions, which with their ceaseless melody and deep expression need but adequate performance to move all hearers.

Of a completely different character are the Recitative, "Although my heart in tears," and Aria, "Never will my heart refuse Thee," for soprano, which follow the dispensation of the wine at the last supper. Sweetness and tenderness are here the elements of expres-

sion, and loving hope the tranquil feeling they reveal. It is too often said by those who but superficially know the author, that Bach's music is deficient in melodious interest. Let them hear this song, which is perfectly a tune from beginning to end, definite in its rhythm and charming in its phrases, and their false apprehension will melt away like frost under a sunbeam. The close of the recitative signally exemplifies Bach's mastery of expression, and his most delicate perception of the full meaning of the words he set; the purport of the German sentence is that the Saviour can never mean unkindly to His own, so dearly does He love them to the end; and in the music to this, the pertinence of the dissonant harmony on the word "böse" (unkindly), and the heavenly sweetness of the change of key for the final phrase, attest the subtlest power of the artist.

Allusion has been made to the Recitative, "O grief," which is succeeded by the Aria, "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway," for tenor with chorus. More than an allusion to this extraordinary piece could but prove the powerlessness of words to represent its beauty. In this and all the accompanied recitatives, there is not the freedom for the singer which marks those of Mozart and Beethoven, and some— such as "Deeper and deeper," in *Jephtha*—of Handel; Bach's are rhythmical declamations exacting highest dramatic powers of the vocalist, but denying to him the liberties that mostly belong to recitative singing. The solo phrases constitute the interludes to the choral, which is here given with the verse beginning, "Why must Thou suffer." Its melody is slightly varied, so as to make the more gentle its expression of the touching sentiment, and such variation may indeed be called embellishment. The resolve set forth in the Aria to excel in devotion the three chosen apostles, and to watch ever with Jesus, is beautifully relieved against the phrases for chorus, "So slumber shall our sins befall," the rocking motion of which has a soothing, lulling effect, which more than pictures, it realizes the sweetly calming influence of prayer. The countless points of technical interest that mark this piece, such as the wondrous harmonies of the Recitative, the double counterpoint to the first phrase of the Aria, and the chromatic progressions in the phrase that ensues, must be studied to be understood, and heard to be admired.

After the prayer in the Garden that the cup of agony may pass, occurs the Recitative, "The Saviour falleth low," and Aria, "Gladly will I, all resigning," for bass, a piece of less intensity than either of those which have been noticed, but not the less true to its place and purport. A spirit of cheerfulness infuses its tuneful phrases—cheerfulness in the endurance of the earthly ordeal for His sake who is the everlasting pattern of patience. The concluding strain is full of tenderness, and an apt peroration to the whole.

The most picturesque piece, perhaps, in all the oratorio, is that which ensues on the sentence, "Alas! my Jesus now is taken." It begins with a duet for soprano and contralto, in which the counterpoint of soft wind instruments, violins and violas, without basses, is intricately interwoven with the plaintive vocal phrases. These are from time to time interrupted by the exclamations of the chorus, "Leave Him, bind Him not," with the accompaniment of basses, organ, and all the force of the opposite orchestra—note the word opposite, for the solo voices and their accompanying instruments belong to the first choir and the ejaculations of the chorus proceed from the second, so that in the original performance the effect must have been of a warning from a distance, a thought apart from that conveyed by the solo singers, stimulating this, while always distinct from it. The movement ends with a half close preparatory to the fiery outburst of the succeeding Allegro, for double chorus, which, opening in a different key from the commencement of the piece, concludes in that of the beginning; and so its termination rounds the whole into just completeness, after a course of seemingly wildest freedom. Amazement that all nature was not convulsed, that the eternal laws were not suspended, that the end of all things evened not upon the impious insult to the Son of Man, is expressed better in the music than in the words beginning, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders." Its indescribable power of excitement might exhaust itself were its character unvaried; but at the words, "Burst open, O fierce flaming caverns of Hell, then," after a pause of silence, a newly introduced idea proclaims the indignance of the Christian world at that enormous deed of which the obloquy of all time is the retribution. Far beyond me is it to describe the marvellous effect of this mighty masterstroke; but I may remind those who have heard it, of the sustaining of a harmony by one choir against the melodic motion of the opposite voices, and may thus conjure up its impressions by means of its own magic, which surpasses the utmost power of analytical sorcery.

Had the oratorio been designed for presentation in a secular building, the tumultuous piece last noticed might have judiciously ended the first part, leaving the audience to cool from its stirring excitement during the interval of rest that would ensue. One hundred and forty one years ago, the idea had not dawned upon the minds of men, even of Englishmen, that a church was an improper place wherein to teach sacred history, wherein to illuminate its incidents and enlighten its doctrines with the effulgence of human genius, and thereby to enkindle the highest and holiest of religious feelings, by the deepest and most searching religious teaching. Then, neither divines nor laymen had conceived that any locality could be so fitted for the performance of an oratorio as the oratory, after which the class of works is named; except only the body of the church, which, since the Reformation, has always been regarded as the special home for the lessons and festivals of religion, until the new and curious fancy arose in this country to question the accepted rule of all previous time, and interfere, if possible, with its observance.

The music to *The Passion* was composed to enforce, to animate, to idealize the text, and for performance in church on the day when the consummation of the sacred story is celebrated. The famous divine who proposed, and the greatest of musicians who achieved the work, would have ill designed their plan, however, had they allowed it to break off at a moment of such impetuous excitement, before the sermon that was to constitute the interlude between the two divisions of this oratorio, instead of making it lead the hearers through a train of devotional feeling into a frame of mind fit for the reception of the admonitions of the preacher. Accordingly, the work proceeds with the statement of how the disciples left the master in his captors' hands, and thus introduces the hymn, "O Man, bewail thy sin so great," as the last piece before the sermon. This is set in the manner of which every one of the Church Cantatas of Bach contains an example. The old choral tune is assigned to one part of the chorus, and the other three parts have counterpoint upon this, sometimes in imitation of its phrases, sometimes in melodic figures distinct from them. The vocal parts are relieved against a totally independent accompaniment, throughout the whole of which one peculiar motion is constantly maintained, that hovers above all, as if catching the thoughts of them that pray and wafting them to heaven; and the idea thus beautifully developed, constitutes both the counterpoint and the interlude to the choral tune in the sweet continuance of its waving, both while the melody is sung and between its strains. Thus the song of the Church, according to the Church's manner, is appropriately employed to lull the agitation which the piece last noticed must have excited, and fitly framed the hearer to receive the pious discourse which was to follow.

The portion of the oratorio designed to succeed the sermon, the second part according to the usage of concert performance, opens with a solo for contralto with chorus, "Ah! now is my Jesus gone." Here, Zion, or the Church, mourns over the lost Jesus, and the Faithful, half enquiringly of its cause, half consolingly for its pain, muse on her deep affliction— Zion being here represented symbolically as the one, the loveliest of women. It has the form of a dialogue between the solo voice and the chorus, and the distinct character of the two is always obvious, the latter having the air of solace to the keener anguish of the other. The pathetic effect of the piece is heightened by its fragmentary termination, ending, as it does, with a half-close; that is, upon a dominant harmony.

Thus prepared, we have now the scene before Caiaphas. At the words, "And Jesus held His peace," is inserted the Recitative, "He will not speak," and Aria, "Behold! behold!" for tenor, as a commentary on the situation. The translator's difficulty is here evident in finding a word with the same accent as the original, "Geduld," to convey the same meaning "patience." The purport of the song is to teach from divine example the uncomplaining endurance of evil; and the more energetic than tranquil spirit of the music represents this as a virtue of the will more than of resignation. Until greater familiarity remove present impression, this will appear to me to be the least interesting piece in the work and the most thankless to the executant; but among so much beauty as surrounds it, one moment of less attraction scarcely weakens the whole.

"O pardon me, my God," is the Aria for contralto, with accompaniment for violin obbligato, which is more generally known than any other separate piece. It occurs after Peter's threefold denial, when his bitter weeping tells the torture of his self-conviction. The deep, deep grief of a tormented conscience finds here an utterance which fulfils the purport, and far transcends the expression of the words. One might suppose the power of the artist to have been concentrated upon this one incident, so infinite is its beauty; one might suppose Bach to have regarded the situation it illustrates as more significant than others of man's relation to deity in his sense of sin and need for mercy, and as requiring, therefore, peculiar prominence in the total impression the oratorio should convey. If this was his aim, it is all accomplished. The penitential feeling embodied in the song is that which will longest linger in a remembrance of the work. The soft tone of the contralto voice, and the keenness of that of the violin, are accessories to the effect which the master well knew how to handle; but these judicious means are little to be considered in comparison with the musical idea of which they are adjuncts, and this may only be regarded with reverence and esteemed with wonder. Note criticism, to which I was for long far too prone, may halt at some technical points in this piece, and collate them with rules that elsewhere demand implicit observance. Words of my own might be quoted against me to this very effect; but my perception is, I trust, enlarged to the recognition of broader principles, and of the grander right that supersedes the smaller wrong of seeming irregularity; and I take leave publicly to recant some immature opinions of the master and his habits, which formerly I was too free in advancing. I believe the song under consideration to be all that art can accomplish in the transfiguring of human emotion. The sense of a great ill, of which Peter's denial is the type, and which is daily repeated in every man's experience, the repentance of this ill when its frowning image fills our conscience; and the longing, but scarcely hoping, for toleration of our dastardy; have here an expression whose terrible grandeur increases ever with our power to comprehend it. Curiously, Mendelssohn in* "O Lord have mercy," and Handel in† "Vouchsafe, O Lord," have employed the same key of B minor as is here chosen for the setting forth of the same sentiment; and the identity both of tonality and feeling in the three songs compels a reference from either to the others; the comparison is interesting, and it is satisfactory in showing how unlike are the three masters in their very likeness.

A most remarkable contrast to the foregoing is presented in the next reflective piece, the Bass Aria, likewise with violin obbligato, "Give me back my dearest Master," which occurs when the priests, as represented by the chorus, refuse the return of the blood-money from Judas. Spurning the fee of treachery and its contamination, the Christian here demands the restoration of his Lord, as symbolizing the restoration of the susceptibility of goodly influence. To witness evil is to make the honest but fallible heart recoil from it, and the confidence, amounting even to gaiety, which gives to this song a happier expression than any other piece possesses, is indeed a poetical rendering of the situation; the wish is brightest to be free from sin when guilt looks blackest in our own esteem. The truthfulness of the voice part, the liveliness of the rapid scales and the passages in arpeggio, which exemplify the versatility of the violin, as compared with the effects drawn from the instrument in the previous song, and the whole tenor of the present piece, embody the feeling I have sought to describe.

The soprano Recitative, "He hath done only good to all," and Aria, "From love, from love unbounded," constitute the reflection upon Pilate's inquiry, "What evil hath He done?" The first movement recapitulates the mercies by which Jesus testified His divinity, and with the exquisite art elsewhere manifested in giving a surprising pointedness to meaning that would else be lost, the change of key upon the words, "Beside this, Jesus nought hath done," marks the purport with beautiful significance. The second movement tells how Jesus died out of love to us, and exultation shines through even the regret with which this is avowed—a sunbeam upon the tears. The singularly delicate accompaniment of a flute and two low oboes, and no other instrument, individualizes this song with peculiar tenderness.

When Jesus is delivered over to be crucified, the narrative is suspended for the contralto Recitative "Look down, O God," and Aria, "Are my weeping." The remarkable modulation from the key of F sharp minor into G minor, that distinguishes the appeal for pity from the description of the taunting and scourging of the condemned Saviour, is another of those traits, which, as in the preceding song, test the artist and the special power of his art. Painting, nor poetry, has nothing analogous to this beautiful resource in music, the power of showing an entire revulsion of feeling by an unexpected change of key. Without any material means, such as a change of rhythm, the slackening or hastening of the movement, the addition or omission of peculiar toned instruments, or the like, the minutest gradation of feeling may be most touchingly expressed by a felicitous modulation; almost unconsciously, the hearer finds

* St. Paul.

† Dettingen Te Deum.

that by its power the effect of everything is changed, that even the same sounds convey a different meaning; hence, too much is not assumed in saying, however incompletely the subject is here argued, that modulation represents the metaphysical in music. Grossly, indeed, is this resource of modulation abused—profaned, would be yet a mild term of censure—in the music of Jews, Italians and natives, that is written for the gratification of the corrupt taste prevalent in France, in which keys are changed as suddenly and as startlingly as tricks in a pantomime, with no meaning but to surprise the hearer, and no aim at expression, which is the legitimate end of this wonderful device. Ears vitiated by such abuse may grow insensitive to the infinite beauty of this resource of the musician in its true application; but the beauty is there, and the oratorio of *The Passion* presents some of its most signal instances. In the second movement, hope, however faint, is blended with the soft lamenting, that though tears may not efface the past, still the sacrifice may be accepted of a contrite heart.

When Simon of Cyrene takes the burthen of the cross, the Recitative, "Yea! truly, to the cross," and Aria, "Come, blessed cross," for bass, points the lasting moral of the incident. It is a noble song, which must have made a powerful impression at the revival performance of the work; for, shortly after this, Mendelssohn, writing to Devrient to sing for the benefit of a meritorious musician who was in trouble names the piece as a desirable one to select, in spite of the difficulty presented by the part for the viol da gamba.

The contralto Recitative, "Ah! Golgotha," and Aria with Chorus, "Look where Jesus beck'ning stands," occurs after the account of the crucifixion. Zion points to the arm extended on the cross as the haven of rest for the Faithful, in a sweet persuasive melody. The more than once repeated phrase on the words, "Look" and "Rest," is one of charming tenderness, and the accompaniment, for low oboes and organ only, shares with the voice part the interest of the whole. Once more the interrogatives of the chorus here break the general stillness, and influence as much the material effect—for with them the full orchestra is introduced—as they bring out the expressive power of the music.

The last song in the oratorio is the Recitative "At eventide, cool hour of rest," and Aria, "Cleanse thee, O my soul," for bass. It is inserted in the Gospel narrative where Pilate grants the body of Jesus to the request of Joseph of Arimathea. After the agitated scene that follows the crucifixion, and powerfully realizes, though without the aid of orchestral effect, the terror of that awful moment, the purpose of the artist was gradually to calm his hearers from the excitement to which they had been wrought, and, by means of a succession of soothing pieces, to dismiss them in hopeful, happy tranquillity. Tending to this result is the effect of the Choral "If I should e'er forsake Thee," which is strengthened by that of the present song, quite confirmed by the final Chorus. Allusion to the chief events in Scripture history that have befallen at the close of day, gives scope for varied coloring in the first movement; but the variety disturbs not the softness of the hues, which picture rather the tranquillity of the after glow than the radiance of the sunset. The melodious smoothness of the second movement, with its very unique closing cadence on the descent of an octave, tells of a hope that our heart may be purified for the reception of Jesus, so that He may be entombed therein.

The narrative closes with the sealing of the sepulchre, sequent upon which is the concluding number, the recitative, "The Lord hath lain Him down to rest," and Double Chorus, "Around Thy tomb." The first movement is a series of passages for each of the solo voices successively, divided by short phrases for the chorus, the former reflecting on the termination of the Saviour's earthly troubles which were the price of peace to man, and the latter breathing a sweet farewell to Him whose body is departed, but whose spirit rests with us forever. Allow me a last word upon the accompanied Recitatives, of which this is a specimen, as distinguished from the free declamation to which the narrative is set:—The first examples of recitative, by Caccini, Peri, Cavalieri and Monteverde, at the end of the 16th century, exemplify rather the former than the more free style; so do such instances, as "Comfort ye" of Handel; so also does much of the writing, sometimes defined as *Arioso*, of the present day; its composition is infinitely interesting to the author, its effect upon the audience is most impressive when it is perfectly successful; but when it fails of this perfection, or when it is applied to trivial subjects, it becomes tedious in itself and unfits the hearer's attention for the regularly developed movements. It is in time but not in rhythm, and too musical therefore to be any relief to the continuous melodies, while it has no tuneful interest of its own; its merit is wholly in the force with which it renders the words, and in this merit the specimens by Bach are pre-eminent. The purpose already hinted at, of bringing the oratorio by gentle degrees to so tranquil a close that the hearers may depart from its performance in a condition of perfect peace, is beautifully completed in the final movement. Death is imagined as sleep, and the tomb as a couch of rest, and the music is a lullaby invoking softest slumbers. It is a stream of melody of the most refined character and exalted beauty. One phrase of touching sweetness set to the words, "Ruhet sanfte, sanfte ruh't," (Rest Thee softly, softly rest); and it derives special tenderness from the commencement of the first syllable upon an unaccented quaver, and its continuance with the effect of syncopation upon the next accent.

A piece so mild, so soothing, so full of heavenly calm, is scarcely to be found in sacred music; and if the object of the proposer of the work was to impress the lesson that, however severe our ordeals, the Christian principle brings "peace on earth to men of good will," it could not have been summed up in language more penetrating.

If ever artist poured out his whole heart in his work, that certainly did Bach in the oratorio of *The Passion*. The man himself speaks and lives in every phrase of it, for such truthfulness, such fervor, could not characterize any subjective treatment. Immeasurably much has to be accomplished before English audiences can do that justice to this wonderful composition which is only to be reached through familiarity with its beauties. Such familiarity will a thousand-fold repay the pains of its acquirement; but it is to be acquired by knowing the music, not by reading about it, and the utmost value for which I can hope in these remarks, is that they may urge those who are open to the highest musical gratification to seek it in the study of this great work of art.

Music in Boston—Reported Down East.

(From the Portland Transcript.)

BOSTON, *April* 9, 1870.

Editor of the Transcript:—The Harvard Association series of concerts for this season have come to a close, supplemented by two extra benefit concerts, one for the projected Art Museum, and the other for Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the very able and popular conductor. These concerts, as usual, have been interesting and well attended, and we have come to regard them as the staple musical engagements of the year. The programmes, (I am tempted to follow the London Orchestra and abbreviate this word to *program*) are always made up from the best material and with especial regard to unity and fitness. Thus far the managers have steadily resisted all innovations upon their first formed plan of producing none but the works of composers whose reputations are well established—in short of trying no experiments. They say there is need of our first becoming familiar with music that the world has already stamped with its approval, and then we can better afford to give ear to some of the new applicants for our admiration. While Gade and Sterndale Bennett, perhaps on the strength of Mendelssohn's admiration, have been admitted to the sacred company of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert, the doors are still barred against all new comers. In vain do the heralds of the "new schools" knock for entrance. Wagner, Liszt, Raff and Rubinstein find no recognition. Very many of our musical people, feeling that they have a tolerable acquaintance with the best masters, are anxious to hear what these new men have to say, and to know something of the musical thought of to-day. Say these persons, they may or may not be great, but we want to hear and know. There are influences at work that may bring about a change and give us a taste of "Young Germany" another season.

Theodore Thomas is already giving us a foretaste of this new order of music in the series of orchestral concerts he is now giving at the Music Hall. He has evidently arranged his programmes mainly with reference to novelty, and consequently we often have a curious jumble of new and old that tends to keep one in a sort of fever and ague of excitement and repose. Thus at the second concert, a long and unintelligible *Vorspiel* by Wagner was followed by a very tender and lovely adagio by Beethoven, and the second part of a "Dramatic Symphony" by Berlioz, in which some of the love-stricken Romeo's experiences, winding up with a ball at the Capulets, more extravagantly set forth by a series of astonishing orchestral effects, was followed by a most superb rendering of the great Fifth Symphony. With what a joyful, restful feeling one heard the first measures of the glorious *allegro* movement, by which the soul was excited to a noble longing and delight.

The programme of the third concert was a little more consistent, and there were few interruptions to the novelties. In this we had a specimen of Rubinstein's work, which proved interesting in parts, but too long unless better. It seemed also lacking in form and unity, which these composers seem to have a perpetual disdain for. An overture by Berlioz, "Le Carnival Romain," did not increase the interest in this composer's works, and Meyerbeer's "Struensee" overture was but little better. The ever beautiful Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was like a gleam of sunshine in a gloomy day.

A "Suite in canon form," by J. O. Grimm, given at the fourth concert, proved very interesting, and deserving of better acquaintance. I must confess to considerable disappointment in the specimens of the new composers thus far given by Mr Thomas, and I am of the opinion that our music lovers will be more than ever satisfied with the kind of material of which our Symphony Concerts are made.

Certainly one of the most interesting features of these concerts is the wonderful playing of the new pianist, Miss Anna Mehlig, who has fairly taken Boston "by storm," to use a hackneyed expression. She made her first appearance here a few weeks ago in one of the Harvard Symphony Concerts, and was at once accorded a position among the finest players that have ever appeared here. In fact, it is difficult to speak as one feels after hearing her, without appearing unduly enthusiastic. One of our foremost pianists is said to have remarked that he felt that he was to her what his pupils are to him In person she is tall, slim, with a thin face and dark complexion, not graceful nor particularly prepossessing. She is unassuming in manner and void of personal display. Her technique is the most complete and finished of any pianist I have ever heard, and seems to be more than equal to any requirements that may be made upon it. She executes the most difficult and trying passages with an ease that robs them of one half their difficulties. But more important and better than this, she plays with intelligence and feeling. She gives the meaning, the spirit of what she plays. Being a woman, she has no compositions of her own to bring into notice and advertise, and devotes herself to the interpretation of the best and most interesting works. She has played Schumann's Concerto in A minor, Chopin's in E minor, and Beethoven's in G No. 4, giving with admirable skill and thoughtful appreciation the spirit, feeling and characteristic beauty of each. I hope we shall have opportunities of hearing her in a smaller hall, and in compositions better adapted for a display of the finer qualities of her genius.

WALTER CONWAY.

Musical Correspondence.

MILAN, MARCH 17.—DEAR JOURNAL.—The holidays of Christmas, of the New Year, and of the Carnival, have passed without having given us anything worthy of musical note. In a large Catholic city like Milan, one would naturally expect to hear something fine commemorative of the great annual Christian Festival. The Oratorios, "Passion Musik," Symphony and Quartet and Choral and Piano Concerts of a two winters' stay in Berlin ill prepare one for the actual dearth of everything but Opera to be found in Milan. To sum up the season's repertoire, it consists of four operas of Verdi, three of Meyerbeer, Halèvy's *L' Ebrea*, and two new ones. Further than this there is absolutely nothing to record. The orchestra of the Scala—the royal opera house—does not give concerts; at least it has not given any. The nearest approach to anything of the kind is heard in the café Gnocchi, where two violins, a 'cello, a clarionet and a piano, discourse arrangements from the Italian operas. The Italians crave new things, and the impresarii find it for their interest to produce every season one or two new works. It is really astounding, the number of poor operas that are annually ground from the mill.

The usual complaint is that the German music is too heavy for Italians. No doubt the German manner of thinking is too deep and solid for the flighty Italians, but it cannot be that the Germans have written vocal music too heavy for Italians who pretend to sing Verdi. Mozart is purely Italian in his treatment of the voice, yet of this master one opera only, *Don Giovanni*, is given in Italy, and that too at

rare intervals. Wagner, at the other extreme, can be put side by side with Verdi, so far as strain upon the voice is concerned. If Verdi does not prove too much for a singer, Wagner certainly will not. It is a deplorable truth that the Italians are losing ground in music; they are prejudiced against everything foreign, especially the German. In a conversation recently with an Italian artist, whose general intelligence and cultivation led me to hope better things, she made such a sweeping statement derogatory to the German music, that I asked her if she had ever heard any of the works of the German masters. Ponder upon the reply: "*Ho sentito Don Giovanni e Lohengrin.*" "I have heard *Don Giovanni* and *Lohengrin*;" to which she afterwards added Schubert's Serenade. The answer tells its own story, the prejudice of ignorance, and is a fair exponent of the public opinion of Italy about German music. Here is another personal instance as proving the correctness of my statement. I recently carried the twelve soprano arias arranged by Robert Franz from Handel's operas, to Lucca, who has the largest music publishing house in Milan, and asked to know if he could not have a notice of them written in the musical journal, or bring them before the public in some way. "It's of no use. The singers will not sing them, and so the public would not buy them, and I should lose money by the operation," he answered. If this does not indicate a low ebb of public taste, I am at a loss to know what would.

But to return to the operas. The season commenced with Christmas and still continues. There are two opera houses, the Scala and the Carcano. The first of these as I said is the royal opera house. Of this world renowned Scala not very much can be said; externally dingy, with no particular style of architecture, the sides generously sprinkled with post bills, and the door-way beset with venders of periodicals. It has no grand nor imposing appearance and is hardly theatrical. In the same block are stores and dwelling houses. The royal shield hung half way up the front side, with "La Scala R." upon its dim face, serves to dispel the doubt which the traveller generally entertains as to whether this can be the noted Scala or not. Having prefaced thus much of the outside, let us go through the numerous doorways into the low studded corridor, thence into the house proper. Your first impression on entering is likely to be the correct and lasting one, namely, that the theatre is very large. Elegant it is not, and is the farthest removed from classic. It is simply a very large theatre, pretty well upholstered, and with plenty of gilt and white contrast to give a showy effect when illuminated. The scenic arrangements are, however, of the very best and always in taste. The operas are put on the stage in the very best manner. The attendance is usually good, though the house is full only on occasion of a new opera, the interest for which flags after the first few nights.

An Italian audience is peculiar. I doubt if anywhere else one could hear like expressions of approbation or displeasure bestowed upon singers. The Italians are so familiar with their native music that they can and do follow note for note whatever may be sung. A false note or a poor tone brings down a storm of hisses. Most of them carry whistles in their pockets or attached to their watch guards. If the singer continues to do poorly, these whistles are brought into requisition, and such a storm of whistling, hissing, hooting, cries of "enough," "go home," "dog," "bow-wow," cannot be heard outside of Italy. This is what they call here a *fiasco*. The pen fails to do justice to such a scene of riot and disorder. At a recent performance of *Luisa Miller*, an opera by Verdi, the basso announced himself as suddenly taken ill, and begged the indulgence of the audience for that evening. Instead of showing him indulgence, they hooted him off the stage after the first act. All this and more the singer has to endure in Italy. The very best artists do not escape the hisses if momentarily indisposed. One great source of annoyance in the Scala is the incessant loud conversation and laughing; gentlemen reading the evening papers sold on the spot; many drinking champagne or eating ices in the boxes, with here and there a would-be connoisseur showing his prowess and annoying his neighbors by humming aloud the aria sung upon the stage, always a beat or two in advance. One could almost imagine one's self in a café.

If the opera in Milan is to be taken as a sample for Italy in general, then opera in Italy is a grand humbug. One loses all patience with such people and begs to know where their manners are. Little can be said of music without the pale of opera. In short there is none. Opera everywhere. The theme for conversation in the café is opera and singers, their fortunes and misfortunes; whether the performance of last night was meritorious; whether Mongini sang his high C with head or falsetto; whether Sass should not have sung this phrase in this fashion, and that phrase in another; finding fault with the miserable voice of this member of the chorus, and praising the fine voice of that one; analyzing the whole thing from beginning to end in general and in particular. Opera everywhere. People in the street sing it, nothing else is ground from the hand-organs, and only operatic arrangements for the bands and for the small café orchestras. The people never tire of it. They hear it in private concerts and do not want to hear anything else. They are jealous of every note even of the orchestral part, and if any member of the orchestra fails to perform his part well, he has to suffer the never failing penalty of hisses. A few nights since one of the horn players made a mistake such as may be heard at times in any orchestra,—a broken tone,—and the whole house went into a roar of "oh," concluding with hisses. The members of the opera troupe are generally non-residents; they make contracts of short duration and travel from place to place. There are fine masters of singing here, but their pupils after a short trial in Italy leave for a better field than this country can offer them.

Even church music has lost its former renown. A grand cathedral like that of Milan should have the means at its disposal to produce the best works in an appropriate manner. The church, both Protestant and Catholic, has nothing to gain in catering to a weak modern taste for romantic music. On the contrary it has every thing to lose. If any music should be preserved intact it is that of the church. The good old choral style, the substantial and solid four to eight part singing of the two centuries preceding our own is rapidly giving way to sentimental and meaningless stuff. Can we not find the explanation of this in the growing uncertainty and multiplicity of church creeds? The old masters were taught to believe in the strict tenets of religion of that day; their minds were moulded to adopt as their own the rigid, though it may be dogmatical, ideas of their time; they were taught to believe that the Bible had one, and but one, definite meaning to which they should strictly adhere. Their music breathes this from every pore. There is a certain sturdiness and truth in the old style of the two centuries preceding our own; a conviction which convinces. Among these old masters of church style, Palestrina was the first to establish a reputation which makes his name as well known to day as any of the old composers. He was the greatest of the masters of the Roman school, which virtually commenced with Goudimel, the teacher of Palestrina. The music was sung *à capella*, no instrument whatever accompanying. All these fine creations of Palestrina have been set aside for the sweet, sentimental style of modern operatic music. Also his contemporaries and followers, Nanini, Allegri, Morales and Gallus, who still kept in the path of their master, though themselves more modern, are now almost unknown. Perhaps only in the halls of the Sistina at Rome can these old masters still be heard *à capella*, and this too only on rare occasions.

With the invention and development of opera, this four to sometimes twenty-four part song gradually gave way to melody and solo singing with instrumental accompaniment, which came to be regarded as the main feature of the church service. That the organ and orchestra were an immense gain musically, need not be dwelt upon. That these in themselves had no part in bringing church music to its present condition we have evidence enough in the "Passion Musik," "Grosse Messe," "Magnificat," and numerous Cantatas of Sebastian Bach. This grand old master, king of all the intricacies of counterpoint and form, a man of the strongest religious convictions, who went to the Bible for his inspiration and believed implicitly its truths, this Sebastian Bach breathed into his works his own lofty soul, and has left to the world choral compositions, which for grandeur, depth, pathos and sublime inspiration, have never been excelled by any other master. "*Wem die Kunst das Leben ist, dess Leben ist eine grosse Kunst.*" "His life is a great art, to whom Art is life," said Bach. No artist has exemplified this more than he. His whole life was a constant devotion to music and religion. He never wrote to obtain the fickle flattery of his fellow men, but to glorify, through his divine art, the Creator, to interpret whose teachings he believed himself appointed from Heaven. A nearer acquaintance with Bach's works discloses ever new hidden beauties, and a tenderness of feeling united with a true poetic nature, such as no other writer of church music has ever manifested. Handel never had such convictions. More secular in his ways and manner of thinking than Bach, he took another direction in his oratorios. With all their grandeur the oratorios of Handel are not always without a certain secular element, not a suspicion of which is to be found in Bach. The *Messiah* even is not free from it. In some places the themes have been taken note for note from an opera written many years ago on another and secular subject; evidence enough that they were not always the result of religious inspiration. Handel, like many Italian masters, wrote not only church music, but operas as well, and the two styles could hardly remain distinct. This was especially the case with Handel, who wrote his oratorios after many years spent in composing operas. Mozart in his *Requiem* and Masses is just as little a church composer as Beethoven in his "*Christus am Oelberg*" or in his Masses. Notwithstanding their great musical worth and beauty, they have little in common with the old church style, and are a case in point to what I have already said of church music, namely, that it has lost its former strict and independent style; further, that it has passed through all the various stages of transformation, and has absorbed all the operatic and romantic element now prevalent in music. This is especially true of Catholic countries. The only real exception is North Germany, where they still retain the love for the old style. Catholic Germany has already made strides in the direction of romantic music, though not so far gone as Italy and France.

Another partial exception is the better English church music. The oratorios of Costa, at times so fine, yet border upon the sentimental only too often. In America no exception can be made. It is really dreadful, the continued melange of opera, which is served up to our congregations by persons who cannot or will not compose suitable music, nor draw upon the exhaustless supply to be had in the old Italian and German chorals and cantatas. It is a good sign and predicts well for our musical future in Boston that the Handel and Haydn Society has commenced the study of Bach's music. The singers will love it more the better acquainted they become with it. May the time be near at hand when we shall have every year, as a never failing event, the *Saint Matthew Passion* of Bach, as well as the beautiful *Messiah*.

I intended to speak of the Italian opera as compared with the German and French, but more in another letter. O.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 23, 1870.

Theodore Thomas's "Symphony and Popular Concerts."

A whole season of orchestral music crowded into a week! It shows how great an interest is felt here now in music of this order, that, immediately after the twelve Symphony Concerts of the Harvard course, the Music Hall could be filled for seven successive evenings, and an afternoon besides, by eager listeners to the admirable orchestra of Mr. Thomas, and to programmes so abounding in good things, if also mingled with things strange and questionable, as the following:

Tuesday Evening, April 5.

Overture, "Leonore." No 3.....Beethoven.
Concertstück.....Weber.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Symphonic Poem. "Tasso" Lamento e Trionfo..Liszt.

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Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Traeumerei.....Schumann.
L'Invitation a la Danse.....Weber.
Instrumentation by Hector Berlioz.
Piano Solo.....Chopin.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
March Triumphale. "Schiller".....Meyerbeer.

Wednesday Evening, April 6.

Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"...Wagner.
Adagio. "Prometheus".....Beethoven.
Concerto in A minor. Op. 54.....Schumann.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Second Part of the dramatic Symphony, "Romeo et Juliet." Op 17.....Berlioz.
Romeo seul. Tristesse. Concert et Bal. Grand Fête chez Capulet.

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Symphony No. 5, C minor. Op. 67.....Beethoven.

Thursday Evening, April 7.

Ein Musikalisches Characterbild. "Faust." Op. 68 Rubinstein.
Concerto No. 1, in E minor. Op. 11.....Chopin.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz.

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Overture, "Struensee".....Meyerbeer.
Theme and Variations. "Kaiser Franz'l." (Austrian National Hymn).....Haydn.
String Orchestra
Scherzo. "Midsummer Night's Dream"....Mendelssohn.
Piano Solo. "Faust Waltz".....Liszt.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Capriccio Brillante sur le Theme, "Jota Aragonesa" Glinka.

Friday Evening, April 8.

Suite in Canon form. Op. 10.....J. O. Grimm.
Allegro con brio, Andante lento, Tempo di Minuetto, Allegro risoluto.
String Orchestra.
The Solo Quartet, by Messrs. Theo. Thomas, C. Matzka, Fr. Hemmann, and Fr. Pfeifenschneider.
Introduction to the Third Act of "Medea"....Cherubini.
Concerto No. 4, in G. Op. 58.....Beethoven.
Miss Anna Mehlig.

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Symphony No. 4, in D minor. Op. 120.....Schumann.

Saturday Afternoon, April 9.

Symphony in D. No. 504, Koechel.....Mozart.
Adagio. Allegro, Andante, Presto.
Concerto No. 3, in C minor. Op 37.....Beethoven.
1. Allegro con brio 2. Largo. 3. Rondo.
Miss Anna Mehlig.

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Festival Overture. Op. 50.....Volkmann.
Traeumerei.....Schumann.
Polonaise. "Struensee".....Meyerbeer.
Piano Solo. "Tannhäuser March".....Liszt.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Symphonic Poem. "Les Preludes." (Lamartine)..Liszt.

Saturday Evening, April 9.

Overture "Oberon".....Weber.
Air and Gavotte.....Bach.
Scherzo. "Reformation Symphony".....Mendelssohn.
Air Varié. Solo for Trombone.....Beer.
Mr. F. Leetsch.
Torchlight March, No. 3. C minor.....Meyerbeer.

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Overture. "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.
Serenade.....Haydn.
Waltz. "On the beautiful blue Danube".....Strauss.
Trio for French Horns and Trombone.....Bergmann.
Messrs. Schmitz, Lotze and Leetsch.
Polka Mazurka. "Ein Herz und ein Sinn." } ...Strauss.
Polka. "Eingesendet." }
Marche Hongroise. "Rákoczy".....Berlioz.

Sunday Evening, April 10.

Symphony, No. 1. B flat. Op. 38.....Schumann.
Frühlings Phantasie. Op. 23.....Gade.
For Vocal Quartet, Piano and Orchestra
1. Allegro moderato e sostenuto. 2 Allegro molto e con fuoco 3 Allegro Vivace.
Misses L. Gates, A. S. Ryan, Messrs. A. Kreissmann and G. Schraubstädter
Miss Anna Mehlig and Orchestra.

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Overture. "Freischütz".....Weber.
Erlkönig.....Schubert.
Mr. August Kreissmann
Allegro Vivace. } No 3, 9, and 10,
Adagio—Allegro Molto. } from the Prometheus Music.
Allegro, Pastorale. } Op. 43.
Beethoven.
Piano Solos: a "Soirée de Vienne,"....Schubert—Liszt
b. "La Campanella".....Liszt.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Torchlight March, No. 1, in B flat.....Meyerbeer.

Monday Evening, April 11.

Suite in C Op. 101.....Raff
1 Introduction and Fugue. 2. Menuett. 3. Adagietto. 4 Scherzo. 5 March.
Concerto, No. 1, E flat.....Liszt.
Miss Anna Mehlig.

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Overture. "Midsummer Night's Dream"..Mendelssohn.
Orchestra.
Fantasie for French Horn.....Schmitz.
Mr. Henry Schmidt.
Waltz. "Morgenblatter".....Strauss.
Allegretto from the 8th Symphony.....Beethoven.
Polka Mazurka. { "Arm in Arm." }
Polka Francaise. { "'S giebt nur a Kaiserstadt." } Strauss.
Overture "Rienzi".....Wagner.

Before discussing these programmes we should remark that this was the second visit of the Thomas Orchestra. In October last they came preluding to our winter season, as they have just now given us the postlude. Then they gave five performances. This makes *twenty-five* orchestral concerts heard in Boston in the six months from October 29 to April 11.

But we must bear in mind that there is an essential difference between the regular Symphony Concerts which have formed the staple of our season, and such skirmishing, occasional visitations as these last, however brilliant; as great a difference in spirit, motive, character, as in the manner of their coming. The former may be less brilliantly equipped, less exceptionally perfect in performance, less attractive to the crowd, less dazzling with novelties, and yet be better concerts in the true artistic sense. That is, they may be, and they generally are, more purely feasts of Art, and leave more of the impression, of the spirit, influence, and (so to speak) religion of true Art behind them. Means and manner of performance are much in all Art occasions; but the spirit, the *motive* of the occasion counts in the long run for more. Concerts given for the motive mainly of celebrity or gain; concerts which cater to general desires and appetites, rather than to real taste (which can be very catholic); concerts which aim to draw full houses for the time being, by creating a sensation,—though they excel perhaps in means and execution,—never in the long run leave as fine and deep an impression, nor are they as purely enjoyable, nor as sweet in the memory, as those of which the motive is purely artistic and which minister in the first place and directly to the higher taste supposed to be already formed and needing to be made sure of its due round of opportunities. These latter are conceived in the same spirit with the classical "Philharmonic" concerts so-called, and the *Conservatory* concerts of Paris, Leipzig, &c., their object being to *conserve*, and keep ever bright and near the standard of true Art in the immortal masterworks of genius, so that it may not get lost sight of, or so mixed up in wearisome confusion amid louder, more importunate and dazzling things as to cease to seem like itself or pass for its intrinsic worth. Their aim is to consolidate and vitalize a certain central force of public taste and true Art feeling, keeping it, amid all the babel of tongues and novelties, undissipated, undistracted. One must be very jealous of such opportunities in order to preserve them. They cannot be made sure of, permanently, unless they are organized and made regular; and this implies the organizing of an audience, as sure and regular and loyal, as the programmes offered it are surely to be trusted for their truth to Art and to the soul's sincerest need of Art,—not to the whim, the curiosity, the prurient passion for excitement, the reigning fashion of the moment. We want something that shall point us often to the stars; fireworks are well enough too in their way: but which can we best afford to do without? The distinction between the *artistic* and the *virtuoso* character is one not too commonly, and yet well, recognized. Now there may be a virtuoso Orchestra as well as a virtuoso singer, violinist or pianist. There may be virtuoso Concerts of Orchestral music, even pressing Bach and Beethoven into their kaleidoscopic gallery, as well as concerts where such spirits give the tone, not excluding every other element, but suffering none to come into disturbing relations, or rather, into unrelated contiguity, with them.

We are by no means alone in looking upon the Thomas concerts somewhat in the light of orchestral *virtuoso* concerts. This is not meant as disparagement, but simply in the sense of definition, which after all is the only important sense of criticism. Thankful for an exceedingly rich week, in which there was a vast deal to enjoy and much to learn, we are of those who, after drinking thereof to the full, still keep the sweeter taste of the old springs which, however imperfect in their means of outlet, have still refreshed us season after season; for to them we are indebted largely for the power to enjoy, to learn from, to discriminate among the not always brighter liquids brought us now. While we enjoy and praise much which the stranger brings, we must not forget our loyalty to our own good beginnings, nor peril all we have achieved through perseverance in pure effort, by suffering our interest to be drawn hither and thither, while we support nothing permanent. Attracted by our success a host of speculators will be eager to rush in and try to build their transient fortunes on it. Let us learn from all examples, but let us use the lesson and the knowledge in our own way, still cherishing, improving on what has been well begun.

But we are putting the moral before the story. Let us make haste to recognize, as fully as we did last autumn, and as our whole musical community have done, the rare excellence of the Thomas Orchestra, and its decided superiority to our own or any ever heard in Boston,—for as to Jullien's, that was *virtuoso* altogether, and ran away with people's senses just when we were in a fair, hopeful way of forming a sound, settled taste (in the "Germania" times), so as to set us back for years, indeed until a new onward current set in with the Symphony Concerts only five years ago.—All that we found admirable in its composition then, we find now: the same average excellence in all the instruments; the same purity of tone in each, and the same clear, lively, rich ensemble,—a euphony of the whole which makes the tone-masses quickening and grateful to the sense; the same marvellous precision of attack and accent; the same light and shade, the vital phrasing, produced by nicely graduated force in passing from one tone to

another, and by the toning down of instruments in combination in favor of the one which ought to speak the most significantly; the same general perfection, clearness and effectiveness of rendering in every kind of music. All this, with some increase of numbers since last Fall (by the addition of our Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and a few more of our orchestra), bringing the whole up to nearly sixty. We think of the sound *physique* of such an orchestra, as if it were a splendid animal, with every limb and muscle equally developed, trained to vigorous, free play. No such thing as a lame or feeble execution of any piece seemed possible with it. Everything was certain to go well.

It was much to have it shown to us so palpably what a good orchestra can be, what beautiful results from choice materials in fit combination, continually trained to work together. For the stimulus of such example given to our own musicians, if for nothing more, we have to thank Mr. Thomas. Already we have seen the improvement in our Symphony performances. Indeed the difference between the two orchestras in the rendering of the classical Symphonies and Overtures is not so great—except in point of euphony and, so to say, the physique of the thing—in point of interpretation not so great—as one might expect from such superior means. The "Leonore" Overture has been made fully as impressive in our own concerts. The poetry and meaning of those four Symphonies has been quite as well brought home to us. But the C-minor of Beethoven did ring out superbly this time, and indeed was gloriously rendered. The Titanic scramble of the basses in the Scherzo was more boldly and distinctly outlined, after a Michel Angelesque fashion than we have known before. The brass, refreshingly pure and sure and strong, was perhaps *too* prominent at times, both here and in the Schumann Symphonies, which also were extremely well played. Once or twice a question of reading might be raised; for instance the announcing of the theme of the Fifth Symphony, the first three notes, with such marked emphasis, and in a time twice as slow as the general movement of the piece. Doubtless it was done because Beethoven said: "So knocks Fate at the door;" but if he had intended the three knocks to be exceptionally emphasized, he would have marked it so; and the imagination is excited more if the raps are first heard as if incidentally and unsuspectingly, leaving their dread import to be found out as the theme develops. No classic rendering on the whole seemed to us so fresh and perfect as that of Mozart's Symphony in D. The "Oberon" and "Freyschutz" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overtures of course were suited for this orchestra. But the finest revelations, to our sense and feeling, were those selections from the "Prometheus" music, especially the Adagio with harp, and in which Bergner's 'cello sings the melody with such expression, and that introduction from Cherubini's "Medea," sublime in its simplicity. These are choice additions to our concert stock, and the renderings were all we could wish. To these we may add two of the works by new men, namely the *Suites* by Raff and Grimm. The latter, for strings only, pleased as best, as having so much quiet unaffected music in it; the solo quartet was lovely. Raff uses all the instruments, and his work is strange and novel; a well wrought and elaborate, though hardly an inspiring fugue succeeds the introduction; in the other movements there is great variety and charm of fancy. The Overture by Volkmann, too, if not original, yet impressed us *musically*, as a spontaneous, wholesome work.

The above, with two or three more short, familiar classical selections, and the rich list of classical Concertos, about sums up the purely and sincerely *musical* portion of these concerts. But all this was mixed up without much rhyme or reason, (except in Friday's Concert), with elements incongruous; bewildering and startling specimens of modern music of *effect*, whose chief effect on us, we must say, is to make us feel unmusical,—distracted, discontented, and not nearer Heaven, as true music should; for music is not music if there be not some religion, some sweet victory and soul's peace in it.

And here again we thank Mr Thomas for such opportunities to hear for once so many of the boasted miracles of men of a new kind of genius. We think our public has learned something by it; that the curiosity of many has been quickly satisfied and in a way not much expected by some; and that henceforth there will be not so strong a pressure upon the managers of the Symphony Concerts to have Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner brought into the programmes. The *Meistersinger* Vorspiel was found dreary and unedifying; the *Prometheus* Adagio, coming right after it, was heavenly peace. The "Romeo and Juliet," the "Carnival" of Berlioz were trying to the nerves. Liszt's "Tasso," with its straining after strange surprises, its tantalizing way of starting interesting themes and then snatching them away amid fierce storm and uproar, breaking every promise, baffling every hope, of peaceful and continuous musical contentment, tempts one to characterize his compositions as the music of distraction. Rubinstein's "Faust" portraiture had more of discontent in it than music. And in the noisy *Hexentänze*," &c., of Meyerbeer we have all sorts of extravagance; think of that solo on the huge Bass Tuba, wonderfully well played to be sure, but all in tones as big round as a hogshead! Surely it was no fault of the orchestra, every way competent and trained to it, that these compositions failed to charm more than a few persons. Compared with them the Strauss waltzes, even to serious tastes, were welcome because genial and spontaneous. Of course those oft repeated little studies of *pianoforte*, like the "Träumerei," are always charming to fresh ears.

A great element of strength in these concerts was the piano playing of Miss Mehlig, who during the week played no less than six Concertos, besides the "Spring Fantasia" of Gade (a work of real beauty), and shorter solos by Chopin, Schubert, Liszt including two of exceeding difficulty and brilliancy the "Faust Waltz" and "Tannhäuser March." During the month from her first appearance in Boston this remarkable young artist has played here nearly the whole round of great Concertos: the three greatest by Beethoven, the two by Chopin, the one by Schumann, the *Concertstück* by Weber (three times), and the one in E flat by Liszt.

This last was the most astonishing feat of performance that we ever witnessed; as for the composition, it has a certain strange sort of interest, more curious on the whole than beautiful. It opens with a very uninviting sort of theme, ungenial as the East wind; and which as obstinately keeps returning despite gentler promises of Spring; there is some delicate and sprightly fancy in the gypsy middle movement with the accent marked by the triangle; and finally the whole thing ends so singularly like the Overture to *Tannhäuser* that one conjectures whether Liszt did not intend here a compliment to his friend Wagner. The young pianist was singularly happy and effective in all her interpretations, most so in the E-minor Concerto of Chopin, less so perhaps in that of Schumann, though admirable there. The charm of her performance never wears out; so absolutely faultless in the execution, so full of vitality and of the soul of music too, it is as fresh after you have heard it every day for weeks, as it was in the first hearing.

[Here Printer cries "All full!" and so the rest must wait, including (we regret to say) the record of Miss Sterling's fine success as well as Mr. Whitney's, in *Elijah*.]

Music Abroad.

Bach's Passion Music (St. Matthew) in London. The *Orchestra* of April 8th has the following:

The sixth oratorio was held on Wednesday last at Exeter Hall, where was given the great "*Passion*" of Sebastian Bach to a crowded and highly interested audience. To Mr. Cummings was assigned the narrative portion of the gospel, and this gentleman has much raised himself in the good opinion of lovers of good taste and blameless vocalization by the admirable way in which he fulfilled the duty imposed upon him. Mlle Drasdil with the contralto music, some of which is most difficult, if not appalling, and by her great earnestness and pathos, produced a justly strong impression. The soprano music fell into the hands of Mme. Rudersdorff, and was given in her usual earnest and artistic manner. The bass was represented by Mr Lewis Thomas, and well represented. The whole of the gospel history told forcibly on the feelings of the audience; the hymns were received with warm sympathy, and the terse, pictorial choruses elicited hearty and constant applause. The meditation music, much of which was withdrawn, was received with a consideration and sympathy which fixed the production of this great work as an unmistakable success, and such as to render any excision in future unnecessary. The "Fire Chorus" ("Ye lightnings, ye thunders!") came like electricity, and was instantaneously encored amid tumults of approbation. The opening chorus lost most of its fine dramatic character from want of due division of the forces, for the choral should be sung in another part of the hall. Fully enough was done to render it desirable that the Bach "*Passion*" should be an annual performance and given in a way beyond remark. Great credit is due to Mr Bernby for the high character of the performances and his zeal and energy as conductor.

Leipzig.—Continuation of the programmes of the Gewandhaus Concerts:

17th Concert, Feb. 24. Schumann's fourth Symphony (D minor); Air from Haydn's "Creation," sung by Fel. Murjahn of Carlsruhe; Concerto (No. 3) for Violoncello by Goltermann, first time, played by Emil Hegar, member of the orchestra.—Präludium for Violin solo, by J. S. Bach, orchestrated by Stör, the solo part played in unison by eighteen violins; Cavatina from Rossini's "Barber"; Adagio for the Clarinet, Mozart, played by Herr Landgraf; Songs with Piano, by Fel Murjahn: *a*) Romanza from Tieck's "Magelone," by Brahms; *b*) "Das Veilchen," Mozart; Overture to "Freyschutz."

18th Concert, March 3. Kyrie and Gloria from the *Missa Solemnis* of E. F. Richter, under the direction of the composer; Schumann's Piano Concerto, by Fel Louise Haufe.—Symphony, in Canon form, by J. O. Grimm, (MS., first time, the composer directing); Fantasia for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra, Beethoven.

19th Concert, March 10. Overture to "Genovera," Schumann; Aria from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," sung by Herr Carl Hill of Schwerin; Concertino for the Flute, by J. C. Lobe, performed by Herr Barge; Beethoven's *Liederkreis*: "An die ferne Geliebte," sung by Herr Hill; Romanza for the Horn, by F. Strauss, played by Herr Gumpert; Songs: "Fluthenreicher Ebro," Schumann, and "Abendreihn," C. G. P. Grädner.—Suite, No 2, in E minor, by F. Lachner Introd. and Fugue, Andante, Minuetto, Allegretto, Gigue).

And here are the programmes of the Second Cyclus of four Chamber Concerts, also given in the hall of the Gewandhaus:

1 *Jan. 15.* The "Kaiser" Quartet of Haydn; Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, in B flat, Mozart; Beethoven's Septet.—(*Performers*: Kapellmeister Reinecke, piano; Concertmeisters David and Röntgen, violins; Hermann, viola; Hegar, 'cello; Storch, double bass; Grusch, clarinet; Weissenborn, bassoon; Gumpert, horn.)

2. *Feb.* 5. Quartet for strings, in A, op. 41, Schumann; Variations for piano and 'cello, op. 17, in D, Mendelssohn; Sextet for strings, op. 18, in B flat, Brahms; Trio in B flat, op. 99, Schubert.—(Frl. Luise Hauffe, piano; David and Röntgen, violins; Hermann and Haubold, violas; Hegar and Pester, 'cellos.)

3. *Feb.* 19. Quartet in G, op. 77, Haydn; Sonata for Flute and figured Bass, by Handel, with piano accompaniment by F. David; Quartet in C, op. 59, Beethoven; Hummel's Septet.—(Reinecke, piano; Röntgen and Haubold, violins; Hermann, viola; Hegar, 'cello; Barge, flute; Hinke, oboe; Gumpert, horn; Storch, double bass).

4. *March* 5. The whole programme from the works of BEETHOVEN: Serenade for violin, viola, and 'cello, op. 8, (*Marcia, Adagio, Menuetto, Adagio and Scherzo, alla Polacca, Andante con variazioni, Marcia*); Andante in F, for piano; String Quartet, op. 131, in C-sharp minor; "Kreutzer Sonata," op. 47, for piano and violin).—(Reinecke, David, Röntgen, &c.)

At the Theatre, Schiller's *William Tell* has been given with an overture and other appropriate music, composed by Reinecke.

At the close of the season of twenty Gewandhaus Concerts, two extra ones were given, one of them in memory of Moscheles, when Carl Reinecke performed the *Sonate Mélancolique* of that celebrated composer-pianist.

The members of Riedel's Verein lately gave a fine performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Op. 123. The solos were taken by Mme. Otto (soprano), from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden; Mme. Krebs-Michalesi (contralto), Dresden; Herr Rebling (tenor), of the Leipsic Stadttheater; and Herr Von Milde (bass), from Weimar. Herr David played the violin solo in the "Benedictus," and Herr Papier presided at the organ.

MOSCHELES's funeral took place at Leipsic on the 13th inst., and was attended by an extraordinary number of his friends, admirers, and pupils. It was preceded by a service in the house of mourning. The Revs. Heiren Ahlfeld and Valentiner delivered impressive discourses in memory of the Deceased, while the students of the Conservatory, under the direction of Herr Reinecke, sang two choruses by Mendelssohn, and a *Requiem* by Herr Levi, conductor at Carlsruhe. On the previous evening, the University Vocal Association of the Pauliner had sung chorusses by Mendelssohn and Gallus, round the coffin, which was magnificently decorated with laurels and palms. At the funeral, the Town Council, the Committee of the Gewandhaus, several local Association, etc, were represented by delegates. All the Professors and Students of the Conservatory, headed by their director, Herr Schleinitz, attended the ceremony. The procession was opened by the pupils of the Deceased carrying two silver laurel-wreaths, presented by the Conservatory and Müller's School of Music, palm-branches, and garlands of flowers. At the grave, the Thomaner Choir sang something appropriate, and the Rev. Herr Ahlfeld pronounced the benediction over the coffin. A separate musical funeral ceremony was shortly to be performed at the Conservatory.

HERR R. WAGNER will not, after all, direct the Beethoven Festival, at Bonn; so, once more, have Virgil's celebrated lines, beginning, "Fama, malum quo, non aliud velocius ullum," been triumphantly verified. The report, so industriously circulated, that the Committee had selected the chief Prophet of the Future to preside over the festival about to be got up in honor of the great composer of *Fidelio*, turns out to be nothing more than a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. The Committee have unanimously selected Herr Ferdinand Hiller to the important post. Dr. Hiller will be assisted by the Town Musical-Director, Herr von Wasilewski.

NEW YORK.—The *Sun*, April 4, has the following remarks on the fifth Philharmonic Concert. They only make us more contented with our own unsophisticated classic programmes, and hardly tempt us to put by our Symphonies in favor of "Symphonic Poems."

A symphony by Liszt, intended to give expression in music to some of the strange and wonderful scenes written of by Dante in his great poem, was played on Saturday evening, at the Philharmonic Concert. The enterprise that leads the directors of the Philharmonic Society to give these modern productions is commendable. It is easy to say that the symphonies of the old masters are better and more enjoyable, but all musically inclined persons are anxious to know what the modern men are about, and the wilder and the more extravagant the music they write is, the greater naturally is the curiosity to hear it.

The music of Liszt to Dante's "Hell" and "Purgatory" is to our thinking the worst that the composers of this school can do. We are thankful to believe that in this symphony they have run their course to its very end and exhausted their powers of perversion. Having lived through that hour of agony during which this Symphony lasted, and escaped with reason not overthrown, we can safely bid defiance to Liszt, Wagner, and their fellow madmen of the school of the future. The principle on which this musical monstrosity was constructed was evidently to find out precisely what effects the best composers had made use of to produce lovely and satisfying results, and to reverse them. It was like playing one of Beethoven's symphonies backward. In the first place it was necessary that the whole composition should be made tuneless, and in the next place, so far as possible, it was to set time at defiance. In other words, the accent was to be thrown on such unexpected parts of the beat that the musicians should seem to be playing in one time and the conductor to direct another. The tortures of the damned were to be illustrated, and this congenial theme gave Liszt a famous excuse for unheard of bedevilment of his orchestra. Shrieks from the trumpets, cries of shrill anguish from the piccolos, groans of distress from the bass tuba, throbs of pain from the kettle drums, screams of sharp torture from the clashing cymbals, yells of demoniac rage from the trombones, sighs and sobs from the softer wind instruments, were all heard at once in a wild carnival of discord, and as a climax to this orchestral fury the violins were sent wailing and complaining in chromatic intervals from the top to the bottom of the musical scale till it seemed as though Beelzebub, prince of devils, must have stood at the composer's right hand while he scored this work. The admirers of Liszt answer such suggestions of discord by the reply that the truer this statement is the more the genius of the author is demonstrated, for the horrors of the nether world were exactly what he intended to paint, and the more hideous the result the better the picture. The wonder is that Liszt's familiar spirit did not inspire him to compose for each class of instruments in a separate key. The effect of demoniac confusion and horror at which he aimed would then certainly have been attained, and his audience sent howling with anguish out of the house. Even now it is not too late, and Mr. Bergmann, when he next performs this work, might have all the violin parts written, say in the key of C, the second violins in C sharp major, the violas in D minor, the double basses and violoncellos in E flat, and so on through the major and minor scales. The doors might then be closed on the audience, the orchestra tied down to their seats, and all the clergymen of the city invited to witness the result. The picture of the infernal regions that would then be presented would, beyond a doubt, strike terror in the heart of the stoutest sinner. In fact, we know of nothing better calculated to call the obdurate to repentance than this work of Liszt's, for if any person could fully be brought to realize that his punishment hereafter would consist in being compelled forever to listen to the symphony that we heard for an hour on Saturday night, there is, we venture to say, no man living bold enough to contemplate unmoved such a doom, or who would not at once take measures to be rescued from so terrible a fate.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa sang Beethoven's noble aria, "Ah Perfido," in the spirit of exaltation in which it was written. Of all the range of arias written in the Italian mode, there is confessedly none more lofty, noble, dignified, and beautiful than this effort of highest inspiration. The great wear to which Madame Rosa's voice has been recently subjected was apparent in her singing. At first the tone wavered; it was not that steady, round, even and unerring tone to which she has accustomed her audiences, but as we have said, she sang the aria grandly and fittingly, declining with good sense the *encore* which was tendered her, for what could be sung after this song that would not seem frivolous and weak?

Mr. Carl Rosa played with great delicacy and skill a military Concerto by Lipinski, a Pole, who was a famous violinist, after the Paganini school, forty years ago, and more recently conductor at the Royal Theatre at Dresden, but a feeble composer. The concert closed with Von Weber's ever charming "Euryanthe Overture."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Chapel. 4. B*b* to f. *J. L. Hatton.* 35

"Midway up yon rocky mountain,
Peeps a chapel o'er the plain;
Underneath by mead and fountain
Sings a merry shepherd swain."

The Miller's Daughter. 5. E*b* to g. *Wiegand.* 40

"It is the miller's daughter
And she is grown so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear."

Like the Lark. Duet for Soprano and Alto. 3. C to f. Op. 174. *Abt.* 30

Much easier than many of the foreign duos.

Ring on, Sweet Angelus. Duet. 4. D to d. *Gounod.* 30

This arrangement renders this lovely song still more attractive.

Soldier's Memorial Day. 2. E*b* to *eb*. *W. O. Perkins.* 30

Just in season for the annual day set apart for decorating the graves of the heroes of the late war.

The Requital. (Vergeltung). 5. G to g sharp. *Blumenthal.* 60

"Loud roared the tempest, fast fell the sleet,
A little child Angel passed down the street,
With trailing pinions and weary feet."

There's rest in Heaven. (In coeli quies.) 3. G to e. *Rendegger.* 30

A melody which breathes of that repose for which all are longing.

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A Catholic song which will become a household favorite.

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With English and German words.

The Light at Home. Solo and Chorus. 3. G to g. *Price.* 30

A bright, cheerful evening home song.

The Sweet Voice at the Door. Song and Dance. 3. F to g. *Stoutenburgh.* 30

"The summer sun was shining fair
As I went o'er the lea."

Poor wounded heart. 3. B*b* to e flat *Wettstein.* 30

Lines of the poet Moore, set to consoling music.

Sleep, sweetly sleep, my darling. 3. E*b* to e flat. *Pabst.* 30

A lover's serenade, with music of high character.

Instrumental.

Ring on, sweet Angelus. 6. D. *Parker.* 60

A transcription of Gounod's celebrated song.

Silver Waters. Tremolo. 5. G *J. S. Knight.* 50

Though the sheet is black with tremolo notes, yet it is of easy execution.

La Chasse Infernale. 4 hands. Arranged from the Grand Galop Brilliant, by Kölling. 5. B*b*. *Wels.* 1.00

Quite equal to the very popular "Qui Vive," by Ganz.

Beautiful blue Danube. Waltz. 4 hands. 3. D. *Bissell.* 35

An easy arrangement of the popular Strauss waltz.

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PARTY DANCES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO. *Winner.* 75

With this book a miniature orchestra may be formed impromptu for a pleasant evening dance.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The Foundations of our Present Music.

A Lecture delivered before the Pupils of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music,

BY G. A. SCHMITT.

The subject of this lecture is: The Foundations of our Present Music. Of music which, in our state of society, accompanies us from the cradle to the bier, filling our lives with joy and beauty, participating in each important act of our existence with its sounds of compassion, now resounding loud in hymns of praise, and then, with gentle, soothing tones allaying pain and resolving grief into contentment; of music, which, of all arts the latest sister, once had to tread the rugged path of experiment, of hard work and study, once needed centuries to take a short step in advance, though now we hardly would suspect the laurel on its brow to have been nourished with the sweat of toil.

In endeavoring to trace back to its foundations the proud edifice of modern music, there is nothing more natural than that our eye should seek the ancient Greeks, the nation above all others that has produced in marble such ideals of the human form as sculptors of our day are glad to imitate, but have not surpassed; the nation that has left us a legacy in poetry, such as has not been reached, for childlike truth and naturalness, in these three thousand and more years since Homer wrote or rather composed his Epics; that nation whose dramatists have only been excelled by Shakespeare in our days. Too little has remained of their painting to enable us to form a just idea of their powers in this art. If we may trust the remnants of painting, as we find them on vases, we might say that for them the time had not yet come for a perfect expression of the idea of beauty in this art. For, however beautiful may be the execution of the individual figure in those works, the art of grouping, the secret of comprehending individual thought in a perfect unity of action and expression, was not yet accorded them. Nor need we wonder at this, for various is the task of nations in the ever-changing life of mankind, and not at any time can the most favored of mortals accomplish all things.

If now we turn our eyes to music, as it was practised among the ancient Greeks, we find that what we are accustomed to call music did not exist among the Greeks; for to us, music means the expression of feeling in melody, permeated by rhythm and time and accompanied by harmony. But with the Greeks there was only a slight melody, moving within the limits of six tones, rhythmically arranged, but without time or harmony. What they called harmony, with us is included in melody and rhythm, and their nearest approach to harmony was the consonance of the octave which was sung by the boys above the chant of the men, and was played on their lyre, which for a long time had only four strings.

How are we to imagine music without time and harmony. In 1650 Athanasius Kircher, one of the Jesuit Fathers, and a great authority in musical matters, in the library of the monastery San Salvadore, near Messina, found a manuscript containing the first Pythian Ode of Pindar with Greek notation. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the notation. By this manuscript we are enabled to form an idea of Greek music, truer and more lifelike than we could have gained from the treatises on Greek music left us by late writers. And on examining it, what do we find? There is a melody, not exceeding six degrees, solemn, impressive, almost sad, which may have moved the Greek hearers at the festive games of Apollo, but which would leave us cold if we heard it without note or comment at our musical festivals. It was the stammering, faltering voice of infant genius. It must have deeply moved mankind in those days, for the allegorical legends of Orpheus, stirring up by the tones of his lyre even inanimate nature, too clearly tell us how deeply man must have been roused even by that primitive music.

Indeed, Greek music would not form a proper subject for discussion in this lecture if it were not for two points, the first of which has rather a negative value for us: namely, that the development of our present music was greatly retarded by the influence of Greek theory. For when Byzantine learned men brought to Rome the treatises on Greek music, some of which are preserved to us, the Church, then emerging from obscurity and persecution, turned to them for instruction, for help. But very little help was there to be found in a theory which gave to eighteen tones, the total extent of Greek melodic knowledge, eighty-five different names; names valid for the same tone when sung, and not valid for the same when played on the flute or the lyre; names, some of which extend to five and more syllables each. Yet the Church possessed one element of Greek music without knowing it, the Chant. And this is the second point for which it is fit that we should look back to Greek music.

It has been zealously maintained that the Christian Church would be quite unlikely to adopt Heathen tunes for worship, that it would rather abhor anything tending to remind its converts of their former religion. But who would doubt that the Apostles at the last supper intonated their hymns of praise in the old accustomed melodies learned in the Hebrew temple; or, who would assert that the Greek congregations of Christians, untutored as they were, would set about inventing new melodies for their hymns when the old tunes were familiar to all? To confirm this view it only needs a glance at the sister arts. In the Catacombs of Rome we find the picture of a graceful young man bearing a ram on his shoulders. This was the well-known mythological representation of Hermes, or Mercury. Did not the Christian Church adopt this picture as the symbol of the Saviour with the Lamb, changing the Heathen God into the Good Shepherd? Did not the statue of Ceres, of Demeter, as the Greeks called her, do excellent service as a Madonna? Had not the winged images of Winds to stand for angels?

Now Christianity found its principal support in those Greek cities of Asia Minor, where the service of the Heathen Gods had been carried on for ages with more pomp and splendor than in the Greek peninsula itself, Corinth perhaps excepted; and it is natural that the solemn chants long in use there should have been carried to Rome.

We find the Popes not slow to provide for this important branch of Christian worship. Thus, a few centuries after Christ, Pope Sylvester institutes a school for singers in Rome; and in the sixth century, St. Gregory regulates the music of the church, ordains the four Church-tones, and gives his name to the Chant that to this day is heard in the Catholic Church. It is a melody, rhythmical, but without time, such as you may hear of Sunday afternoons when the psalms are chanted in the Catholic Church, or on Holy Friday when the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah are sung in the darkened edifice.

How can a melody be rhythmical without time, you ask. We are so accustomed to see the marks denoting time prefixed to our present music that it seems strange that there should have been music without time. A glance at the opening phrase or motive of Beethoven's C-minor Symphony, the fifth among his nine, will exemplify what I mean. You there have three-eighth notes followed by a half note, which has a pause attached to it. There you have rhythm but not time, for it is left to the musical intelligence and the good taste of the conductor to extend that half-note properly. You notice also that this rhythmical motive cuts each of two successive measures in two, filling half of each. In the course of its working up the rhythm is fitted into the time of two quarter-notes. But in the Gregorian chant many syllables are often sung to one tone, and the greater or smaller duration of each tone is only determined by the declamation of the text and accented syllables.

Fortunately for our knowledge of the beginnings of our present music a very important document has been preserved, which gives us an accurate insight into the character of the Gregorian Chant. In the very earliest time of the Church a manner of chanting, called after St. Ambrose, came into vogue, especially in Milan, different from the Roman. St. Gregory, for this reason, found it necessary to lay down the true manner of chanting, and an *Antiphonarium* was compiled at his command containing the texts of the hymns and psalms together with their notation. This book was kept in a special box, chained to the altar at St. Peter's in Rome. This notation consisted of strange looking square or diamond-shaped dots, often connected with each other by curved lines (fly-feet and horse-shoes they were called by the later theorists), that were written at various heights above the text, so as to indicate to the singers where their voices had to rise or to fall. The length of each note was not in-

dicated, but was left to the natural or acquired ability for declamation; nor was it very certain on which tone the melody had to begin. These marks were called *Neuma* in the singular, *Neumata* in the plural.

Charlemagne, who was equally zealous to preserve the songs of his own German people, and to extend the glory of the Church by good music, at two different times sent petitions to the Pope for singers, to teach the uncouth throats of his singers to pour forth such melodies as were then in use in Italy. His petitions were granted, and in 790 we find that two singers, Petrus and Romanus by name, were sent by Pope Hadrian to Metz, in what is now France, where Charlemagne had instituted a school of music for his singers. Another school was established in the monastery of St. Gallen, in what is now Switzerland. Unused to the inclement air of the transalpine country, Romanus, who had grown up under the warm sky of Italy, fell sick, and with difficulty was brought as far as St. Gallen. There, recovering, he received an earnest invitation from Charlemagne to remain, which he did, keeping one of the two copies of the Roman Antiphonarium, which they had brought with them, against the remonstrances of Petrus, who proceeded to Metz. The copy taken by the latter to Metz is lost, but that deposited in St. Gallen is preserved and forms the greatest treasure of the magnificent library of that monastery. The box, in which it is kept shows incontrovertible evidence in its sculpture of belonging to the time of Charlemagne. In this way it happens that we know exactly how one of the main sources of our present music, the Gregorian Chant, sounded in those early days, over twelve hundred years ago. This chant, of course, was sung in unison. In the course of time it was discovered—was it by accident, was it done by design?—that a tone different from the chant sounded well, and accordingly we find that a Benedictine monk in Flanders, Hucbald, who died in 930, lays down laws of harmony which were very simple, and to our present taste very horrid; for of consonances he only mentions two; one of them is the Octave, and the other is the Fifth. Now let any one strike together on his piano the tones *c—g*, *d—a*, *e—b*, &c., playing them in succession, and he may get a taste of the excruciating effect such successions would have on our ear.

History may not only be studied as a succession of events, but, if we look in the proper places, we may find the successive stages of development simultaneously existing. The man-eating Fejee-Islander had his prototype many thousands of years ago in the North of Europe, if we may believe the Danish savants. The music of the Arabs and Hindoos of our day may have resounded in Greece in time immemorial. So even to-day, successive Fifths, introduced by Hucbald in his *Organum*, as his doctrine was called, may occasionally be heard in Europe, as I can witness, in the hymns chanted on the way by pious pilgrims to the shrine of some miracle-working Madonna.

A hundred years after Hucbald, another Benedictine monk, Guido of Arezzo, near Ferrara, who died in the monastery of Pomposa in 1050, immortalized himself by his improvements in harmony, notation, and especially in the method of teaching singing, so that his name was for many centuries connected by a grateful posterity with all progress in music. To give but one instance: the invention of the harpsichord, our present piano, was ascribed to him, although it was several hundred years after his death that an instrument faintly approaching our household orchestra was constructed. But what he invented is sufficient to excite the admiration even of our advanced age for his genius. First of all, he improved musical notation by drawing lines on which the Neumata were to be written. Indeed before his time some beginning was made in this direction by drawing one red line over the text of the psalm. On, above and below this line the Neumata were written. The Neuma on this line was to sound F. Afterwards a second line was drawn above it, in yellow color, which was to indicate C. Guido added two more, thus gaining room for nine tones, which were not exceeded by the Gregorian Chant. He added one tone below the twenty existing before his time, and calling it by the Greek name *Gamma*, there being two other G's above, originated the name *Gamut*, which even in our days is yet used as a synonym for Scale. The next tone after this he called A, and gave to the tones the names of the letters which they have now. Now the Neumata, which heretofore had floated about in space, like Infusoria in a drop of water, received a local habitation and a name; now it was no longer doubtful whether the beginning tone was the first or the third, and the quarrels of the singing masters were effectually put to rest. He also first applied the syllables *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la* to the first six tones to assist the memory of his pupils, as singing masters to this day uselessly think it necessary to do. It is remarkable that among these names one for the seventh degree is missing. Whether this tone was held in abhorrence, or what else was the cause we know not. It is a strange coincidence that both in the scale of the Welsh minstrels and in that of the Chinese, the seventh does not exist, and it is probable that Terpander, the Greek musician, when he increased the number of strings on his lyre to seven, also omitted the seventh tone, tuning his last string in unison with the first. Guido also invented the "Musical Hand," giving to each finger the name of one of those syllables, *ut*, *&c.*, one indeed being hung up in the air above the middle finger. This Musical Hand, after the manner of those days, became the basis of a very intricate system of musical mnemonics, which we have not time to explain. In addition to all these inventions he went one step beyond Hucbald, introducing the harmony of the Third by the side of the consonant Octave and the fearful so-called consonances of consecutive Fifths. From this one man begins the advance in musical art, which needed but one more improvement, the mensural note, the sign by which to express time, as we have it now, to make possible the beginning of that music which precedes our own, and which found its highest development in Johann Sebastian Bach in the last century,—the counterpoint. It is a matter of regret that Guido could not go one step further and invent this measuring of time by means of the mensural note. It was centuries after him before necessity forced man, skillful in inventions, to establish this last element of our present music.

Before we turn our attention to this new and final fulfilment of the appliances needed for our art, it may be profitable to learn from some events in the life of this glorious monk that the progress of all truth is hemmed in by difficulties, that the course of music, as well as of true love, never ran smooth. When Guido, by means of his inventions, was enabled to teach his boys in a few weeks what formerly had been the work of a life-time,—to intonate correctly and to sing in the same way church-tones, whenever they were needed,—his success excited the envy and the enmity of some of his brother monks to such a degree, that he had to flee his monastery for his life. The Pope, John XIX. (1024–1033), hearing of the wonderful monk and of his banishment, sent two special messengers to invite Guido to his court. He read the rules which Guido had prefixed to his Antiphonarium, asked him for explanations, and did not rise from his seat until he had learned to sing a verse, the music to which had been unknown to him before. The favor of the Pope would have placed him on the Bishop's chair, had not the Prior of his monastery, pacified and made to relent by the signal favor of the Pope, invited him back,—and had not the simple monk preferred his quiet cell to the temptations a bishop, in his opinion, was exposed to.

Both Hucbald and Guido taught that certain intervals might be added in a higher part to the chant; it was but natural that some inventive singer should add a melody above the fundamental chant, a chant differing from the original but according with it, after a rude fashion, but still varying the monotony of a single and simple series of notes. Such additions we find shortly after Guido under two names: the one was, *Faulx Bourdon*, or as we would write in the present French, *Faux Bourdon*, false Bourdon. This consisted in a succession of chords of the Fourth and Sixth over the chant. And the other was *Déchant*, *Descantus*, the Italian *Discanto*, our Treble. This signified improvised adornments, *fioriture*, as they are called in music now, a florid upper part, left to the imagination of a gifted singer. Meanwhile the necessity of keeping these accompaniments in the proper proportion, as to time, to the principal chant, caused the latter to progress in more measured steps than it might proceed when all the singers sang the same tones to the same words, reciting or declaiming the latter. The Gregorian Chant had to move now in strict time, and so, after the thing had been practically used, the sign, the mensural note, followed as a matter of course.

There were two influences at work in the times immediately after Guido, to facilitate the invention of the Déchant and the introduction of strict time. These were the institutions of the Trouvères in France, and their brothers in art, the Minnesingers in Germany; and the Folk-song, the *Volkslied*, as it is called in German.

The Crusades, quickening life in all its aspects, exciting the imagination, arousing—by the growing familiarity with unheard of new countries and their strange legends—the poetic faculty to the highest degree, of necessity exerted a powerful influence also on Music. Not the music of the church, that was firm as the rock of St. Peter's; but the music of court life, the tones in which love and bravery were sung. And indeed under the beautiful sky of Southern France, where the almond blooms, where the fragrant blossoms and the joyous leaves of the grape-vine charmingly intermingle with the sombre olive, where the beauty of noble women and the bravery of the

knight presented fit subjects for the poet's lay,—there life necessarily was elevated into the Ideal by the art of poetry and of song. They called their art "*Art de trobar*," the art of inventing; "*gay saber*," gay knowledge; "*gaya ciencia*," the joyous science. And those that practised it were noble Lords. The first of these Trouvères was Count Guillaume de Poictiers (d. 1127). The German Minnesingers, also noble Lords, sang their own poems to their own tunes, accompanying themselves on the lute. Not so the French Trouvères; they had their servants (*jongleurs* they call them), trained in music, perform their pieces. This, and the fact that instrumental dance music was also performed by these Jongleurs, made notation absolutely necessary. And thus we find about the time of the Crusades the Neuma of the church on Guido's four lines supplanted by the black note. While the church still retained the Neuma with its uncertainty as to time, secular music was written with square black notes. The assumption of this note by the church, which took place early in, or immediately before, the 13th century, completed the preparation for our present music. The music of the Trouvères itself was not destined to exercise any influence on the development of music; that was performed in the bosom of the Church. Lovely as the blossom had been, and quickly as it had sprung up, so quickly it wilted, as over night. Many of the tunes of the Trouvères are preserved, and admirable some of them indeed are, even in the light of our own musical knowledge and feeling. Of the instrumental music of the Trouvères, their dance-tunes may have exerted an influence on later music. We find at least traces of them as late as the 15th century. Both the songs and the dance-tunes had the element of time in addition to rhythm fully developed, and in so far led the music of the church, and helped its progress by example.

The second influence, much more powerful than the one just spoken of, was exerted by the Folksong. Indeed for over three hundred years, up to the middle of the 16th century, there was hardly a Mass composed but had for its tenor, its principal part, a Folksong or an Antiphone; and these tenors were as often taken from the Folksong, which the common people sang at their merry-makings, as from the church-music of the Antiphone. Like the text which the preacher takes from the Bible, and upon which he constructs his sermon, so these old composers took a Love or Drinking Song, gave it in slow movement to the tenor, to sing it sometimes through an entire Mass, while the other voices sang their *punctum contra punctum*, their note of accompaniment against the note of the Folksong, their counterpoint.

[Conclusion next time.]

Weber's "Oberon," as given by the Parepa-Rosa Troupe.

(From the Chicago Tribune, April 20).

If Parepa-Rosa had never done anything more for music in Chicago than to introduce Weber's splendid opera of "Oberon," she would have merited the lasting gratitude of all lovers of music. Any music from the man who wrote "Der Freischutz" and "Preciosa" must always be warmly welcomed, and in producing this she has set the seal upon her great success, and in closing her season crowns it with the best representation of her musical genius. Parepa has, in past seasons, made unmistakable successes in "Trovatore," in the "Marriage of Figaro," in "Martha," and other operas, and especially in her matchless oratorio vocalization, but we think she will be longest remembered in her personation of *Rezia*, in "Oberon," and that more pleasant memories will cluster around the efforts of all the artists in this great romantic opera than any other. We must not forget Mr. Carl Rosa in this connection. During the comparatively short time in which he has held the operatic baton he has rapidly risen, and, by his untiring zeal and industry, and his quick, accurate musical preceptions, now occupies a commanding position as an orchestral conductor of opera. This was manifested in his production of the "Marriage of "Figaro." It is more palpably manifest in "Oberon." The manner in which he controls his players, in which he gives spirit and shading to the instrumentation and enthusiasm and life to the artists upon the stage, shows that he possesses close analytical powers, joined to fervor of imagination, which entitle him to conduct any operatic work. It is no child's play to prepare and conduct such operas as the "Marriage of Figaro" and "Oberon," and the tact and skill of a man who proves himself competent to do it successfully deserve hearty recognition.

The production of such a work as "Oberon" for the first time in this city is no ordinary event, and the occasion, therefore, warrants more detail in description than we are accustomed to give to standard operas which usually form the staple of *repertoires*. It is now nearly forty four years since "Oberon" was first produced at Covent Garden, under the immediate direction of the composer himself. Weber wrote it at the request of Charles Kemble, then manager, from a libretto by Planche, who derived the substance of his plot from one of Wieland's poems, not from "The Midsummer Night's Dream," as is usually supposed. In fact there is little sympathy between Wieland and Shakspeare in the story. It does not breathe so much the atmosphere of Titania's Court in fairyland, although fairies figure in it to a greater or less degree, as of the Oriental richness and beauty of the Arabian Nights, and the imaginative grace and fancy of the narratives of Scheherazade, the Princess. The story is somewhat incongruous, and serves better as a vehicle for the music than as a composition possessing dramatic unity and consistency. In this respect it resembles somewhat the story of "The Magic Flute," and the basis of the plot is also similar in that it pictures the tribulations of two loving hearts, exposed to the most severe tests, which only tend to unite them the more closely. The mysteries of Isis and Osiris find their counterpart in the fairy mysteries, and the Magic Flute serves the same purpose as the Magic Horn.

The original poem is the story of a Paladin, who was banished by Charlemagne, and was forbidden to return until he had performed some very difficult feats in the palace of the Caliph of Bagdad. He performed these feats by the aid of Oberon and the Magic Horn. Several other adventures, including the love of the Caliph's daughter, are complicated with these feats, but in the *libretto* we have only the Bagdad adventure, a shipwreck, pirates, a rescue, and safe return of the hero, *Sir Huon*. The heroine of the piece is *Rezia*, daughter of the *Caliph*, betrothed by her father to *Babekan*. The hero is a French knight of the Court of the Emperor Charlemagne, *Sir Huon*, who, having slain the Emperor in self defence, is sentenced to purchase his life by going to the court of the *Caliph* of Bagdad, killing him who sits on the *Caliph's* right hand, and claiming the *Caliph's* daughter as his bride. *Sir Huon*, however, like a true knight errant, sets out with his squire *Sherasmin*. *Puck* narrates this story to *Oberon*, and brings the sleeping knight and squire to the fairy king. *Oberon* then conjures up a vision in which the knight sees *Rezia*, who is lamenting that he sleeps when she is to be sacrificed, and calls him to her rescue. The vision disappearing, the knight and his squire awake, when *Oberon* reveals himself to *Sir Huon*, tells him he shall fulfil his task if he is faithful, and gives him a magic horn which will bring him aid when sounded. This vision seems to have been also shown to *Rezia*, who in the next scene is shown in the *Caliph's* harem listening to the narrative of the knight's arrival, and his learning of her dream, and vowing to rescue her or perish. In the next act *Babekan* is seated at the right hand of the *Caliph*, claims his bride, and she is brought in to be betrothed, when *Sir Huon* rushes in, sword in hand, slays the claimant and seizes the bride. The *Sultan's* attendants are paralyzed by the intervention of *Oberon*, and the lovers are carried by supernatural power to the sea beach near Ascalon, where they embark for Greece. Subsequently, to test them further, the vessel is wrecked by the fairies, and *Rezia* is seized by Barbary pirates and sold as a slave to the *Bey* of Tunis, who becomes infatuated with her. During the absence of *Sir Huon* to seek assistance, the pirates land and are carrying off *Rezia*, when *Sir Huon* returns and is by them struck senseless. *Oberon* appears, and deploring the cruel fate which compels him to make *Sir Huon* suffer so much, summons *Puck*, bids him guard *Sir Huon* (whom he has entranced) well and on the seventh day place him before the door of the house of old *Ibrahim*, the gardener, in Tunis. The fourth and last act commences in a court of the garden of *Ibrahim*, to whom *Sherasmin* and *Fatima* (*Rezia's* maid,) had been sold as slaves. *Puck* descends with *Sir Huon*, who is bewildered at meeting *Sherasmin* and *Fatima*; from *Fatima* he learns that *Rezia* has that morning been presented to the *Emir* by the Pirate Captain. In the second scene, *Roshana*, the *Emir's* favorite, deposed in in favor of *Rezia*, thirsting for revenge, causes *Sir Huon*, who hopes he may be about to meet *Rezia*, to be brought before her, abruptly avows her love for him, and proposes that he slay the *Emir* and share the throne with her. *Sir Huon* indignantly refuses, declaring he loves another. *Roshana* summons to her aid singing girls, who endeavor, but in vain, to fascinate *Sir Huon*; he is about to force his way out, *Roshana* clinging to him, when *Almanzar* (the *Emir*) enters. In his fury he orders *Sir Huon* to be burned alive within two hours. *Rezia* rushes in, claims *Sir Huon* as her husband, and, as a first favor, asks his pardon. *Almanzar* will pardon, even enrich him, if *Rezia* will smile upon his (*Almanzar's*) love; she refuses, and they are both about to be led to the stake, when *Puck* appears and winds the magic horn; *Almanzar* is rendered powerless, *Sir Huon* and *Rezia* are released; *Puck* blows a louder blast, *Oberon* and *Titania* appear. *Oberon* greets the happy pair. The clouds shut in and *Huon* is bathed in all sorts of rosy bliss and ecstacy.

This is the story. As will be seen, it is incongruous enough, and has very little human feeling or sympathy in it, but it serves as a gorgeous setting for Weber's romantic fancy and richness of imagination. The music is not so sensuous as that of "Der Freischütz," because "Der Freischutz," is a popular story, full of that human feeling which touches the heart at once; but it is more ethereal and imaginative, and more fascinating, because it is full of beauty and tenderness, as well as poetic grace. The melodies are very rich, and, in addition to those which are distinctly defined, there are constant melodic suggestions, which add to the grace of the work. The instrumentation is very elaborate, especially in the finales, sometimes very descriptive and, in the purely Oriental scenes, is very richly colored. Occasionally, but not often, you get glimpses of the wierdness and *diablerie* which are so prominent in "Der Freischütz." The music, however, as a whole, does not possess such supernatural depth, but is more frolicsome and elfish, and at times as perfectly descriptive as Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Of course in presenting such a work, some reductions and transpositions must be made to suit it to the company, but these have been done with excellent judgment by Mr. Rosa, and all the gems of the opera are preserved in their original setting. The leading numbers we will briefly outline, and in doing so, also indicate the manner of performance of them by the leading artists. The overture is familiar to all concert-goers as one of the most beautiful ever written. It recites some of the principal themes of the work, especially the grand Oberon aria and the Puck scene of the third act. The first act opens with a very graceful fairy chorus, which is followed by some melodramatic music accompanying the speaking parts of *Puck* (Miss Warner) and *Oberon* (Mr. De Solla) and leading to the Vision which introduces *Rezia* (Parepa) in a short aria, which she sang with exquisite purity and, at the close, provoked applause with one of her sustained tones of, at least, a minute in endurance. The first recitatives, which were written in by Benedict, follow, leading to a very graceful fairy chorus in B major and introducing *Huon* (Castle) who sings an aria, "Deign fair spirit," with choral accompaniment. A scene ensues between *Huon* and *Sherasmin* (Lawrence), which brings the former to his great aria. "O! 'tis a glorious sight." The original song which was written here by Weber was afterwards, at the request of Braham, for whom it was written, transferred to the third act and given to *Oberon*, although the former was Weber's favorite, and the Battle Song substituted in its stead. It is also one of Sims Reeves's favorite songs. It is very descriptive in character and exceedingly trying to the voice, and, although Mr. Castle lacks somewhat in dramatic intensity to do it full justice, nevertheless he was conscientious in delivering it with all the spirit of which he is capable, and deserved the hearty applause which rewarded his effort. The finale now commences with an aria, "Yes, my Lord, with joy," for Parepa, which runs into a duo with *Fatima* (Mrs. Seguin). The instrumentation is very heavy and Parepa is very heavy, which may account for the fact that the duo lacked balance, and that Mrs Seguin for once, was outclamored. The act closes with an Oriental Turkish march,

the clarinets and oboes leading off the theme, and the drums supplying a weird sort of monotone. Parepa takes a florid melody, and the chorus catches up the original theme as an accompaniment to it, and the curtain falls upon a very elaborate *ensemble*.

The second act opens with a Turkish chorus of the same general character as the *finale* of the first act, the wind instruments and tympani introducing it. *Apropos* of this music, it is easy to see where Offenbach has drawn some of his inspiration. A fighting scene occurs between *Huon* and *Babekan* (Howard), which is accompanied by more of Benedict's recitative, very illustrative in character. Mrs. Seguin is always fortunate in having some beautiful arias, which is a doubly fortunate fact for the reason that she always sings them well. One of them occurs at this point, "A lovely Arab maid," commencing in E minor and ending in the major, to suit the change of sentiment in the aria, which she sang with so much expression as to gain a very hearty *encore*. Then ensue a few bars of recitative leading to one of the best numbers in the work, and one of the best quartets ever written, "Over the dark blue waters," sung by Parepa, Mrs. Seguin, Lawrence, and Castle, and sung in exquisite style. The curtain falls upon this number.

The third act opens with a solo for *Puck*, which gave the new comer, Miss Warner, an oppertunity of singing her first song before the Chicago public. She has a deep voice of contralto quality, which is effective in the lower and medium registers only, and running very shrill in the upper. She filled her *role* very acceptably, and sang quite effectively at times. The wreck scene follows, the accompaniments to which forcibly remind one of the incantation music of "Der Freischütz," many of the phrases being almost identical. The instrumentation of this scene is Weber's, and Weber's only. A beautiful *adagio* prayer follows for Castle, which he sang very purely and expressively. The sublime aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," immediately ensues. It is thoroughly descriptive, and in keeping with the subject. It commences in a massive manner, picturing the wrath of the ocean, and as the sun appears runs into the same grand chords with which Haydn paints the burst of light in "The Creation," and closes with the final theme of the overture in a grand *jubilate*. It was a fitting theme and fitting music for the great Parepa to illustrate with her almost boundless resources. She herself is a theme of magnitude, and she never rises to her full height and to the perfect exercise of her great powers until she is singing of oceans, rocks, and mountains, or in the sublimities of such works as "The Creation" and "The Messiah." For once, therefore, we have had an opportunity of hearing her at her best, and her singing was almost like an inspiration. It was a picture of human nature defying the elements themselves. The great singer was never grander, never sublimer, never more in earnest, than when she recited this impressive and majestic apostrophe to ocean, with all the richness and purity of her voice, with all the defiant strength of her generous lungs, and with all the resources of her finished *technique*. Some more of Benedict's recitative follows. Castle gets killed by the pirates, and coolly picks out a nice soft spot to die in, and then ensues the original *Huon* song of the first act, which was transferred to this act for *Oberon*. It would be better policy to cut it out altogether, beautiful as it is, than to have it as badly sung again as Mr. De Solla sang it. He has no idea of the song, and, if he had an idea, his voice is not capable of expressing it. A delicious little mermaid's song is sung by Parepa behind the scenes, with horn *obligato*, and sung deliciously. A duo follows, very graceful in character, for *Oberon* and *Puck*, with violin *obligato*, which was not gracefully sung, and the act closes with a very graceful spirit chorus.

We can only indicate the character of the music of the last act from the score, as we had not the opportunity of hearing it. It commences with an aria for Lawrence, which has been written for him by Mr. Howard Glover, from one of Weber's piano sonatas, probably for the purpose of giving the unfortunate *Sheraamin* one number to sing in his ungrateful score. A beautiful song for Mrs. Seguin, "Oh! Araby, dear Araby," follows and this is succeeded by a duo with *Sheraamin*, leading to a trio in chorale form, then to the singing girls' scene, which closely resembles the nun scene in "Robert le Diable," and finally to the closing chorus accompanying a splendid concerted effect.

The opera was mounted very beautifully, and some of the scenery, especially the vision of *Rezia*, the view of Bagdad and the port of Ascalon, was admirable in spectacular effect. The costuming, also, was very rich, and, as a whole, the opera may be set down as a great success.

Music Abroad.

ROME. Miss Anne Brewster's letter, of April 19, to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, contains the following:

Liszt left Rome for Germany last Saturday. He has finished the music for the approaching Beethoven festival, and he has also completed the Oratorio of Christ this winter during his visit to Cardinal Hohenlohe's Villa d'Este at Tivoli. The celebrated musician selected his own apartment at the villa, a long while ago, and the Cardinal had it furnished especially to suit his remarkably simple tastes. The rooms are on the upper story, far away from all noise. A long corridor shuts them off from the rest of the building. This corridor terminates in an uncovered gallery, which commands a superb view of Rome, the Campagna and the sea. The main door leading to Liszt's rooms has on it in yellow letters the monogram of his name, F. L. His study is a small room with one window, containing a cabinet piano of Boisselet & Co., a writing table, a sofa, and in the deep alcove which leads to his salon there is a book-case. The parlor is also small and plainly furnished, and from it a door leads into his bedroom.

The Abbé has come into Rome several times during the season, and at such times he has held receptions; but I am sorry to say that he has been so overrun with American visitors, that he has conceived a great prejudice against us. Individual Americans he has been very courteous to, and admires them; but Americans *en masse* are his horror. Our country people are too apt to think their hero worship is excuse enough for intruding upon their hero. If they could only know the sarcastic things the irritated musician had said of them this season, they would be likely to lose some of their admiration. Many of Liszt's American friends, those who have received and enjoyed his courtesies, have refused his invitations this winter, and denied themselves the pleasure of his society, just on account of the indiscreet crowding in of curious visitors to the receptions.

All Rome is on the *qui vive* for Holy Week, and strangers are flocking in from all sides. These beautiful ceremonies can repeat and repeat themselves, and be always picturesque and attractive, for the greatest artists the world has ever known took old church traditions and developed them into the full flower of picturesque beauty, making of them "a joy forever," to Christian and Pagan. I am sorry to say that the spring is cold and rainy, consequently very unhealthy. If the present disagreeable weather continues, the Holy Week ceremonies will be most difficult to accomplish. The greatest treat of all, however, will be the hearing of the Misereres in the vast Vatican Basilica instead of in the Sistine Chapel as heretofore.

BERLIN. The first representation of Wagner's "*Meistersinger*" took place here on the 1st of April, in presence of the King and Queen of Prussia. The house was crowded, and in spite of the rule which forbids applause in presence of the Sovereign, unless authorized by the sovereign's example, the theatre throughout the performance resounded with plaudits, plentifully relieved by hisses. During the first act the audience was comparatively calm. Walter's solo, sung with great expression by Niemann, was encored in spite of very violent opposition from a large portion of the audience. But with the second act a tempest burst forth such as, in the musical sphere, the works of Wagner alone seem capable of creating. During the third act the tempest became a hurricane, which attained its climax when the *finale* was begun. The instrumentation of the closing scene is sufficiently noisy; but such was the roar kept up by the adversaries and partisans of the composer that the orchestra was rendered inaudible, or rather its sound was rendered indistinguishable. The conflict was still maintained after the opera had come to an end, recalls of the principal singers, of the conductor, and of the stage manager being each made the pretext for a fresh engagement.—*London Orchestra.*

KONIGSBERG.—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison" is rather a homely, not to say vulgar proverb, but it is very true for all that, and its truth has been strikingly exemplified, within the last week or two, by the worthy burghers of this celebrated old town. While the Viennese and Berliners receive *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* in anything but a flattering manner, the good people here consider it such a masterpiece that three performances in one week were necessary to satisfy their "Wagnerian cravings."

LEYDEN. A grand Musical Festival will be held here on the 2nd and 3rd June, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; J. S. Bach's second *Suite*; Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day;" and the "Adventlied," by Schumann, will be among the works performed.

PARIS. The recent festival in commemoration of Berlioz is thus described by the Paris correspondent of *The Graphic*:

"As regards musical fêtes, we have had a commemorative festival of the late Berlioz, which has *not* been a complete success. Little but the compositions of Berlioz himself was executed, and this erudite music is not universally liked among us. Faure and Mme. Miolan-Carvalho sung without sufficient confidence, and without producing the slightest effect, the duet from 'L'enfance du Christ.' The famous septet from the 'Troyens,' formerly so applauded at the Theatre Lyrique, also fell flat, and the *finale* of 'Romeo and Juliet,' although very fine, did not awake the audience from the torpor into which they seemed to have fallen. The only pieces of Berlioz which succeeded were the March from 'Pélérinage d'Harold en Italie,' the overture to the 'Carnaval Romain,' the grand scene from the 'Damnation de Faust,' and among others the solo of Mephistopheles, which Faure executed in a most masterly manner. Mme. Guevmard gained much applause in the air from Gluck's Alceste, 'Divinités du Styx,' and the *finale* to the second act of the 'Vestale' (Spontini) with much approbation, although Mlle. Nilsson (doubtless fatigued, as on the eve she had obtained a great success in 'Robert le Diable') did not give to her part the necessary set off. In fine, could the shade of Berlioz have been present at this fete in his honor, it would have been astonished and somewhat indignant at a homage which left so much to be desired."

The production of Handel's *Alexander's Feast* was the chief musical event last week in the French capital. To us in England and America, where Handel's name is a household word, and where his music is listened to with a feeling near akin to devotion, it seems strange that the first performance of one of his works should be an "event" in a city where music is so cheap and so popular as in Paris, but when the natural tastes of the French nation and the thoroughly English character of Handel's works are remembered, their comparative unpopularity is easily accounted for. What success the French librettist has had in his translation of the poem we know not, but the performance, from a musical point of view, is said to have been most successful, the singing of the chorus drilled by M. Bourgault-Ducoudray being specially praised. At any rate, the honor is due to him of having made strenuous efforts to popularize the music of Handel and Bach among his countrymen; and the fact that he has obtained a satisfactory rendering of the Passion of the one and the great oratorios of the other is highly creditable.—*Choir, April* 9.

MOSCOW. Great activity reigns at present in musical circles here, and hardly a day passes without a good concert being given. The programme of the last concert of the Russian Musical Society comprised: Fragments from the symphony, *Romeo et Juliette*, Berlioz; choruses from *Israel in Egypt*, Handel; the Thirty-Second Psalm, Marcello; Pianoforte-Concerto in G minor, Moscheles; Russian songs, Dargomyschky; and the "Jubel Ouverture," C. M. von Weber. The last concert of the Society this season was announced for the 2nd inst., when among the pieces to be performed were R. Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri*, and Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyrenritt*.

MUNICH. A German version of Racine's *Athalie*, with Mendelssohn's music, has been performed at the Royal Operahouse with wonderful success. It was produced by the express order of the King, who was present at the performance. Herr R. Wagner had better look to this. If his Bavarian Majesty hears much of Mendelssohn's compositions, his taste for the Music of the Future may become vitiated.

BRUSSELS. Immediately after the first performance of *Lohengrin* at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Herr Richard Wagner wrote as follows to his pupil, Herr Richter, who conducted on the occasion:—"My dear Friend.—Once more have you held aloft our banner. At Munich, when *Rheingold* was produced, you did so by courageously refusing to conduct an imperfect performance; at present you have done so, by guiding safely into port my *Lohengrin's* skiff, past reefs and difficulties of all sorts. On German soil not a voice was heard agreeing with your courageous behavior; an incapable chief, and envious colleagues, impatient to obtain your place, lost no time in raising a cry of high treason, and an indolent public let them do as they chose. May the triumph achieved in the French language compensate you for your sad experience of your native land. I thank you with all my

heart; and beg you will, moreover, particularly thank M. Louis Brassin, whose zeal and intelligence so admirably seconded you. Yours most cordially, RICHARD WAGNER. Lucerne, 28th March, 1870."—Hereupon the Berlin *Echo* observes: "Immediately after the first performance of *Lohengrin*, at Brussels, R. Wagner addressed to the conductor Herr Richter, who officiated on the occasion, one of his usual bombastic letters of thanks; and the recipient appears not to have lost an instant in publishing the defiant and inflated document, in honor (!) of himself and of its writer. It is, perhaps, no longer any use saying, compassionately, to the great Richard and his partisans: '*Si tacuisses*,' when every one of their effusions surpasses the previous one—in impudence. We should not, however, be astonished if, on the first opportunity, the people at Munich prove they recollect the gentle and grateful manner in which they especially are mentioned in the letter."

After copying the above, the London *Musical World* adds:

The production of Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* at Brussels has established one fact that was not generally known, namely, that the capital of Belgium numbers fewer Jews, and is freer from Jewish influence than any other capital, except St. Petersburg and Moscow, in Europe. We always thought that Brussels could boast of as fair a share of members of the Israelitish persuasion, or, perhaps more, but we were wrong. The local press is almost unanimous in the favorable character of its criticisms on *Lohengrin*, and that would not be the case if the Jewish element predominated,—unless, indeed, Herr R. Wagner is not quite correct about all he says in his *Judaism in Music*. The idea however, of Herr R. Wagner's ever being mistaken is, of course, preposterous.

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LEIPSIC. The programme of the last Gewandhaus Concert this season contained the following works: "Requiem æternam," from Cherubini's *Requiem* (in memory of Ignatius Moscheles); overture to *Medea*, Cherubini; air from *Euryanthe*, C. M. von Weber (sung by Herr Max Stägemann, from the Theatre Royal Hanover); "Mirjam's Siegesgesang," for soprano solo and chorus, Franz Schubert (scored by Franz Lachner; the solo sung, for the first time, by Mme. Peschka-Leutner); and Symphony, "An die Freude," in D minor, op. 9 (L. van Beethoven), the solos sung by Mme Peschka-Leutner, Mlle. Minna Borée, Herren Rebling and Stägemann.—A rich merchant, Pierre Louis Sellier, has bequeathed 1,000 thalers to the Musicians' Pension Fund, and 500 to the Conservatory of Music.

The members of Riedel's Verein lately gave a fine performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Op. 123. The solos were taken by Mme. Otto (soprano) from the Royal Opera house, Dresden; Mme. Krebs Michalesi (contralto), Dresden; Herr Rebling (tenor), of the Leipsic Stadttheater; and Herr Von Milde (bass), from Weimar. Herr David played the violin solo in the "Benedictus," and Herr Papier presided at the organ.

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SALZBURG. At the last Museum Concert, Robert Schumann's complete music to Lord Byron's *Manfred* was performed for the first time in this town.

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BRUNN.—Weinlich's "Lady Orchestra" ("*Damen-Orchester*") has been giving concerts with great success. The envious and malignant, that is to say: instrumental performers of the male sex who never drew themselves, hint that the nine young ladies constituting the "Orchestra" owe no small part of their triumph to their good looks. Well, what if they do? Why should not beauty be allied with an instrumental performance, just as much as fine scenery, on Herr Wagner's plan, with operatic singing?

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CHARLES AUGUSTE DE BERIOT died Wednesday in Brussels. He was in his time one of the most admired violinists in the musical world. Born at Louvain in 1802, he was educated chiefly at Paris, and appeared at concerts in successful rivalry with the great Paganini. At that time the Belgium provinces were part of the Netherlands, and from the king De Beriot received a pension of two thousand francs, of which he was deprived by the revolution of 1830, which made Belgium an independent kingdom.

Six years after this he married Mme. Malibran, who was then at the height of her fame, and whose sudden death at Manchester occurred only a few months after her marriage. De Beriot subsequently became one of the leading instructors in the Paris Conservatory. As a composer, he is known by several concertos for the violin and operatic adaptations, and these are yet favorites with the leading violin virtuosos of the day.—*Ev. Post, April* 20.

—The newly discovered compositions ascribed to Papa Haydn, of which mention has been made, are declared by M. André to be the work of his (André's) father, and not of the author of the *Creation*.

—Herr Lienau, of Berlin, has just published a comprehensive biography of C. M. von Weber, with a catalogue of and critical remarks upon his works. The author is Herr F. W. Jahns.

—Herr Joachim Raff has finished a new opera, "Dame Kobold," which is to be produced at Weimar.

—By special decree, Herr Eckert, chapel-master at the Court of Berlin, has been confirmed in his position for life.

—At the Theatre Lyrique two novelties will shortly be placed on the boards, Halevy's *Charles VI.*, and Flotow's *L'Ombre*.

—A grand composition, entitled "Beethoven," by Abbé Listz, is announced for performance at the approaching Beethoven fetes in Weimar.

Here and There.

CAMBRIDGE. Miss Anna Mehlig had a Complimentary Concert at Lyceum Hall, in the old University town, on Friday evening, April 22, which gave great delight to a large and cultivated audience. Of course it is not necessary to tell how admirably the lady played, nor how finely Mr. Kreissmann sang to the nice accompaniment of Mr. Leonhard. This was the programme:

Sonata Appassionata (Op. 57). ..... Beethoven.
Cycle of Songs, "Dichterliebe" ..... Schumann.
a Impromptu in C sharp minor ..... Chopin.
b Nocturne in F minor ..... "
c. "Soirees de Vienne" ..... Schubert—Liszt.

Organ Prelude and Fugue, in G minor, arranged for the Pianoforte by Liszt ..... Bach.
Songs, a "Am Meer," } ..... Schubert.
b. "Aufenthalt" }
"Traumesworren" ..... Schumann.
"La Campanella" ..... Liszt.

A circle of music-lovers, college professors' families, &c., have been enjoying a series of Parlor Concerts by the Listemann Quartet Club. The programme of the third, April 12, was as follows:

Quartet in E major, Op. 41, No. 2) ..... Schumann
Chaconne, for Violin ..... Bach.
With Piano accompaniment by Schumann
Mrs. B. Listemann.

Adagio in G major ..... Joachim Raff
From the Quartet in D minor, Op. 77.
Quartet in A major, op. 18, No. 5 ..... Beethoven.

SALEM, MASS. The vigorous young Oratorio Society, conducted by Carl Zerrahn, which won such laurels by its performance of the "Messiah," will give "Elijah" on the 18th inst. The chorus numbers 250 fresh, sure voices; the orchestra will include some 30 of the best Boston musicians; and the principal solos will be sung by Mr. Whitney (as Elijah), Dr. Langmaid, Miss Houston and Mrs. Weston (sopranos), and, it is hoped, Miss Antoinette Sterling, contralto.

NEW HAVEN, CONN. The "Elm City" has had a series of classical Chamber Concerts during the past season, wholly by resident artists, including a String Quartet composed as follows. Messrs. Edward Balck and Albert Mallon, *violins*; Bruno Pope, *viola*, and Morris Steinert, *'cello*. Also for pianist, Miss Wilhelmina Ives; for singers, Miss Nellie Eastman, soprano, and Mr. J. Sumner Smith, tenor. Here are the first two programmes, which indeed speak well for musical taste in New Haven.

Feb. 17. Quartet in G, Mozart; Song: "I will extol Thee," from Costa's *Eli*; Sonata in B flat, op. 10, for piano and violin, Mozart (Messrs. Steinert and Balck); Concerto in G minor, Mendelssohn (Miss Ives, with quartet accomp.); Song: "Hopes and Fears," Mendelssohn (Miss Eastmann); Piano Solo: Schumann's "Kreisleriana," No. 2, op. 10; Haydn's "Kaiser" Quartet (Adagio and Variations; Presto.)

March 3. Quartet in F, op. 18, No. 1, Beethoven; Air: "In native worth" from Haydn's *Creation* (Mr. Smith); Hymn from Stradella, 'cello solo (Mr. Steinert); Weber's Concertstuck, piano, with quartet; Old English air: "Now Robin;" Fugue for piano, Handel; Adagio, from Quartet, op. 64, No. 3, Haydn.

One who was present writes us:

"The String Quartet although yet young, played well in the first concert. Miss Ives is a good piano-player, having a great degree of execution and good conception of classical concert playing. She is the daughter of Mr. W. Ives, an old music teacher of this city, and also his pupil. Mr Balck, first violin, has lately arrived in our city; he is a pupil of Joachim, and perhaps one of the best solo violinists in this country. Miss Eastman has a pure, good soprano voice, and sings classical songs with good taste and intonation. The other members of the Quartet are old resident musicians and are old quartet players.

"I shall send you the next programme of the concert to take place Friday evening, March 18, when the great Schubert Quartet in D minor, and Spohr's Quintet for Piano with Strings, in E flat, will be formed."

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PERTH AMBOY, N. J. We accidentally misplaced a couple of programmes of classical matinées (Feb. 12, and March 21) given by some of the foremost New York artists at the Raritan Bay Seminary for young ladies (Miss M. A. W. Manning principal.) They are good enough to be put on record even now.

In the first, Beethoven's Sonata in A, op. 69, for piano and 'cello, was played by Mr. S. B. Mills and Mr Bergner. Then followed: Cavatina from *Maria di Rohan*, by Mme. Selma Eckhardt; three Fantasiestucke by Schumann (Mr. Mills); Adagio from a Sonata for Violoncello (Mr. Bergner)—Song: "By rippling brook," Ganz; Piano Solos; *Etude*, Chopin, and "Fairy Fingers," Mills; "Reverie," composed and played by Bergner; Duet for two pianos on *Oberon*, *Freischutz* and *Preciosa*, by Lysberg (Mr. Mills and Mr. F. M. Schneeweiss).

Second Concert. Schumann's Trio in F, op. 80 (Messrs. Mills, Theo. Thomas and Bergner); Tarentella (second), Mills; Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, piano and violin; Adagio from Goltermann's Concerto for Violoncello; Romanza from Chopin's E minor Concerto, and Valse: "Soirée de Vienne," after Strauss, by Tausig; Mendelssohn's C-minor Trio.

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NEW YORK. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given at Steinway Hall last Monday evening, by the Harmonic Society. We have had, within five months, from this Society alone, "Judas Maccabeus," the "Messiah," and "Elijah." We doubt whether the season is not too far advanced for the society to produce Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," as promised in their autumn circular. If we consider the great difficulties incurred in producing Oratorio here, and the great personal sacrifices of time and money which a small number of the members have to make, in order to keep the society alive, we must certainly concede that the Harmonic Society have done well, even if they do not perform Schumann's work. Nevertheless, the loss of that wonderful composition—so seldom heard here—is to be regretted. But to expect that a few men will tax their purses and brains in order to entertain unappreciative and ungrateful audiences with one of the highest of musical art forms, is out of the question. Judging from experience, we conclude that Oratorio is not congenial to the taste of New York audiences. Although nothing is more contrary to the true principle of Oratorio than the star singing system, the Society that undertakes Oratorio performances on its own resources will always lose, except, perhaps, with the "Messiah." These views were again justified when we saw the comparatively small paying audience that gathered in Steinway Hall last Monday. It must have been disheartening to the performers. The performance of "Elijah" was creditable, though some of the choruses lacked the requisite precision, spirit, and *ensemble*. In spite of the best efforts of the excellent musician and conductor, Mr. Ritter, the defect of insufficiently drilled chorus singers could not always be covered. We understand that in consequence of a succession of stormy Mondays—the day of the regular rehearsals—a majority of the members absented themselves.

Hence the bad effect of many of the chorus parts. One cannot help admiring the devotion, the iron perseverance, the enthusiasm with which Mr. Ritter pursues his task; but it might be wished, for his sake, that a more genial and appreciative material was placed at his disposal The members of the Harmonic Society have themselves alone to blame, if their rendering of some of the choruses of "Elijah" was not up to the mark. Mrs. Hess, with her fine, fresh voice, and good method, is a decided acquisition to our local singers. Mrs. Barry, from Boston, who made her first appearance here, possesses a pleasing contralto voice, used with intelligence and expression. Mr. Simpson's singing, in this Oratorio, is well known. Mr. Becket's performance is not a proper subject for criticism, as he was unwell. Mr. Connolly presided at the organ.—*Weekly Review.*

PHILADELPHIA. The *Post*, April 8, speaking of Mr. Jarvis's Soirées, has the following remarks about Raff:

Raff is not to be classed with either Wagner or Liszt. He is not uninfluenced by them, but he rejects their eccentricities, clings to the old forms of treatment, but infuses into them the spirit of to-day. He is very dramatic, deals extensively in *crescendo*, abounds in climaxes, and is full of melody. He was for many years under Liszt's direct influence, as he was with him during the whole of the Weimar days as his secretary, and then first became known as a composer, but he seems to have kept his own character, and is himself. He now lives in Wiesbaden, and, free from all official duties, is occupied with his compositions, and is ranked as probably the most promising of the young German musicians. It would however be better for his reputation, if he wrote less, for his music is very unequal, and while some of it is of great value, and fully justifies all hopes of him, other compositions are in no manner remarkable. His first opera, "Dame Kobold," is to be brought out in Weimar this month. His orchestral and piano music is rapidly forcing its way in this country; the symphony *No. 2, C major*, has been given this winter in New York and Brooklyn, while his name frequently appears upon the concert programmes in solo, duet and trio compositions in those cities. In Philadelphia he is not so well known; but last winter Messrs. Wolfsohn and Colonne played a duet by him for the piano and violin that attracted great attention. Mr. Jarvis has this year given a *trio*, but the programme to-day will give us the most complete and satisfactory idea of his power we have yet had. It includes a piano solo, a duet for piano and violoncello, and trio for piano, violin and violoncello. The solo is a *Valse Etude*, and is a fine example of his concert music; it is very brilliant, effective, and being carefully written, with great regard to proper shading, demands, to do it justice, the artistic treatment we may expect from the performer. The duet is remarkably beautiful; the melody is striking, and the treatment of the two instruments highly dramatic. The *trio* will certainly please, and it is difficult to prophecy which of the four movements will be the most popular. All of the music is new, never having been given in the city before. The remainder of the programme is made up of a *Romanza* by Flotow, sung by Signor Barili, and a *Polonaise* by Wieniawsky for Mr. Kopta.

Here is Mr. Jarvis's 6th programme (April 18):

Sonata, F minor, appassionata, Op. 57.....Beethoven.
Charles H Jarvis.
Fantaisie, Violin, Themes from Othello.....Ernst.
Wenzel Kopta.
Piano Solo, Faust Valse.....Liszt.
Charles H. Jarvis.
Violoncello Solo, Adagio from Concerto.....Molique.
Rudolph Hennig.
Trio, G major, No. 2. Piano, Violin and 'Cello.....Raff.
Messrs. Jarvis, Kopta and Hennig.

The hall was uncomfortably crowded with an intelligent and appreciative audience. This was the forty-second soirée given by Mr. Jarvis in Philadelphia, and closed one of his most successful seasons. The performances of this gentleman are always of such a high order of excellence that criticism is likely to degenerate into enthusiastic praise.

There is such an immense and agreeable difference between the *Sonate appassionata* and the fustian Liszt affair, whose difficulties are appalling and its beauties few, that it is a sufficient indication of Mr. Jarvis's consummate skill to note his very satisfactory reproduction of each. It was only his modesty that prevented an *encore* of the last. The *trio* of Raff is a work of genuine merit, and abounding in beauties of the highest order; nothing can be more beautiful than the elaboration of the ideas in the *Largo*, which is full of a romantic beauty, but is, withal, a trifle too long. The whole composition, in fact, apparently lacks the virtue of condensation, a frequent fault of this composer. It was very carefully played.—*Bulletin.*

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY, New York, announces its Annual Concert for the 21st of this month. The Grand Orchestra will be under the direction of Messrs. Carl Bergmann and Theodore Thomas. The Committee say in their appeal for aid:

The American Musical Fund Society was founded on the 16th of February, 1849 Its object is "the assistance of Members who are incapacitated by accident or sickness from pursuing their professional calling, for the relief or support of the Aged and the Widows and Orphans of deceased Members, and for the defraying of funeral expenses of Members, their wives and husbands respectively." Donations are frequently made to those who have no constitutional claims on the funds of this Society. The Membership consists of nearly 300. It dispenses at the present time weekly allowances to nineteen widows with fifteen children, and orphans. Four Members receive annual pensions of $250 each. There is an average of eight members who, being sick, receive each $5 per week. The following amounts have been paid for Relief, etc., during the period of the Society's existence—twenty-one years—viz.:

Weekly Relief for the Sick	$16,152 59
Weekly allowances to Widows, Orphans, &c	15 367 05
Funeral Expenses	3,005 75
Pensions	3,232 20
Special Donations	884 00
	$38,641 59

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 7, 1870.

Music in Boston.

THE EASTER ORATORIOS. A great disappointment was it truly to very many earnest music-lovers that the Handel & Haydn Society, after encouraging the hope, and after several weeks of very interesting rehearsal, did not feel it in them, as the time drew near, to give us that long looked for first performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music*, nor even of selections from it. We fear that boon is now postponed indefinitely, for next year comes the Triennial Festival, and Festivals are more attractive and absorbing to the mass of chorus singers than a long stretch of solid, earnest, quiet work upon a purely artistic task in which the labor is its own reward. Doubtless the Society decided wisely; the difficulties were too many for them, under the circumstances, and with so short a time for preparation. The *Passion* music ought to have a good year's study. Instead of that it was only taken up after Christmas, and with the plan of coupling with it a more familiar and popular Oratorio, which latter soon began to claim its half of each of the few Sunday evening rehearsals,—and who supposed the *Passion* music could be learned in one hour a week for ten or twelve weeks, with not a few stormy nights to keep more than half of the singers at home! Then there was the difficulty of finding the fit solo singers, with the rare art of recitative so all-important in this music. And then again the elements for the double orchestra, which it requires, were not to be got together on the evening assigned for it, that before Easter, since so many of the musicians were held to service in the theatres; and to have done it on Sunday would have been to sing the Crucifixion on the feast of the Resurrection. Still we cannot but regret that the Society lost, as it must seem to many, an opportunity of gaining for itself new character and strength, in not making it a point to give, now, on *some* evening before at least a number of the unspeakably beautiful Chorales, three or four choruses ("Ye lightnings," the concluding chorus, full of heavenly peace, and one or two of the choruses with solo; besides some selections from the narrative Recitative for Tenor and Bass, which is so wonderfully expressive, and at least one Alto and one Bass Aria, which certainly was not impracticable).—We comfort ourselves with the conviction, that in those few rehearsals the seeds of a sincere, deep interest in the music were sown in the hearts of many of the singers and must some day bear fruit.

As it was—for so the fates would have it—somehow the life and hope of the past winter's Oratorio season seems to have nigh faded out with the last hope of the Passion Music. Three Oratorios only—the most familiar, oft-repeated three in the whole repertoire—make up the year's account. At Christmas the "Messiah," which of course always draws and always interests, (though the fact that it requires to be studied anew now every year, as much as it did thirty years ago, and so still consumes the first half of the winter's rehearsals, leaving the *weary* half for other study, does make it seem to stand considerably in the way of progress); and now, on the evening before Easter, the "Creation," the nearest to what may be called hacknied of all the Oratorios, followed on Easter evening by "Elijah." The latter work at least was pretty certain to be given well; and yet we are sorry to learn that the Society lost money by these two occasions more largely than they gained by the *Messiah.*

At the Saturday's performance ("The Creation") we were present only for a few minutes, enough to perceive that the orchestra was to some extent composed of make-shift materials, owing to the untoward circumstance already alluded to, and that the chorus was by no means strung up to its best. Miss J. E. HOUSTON and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY of course delivered the soprano and bass solos very effectively; but the gentleman who undertook the tenor, though his voice has sweetness, and he sang intelligently, lacked power for so large a place. Indeed the general impression was that the performance was by no means up to the standard of the old Society. We cannot help thinking that the few Choruses and Chorales already rehearsed from the *Passion*, eked out with a Psalm or two of Mendelssohn, would have gone better, if only for the very reason of inspiring novelty. One cannot be always eloquent with an old story—while it *is* old; wait a year or two and the happy time may come for its *revival*,—a very different thing from listless repetition.

"Elijah," on the other, is still inspiring to all singers and all hearers. Coming on a Sunday night, it had the benefit of the accustomed orchestra in all parts; it had also been rehearsed with zeal; the choral ranks were fuller, the audience larger and more eager; and the result was one of the most satisfactory presentations on the whole, that we have yet had of this great work of Mendelssohn. Chorus, orchestra, great Organ (over which Mr. J. C. D. PARKER presided), all moved with unity and good precision, and all the strong points told, while there was good light and shade. We recall no sense of unsteadiness anywhere except once or twice in the final, fugued, Amen chorus. We might add, too, that we have heard the grand rush of the violins in the "Rain Chorus" sound more startling and sublime than it did this time.

The central figure of the Prophet stood forth very nobly always both in the recitative and the Cantabile of Mr. WHITNEY, who took this all-important part for the first time. Certainly we have not heard so competent an Elijah here, if we except Herr Formes when he sang it the first time, in his better days. Much was expected of the new Contralto, MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING, from New York, but not more than was realized. This young lady, who some two or three years since sang once in a miscellaneous concert in our Music Hall, creating a sensation by the richness and the volume of her voice, has since enjoyed the best opportunities of instruction abroad, especially with Mme. Viardot Garcia, of whom she was a favorite pupil; and she had already achieved marked favor in concerts in Cologne and London. She delivered her sentences of recitative, as well as the two Arias that fall to the Contralto, and its share in the concerted pieces, with fine intelligence and with great power and fervor. All was simple, earnest and expressive, and the tones in themselves singularly rich and telling; each tone has its interesting shade of color. The higher tones, exceeding the strict Contralto register, vibrate with a clear and penetrating power, if not precisely sweet, yet not un-

musical; while in a declamatory sense, they are used with marked significance. Miss Sterling's manner was easy, self-possessed and quiet, though she is capable of strong expression and shows high dramatic quality; and her whole appearance and performance seemed to indicate a generous, enthusiastic nature. Such an impression did she make with "O rest in the Lord," that the Air had to be repeated.

Miss Houston's clear and powerful Soprano more than held its own, telling with overpowering force sometimes, indeed so much so as to put it out of fair relation with the other voices in the Trio and Quartets. But some of her solos were admirably sung, and her whole performance was marked by the same conscientious care and fervor that have always distinguished her. Artistically, in economy of power, in certainty, and above all in even continuity of power, she has gained much. Mrs. J. W. Weston sang the smaller soprano parts, that of the Youth, &c., very acceptably; and Mr. Wm. J. Winch certainly showed no slight improvement both in voice and style in the tenor solos.

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Miss Anna Mehlig's Concert, in the Music Hall, last Monday evening, may be considered the finale of our musical season. And a beautiful one it was, although, coming so late, it had not so large an audience as it deserved. For the charm of this lady's playing is always fresh; it never disappoints. This was the programme:

Trio in E flat, major, Op. 100.....Schubert.
For Piano, Violin and Violoncello.
Songs—a. Fur Musik, b. Die Harrende, c. Willkommen, mein Wald, ...Franz
Prelude and Fugue, in G minor.....S. Bach.
Arranged by Liszt.
Songs—a. Morgengruss.....Mendelssohn.
b. Die Post.....Schubert.
Andante con Variazioni and Finale, from Sonata, Op. 47.....Beethoven
Grande Polonaise in E flat.....Liszt

This, to be sure, was a Chamber Concert in a vast hall, where the music would not have its best effect. All the more remarkable, therefore, that it did sound so well. Even the glorious Schubert Trio (played by Miss Mehlig with Messrs Eichberg and A. Suck) from first to last was ravishing to the thousand or more listeners; and the Andante and Finale from the "Kreutzer" Sonata were played to such perfection, with such fine feeling and expression, as to sound as good as new. But here, as everywhere, the Bach Prelude and Fugue, as rendered by Miss Mehlig,—especially the Fugue—produced the great impression. Few had supposed that the Piano could do so much, or that a Fugue could be brought home to them as such "a thing of beauty" and of "joy forever." The Polonaise by Liszt, full of extravagances, yet curiously interesting, exhibited the young lady's power of execution in a most extraordinary light; it seemed a very miracle.

It is needless to say that the Songs found a true interpreter in Mr. Kreissmann and met with warm response.

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The Pupils of the Girls' High and Normal School had a delightful hour with Miss Mehlig, in Bumstead Hall, in the middle of a pleasant day about three weeks ago. We meant to have described it while the impression was fresh, but had no room. The arrangements had been admirably made by the School Committee, who with a few invited friends formed the only outside audience. The young ladies, under the guidance of their music teacher Julius Eichberg, greeted their honored guest with a three part hymn by Mendelssohn and one or two other pieces, well sung with their fresh, pure voices; and she in turn played for them the Schubert Trio in E flat, with Messrs Eichberg and Heindl, besides several solos of Chopin, Schubert, Liszt, &c. Plainly she never was so well pleased with her audience, and was inspired to do her very best. They covered her with flowers, in baskets and bouquets, not forgetting at the same time their teacher, Mr. Eichberg.

Meyerbeer.

With this name for a text, the Philadelphia *City Item's* "Our own Critic" thus belabors us for a comparison which we have never made.

Mr Dwight, the editor of that interesting musical weekly, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, remarks in its last issue that Meyerbeer's *Fackeltanz* (No. 1, in B flat,) is inferior to one of Strauss' waltzes! This shows how far prejudice can carry a man. The *Fackeltanz* referred to is the first of four which Meyerbeer wrote for Berlin, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm. As they belong to "out door" music—that is music written for processions, (of which the "Torch Dances" constitute an old German custom,) they are scored with an eye for strong effect, and Meyerbeer has introduced into several of them solos for the trombone or bass tuba, which is certainly one of the most remarkable effects we have ever heard, and developes the resources of those comparatively limited instruments in a manner never before so successfully attempted by any composer, and is as characteristic in its way as the use Meyerbeer made of the weak middle notes of the Trombone in the Procession of Nuns in "Robert le Diable," which Berlioz mentions in his "Treatise on Instrumentation." The idea, then, of Mr. Dwight's comparing the *Fackeltanz* to Strauss' Waltzes, principally because of its tuba solo, is actually amusing. Mr Dwight ought to (and does) know better—but we suspect that Mr Dwight, who is an anti Wagner ite, is also an anti-Meyerbeer ite, and with a great many Germans, is foolish enough to draw odious comparisons between Meyerbeer and Mozart or Beethoven, all of which is very naughty and unnecessary. Mozart and Beethoven belong to the past—the time of limited instrumentation and unrevealed dramatic effect, with which they struggled and with which they accomplished such wonders as "Don Giovanni" and "Fidelio." But Meyerbeer is King of the modern school. He has been accused of want of feeling, of moderate ideas, (!) of sacrificing everything for effect; Mendelssohn did not like him, and thought he could treat Luther's hymn better than the manner in which it had been elaborated in "The Huguenots"—yet he failed, and his "Reformation Symphony" contains nothing remarkable. "Robert le Diable" never could have lived so long and retained its great popularity if it had not been a glorious work—neither could "The Huguenots," or "Le Prophète," although the latter is inferior to them, or "L' Etoile du Nord," or "L' Africaine," or "Dinorah."

Although Meyerbeer should never have written comic operas, yet "Dinorah" is the work of a master. Nor must we omit the music to his brother's tragedy, "Struensee," which contains the finest overture which Meyerbeer ever wrote; next to it come the overtures to "Dinorah" and "L'Etoile du Nord." And now, *pour finir*, we should like Mr Dwight to examine the remaining three of Meyerbeer's *Fackeltänze* before he compares them to Strauss' Waltzes, or *pour s' amuser* to glance at the "Overture in the form of a March," which was composed for the London Exposition in 1867, in which "Rule Britannia" is worked up in the form of a fugue. Ah, Mr Dwight, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Study Meyerbeer before you condemn him so flippantly; or, if you have done so—there is not only no excuse for your remarks, but you ought to be—forgiven for not knowing any better. R. F.

We have not pronounced the *Fackeltanz* inferior to a Strauss waltz. We have not been so foolish as to think of comparing things so wholly unrelated. We were speaking of the Thomas Concerts and of the large space given in his programmes to things overstrained and noisy, and instancing Liszt's "Tasso," the "Carnival" of Berlioz, and finally the *Fackeltänze* of Meyerbeer. We thought it a wholesome sign that such things seemed to please only a small portion of a Boston audience; and we noticed further, as a matter of fact, that the Strauss waltzes,—light and unpretending things, but genial and spontaneous—were more welcome even to persons of serious taste. If the "Torch-Dances" were intended for "out-door" music, the Strauss waltzes were not, and, compared with the former, the latter are less disturbing to the harmonious impression of a concert partly classical.

Music in Dresden.

[The following extracts from private letters contain much that is fresh and interesting, in spite of some opinions which we of course do not endorse.]

I have just come from a Trio Soirée at the Hôtel de Saxe. Rollfuss, pianoforte; Seelman, violin; and Bürchl, 'cello. Programme was: 1. Trio in E♭ major for pianoforte, clarionet and viola, Mozart. 2. Sonata in A (op. 42) for pianoforte and 'cello, Carl Reinecke. 3. Sarabande, Bourrée and Corrente from 1st Sonata for violin alone, J. S. Bach. 4. Trio in B♭ major, (op. 97) Beethoven. Just the kind of playing that I enjoy. The Reinecke Sonata is full of fire; begins with a perfect storm of *impetuosità* in the 'cello. I should have enjoyed the last movement more if it had not been quite so like "All that hath life and breath" in the *Hymn of Praise*. The Bach pieces were grand; played as well as can be expected from any but a remarkable virtuoso. The "Corrente" was perfectly irresistible in its fiery impetuosity. The audience was enthusiastic over it. The Trio of Trios, op. 97, was played with great expression throughout, and I enjoyed it as I enjoy hardly anything else in all music. The last *presto* was perhaps a little wanting in élan, but the fault may have been in me; I am hard to please in last movements. These Germans play throughout with much greater intensity of expression than we are accustomed to in Boston. They, as —— used to say, "howl more" than we do. I for one like it, though it takes one aback a little at first. The violinist was perfectly ferocious in the last part of the Bach piece, and it was impossible not to be carried along with him.

If Listemann in Boston is so anxious to play pieces of the Pyrotechnic School, he had better take some of these Bach solos; they are as difficult and in a certain sense as showy as the Ole Bull monstrosities, and have the inestimable advantage of having some music in them, which little article Ole Bull seems to have forgotten to flavor his compositions with (excuse the the term as applied to Ole Bull's productions). The more I hear of Bach, the more I feel how great genius knows neither time nor space; his writings are for the most part in now obsolete forms, but you feel at once that he is the equal of any of the composers that have come after him. He was, like Wagner, an artist writing, not for the public of his or any generation, but following out his own artistic ideal as *he* thought it should be followed out. When great genius is as true to itself as that, its production will never grow old or antiquated. The old fellow must have had a monstrous technique, for his music is difficult enough for any body.

Last evening I heard "Lucia" for 7 1-2 ngr. and enjoyed it ever so much; it is the first bit of Italian music I have heard for a long time. With all his great beauties Donizetti does not seem to me to have the sustained power that Verdi has; he drops his good things too quickly. There is no reason why a thing like the Sextet: "*Chi mi frena*" should not last 20 minutes at the very least. He seems to know what to do with his melodies still less than Weber; he begins in the most grand style, but after the first two or three phrases he appears to find himself in a muddle and has to begin his *coda* before he has really settled down into his air. Now Verdi often gets into what might be called a "working out vein," as for instance in the opening chorus and the great quintet in his *Nabucco*, and in the final trio in *Ernani*. It is true his working out often is nothing more than prolonging to undue proportions what is properly the coda to his piece, as in the "O sommo Carlo" in *Ernani*; yet he does manage to make his piece last long enough to produce some effect. Perhaps the grand recitative and duet: "Donna, chi sei?" in *Nabucco* is one of the very best pieces of writing in all Verdi. Donizetti has done much better in *Lucrezia Borgia* than in *Lucia* in this respect, but he has been very happy in his themes in *Lucia*. "Chi mi frena," the mad scene, and the final tenor air redeem the opera from a deal of sleepy stuff that comes between. I think in general the beauty in Donizetti's airs is of rather a cold, unsympathetic kind; he very rarely has the depth of feeling and tenderness of Bel-

lini or the grandeur or passion of Verdi. I hinted as much one day to Mme. Garcia in Paris; she said she thought so too: "Mais il écrit admirablement pour la voix," and then added, "Enfin, je vois que vois aimez beaucoup Verdi, n'est ce pas?"—which soft impeachment I pleaded guilty to. The performance last evening was very fair. The Germans act a little too naturally for the libretto and the music, and they don't quite give the right sort of climax in many places. The mad scene, though, was most beautifully sung and quite well acted. The last air was a little "too many" for the tenor, but he tried hard, to say the least. The Sextet fell very flat indeed. The recitatives were in general the best part of the performance.

10½ *P.M.*

I have just come from "*Lohengrin.*" The performance was quite good considering the disadvantage we labor under here. Old Tichatscheck does not look one's ideal of the Knight of the Holy Graal, but he is not so bad for over sixty. The Elsa was also not quite as good in point of outward appearance as could have been desired, but she did not sing badly. The Ortrud was simply splendid; her acting, singing whole performance was A—1. I don't know who she was, as I did not indulge in the luxury of a playbill. The scene between her and Friedrich at the beginning of the 2nd act was one of the finest pieces of acting I have ever seen on any stage; the scene is to me one of the best in the opera, full equal to Tannhäuser's "*Erzählung* (narration) in the third act of *Tannhäuser.* This recitative is better than a great many airs that some operas base their reputation on. It is long, but I was sorry when it was over, even though Elsa's beautiful evening song immediately followed. Ortrud's acting in the following scene with Elsa was *great.* Her gradually edging up to Elsa, and getting nearer and nearer as a snake does, without apparently taking any steps, and at last seizing her by the wrist with the devil himself looking out of her eyes, was most splendidly done. The famous procession to the Cathedral was taken too fast, as were some of the pianissimo choruses in the first act. The orchestra was also too small to give it its full effect. The chorus really accompanies the orchestra instead of the orchestra accompanying the chorus, and 15 or 20 violins more or less make a great difference in the effect. The intermezzo of dance music between the 2nd and 3d acts is wonderful. I only knew it before from the piano score and was agreeably surprised by it. Old Tichatscheck did himself quite "proud" in the bridal chamber scene, and in many places sang really beautifully. Ah! *Vedi Napoli e poi morì.* Hear that duet and then die! Tichatscheck's voice is not up to the famous *Erzählung* in the last scene; his singing of the beautiful "*Kehrt er dann heim,*" when he gives Elsa the horn, sword and ring, was also not quite up to the mark. The chorus was very good throughout; the thing that was the least well given was the quintet and chorus in the first act: "*Mein Herr und Gott.*" It is very difficult, but also very fine, and ought to have been better sung. Tichatscheck's acting is only to be equalled by Brignoli's! But then *Lohengrin* only pretty well given is better than no *Lohengrin* at all. I would not have missed the first and second scenes in the 2nd act and the bridal chamber scene for a good deal.

I must say that I begin to feel that the days of the conventional Opera are numbered.[!] It is the fashion to say, when anybody praises Wagner, "Look at *Don Giovanni,*" and to condemn him as a quack or a madman because he can't (or is supposed not to be able to) write as fine music as *Don Giovanni* contains. Grant, for the sake of argument, that he can't; I for one am not by any means prepared to say that he can, but I *do* think that there is something in Wagner that will drive *Don Giovanni* off the stage.[!!] Not for some time yet, as there is a great deal that will have to leave the boards before *Don Giovanni* goes, but I truly believe that the time will come when not even the *Don Giovanni* music will float an Opera, that is, an opera in contradistinction to a Musical Drama. Don't for a moment suppose that I think *Don Giovanni* will ever die. I think that it will live in the concert room as a cantata, just as many of Handel's operas have lived as oratorios long after they had been taken off the stage. This is great heresy, I am aware. [Yea, verily, young friend; but you'll outgrow it!—Ed.]

Sunday, 10.30 *A. M.*

Buon giorno! Cloudy still and the Altmarkt white with snow. The plotting scene between Ortrud and Friedrich still keeps whirling about in my head so that I can hardly think. It looked out of all my arpeggios this morning, and I dreamt of it last night, and the more I think of it the more splendid I think it. The only thing I ever heard that comes up to it is the recitative: "Già fu alquanto avanza la notte" and the following aria: "Or sai chi l'onore" in *Don Giovanni*; that scene is to me by far the finest, dramatically, in Mozart's opera. There he really seems to have had a presentiment of the Zukunft; he made the old recitative form do its utmost. The scene in *Lohengrin* can hardly be called a recitative, it is a musical dialogue in which you almost forget that the actors are singing, so naturally do they talk. They never have to wait for the orchestra to get through a passage before they begin a sentence. The orchestra keeps on accompanying their thoughts rather than their musical phrases, but never for one moment obstructs the dramatic action. The orchestra seems to make their state of mind perceptible to the senses; you don't feel like asking whether there is any theme, or melody or working out about it, any more than J. R. Lowell said one feels like asking the Venus of Milo whether she had any "views." You accept it as a whole without analyzing. As a perfect whole it must of course admit of logical analysis, but as an artistic whole it does not force the why and the wherefore down your throat, but only gives you the one impression in all its unity until you set to work yourself to analyze it. It truly is, as Wagner has claimed for it, the drama plus the power of expression that music gives, not Music and the Drama walking side by side, each losing a little of its own individuality that it may agree tolerably well with the other and not quarrel. Two things cannot occupy the same place, though one may be animated by the spirit of the other. Music in its entirety and drama in its perfection cannot be forced into the same space; the form of music must be given up or else the form of the drama, or else both must give up something of their form. This last is done in the conventional "Opera." You have the perfect Music in the arias and concerted pieces, though without any really dramatic action; you have the dramatic part in the recitatives; but in the Musical Drama you have the dramatic action all through, animated by the spirit of music. This is as it should be, for on the stage the dramatic part should always be of the first importance. In the Cantata we have things reversed. There we have "Dramatic Music," that is, Music in its perfection, animated by the *spirit* of the drama. I do not mean to say that the great composers of operas, such as Gluck, Mozart, Weber, &c. have followed out the principle of the "Opera" to its fullest extent. Gluck saw the ridiculousness of that in the Handel operas, and began the reform. Ever since that day the Opera has gradually become more dramatic until we have the perfect musical drama. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are by no means entirely Musical Dramas; there is much that is operatic in both of them, and they are called "Opera" on the title page. In "*Tristan und Isolde*" and the "*Meistersinger*" we have the pure Musical Drama. Here music is the servant of the text throughout; it loses nothing in dignity by the service, and adds much to the dramatic power of the piece, instead of detracting from it.

A.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 760. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 5.

The Foundations of our Present Music.

A Lecture delivered before the Pupils of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music,

BY G. A. SCHMITT.

(Concluded)

Under these influences of the *Déchant*, of the music of the Trouvères and of the Folksong, both the latter of which united time with rhythm, the Church at last adopted the mensural note, the *nota mensurata*, the note which expressed time.

Franco, of Cologne, who lived in the beginning of the 13th century, is the first writer who lays down the rules of the new notation. It might seem as if all the difficulties had now been surmounted. Now time could be measured, the three or more parts knew exactly when to change their tones, and music could now begin in good earnest. But the wisdom of those speculative monks hit upon an expedient to make exceedingly difficult of attainment and intricate, what seemed so simple and so near at hand, an accurate subdivision of time. To us, now-a-days, it seems an absolute necessity to divide a whole into halves and quarters, &c. Not so to them. To them it seemed the more natural way to divide a whole into three parts. And so they did. One whole note with them had three third-notes, and that they called *modus perfectus*,—the perfect mode. Now, as long as their music was written in three-four, or three-two time as we would call it, all went very well; but when the melody was written in a measure divisable by two, how then? One whole note always meant three smaller ones; so it took two whole notes to make three measures of two-two time, or four whole notes to make three measures in four-four time. That division of time they called *modus imperfectus*,—imperfect mode. And imperfect enough it was. Still, what with constant counting, by dint of hard calculation while singing, they managed to get along well enough. "Every where man has advice; nothing finds him without counsel," the Greek poet says, even twenty-two hundred years ago. And so these singers were no without counsel. Only it was very hard work, and many a young lady, who with difficulty now unravels the mysteries of quavers and crotchets, and semi and demi-semi quavers, would give up in despair were such calculations presented to her as the singers had to master six hundred years ago. It was not until 1400 that the white note, square, where it is round with us, but of similar value and meaning, was introduced.

Now the way was smooth, and quickly arose upon the Foundations of the Gregorian Chant and the Folksong, aided by the staff of four lines, measured by the mensural note, stirred into beautiful variety by the Déchant and the Counterpoint, that earnest, sublime and beautiful song of the Netherlanders. Now in Flanders and in Holland, one after another, those glorious masters of music lived and worked, who, beginning with Willem Dufay (born in 1380), to Orlando Lasso (died in 1594), in uninterrupted succession filled two hundred years with undying song. There, under that leaden sky, were born and brought up such masters as Johannes Okeghem, Josquin de Prés. From there they were called as singers, as music teachers, as chapel-masters, to the Papal court and to all the art-loving courts of Italy and Germany and France; until finally the mantle of their greatness was laid upon one greater than all: the divine master Pierluigi da Palestrina.

When we consider that only in the thirteenth century Franco of Cologne established the principal law of all harmony: that a consonance is produced by the simultaneous sounding of two tones which please the ear; that dissonances are two tones sounding together which displease the ear, and that it is sweet to have a dissonance followed by a consonance,—when we consider that this law, which made true harmony possible, lays down the axiom most important in our music: that all dissonances must be prepared and resolved, and when we consider that but little more than a century had elapsed before Willem Dufay and Josquin des Prés and Okeghem created wonderful works, soul-stirring, heart-moving now and forever, then we cannot help admiring the strength and scope of the human mind, which, when once in possession of the means and instruments to work with, at once strives upward to ideal elevation, leaving far below the noise and turmoil of every day life, and building its habitation among the ever shining stars.

In glancing back, it strikes us as remarkable that two out of the three great theorists, to whom the foundations of our present music owe their strength, were born on the Lower Rhine, in the Low Countries. For, though Franco was born in Cologne, the people there and the Netherlanders are of the same branch of the German nation. It is remarkable that for two centuries the musical life of the Occident, of western Europe was fostered almost exclusively by these same Netherlanders. Then with Palestrina the glory of being high-priests to the Beautiful was transferred to the Italians, with whom even our Mozart studied and from whom he learned, until in our present day the Germans have produced those immortal masters, Mozart and Beethoven and all the others.

We must not omit to mention at the close of our lecture once more that greatest master of counterpoint, Johann Sebastian Bach, in whom that first period of music, the contrapuntal period, reached at once its culminating point and its end.

And if I may be permitted to add a wish as the expression of an individual desire and longing, it is this, that the Conservatory, before whose friends and pupils I have the honor to speak, may continue to emulate a love for the best music, so that we may soon hear in these rooms some of Bach's Motets, or Choruses from his Passion-music, or his Christmas Oratorios. It would be carrying the privilege of wishing too far, I am afraid, were I to add the fervent wish that, after Bach had been unearthed, as it were, and made familiar, that we might then enter upon the legacy which Orlando Lasso and Palestrina left us, by their numerous masses and other compositions; that we might then hear for the first time, in this our goodly city, those immortal works which moved men to the very depths of their hearts three hundred years ago.

A New Biography of Liszt—Sketch of His Remarkable Career.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

ROME, Italy, March 11, 1870.—A new biography of Liszt has just appeared, translated from the German. But we in our day can hardly have a true life of this remarkable man. We may have exact dates as to his birth; when he composed this or that piece; but the events of his singular and romantic career can hardly be told while he is alive, and he looks as vigorous as if he might live some thirty years more. The private life of an artist who had royal princesses for the mothers of his children could hardly have a correct account of it written during his lifetime. What a career he has had! His reputation began when he was only fourteen. Precocity of genius is more common among musicians than among literary or scientific men. There are exceptions—Pascal, for example, who, at fourteen, "invented mathematics," as his father expressed it, and arrived at the 32d proposition of the first book of Euclid without ever having seen Euclid, just as Mozart composed a symphony in his boyhood.

Liszt's success was so great in Germany when he was only fourteen, that Adam Liszt, his father, like the elder Mozart, took his wonderful son to Paris. As they had a powerful letter from Prince Metternich, to Cherubini, they counted much upon his protection. Cherubini was then the Director of the French musical Conservatory, which he (Cherubini) had just established in Paris under the patronage of Louis XVIII., and had made it the leading establishment in Europe.

Strangely enough, Cherubini received the father and son very coldly. Adam Liszt had the boy subjected to a rigorous examination before Cherubini, Paër, and all the great artists in Paris. It was not only satisfactory, but the audience expressed surprise and admiration. Notwithstanding, Cherubini refused to admit young Liszt into the Conservatory, on the ground that he was a foreigner! Cherubini himself was an Italian. The biographer thinks the reason of this strange coldness was jealousy. This could hardly have been the cause. There must have been something in the manner of the boy which made him antipathetic to Cherubini. The biographer says: "Precocious talents always give offence to talents on the decline." Precocious talents are apt to make children very disagreeable and presumptuous. There is always a consciousness of superiority about a prodigy, which is offensive and rouses one's antagonism. I fancy this was the reason of Cherubini's indifference. Cherubini ought, however, to have been more forbearing, for he had memories of mortification which troubled his youth. The first Napoleon treated him disdainfully. But in resenting unconsciously his own wrongs on his successors, he only followed out the instinct of the old Adam which is in all of us, and which Sheridan hit off so capitally in *The Rivals*.

"Sir Anthony rates master," cried the servant, "master abuses me—I'll go and kick Boots."

But time makes amends for all wrongs, if we could only wait patiently. Louis XVIII. rewarded Cherubini for all he had suffered; and the very Conservatory whose doors were closed on

Liszt so insultingly in his youth is only too happy to accept any applicant, on any terms, rigorous as are its rules, at a simple request from Liszt; —this I know to be a positive fact. Liszt has less of this vindictiveness of matured reputation than most distinguished men; he does not resent the wrongs of youth on younger artists. Never was there a kinder man than Liszt to unacknowledged and aspiring talent in man or woman. So kind is he, that he is apt to be deceived, and to accept the false for the real in his desire to give encouragement.

Paër and Reicha, who were present at the examination of young Liszt, interested themselves in his affairs, and not only gave him good counsel but efficient service. The gifted boy was soon brought out by the "best society" of Paris. Indeed, like Mrs. Jarley, Liszt has always been the pet of the "nobility and gentry," and royalty has done more than smile on him. He was presented to King Louis XVIII. and to the royal family. The Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe, took him under his especial protection.

We have all heard of some mysterious event which produced a sad effect on Liszt in his youth. He had a dangerous illness; indeed his death was reported throughout Paris. The biographer says it was an unfortunate love affair, which nearly ruined him, as a similar one we now know hastened Keats's death. But Liszt was made of stronger stuff than the young English poet who said so sadly, "The very thing which I want to live most for will be the great occasion of my death." Love, which was such a tragedy to Liszt's youth, became the gay comedy of his manhood, and, like Goethe, he bids fair to play the gay Lothario into his old age. The biographer does not give the name of the cause of Liszt's tender trouble, the "soft impeachment," nor does he give the reasons for the separation. The affair is wound up tantalizingly with these commonplace words:—"Insurmountable obstacles opposed their happiness." Liszt's strange conduct, after his recovery, is well known. He fled from the world, gave up his music entirely, occupied himself in works of charity and pious reading. Like the little girl in *Punch*, he found his doll stuffed with bran and wanted to be a nun.

Paganini it was who drew him out of this morbid retirement into the world. The great violinist exercised a powerful influence, in many ways, over the young man. Then followed a brilliant career, unparallelled in the history of artists; for even Raphael had not such social success—such *bonnes fortunes*, as the French express the sort of admiration that was given to Liszt. It was a peculiar epoch in Europe; music reigned triumphant; a concert or a play was an event, and occupied as much place in minds and thoughts as politics do now.

It is a remarkable fact, too, that many leading statesmen of Europe, in the present day, are fine musicians. Music and statesmanship seem to go hand-in-hand, especially in England and France. Emile Ollivier—whose first wife, by the way, was Liszt's daughter—not only plays well on the violin—so a friend of Liszt tells me—but has composed some fine concertos for that instrument. Richard, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Cabinet, is also a musical virtuoso. Through Richard's influence, Balfe has been named by the Emperor of France Knight of the Legion of Honor. And Mr. Gladstone, the English Premier, is a well-known amateur,

To return to Liszt's young manhood. Paris had at that time a perfect constellation of musical celebrities, such as are rarely assembled at one period. Just run over in your memory a few names. Besides Liszt and Paganini, there were the composers Rossini, Spontini, Donizetti, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Halévy, &c.; the singers Malibran, Grisi and Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Mario, &c. Every night some new masterpiece of composition or execution was heard. Music turned all brains. Young girls abandoned their homes, wives their husbands and families, to follow celebrated pianists or violinists. Beautiful and noble women—women of the highest rank—used to steal Liszt's gloves, cut them up into strips, and with the cherry-stones they took from his plate after a supper or dinner, make necklaces and armlets, which they would wear on their handsome throats and arms with more pride and exultation than they did their family diamonds. A pretty set of unprincipled, ill-regulated fools, to be sure! "That time is over and will never return." For the honor of womanhood it is to be hoped not. Delatry, a clever musical writer, in a late article of his, when speaking of this very period, says: "Liszt is one of the rare survivors of this marvelous epoch. He is in the prime of life: in the full possession of his talents. There is still the same fire, the same verve, and the same spirit. Liszt is still young in heart and genius.

"I have applauded Liszt at Paris, Dresden, Berlin, Basle and St. Petersburg during the most brilliant phase of his artistic career. In 1862 I met him again at Rome. He lived in the Via Sistini, in the apartment that was formerly occupied by Leopold Robert, the graceful creator of the *Moissoneurs* (Harvesters). He had in his salon a wretched spinnet, which his magical fingers transformed into an Erard piano. He selected me sometimes for the happy confidant of his thoughts and inspirations. His servant had orders not to let any one enter, and there, in the little but very comfortable parlor, I have passed long mornings or long evenings, which I found always too short, listening to '*Naples and Venice*,' the "*Sistine Chapel*,' '*St. Francis walking on the Waves*,' the '*Source*,' '*Ave Maria*,' '*St. Elizabeth*,' and other works of the master, even as he created them.

"Once seated at his instrument, he could not be drawn away from it. When he had exhausted his own *repertoire* he seized on Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin, three of his favorite authors. Beethoven and Schumann are to him the Dante and Goethe of music; Chopin, the Schiller. With each master he changed style and coloring. He was terrible, and sometimes even savage in Beethoven, for he interpreted freely the last compositions of this master, which are so profound and intricate. When playing Chopin's music he was soft and plaintive—especially in the *Nocturnes*, whose tender notes recall the fable of the song of the Swan. When the great artist, fatigued in soul and brain more than in back and hands, rose up from the piano, great drops of sweat stood on his deeply furrowed brow."

Liszt is nearly through his winter's work—the music for the great Beethoven festival. In a few weeks he will leave the Villa d'Este, near Tivoli—his friend Cardinal Hohenlohe's place, and return to Rome for a short time previous to his leaving for Germany. Sgambati intends then to give a grand classical concert, at which his celebrated master will be present. Hans von Bulow and Carlo Ducci give a fine concert at Florence the 14th of this month. I met Carlo Ducci in Naples in 1857, when he was quite a young man; he was very handsome, and played remarkably well. He has now quite a reputation in Italy.

ANNE BREWSTER.

Easter Services in Rome.

THE MISERERE.—PALESTRINA'S MUSIC.—THE DISPLAY ON EASTER.—SGAMBATI'S CONCERT.

The same lady writes under date of April 21:

Easter passed off finely. The Miserere, as sung in St. Peter's, surpassed by expectations. I heard them last year in the Sistine Chapel. The surroundings of that famous old chapel, of course, add a great deal to the effect of every service performed in it; but there is something sublime in the impression produced by the grand ecclesiastical music of Palestrina and the composers of his school when heard under the vast dome and huge naves of St. Peter's.

On Holy Thursday Allegri's *Miserere* was sung; this is considered the best. Bai's and Baini's were sung on Wednesday; Mustafa's on Friday. The *Lamentations*, by Palestrina, were sung each day. On Holy Thursday I was lucky enough to reach St. Peter's in time to secure a seat on the top bench of the Grand Penitenciar's chair, which was not only favorable for hearing, but, as it overlooked the crowd, and was only a few steps from the Baldachino, it commanded a view of the interesting ceremony of purification of the High Altar, which took place after the Miserere was finished. Usually the Grand Penitenciar sits in his chair on Holy Thursday, but this year, as the *Tenebre* were sung near the High Altar of St. Peter's instead of in the Sistine, Cardinal Panebianco, who is the Grand Penitenciar, sat in one of the side chapels of the south nave. The chair stands against one of the sides of that large colossal pier of the dome, in the niche of which is placed the St. Veronica statue. Every step and available ledge of this huge chair was filled. It looked like a great honey-pot swarming with flies.

When the Miserere of Allegri was written, it was considered so fine, so perfect, that it was decided no others should be composed; it should be the Miserere par excellence. But after a while the prohibition was set aside, and now every Roman chapel-master composes a Miserere. Those which are sung during Holy Week, at St. John of Lateran are often compositions by the chapel-master of that church and other modern writers; they attract large crowds, and some visitors stoutly maintain the heresy that they are finer than those sung by the Papal Choir, which are the orthodox old ones.

Music, after all, is a thing of habit and taste for the majority, more than of education. Ecclesiastical music of the Palestrina period and style requires not only culture for its appreciation, but a peculiar kind of culture. The listener must be familiar with the music and know something of the age in which it was written. It is very unlike any music to which modern ears are accustomed; it has neither melody nor rhythm, and little expression, so far as the meaning of the words go; and yet the general expression is fuller and richer than in any modern music. It is remarkable for noble, dignified simplicity; the chords move along grandly; the fugued parts cross and recross in a most marvelously complicated way, and yet there is no confusion. It addresses itself more to our thoughts than senses, and is strictly devotional.

This style of composition, however, is a music of the past; it can never be revived in our day, except as a curious remnant or relic of a religious age which seems almost gone. Like the language of the church to which it belongs, it is almost a dead tongue. The musical school which has produced it requires studies of stronger, more earnest discipline than pupils are willing now to give, because they are not especially pleasing—studies of phraseology, intonation and vocal mechanism. Certain parts of this music also were composed for voices of an exceptional and rare nature, and if sung by voices of another character the effect of the music is not the same. This kind of voice is growing more and more uncommon; thus every year is lessening the life of this music. In fifty years, probably in less time, the very tradition of it may be lost.

Music *alla Palestrina* sounds as old to the ears as the Pope Paseal I. mosaics or the paintings of Simone Memmi and artists anterior to Perugino look to the eyes, and yet it is not so very ancient. Jean Pierluigi, known as Palestrina, was born in 1523 and died in 1594. His best and most celebrated works were written between 1555 and 1571. Allegri, whose Miserere is so famous, was born in 1560, and died in 1652. He was of the same family as Correggio. The great painter, however, had been dead twenty-six years when his musical kinsman was born, for Correggio's period, it will be remembered, was from 1494 to 1534.

Avila, whose choruses of the Passion are celebrated, and which are sung at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, lived at the end of the sixteenth century. In 1580 he wrote his Office of the Holy Week. He was a Spaniard; his true name was Vittoria. His music is sometimes attributed to him under his family name—sometimes under that of his birthplace, Avila. His motets, which are beautiful, are sung at St. Peter's all through the year, and a *Credo* by him is very fine.

Thus from these dates it will be seen that the classical period of religious music was long after the corresponding one of painting. The most brilliant epoch of painting can be considered as embraced between the birth of Leonardo da Vinci, in 1452, and the death of Titian, in 1576. Ecclesiastical music had its birth just as the great epoch of painting was closing. Bai and Baini, whose church music is also much admired by the Palestrina devotees, lived nearer our own times. Bai was chapel-master of St. Peter's in 1713. Baini was born in 1775, died in 1844, and was chapel-master twenty-five years. He was the master of Mustafa.

Baini was a remarkable man; he was devotedly attached to old ecclesiastical music; searched out numberless treasures among the piles of ancient music collected in the archives of the Sistine, St. Peter's, St. John of Lateran, &c. Baini, also wrote a long, laborious life of Palestrina, which is a mine of information to the reader who may be curious for that

sort of musical knowledge. This book is now out of print, and very difficult to obtain. Sgambati, the celebrated Roman pianist, friend and pupil of Liszt, owns a copy; to his courtesy I am indebted for this book, which has been of great service to me.

Easter Sunday ceremonies, benediction and cupola illumination were, as usual, very fine. Monday night there were superb fireworks on the Pincian hill. Through the kindness of Lanciani's sister, Countess Vespignani, I had a seat in her private loggia. Her husband designed the main piece, a representation of the New Jerusalem, as described by St. John in the Apocalypse. Then there were magnificent pyrotechnic displays of the most brilliant kind. Last evening the city was illuminated. Many of the designs were similar to those of last year. One of the most effective, and at the same time the most simple, was the Pantheon. A huge cross blazed in front of the bronze door, and the whole space inside of the pillars of the façade was illuminated with Bengal lights. The foot of the Ripetta was like a fairy scene. On the opposite side of the Tiber there was a temple of fire with a Virgin enshrined in it; and the little streamers, hung with large parti-colored lamps, went up and down the stream; every little while Bengal lights threw the most magical light over river, shore, little fleet, buildings and trees. The Ripetta or Scrofa (for the street which leads down on the right from the Porto del Popolo has both names) was brilliantly illuminated its full length, with every imaginable design and religious emblem; and from time to time, at various points, Bengal lights and fireworks flashed out.

The Fountain of Trevi was one of the handsomest points. Bengal lights made this superb façade of sculpture and water look like some enchanted spot. Every Piazza had its attraction. The main streets of Rome are famous for their fine architectural terminations; at each end there is an obelisk, a column, a gateway, or remarkable building. Last evening these were each and all outlined and studded with lamps. The obelisk and columns towered up and seemed to tremble and vibrate in the night sky, as the wind agitated the flames of the lamps. The Spanish steps leading up from the Piazza di Spagna were more than beautiful; the steps were blazing with light from base to summit; each broad stone stair hung with lamps, and on top, in front of the Trinità del Monte Church, the obelisk of red granite which used to stand in the Circus of Sallust was one solid shaft of flame. The Pope went through the city and enjoyed the fine show as much as we did. The Piazza of St. Peter, the obelisk and colonades were gemmed with lights. Bengal lights gave a superb effect to the architecture and fine fountains.

Yesterday was a very rich day to some of us. In the afternoon Sgambati gave one of his delightful classical matinées. He played the *Sonate Apassionata* for one of his solos. He and Pinelli played Schumann's *Grande Sonate*, opus 44, piano and violin. His other solos were Liszt's Etude, 23, and *Scherzo Fantastico*. Pinelli played Joachim's *Romance du Concerto Hongroise*, with string and piano accompaniment, and the matinée closed with a Mendelssohn Concerto for violin, with accompaniment.

Sgambati's execution is so fine to my ears that I am glad to hear the enthusiasm of others over his playing. I feel assured then that I am exaggerated in my admiration. He is passionate, concentrated, scholarly, and full of originality. This distinguished young artist is constantly receiving offers of fine positions in various parts of Europe, but he loves Rome so dearly he cannot uproot himself. However, I am afraid he will not remain much longer in the Eternal City. When Sgambati leaves Rome, one of its greatest attractions to the music-lover will be gone. Next Monday there will be another matinée, and in a few days he will give a grand Beethoven Symphony.

De Beriot.

Charles Auguste de Beriot, born at Louvain, the 20th February, 1802; died at Brussels, the 8th April 1870, was descended from an old and highly esteemed family.* Having been left an orphan when he was nine years old, he found, in M. Tiby,† a professor of music, at Brussels, a guardian and a second father, as well as a master, who exerted himself zealously to develop the boy's aptitude for music. He had attained a certain degree of skill upon the violin, his progress having been so rapid that he was able to perform publicly Viotti's Concerto in A minor (letter H), before he was nine years old, exciting thereby the admiration of his countrymen. Nature had endowed him with a most delicate ear for correctness of intonation, and this was combined in his playing with naturally elegant taste. Being, moreover, of a meditative turn, and finding in those around him no model whom he could imitate, he sought in himself the principle of the Beautiful, of which he could have no notions save those due to the spontaneous action of his own individuality. This is, perhaps, the proper place for investigating the causes which gave rise to the report bruited about, that De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. This fact, accredited by the author of *L'Enseignement universel*, and by the declarations of De Beriot himself, needs some little explanation. The general attention of the inhabitants of Belgium had been, for some years, directed to the results, which appeared to have been obtained by Jacotot's method; the progress made by those who studied it was said to be something marvellous in every branch of learning. De Beriot determined to see what advantage he could derive for his purposes from the practice of it. He had some interviews with the inventor, but scarcely learned more than two things, namely: that perseverance triumphs over all obstacles, and that, generally speaking, men are not sincere in their determination to do all they can. The young artist felt the full force of these propositions, which his intelligence perceived how to turn to account. Such is the way in which De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. He could not have been so in any other fashion, for it is not sure that Jacotot could have decided whether the violinist played in tune or not. However this may be, a fortunate moral and physical organization, an education well begun, and the most carefully regulated exertion, were not long before they rendered De Beriot a highly talented artist, who merely wanted to be brought into contact with talented men in other lines, in order to obtain finish; introduce a proper co ordination in his efforts; and enable him to acquire a character of originality.

De Beriot was nineteen when he quitted his native city and went to Paris, where he arrived about the commencement of the year 1821. The first thing he did was to play before Viotti, then director of the Opera. After listening to him attentively, the celebrated artist said: "You have a fine style; exert yourself to improve it; hear all men of talent; profit by everything, and imitate nothing." This advice seemed to suggest his having no master; but De Beriot thought he ought to take lessons of De Baillot, and, for this purpose, entered the Conservatory. But he was not long before perceiving that his talent possessed a peculiar character of its own, which could with difficulty be modified, except at the price of its originality. He remained, therefore, only a few months in the classes of the Conservatory. He returned to his own private direction, and soon afterwards played, with brilliant success, at a few concerts. His first *Airs variés*, compositions full of grace and novelty, were published, and increased his incipient reputation. His way of performing them added an inexpressible charm. All those he published constituted for a long period the usual repertory of a great many violinists.

After shining in Paris, De Beriot proceeded to England, where he found a no less brilliant reception, especially during his subsequent visits. In London and some other cities of Great Britain he gave concerts, at which his fine talent was enthusiastically applauded. Besides being repeatedly engaged at the Philharmonic Concerts, he was engaged moreover for some of the musical festivals given annually in the principal English towns. On his return, already possessing a brilliant reputation, to his own country, he was presented to King William I., who, though caring little for music, felt the necessity of ensuring the independence of a young artist who promised to prove an honor to his native land. He bestowed on him, therefore, a pension of 2,000 florins, and the title of first solo violinist in his own private band. The Revolution of 1830 deprived De Beriot of these advantages.‡

From the moment that the artist's talent began to show itself, it went on developing itself; on attaining maturity, it was distinguished by a combination of the most precious qualities, namely: a most beautiful tone; invariable correctness, a quality in which Lafont was his only rival; unusual elegance of taste; a personal style; and, finally, a certain charm, in which he was never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled by any one. Critics, who never forfeit their rights, formerly reproached De Beriot with combining a slight degree of coldness with his purity; their criticisms were useful to him, for warmth and vigorous bowing became no less remarkable in his play than correctness and taste. Complaints were also made that, restricting the flight of his talent to composing and executing *Airs variés*, he confined himself within too narrow limits; he cleared himself, also, from this reproach, by composing concertos which he played at various concerts, and in which he exhibited conception and execution on a grander scale than previously. Having been appointed professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Brussels in 1845, he composed his later concertos for his pupils, throwing into each of them charming ideas and touches, as remarkable for their elegance as for their brilliancy. It has been said that this music, so favorable to the talent of those who execute it, is much less difficult than it appears. I do not know whether this observation is to be considered a criticism, or whether it is not rather an eulogium. Having become the friend of the celebrated Mme. Malibran, De Beriot travelled with her in Italy, England, and Belgium. In 1835, he became her husband.§ The numerous opportunities he enjoyed of hearing this inspired lady appear to have exerted the most happy influence on his talent. At Naples, where he played at a concert in the Teatro San Carlo, he achieved a most enormous success, a thing very rare with the Italians, who being passionately devoted to singing, bestowed, at that period, as a nation, very little attention on instrumental music.

Having permanently taken up his abode at Brussels after the death of Mme. Malibran-de- Beriot, he did not appear publicly for several years.* In 1840, however, he made a tour in Germany, stopping some time at Vienna, where he gave concerts. Unfavorable changes in his health, changes recurring at various periods, at length caused him to take the resolution of playing no more in public, though his talent was still in its full power. He no longer played except to his pupils, and some few privileged friends, who still admired the fulness and the charm of his style. Unfortunately, some more serious shocks to his constitution, at an age which is not one for resisting infirmity, obliged him, in 1852, to resign his post as professor. Paralysis of the optic nerve had suddenly deprived him of sight and the hopes he at first entertained of being cured had not been realized.

De Beriot's principal works are: Nine Concertos; "Airs Variés;" Studies; Sonatas and Duets; Trios; a Cantata, executed at the Brussels Conservatory of Music, in April, 1853; &c.

De Beriot's last work, the most important of the productions he wrote at a ripe age, is his *Méthode de violon en trois parties*, Paris, 1858, one vol, large 4to. The first part contains the elements and treats of the positions; the second contains the theory of bowing, and its various applications; we find in it also instructions relating to harmonies. The third part treats of style. Each of the parts contains an ample collection of studies to enable the student to carry out the precepts.

De Beriot was a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, and of the Musical Academy of Rome; Officer of the Order of Leopold; Knight of the Iron Cross; of the Oak Crown, of Holland; of Merit, of Saxe-Coburg, &c.

The solemn funeral service was celebrated on Tuesday, the 12th inst, in the parish church of St. Gudule, in the presence of a large crowd of persons, connected mostly with art and literature. The son of the deceased was chief mourner. Among those present on the sad occasion was M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the most illustrious of all the virtuosos reared in the school of the great master; MM. Fetis, director of the Conservatory; Quetelet; Ch. Rogier; the Prince de Chimay; Van Soust; the Chevalier L. de Burbure; the Chevalier van Elewyck; Soubre, director of the Liége Conservatory; and P. Bénoit, director of the Antwerp Conservatory; MM. Dupont, Dumon, Blaes, Ad. Samuel, Bosselet, Artôt, Duhem, Guelus, B. Fauconier, Maillv, and other distinguished artists, both of Brussels and other places.

* By a royal decree of the 16th April, 1853, his claim to belong to the aristocracy was formally acknowledged. His arms were: "D'or à trois têtes de renard de guenles—Cimier: une tête de renard de l'ecu."—Ed. *Guide Musical*.

† Jean François Tiby, born at Feluy (Hainault), the 25th April, 1772, died at Louvain, the 11th December, 1844.—*Ibid.*

‡ Which did not prevent his setting to music "La Marche des Belges," a patriotic song, words by Bocquet, dedicated to the brave defenders of liberty." De Beriot discreetly kept in the shade this act of his life, an act to which he was indebted for the Iron Cross, that he never wore.—Ed. *Guide Musical*.

§ There was only one child by this marriage; M. Charles Wilfred de Beriot, a talented pianist, at present established in Paris. By his second marriage, with a sister of Thalberg, De Beriot had one son, an officer in the Belgian army, who died some years since.—Ed. *Guide Musical*.

* Or, more accurately, eighteen months. De Beriot made his reappearance in public on the 15th December, 1837, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society of Brussels, on which occasion two medals were struck off, one being for the illustrious violinist, and the other for his sister in-law, Mlle. Pauline Garcia (Mme. Viardot), who then made her *debut* in a career which she afterwards pursued with such brilliant results. The two subsequently joined in a tour through the Belgian provinces and Germany, and, on the 15th December, 1838, the anniversary of the concert at Brussels, they played at the Theatre de la Renaissance, Paris.

The Candle Symphony.

It is no rare occurrence to see some of the gravest and the most severe musicians—musicians who, as a

rule, are distinguished for their grand inspirations—abandon themselves, in fits of caprice, to the most diverting instances of musical buffoonery. In the midst of an old book comprising different works by Carissimi, in the midst of psalms, and of motets written in the severest style imaginable, the reader is greatly astonished, and even greatly delighted, at coming across such pieces as the "Capuchin's Beard" (*Venerabilis barba capucinorum*); "An Ass's Will," with an imitation of the testator's melodious voice; the "Lesson in the rudiments, or the Declension of the pronoun, Hic, Hæc, Hoc;" "The Burlesque Requiem," in which a grave voice slowly pronounces the funereal words, while the soprano sings the following anything but poetic lines.—

"Quand mon mari vient de dehors
Ma rente est d'être battue."

We all know the admirable bit of musical buffoonery written by Mozart to ridicule his set of amateurs at Prague. Berton, the author of *Montano et Stéphanie*, published a small collection of canons, in which the most profound science is applied to the treatment of the most comical ideas. *Les Héraclites et les Démocrites*, a canon, with double chorus, in which one set lament and complain to a sorrowful and devout melody, while the second set sing "*la bouteille et son jus divin*," is a work of only a few pages, but the hand of a master is as apparent as it would be in a work of greater compass. Who, however, can fancy Haydn, the most learned, the most serious, and the most methodical of composers, with his frilled shirt front, his lace ruffles, and his venerable *perruque*, seated at his table writing works that give him the right to the title of the prince of burlesque composers? Never, however, was a title more deserved.

Haydn's musical pleasantries are numerous; some are exceedingly strange. The "Ox Minuet" is celebrated. We know that Haydn endeavored to imitate in it the lumbering gait and movements of the patient animal just named. For some time a rivalry existed between Haydn and Steibelt. The latter's symphonies carried off the palm, even in the opinion of the English, from those of the great composer. Haydn was annoyed at the preference thus shown to his rival. One day he had an explanation with his friends on the subject. "Steibelt!" he said, with an accent of profound contempt, "I will crush him!"

How shall we make the reader understand in what manner Haydn was resolved to crush Steibelt? We read, in a chronicle of the Middle Ages, that a man who was possessed, and whom the devil would not allow a moment's respite, went to consult a famous exorciser. The latter ordered the poor wretch to seat himself in a butt of water, with only his head above the surface. He then went through the usual forms. The devil was conquered, but fearing to meet the irritated face of the exorciser, he knocked out the bottom of the butt and fled obstreperously. It was with an explosion of this kind that Haydn determined to crush Steibelt. So, when, in the midst of an admirable piece, in which the master had exhausted all the resources of his genius, the formidable low C of the bassoon was unexpectedly heard, every one was seized with an incontrollable fit of laughter; the imitation was perfect, and Steibelt was dethroned.

The *Candle Symphony* boasts a rather curious origin. The musicians of some petty German prince or other were very unpunctual at rehearsals; they came late, and frequently blew out their candles and went away before the rehearsal was over. The following is the plan of it:—The first piece is written in a very beautiful style; the *andante* with the mutes is delicious; the minuet is lively and rapid; next comes the *finale*, consisting of two movements, the first in duple time, and the second, *andante amoroso*, in triple time. The last part then commences. From its very beginning something eccentric, unusual, out-of-the-way, greets, now and then, the ear, a horn disports out of its own proper domain: a clarionet allows sounds to escape from it which appear but little consonant with its mild and melancholy character. Is it possible that Haydn's genius is deserting him, the audience must have thought. Suddenly a horn indulges in a most execrable solo, and then, humiliated by the phrase allotted to it, blows out its candle and slowly steals off. The confusion continues. The clarionet, also, puts out its light, and escapes in its turn. The horn in A, lost up in the very high notes, quietly drops down to the middle A, and imitates its fellows. The double-bass endeavours to hold its own against the storm, and runs furiously up and down the four strings. But, very slowly, utterly worn out and exhausted, the terrible instrument ceases its rumblings and disappears. The violoncello does the same; the flute follows: the tenors and the violins hurry off, and out go their candles. The harmony, so powerful a short time previously, is now nothing more than a vague and confused murmur; it is the distant noise of the sea; the murmuring breeze; a humming-bird flying past; the flight of a gnat; and then nothing at all. The first violin, left by itself, extinguishes the single modest light in the orchestra, makes a low bow to the spectators, and retires, like a captain who does not abandon the fight till all his soldiers have deserted.

Such is the *Candle Symphony*.—*London Musical World.*

Musical Correspondence.

Further Extracts from the Diary of a young man of the "Future."

DRESDEN, APRIL 9. (Saturday Evening). I went to the rehearsal at the Hof-Theater, of Beethoven's Mass in D and Symphony in C minor. Sunday evening was the performance. The Mass was as well given as a composition of such difficulty is ever likely to be. The soloists were Mme. Otto-Alvarslehen, Mlle. Nanitz, Herr v. Witt, and a Basso, whose name I forget. He undertook the part at the last moment, as Scaria was suddenly taken hoarse and could not sing. Mme. Otto-Alvarslehen is a true artist and she led the quartets grandly. Her voice has too little of the reedy *timbre* to be very sympathetic, and her utterance is indistinct, but she sings very understandingly, especially in such music, and is as firm as a rock. Nanitz's beautiful voice and expressive singing made me as wild about her as ever. Von Witt and the basso both did very well. The chorus sang well in tune and with precision, but their position on the stage was unfavorable, and it was merely from their greater power of *sostenuto* that they could be distinguished from the solo-singers. All effects of volume and power was lost. I enjoyed the Mass greatly, especially those parts in which the "9th Symphony spirit" is let loose. Impossible as Beethoven's choral compositions are, they thoroughly repay careful study, and are worth a thousand failures or half successes in performance. T. and I usually wade through Liszt's two-piano arrangement of the 9th Symphony two or three times a week, and I am ready to shake hands with Richard Wagner or any other enthusiast about it. Talking of Wagner, I have just read his pamphlet "*Ueber das Dirigiren.*" He has a disagreeable way of shoving himself into the front rank in everything he writes, but the pamphlet is full of fine thoughts. What he says of Mendelssohn seems to me the justest criticism (*sit venia mihi haeretico*) I have ever read; though I can't feel the justice of what he says of Schumann. I sympathize with him heartily in his remarks on the "anti-*effect*" school, and wish the same gospel could be preached from every musical pulpit in Europe and America,—especially Boston.

Thursday morning, at half-past six, Messrs. L., D., T., H. and myself started for Leipzig to hear the public rehearsal of Bach's "Passion" in the Thomaskirche. It was my first hearing of the work, and I was enough delighted, really delighted with the music to have satisfied the most enthusiastic Bachite. There is enough melody in it to have founded a whole host of Donizettis! [And what wonderful dramatic power is displayed in the recitatives and choruses! I know of nothing in all oratorio writing that I should rank as high as the opening chorus, except perhaps "And the people of Israel sighed" in Handel's "Israel in Egypt." Franz's orchestral additions do not seem *to me* to be entirely in the spirit of the original, especially in the choruses. Bach's choral writing is so fine, and the voices are so grandly used that any orchestral effect seems worse than superfluous. Besides, the passages where Bach himself has made play with his orchestra and used the instruments to some dramatic purpose, (as for instance in the recitative where the "veil of the temple was rent in twain") lose half their effect when contrasted with Franz's more vigorous orchestration. But it seems to me that Franz's scoring of the songs cannot be too highly praised. David's playing of the violin obligato in the air "*Erbarme dich*" was the most perfect piece of obligato playing. J. Rietz of Dresden conducted. One feeling was very strong in my mind after the rehearsal, the same that possessed me after my first hearing of "Lohengrin," namely: that no two composers are so much alike in spirit [!?] as Bach and Wagner. A.

April 26. I have just got back from Berlin where I have been spending a week. The grand object of my trip was the last performance of the "Meistersinger." On Wednesday evening we crowded ourselves into the "Stch-parterre" and were fully repaid for four hours' standing. The cast was, as far as I can remember: Hans Sachs, *Betz*; Walther, *Niemann*; Eva, *Mallenger*; Magdalena, *Brandt*. Beckmeiser and David I forget. The work deserves all the good that has ever been said of it and infinitely more. *Lohengrin* is little in comparison with it. As for the "dreariness" that some people find in it, I can only say that there are those who find the 9th Symphony tiresome, and that people have been known to yawn over the slow movement of the 4th. I see as much "dreariness" in one as in the other and no more. If perfect beauty and grace of melody, if the most wonderfully beautiful and rich orchestration, and above all if the most sparkling wit and humor, both dramatic and musical, are "dreariness," then is *The Meistersinger* a most dreary production. The performance was good, very good, considering the difficulty of the work, and yet it was just that degree of excellence that makes one uncomfortable that it is not perfect. Mallinger and Betz left nothing to be desired, but Niemann is far from being the ideal Walther. He sang his first song, "*Am stillen Herd*," splendidly, but in the finale of the first act: "*Fanget an; so rief mir der Wald*," he was too boisterously ecstatic and did not come up to any fine conception of the music. The dream song in the third act, "*Morgenlich glühend*," does not lie at all in his line, and he gave the most mystical, dreamy, *zart* of songs without any mystery, dreaminess or tenderness. Nevertheless he was very fine in all the melodramas, and his acting was capital. His love-making with Eva was the most perfect thing of the kind I have ever seen on the stage. The way Eva and he rush into each other's arms, and he lifts her off the ground to kiss her, and the way she holds his hand in one of hers and strokes it and pats it with the other is simply perfect. The great quintet went very well, only one could not help the feeling that the singers were not quite sure of their parts. The intonation is very difficult, and the movement is so slow that any little want of aplomb is felt rather painfully. But it is a most glorious composition. The chorus in the third act: "*Wachet auf*," deserves all that Schuré has written about it. There is nothing more beautiful in Bach. [!]—Taken as a whole the "Meistersinger" impressed me more as a production of the highest order of genius than anything I have heard for a long time, and I should not hesitate to rank it with *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, Cherubini's *Medea*, or any of the great masterpieces of dramatic music. [!!]

Sunday evening we went to hear the 400th representation of *Don Giovanni*. It is strange how a man who could write the finale of the second act, and Donna Anna's recitative: "*Fu alquando avanza la notte*," should have been contented with such very undramatic numbers as the duet: "*Fuggi, crudele, fuggi*," or the quartet "*Non ti fidar.*" Coming, as it did, so soon after the *Meistersinger*, the dramatic poverty of the opera was painfully apparent, great as the music is.

The performance was pretty good as a whole, though I know of no opera that loses so much by translation in German. The concerted pieces were horribly butchered with the exception of the sextet: "*Sola, sola*," which for some unknown reason was

very well given; none of the singers, for a wonder, shirking their parts in the *tuttis*. Frau Voggenhüber sang "*Or sai chi l'onore*" most splendidly, better than I have ever heard it sung, and far, far better than either Parepa or Tietjens. Betz was by no means up to the part of the Don, though he sang conscientiously and with a certain amount of clumsy jollity. "*La ci darem*" and the serenade were the numbers he sang best in. Lucca's Zerlina was enchanting. Her voice is one of the most beautiful I have ever heard; reedy and sympathetic as a voice can be, at times almost like a muted viola. Her conception of the character was entirely "paysanne," with a good dose of *coquetterie* thrown in. She sang the part in Berlin dialect, using *mir* for *mich* and vice versâ. This *sounds* rather claptrap, but it was really a charming piece of "*couleur local*." When encored in "*Batti, batti*," and "*Vedrai carino*," she repeated them in Italian, and you cannot imagine how much better they sounded. Both in singing and acting Lucca's Zerlina leaves Patti's far behind. The *mise en scène* was gorgeous. The ballroom scene was for once a ballroom, with no end of silks and satins and jewelry, and in the last finale, instead of the Don's sitting down to a solitary ham-sandwich and macaroni, which always seemed to me the most dismal and un-Don-Juan like proceeding, he shared his galantine and champagne, (and a good deal of it) with a very fascinating and gay crowd of demi monde and cavaliers. In honor of the 400th performance the opera was given entire, with the exception of the scenes after the "*Höllenfahrt*," and the duet: "*Per queste tue manine*." A.

Music Abroad.

London.

Oratorio Concerts. — The performance of Bach's "Matthew Passion" music at the sixth of these concerts, on the 6th ult., at Exeter Hall, was an event which cannot be dismissed with the usual formalities of conventional criticism. Assuredly it must help forward the cause of musical progress in this country; but it will be by taking us back, and showing us how at one time sacred art, unfettered by the crushing effect of popular applause, was moulded solely by the requirements of the subject which it illustrated; and how artists became priests in a faith which their God-like nature enabled them to glorify and ennoble. That Bach throughout his life worked with the utmost reverence for his art can be doubted by none acquainted with any of his compositions; but with what reverence he worked for his religion can only be appreciated by those who have well studied his "Passion-Music," according to St. Matthew, which is unquestionably the finest of his settings of this subject, although three out of the five which he wrote are also known. The admirers of the "sensation" school, to which modern music is rapidly drifting, must have found little to gratify them in the performance of this fine old specimen of the product of an age in which effect was never sought for at the expense of art; but those who placidly yielded themselves to the influence of music, apart from the time in which it was written, were so ardently impressed with the sublimity of the work that even the applause, which they liberally bestowed, appeared scarcely suitable to express the feelings induced by listening to a composition so utterly unlike those to which they had been accustomed. That this effect upon a mixed audience could be foreseen is perhaps too much to expect; and it may be from this reason that Mr. Barnby, anxious to make the work successful, omitted several pieces, amongst the most important of which was the Chorale which ends the first part. His experience must, we are sure, have now convinced him that in future performances these may be safely restored. Every part cut out from a work, one of the great merits of which is its perfection of construction, is detrimental to its effect. Mr. Barnby is a teacher of the public, and loses his power when he defers to his pupils; let us trust, therefore, that the same enthusiastic admiration of the composition which led him to present Beethoven's Mass in D precisely as its author wrote it, will prompt him to give us the inexpressible pleasure of hearing the "Passion-Music" next season in the same entirety.

Mr. G. A. Macfarren's able analysis of this work —with which we trust our readers are well acquainted—will absolve us from the necessity of any description of its wonderful details. Let those who believe Bach's music "antiquated" account for the overwhelming effect of the double chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared," (which was re-demanded with an enthusiasm which overcame the conductor's well-known dislike of encores), for the amount of spontaneous applause bestowed upon the chorales, or for the attentive manner in which the final chorus (usually the signal for a general rising) was listened to and appreciated. Many of the songs, too, and short recitatives appeared more deeply felt by the majority of the audience than is usually the case in our modern sacred compositions, even when the room is resounding with the loudest demonstrations of approval. The rendering of the choral portion of this work reflected the utmost credit upon Mr. Barnby and his well-trained body of singers. The chorales were sung with a decision and pathos of expression which we have never heard equalled—the chorus already mentioned, "Have lightnings and thunders," tested the powers of the two choirs with a success which astonished even the most ardent worshippers of Bach; and the more quiet choruses were given with a clearness scarcely to be expected by those who knew the excessive complexity of the writing. The solos were excellently given by Mme. Rudersdorff, Mlle. Drasdil, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The beautiful air "Jesus Saviour," was exquisitely sung by Mme. Rudersdorff; and amongst the pieces for the contralto which produced the most profound impression we may mention the pathetic air "Grief for sin," and the solo with chorus, "See the Saviour's outstretched arm," both of which were rendered with a religious fervor, by Mlle Drasdil, which proved that she is fully capable of taking the highest place as an exponent of sacred music. Mr. Cummings had evidently made an earnest study of the solos given to the Evangelist, all of which he delivered with the utmost artistic feeling, the Recitative "Now Peter sat without," especially eliciting a spontaneous burst of applause. The music assigned to Mr. Lewis Thomas is important, but not calculated to produce much effect. Everything he did, however, was done well; the air "'Twas in the cool of Eventide," receiving the utmost justice. The orchestra was thoroughly efficient; and a word of praise must be assigned to Herr Strauss, who played the violin *obbligato* to the air "Have mercy upon me, O Lord" with much delicacy and refinement. Mr. Barnby conducted with real intelligence, the more to be commended from the fact of his having no model upon which to base his reading of the work. Mr. Thorne presided with much skill at the pianoforte, and Mr. Docker showed a wise reticence in the management of the organ which we should like to find more extensively followed.—*Mus. Times.*

Mr. Mann's Benefit Concert. "Benefits" are sometimes given on very small provocation. They are, not unfrequently routine affairs, in which the slightest possible sympathy exists between the person complimented and those who compliment. The benefit concert given in Mr. Manns's name at the Crystal Palace on Saturday had no connection whatever with this class. Between the Crystal Palace conductor and the Crystal Palace audience there is a more than ordinary tie. Each is indebted to the other for favor received or pleasure conferred; and both have at heart a common interest. Saturday's proceedings were, therefore, exactly what they pretended to be, while the crowd drawn together, we may hope, made the "benefit" something more than a benefit in name. Even those who, like ourselves, frequently differ from Mr. Manns on questions of musical faith and practice will be glad of this result. On the whole, he is undoubtedly doing much for music. If proof were wanting, it would be found in the list of works performed during the past winter. The list in question begins with twenty symphonies, of which seven are by Beethoven; Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann contributing two each. Following the symphonies, come fifty-two overtures and orchestral pieces, the composers most largely drawn upon being Mendelssohn (10), Beethoven (6), Weber (5), Mozart (4), and Schubert (4). As showing impartial selection we may place opposite to the works of these masters others by Berlioz, Raff, Reinecke, Rubenstein and Wagner, which have been presented, let us hope, that the public may, by a knowledge of that which is weak, incline to that which is strong. The concertos and other instrumental solos number twenty-three; Beethoven and Mendelssohn again headed the lot, followed closely by Bach and Weber, Ries and Patti bringing up the rear. The catalogue ends with eight vocal works of importance, to which Beethoven and Mendelssohn, yet again, most largely contribute. Of these one hundred and three works, twenty-one were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace, the number being made up thus:—Four Symphonies, by Mozart, Bennett, Hiller, and Cowen respectively; eight overtures, &c.; seven instrumental solos; Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, and Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*. The names just mentioned show that regard has been paid to native talent, and, fairly considered, the entire list must give satisfaction. Anyhow, there is no denying that in the department of orchestral music it stands alone, and claims the highest honors of successful labor. "The Saturday Concerts"—so runs a note at the end of the catalogue—"will recommence on the first Saturday, in October next." To lovers of classical music it would be hard to make a more grateful announcement.

In drawing up his programme Mr. Manns was careful to aim at the gratification of varied tastes as far as consistent with his general plan. For the popular taste he provided a selection of vocal music ranging from songs by Schumann downwards. Mlle. Reboux sang Rode's air with variations and Arditi's valse, "L'Estasi" (both utterly unsuited to her voice and style); Mme. Florence Lancia gave "Ardon gl' incensi;" Mr. Vernon Rigby was heard in "Come, ye children," from Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and two of Schumann's songs (scored for orchestra by Mr. Manns); Signor Urio contributed Mercadante's "Bella adorata;" and Signor Mongini, "M'appari" (encored) and "La donne è mobile." The orchestral music requires more notice. In the first place it was played by an augmented band of 100 performers, and played to perfection. Rarely has such an orchestra been brought together; still more rarely has it been used to such purpose. Next, the works chosen were in great part admirable, wholly interesting. Mozart's overture to *Der Schauspiel Director* led the way, and was dashed off in a style harmonizing with its agreeable and spirited character. The entire opera—a "Comedy with Music" Mozart himself called it—was written with special regard for particular circumstances and particular voices. Therefore it has become obsolete; the overture alone remaining. Nobody fears for this relic, at least till the "future" comes which is to bring the apotheosis of Herr Wagner. Then, not only the overture to *Der Schauspiel Director*, but also much other music will have a place on the upper shelves of dusty libraries. Beethoven's seventh symphony, so often played under Mr. Manns as to be among the works with which his audience are most familiar, calls for neither description nor criticism. In justice, however, we must dwell for a moment upon a performance of more than usual merit. The orchestra rendered the symphony with the precision of a machine, plus the artistic insight which can discern and the artistic power which can express the composer's idea. No more remarkable effort has been made during the season.

Weber's *Concertstück* in F minor, played by Mme. Schumann, was a contribution to the popular element in the programme. Everybody knows this much used—often ill-used—work, and a recall for the artist was the certain result, especially as Mme. Schumann exhibited all her distinctive qualifications. Bach's violin prelude in E major was given in peculiar and questionable form. Fate has made grim sport of this work. Bach himself adapted it as an organ solo with orchestral accompaniments leading to his anthem, "Wir danken dir, Gott." This was played at the Crystal Palace three years ago, with the solo relegated to the violin. On Saturday the prelude appeared as arranged for a number of violins with new and entirely different accompaniment by Herr Stör. How next, we may ask, will the unfortunate work be treated? By way of comfort, the programme assures us that "nothing can subdue the astonishing vigor and *entrain* of the original." From this comfort may undoubtedly be derived; nevertheless, we can hardly agree with the policy of playing tricks upon great works simply because their greatness cannot be hidden. Herr Stör's version of Bach, though executed with much spirit, produced little effect. Some ballet music (MS.) from Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Camacho*, played for the first time in England, was agreeably interesting, and the concert fitly ended with a masterly performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon*.—*Mus. World.*

Sacred Music in Paris. The usual performance took place during Holy Week in the principal churches of Paris, almost every school of sacred music being represented, from the severe style of the ancient church writers down to the modern works of Rossini and Gounod. At S. Roch on Good Friday "The Passion" of Vittoria and the "Seven Words" of Haydn were performed with great success, under the direction of M. Vervoitte, and on Easter Sunday the Mass was one of Cherubini's. Haydn's work was also performed at S. Genevieve, the singing of the choir being unusually good. At S. Eustache the

the modern taste was gratified by a performance of the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, under the able direction of M. Hurand. At S. Severin on Easter Day the Mass was the second of a set by M. Henri Covin, the choir-master. Of the mass by M. Dubois performed at the Madeleine, the critics speak in the highest terms. Among its special beauties are the final fugue of the Gloria, and the instrumental prelude of the Offertoire, in which the solos for the violoncello and the horn are remarkably effective.

At the Imperial Chapel at the Tuileries many eminent vocalists took part in the services. On Maundy Thursday Mlle. Nilsson, Mme. Gueymard, and the chorus of the Conservatoire sang in the Mass, and on the evening of the same day these artists performed the *Stabat Mater*. M. Cohen, the organist, played a "Virgo Virginum," adapted from the airs in *La Muette*. M. Auber, the director of the Imperial Chapel, conducted the orchestra for the first time for sixty-two years. On Good Friday the services were sung to the music by Pergolesi and Palestrina; on Easter Eve the chief work was a "Regina Cœli" by Cherubini; and on Easter Day several of Marcello's psalms and the "Laudate Dominum" by Adolphe Adam were given.

The Society of Concerts of the Conservatoire, now in the forty eighth year of its existence, gave, according to custom, a concert on Good Friday, which is better described by the French "spirituel" than by any English term. The programme included Beethoven's Symphony in A; Mozart's Symphony in G minor: Mendelssohn's Overture to *Ruy Blas*: a motet by J. S. Bach: the "Sanctus" and the "Pie Jesus" from Gounod's "Requiem;" and the finale of the second part of Haydn's *Creation*. On Easter Sunday the same programme was performed before an equally crowded and enthusiastic audience.

At the Theatre Italien the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini was given on Maundy Thursday, followed by several *morceaux* from the works of other authors, Mlle. Krauss singing the "Ave Maria" first to Gounod's setting, and secondly to Schubert's. A selection from the *Redemption* of M. Alary was also performed. On Easter Eve Rossini's "Messe" was given, Mlle. Krauss taking the soprano music.

In the form of musical lectures M. A. Elwart gave an interesting sketch of the most celebrated composers of sacred music, including Pergolesi, Lesueur, Bellini, Kastner, Schubert, Cherubini, and Rossini, from whose works some excerpts were performed.

The "Seven Words" by M. Dubois, the chapel-master of the Madeleine, filled the programme of M. Pasdeloup's concert at the Cirque Napoleon. This work, which was first heard in 1869 at the church of S. Clothilde, where the composer formerly directed the choir, is most favorably spoken of. The most effective numbers are said to be the soprano air "Father, forgive them," the "third word" set down for the tenor, and a magnificent piece of unisou for all the strings in the orchestra.

At the minor churches also special efforts were made to provide music suited to the season, but to offer even a brief chronicle of the works performed would occupy more space than we can spare. What we have said will however be sufficient to prove that in Paris as in Rome the music of the Holy Week is full of interest, and that no time or trouble is spared to make it worthy of its sacred object.—*Choir* (*London.*)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 21, 1870.

Old and New.

The spirit of our age in all its manifestations, of business, pleasure, Art, religion, is one of great uneasiness; and we, perhaps, are the uneasiest people upon earth. Particularly so in matters of taste; where we have no deep foundations of culture to make us calmly, quietly progressive. The musical taste with us forms no exception. We stretch out our arms to every novelty, and become so *blasé* with the excitement of all latest fashions that, after all, we have to own that there is nothing quite so new and fresh and sure to quicken as the old standard master works of times when Art was more sincere and genius not all eaten up with egotism. Our own city, during the past five years, has furnished a good lesson. For five years we have had "Symphony Concerts," into the programmes of which nothing that was not standard, nothing questionable, or merely experimental, has ever been admitted; and for the first time we have seen a steady increase of success from the outset. When has there ever been such sure and permanent support for anything miscellaneous, sensational, catering to the taste or idle curiosity of any one and every one? Is it not practically demonstrated, that purity and high consistency of programmes is the first essential condition of any permanent success in serial concerts?

Meanwhile the New York Philharmonic Society, the oldest and most respectable of the Orchestral Societies in this country, seems to have been teaching the same lesson lately by holding up examples to be shunned; running after strange Gods: Wagner, Liszt, &c.; introducing the "sensational" element into its programmes, and catering to caprice. The vigorous, new administration worked to a charm for a while; concerts and rehearsals were thronged by all the votaries of Fashion. Another season is just over. But it appears that, after all, the music lovers are already weary of the "Future" coveted so eagerly by some. There has been much complaint and falling off in the attendance. The following comments on the last concert, taken from *Watson's Art Journal*,—though some of the sentences are not in the best taste, and some not quite intelligible—doubtless express a pretty common feeling among the truest music-lovers, and therefore among the *only* class who can be counted on in any city for the permanent nucleus of an audience for serial concerts of the highest order:

The last concert of the present season of the ancient and renowned Philharmonic Society, took place at the Academy of Music last Saturday evening. It was not very largely attended; the audience was fashionable and numerous for another concert, but barely three-fourths of the usual Philharmonic audiences. We shall not presume at this moment to speculate upon the causes of this very perceptible diminution in the numbers present at some of the concerts of the present Philharmonic season. We may touch upon this point possibly, in our review of the past season of the New York Philharmonic Society, and what it has done for art in its integrity. At this moment we can only say, that the past season should have been a success, for Dr. R. Ogden Doremus was always on hand, to lead on the ladies, who vouchsafed their services to the society, and to give away the material substance of the society to generous hearted volunteers; garnishing the gifts with honeyed words of figurative and mellifluous extolment. That Carl Bergmann was always there with unlimited powers to ride his hobby to death, and to thrust down the throats of the confiding, but oversimple subscribers the mad musical monstrosities of Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner. We cannot blame Mr. Bergmann, he is a German and is naturally impelled to sustain the honor of his people. It is, of course, the dominant musical intelligence of the great American nation, it rules the opera in the Bowery. It is the arbiter of taste in our private salons; it elevates and enlivens our funerals, and it animates our parades; it is the saltatory elements which deadens [!] the delicate and infinitesimal feet of our dainty and spiritual American maiden. It nauseates with bad music the unnumbered audiences of our multitudinous theatres. It makes and unmakes managers, and in short, it does pretty much as it pleases, and nobody can say it nay!

For all this we are very much obliged, and we recognize the force of the stand taken, for we, being an easy, but self-sustained people, must submit, carelessly, to the control of somebody, and as the great Irish nation condescends to exert a gentle and imperceptible influence over our politics, so our aesthetic German citizens kindly consent to take and hold us by the ears through an exquisite concord of sweet and sensuous sounds.

Still, with all the advantages we have mentioned, we cannot but look upon the past season of the Philharmonic Society as a comparative failure on the whole. It is true that the great and much-to-be-worshiped amateur element has condescended to stoop down and mingle, in an aristocratic way, with the more professional, but we have not observed any elevating result arising therefrom. The condescension was, of course, overwhelming, but we would humbly and falteringly remark that, while the coalition, which was spontaneous and complete as oil and water, was very damaging to the society, it was infinitely more so to the amateurs.

Of the last concert, we do not care to say much. Schumann's symphony in C is the least interesting of all his works of that class. It is very much spun out, very labored, stiff, and possesses even less spontaneity than his manner usually exhibits. It was fairly played, but its performance was by no means up to the Philharmonic standard. Gade's overture, "Reminiscence of Ossian," should have been called "a Mendelssohn," and a diluted reminiscence at that. Wagner's chorus, from his "Meistersinger," possesses some beautiful points of instrumentation, and some tender and impassioned phrases, how arrived at is a mystery profound; but the good that is in it is quite overshadowed by the fearful vocal and instrumental riot, which grows wilder and more furious the more the officer in command waves his baton in the vain endeavor to harmonize the conflicting elements. As a writer for the voice, Wagner outrages every vocal principle, and refuses to recognize registers or compass; what he requires to be done must be accomplished although the larynx split! His needs are imperative, and poor humanity must suffer in throat and ears.

As if to offset the raving of Wagner, Liszt, in his coldest and most uncompromising mood of musical ascetism and melodic barrenness, is introduced on the same programme! We shivered to the bone when we heard those blatant ravings with which the selection from his oratorio of "Elizabeth" commenced, and listened in a state of blank despair, as the horrors of mechanical, soulless, devil-inspired musical discord multiplied. We looked around and we found the same hopelessness, combined with a stolid expression of resignation upon every face—no, not on every face! One countenance beamed with supernal brightness, glowing with a sort of rare ecstacy, which could hardly be surpassed, even by the application of hot iron to the soles of the feet. Thus Bergmann stood, and seemed to drink in melodic rheumatism and harmonic gout at every pore. It is upon such food that he lives and grows fat! Gott in himmel, wot a beehles!

Beethoven's Concerto and his great *Fidelio* Overture No. 4, redeemed the audience from insanity; they were finely performed. Miss Anna Mehlig, in the Concerto, displayed all those fine points which we have credited her with in previous articles. She was very cordially called, and played, in admirable style, Paganini's *Campanella*, varied by Liszt, when temporarily sane. And so ended the Philharmonic season of 1869–70. A review of its achievements would certainly paint a moral, if it would not adorn a tale.

Now, mingled with the wholesome truth of the above there are, to be sure, some things smacking of unreason. The sneer at the German influence in our music seems wilfully blind to all but the more coarse and vulgar kind of German musicianship; and that is more apt to be Italian or French in its inspirations, than to be genuine German. Surely the writer will not deny that the *best* German influence among us has been a good one; for that would be denying Beethoven and Mozart. Then again, we do not think him just to Schumann. The English prejudice peeps out there; but not in so virulent a form as we have sometimes met it, where Schumann has been classed in the same category with Liszt and Wagner,—which is almost equal to the wild ingenuity of our young friend's discovery of a resemblance (in *spirit* too!) between Wagner and Sebastian Bach! Nevertheless, *mutatis mutandis*, it is evident that the musical heart of the great body of true music-lovers, after listening to those specimens of Liszt and Wagner, would say Amen to the general tone of the remarks which we have copied. And we have heard more than one prominent member of that same New

York Philharmonic Orchestra privately confess, and in sad earnest, to the same conviction.

Well, here too, in our own smaller city, with our smaller and less perfect means of execution, we have been abundantly contented with the good, alone, until Thomas came with his fine orchestra, and mingled Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Meyerbeer, &c., in the same programmes with Mozart and Bach and Beethoven; when, very naturally, not a few listeners, mainly of the class who have no settled tastes, confounding the splendid virtuosity of the performing orchestra with the subject-matter served up to them with such *piquant* flavoring, began to grow restless after change in our own select, staid, and (as they now for the first time suddenly discovered) "monotonous" and all too proper programmes. And here for a moment—we trust but a moment—presents itself a critical problem in our concert question for the next coming future. *Per contra*, let us not be alarmed; there is an offset to whatever danger may lie in this restlessness, in the comforting fact that the "Tassos" and the "Romeo and Juliets" and the noisy *Fackeltänze*, &c., notably failed to please or interest more than a small portion of the public in any of Mr. Thomas's Boston concerts; and that the delight with which a piece from Beethoven or any familiar classical master was welcomed after such bewildering and stunning novelties, was manifest in every face, as well as in the marked preponderance of applause. Perhaps the introduction of one or two such alien specimens into the next winter's concerts may be the surest way to confirm this experience beyond a doubt, and lay forever these disturbing ghosts.

Salem Oratorio Society.

It was something out of the common, and betokening a rare interest, for a crowd of Boston music-lovers, teachers, singers, &c., to be wending their way last Wednesday evening down to Salem to hear an Oratorio. But the young Society, organized only about three years since by earnest amateurs residing there, and full of fresh material and enthusiasm, under the direction of our CARL ZERRAHN, had already become famous for the excellence of its chorus-singing, as shown in its first public efforts (the *Creation* and *Messiah*). This time they essayed *Elijah*. From the moment of setting foot in the old town the air seemed full of expectation and excitement; it was like the pilgrimage from London to the Festival at Birmingham,—of course in a smaller way. The enthusiasm of the singers seemed to pervade also the crowded audience that sat awaiting the withdrawal of the curtain behind which the vocal ranks were hidden until all was ready, and did away the sombre impression of the homely and unmusical looking Mechanic Hall. The best life of the social, comfortable old town was all there; and it was evident, as soon as the choir was revealed to sight, that its elements were drawn mainly from the best life of Salem; the younger members of refined families, full of enthusiasm and desire to learn and do their best, constant and zealous in rehearsals, without the numerous distractions of our Boston life, so that their Oratorio meetings are ever kept in mind and heart as a great resource, and that engagement loyally made paramount to others.

We have no room or time (in the last hour before going to press) to report of the performance as we would. But if our readers could have overheard the lively comparison of notes among the returning party in the midnight train, they would feel quite sure that the whole performance must have been one of uncommon excellence. And indeed it was so. We speak for the whole party when we say that never in this country have we heard such chorus-singing.

There were about 250 fresh, pure voices—nearly all of them young people, at least in the Soprano and Alto,—remarkably well balanced; prompt, decided in attack; no dragging and drawling in their utterance, but all crisp and positive and clear; and every voice *told*; you knew that there were no dummies. The four parts were each distinctly felt in all the harmony, lending great clearness to the fugued passages. Such precision, spirit, careful light and shade—so nicely graduated that it did not seem mechanical, but the result of a fine common instinct of expression—we have seldom heard from any massive choir in Boston. Particularly were we struck by the perfection of the rendering of several of those rapid choruses, like: "Yet doth the Lord see it not", . . his wrath *will pursue us*," &c., and "The fire descends from heaven," where all the voices ran along with crisp, clear outline, such as we have not heard in our own Music Hall.

The broad, full, even flow of the plain, massive harmonies ("His mercies on thousands fall," for instance), was not less admirable. And we know not when we have heard "Thanks be to God," and those other graphic and exciting choruses: "Behold! God the Lord passed by," that of the "fiery chariot," &c., more vividly and effectively brought out, so far as singing was concerned. The *pianissimo* was sometimes so beautiful, that it seemed a pity that the orchestral accompaniment could not be equally subdued.

The principal solos were by well-known Boston artists. We need not say how grandly Mr. WHITNEY gave the music of Elijah, nor with what power and fervor the soprano parts were rendered by Miss HOUSTON. Dr. LANGMAID, with his sensitive, and well trained voice, and cultured style, brought out the beauty of the tenor solos very satisfactorily; and Mrs D C. HALL, whom we had been accustomed to consider a soprano, (at least *mezzo*), bore the Contralto duties well, singing "O rest in the Lord" with much expression. The Quartets and the Angel Trio, too, were sung to admiration.

There was no Organ, and the performance as a whole, of course, had not the massiveness of our Handel and Haydn presentation of such works. But, until we shall hear better (which we do not expect to do very soon), we shall have to point to Salem for a model of good, true chorus-singing.

M'LLE DE LA MOTTE'S "MUSICAL" we were not able to attend; but we have known enough of her teaching to have no misgiving in adopting the following account of it, which we find in Thursday's *Daily Advertiser*:

THE CHILDREN'S MUSICAL PARTY GIVEN BY M'LLE DE LA MOTTE, at her residence in Hancock street, yesterday afternoon, was in every respect interesting and unique. Only the younger portion of the lady's pupils took part in the entertainment, but the programme was so arranged that the comparative proficiency and attainments of the different classes might be exhibited, from beginners of the year to young ladies quite well advanced in skill though not in years. It is but simple justice to say that the results exhibited are surprising. One can hardly trust the evidence of his senses when he sees little bits of girls sit down, or perhaps we should say, set down—to the pianoforte to play with evident enjoyment and interest, and with decided success, veritable compositions of Haydn and Beethoven, and Clementi, of decided difficulty. And the wonder is not likely to be diminished by listening to a genuine sonata of Beethoven, performed by sweet young girls of twelve or thirteen years. The point, however, to be especially noticed in the results of M'lle de la Motte's instruction is the remarkable touch which she succeeds in imparting to nearly every one of her pupils without exception. This is wonderfully strong, vital and elastic, and when once it is gained, it would seem that a great part of the pupil's work is accomplished. The effect was most impressive as one clever little scholar after another exhibited the same extraordinary power in making the instrument, as it were, speak and sing; and it was delightful to see that the desired result had been reached without undue stimulating and without any austerity of rule. It is manifest that M'lle de la Motte possesses the power of easy and cheerful government as well as remarkable skill in musical instruction.

Closing of a Well-Known Concert Room.

CHICKERING'S HALL, haunt of devout music-lovers, scene of nearly all our choice chamber music for ten years (almost), redolent with memories of Beethoven and Bach and Mozart, of Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, is no more! Business crowds Music out. On Monday evening of last week the "Chickering Club" (of part song singers) fitly gave the last concert in the dear old place, which was listened to with delight, of course, by their invited friends, yet with a sad interest. The *Journal*, of May 10, thus reviews the history of the Hall.

With a private musical entertainment given last evening that favorite place of resort for concert-goers, Chickering's Hall, situated at 246 Washington Street, ceased to be occupied for musical purposes. It will henceforth be devoted to business uses, having been leased by Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co., together with the remaining rooms occupied by the Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and soon to be vacated. For nearly ten years Chickering's Hall has been open, and it has been celebrated as one of the handsomest, cosiest and most comfortable concert rooms in America. Small in comparison with our other halls, elegant in design and finish, and admirably adapted acoustically to musical effect, it has possessed an air of geniality pleasurable alike to artist and listener. The musical public will sincerely regret to part with the place. About it cling many delightful memories, for it has been the scene of many of the most brilliant triumphs which grace our musical annals. Nearly all the great artists who have visited Boston during the past decade have played or sung there in public or private concerts, and it has been, of course, as largely favored with the presence of our local artists. All the chamber concerts given in Boston during the period mentioned have taken place there. Not infrequently the hall has been brought into use for other purposes, such as private amateur theatrical exhibitions, dramatic readings, lectures, etc., and for quite a period a religious society (Rev. Mr Blaikie's, Presbyterian) worshipped there on Sundays. No element of money making, however, entered into any contract made by the proprietors with those desiring its occupancy, and all parties have enjoyed its use free, or nearly so. By their generosity in this connection, the Messrs. Chickering have contributed very largely not only to the enjoyment and profit of our musical citizens, but also to the enrichment of several local charities in whose behalf special entertainments have been given. In bidding adieu to Chickering's Hall of the past, however, there is a consolation in knowing that the enterprising firm contemplate having a larger and fully as elegant a concert room in their new and more commodious quarters at the corner of Washington Street and Hayward Place.

Chickering's Hall was completed in the fall of 1860, and although a sort of impromptu opening took place in October of that year, on the occasion of a rehearsal of the Handel and Haydn Society, Col. Thomas E. Chickering at that time making an appropriate speech of welcome, it was formally dedicated by a concert on the evening of the 3d of November. There was a brilliant audience of musical people present, and Mrs. Harwood, Messrs. Dresel, Lang, Leonhard and Parker, Miss Mary Fay, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and the Orpheus Club took part in the exercises. A week later Mrs. Harwood gave a concert, assisted by Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Mrs Jenny Kempton, Mr. Eichberg, Mr. Dresel, Mr. Bendelari and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and in the course of the same season concerts were also given by the Quintette Club, Mr. Dresel, Mr Eichberg, Miss Fay, Mrs. Kempton and others. The Quintet Club continued to give their annual series of chamber concerts at this place until the present season, during which their pleasant entertainments have necessarily been omitted on account of the absence of the Club in the West. The famous Chickering pianos have, of course, been frequently heard here, and among the artists who have played here from time to time the names of Gottschalk, Teresa Carreno, James M. Wehli, Edward Hoffmann, Oscar Pfeiffer, Otto Dresel, B. J Lang, Hugo Leonhard, J. C D Parker, Miss Mary Fay, Ernst Perabo, Carlyle Petersilea, John K Paine, G. E. Whiting, Filomeno, Miss Barnetche, John L. Hatton, Miss Alice Dutton, Hermann Dunn, James M Tracy, Miss Alide Topp and Miss Anna Mehlig will readily suggest themselves. Camilla Urso, Carl Rosa, Mme. Varian, Mme. de Villiers, Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Mrs Barry, Miss Ryan, the lamented Miss Anna Whitten, Miss Houston, Miss Barton, Miss Ridgway, Mrs. Hall, Habelmann, Brignoli, Dr. Guilmette, Mr. Rudolphsen, Barnabee, Kennedy, the Scotch vocalist, Dempster, the Ohreys, and a host of other musical artists have also appeared here, and in most cases given concerts on their own account. Dr. Tuckerman, Mr. Henry Carter, Max Strakosch and others have also given musical entertainments, and some of the annual musical reunions of Mrs. Long, Mme. Gabrielle Le Motte, Mrs Foster and other teachers have also taken place at Chickering's Hall. The Parker Club, formed in December, 1861, has always held its musical meetings here, and the rehearsals and private concerts of the club of gentlemen who took part in the entertainment last evening have also here had a place. March 2, 1867, Miss Phillipps, Brignoli, Ferranti, Sarti and Docatelli, with Mr. S. Behrens as musical director, gave the opera of "Don Pasquale," and on the 4th of March, 1868, Mr. Eichberg gave his opera, "The Two Cadis," with Miss Julia Gaylord, Mr. Barnabee and others in the cast. In the season of 1861-2, and again in that of 1862-3, Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg gave some choice classical concerts, and Mr. Eichberg gave a course of orchestral soirees in 1861. Nearly one-half of the ninety odd

concerts of the New England Conservatory of Music have taken place at this hall, and the Boston Conservatory has also given some of its concerts here. During the present season two series of concerts have been given by Mr. Perabo, and others by the Listemann Quartette, Mr. Petersilea, Mr. Parker, Mr. Tracy and others. The Harvard Musical Association, the Harvard Glee Club, the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Orpheus Musical Society have in times past occupied Chickering's Hall for musical purposes, in some form or other, and the Cæcilia Society, a German singing association organized last fall, has also made its headquarters here.

The amateur dramatic performances referred to to have included some of the most brilliant and fashionable efforts in that line. The Belmont Dramatic Company and other aristocratic amateur theatrical organizations have at different times called together select audiences for the benefit of various local charities, or during the war for the aid of our soldiers and sailors. The list of those who have given dramatic or poetic readings would be very numerous, and it would include many eminent names. It has been a less favored place for lectures than for musical entertainments on account of its limited accommodations, but Ralph Waldo Emerson has delivered some of his celebrated discourses here, and the voices of other eminent men have also been heard within its walls, while a distinguished representative of the other sex —Miss Kate Field—made her first essay as a lecturer here a little over a year since.

But of the concert last evening, which closed this brilliant series of artistic gatherings. The affair was of a private character, and we do not, therefore, feel at liberty to speak of it so fully as we might under different circumstances. The entertainment was given by a private singing club well known in musical circles, under the auspices of the Messrs. Chickering, and the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by a brilliant audience, which combined many well-known citizens and patrons of music, representatives of the musical profession, critics, etc. All of these were present by invitation, no tickets being sold. The interior of the hall was very beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers and growing plants. Hanging baskets were at the windows and on the walls, and the platform was transformed into an exquisite floral bower. The programme consisted of a number of part songs, which were magnificently rendered by the Club, and a piano solo by Mr. J. C. D. Parker. The singing was exceedingly fine, and the music was of a character seldom heard at our public concerts, for the reason that male choirs of native voices are not numerous. The Club, which numbers some ten or a dozen voices, includes several gentlemen who are well known as soloists, and others who, although talented vocalists, have neither the leisure nor the inclination to appear in public. The programme was as follows:

The Warrior's Prayer.....Lachner.
The Night.....Abt.
Champagne Song.....Schroter.
a. The Dreamy Lake.....Schumann.
b. The Roe.....Gade.
Always More.....Seifert.
Piano Forte Solo.....J. C. D. Parker.
Evening Song.....Naater.
a. Serenade.....Petschke.
b. Spring Song.....Durrner.
Hunter's Joy.....Astholz.
Early Morning.....Abt.
Chorus from "Œdipus".....Mendelssohn.

The chorus by Seifert, the Hunters' Chorus, by Astholz, and Mr. Parker's piano solo were encored. At the close of the final chorus it was announced that the first music heard in the hall was "Old Hundred, and it was thought appropriate to have the same sung as the final piece. The audience were invited to join with the Club in the hymn, and did so with grand and impressive effect.

Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co. will proceed to occupy the hall this morning, but Messrs. Chickering & Sons will not remove from their warerooms until their new quarters are in readiness.

Tribute to a Boston Artist. We take pleasure in reproducing for our readers the following account, from *Watson's Art Journal*, of the "Exhibition of Jardine's great Organ in St. George's Church," New York.

The sudden and severe storm on Thursday afternoon, somewhat thinned out the audience on this occasion, but still several hundred persons were present, who braved the unpropitious weather, to listen to the grand organ splendidly interpreted by Dr. J. H. Willcox of Boston. The following artists assisted in the programme: Mmd. Manzocchi, Mr. S. B. Whiteley, M. William F. Williams and Dr. J. H. Willcox.

Dr. Willcox made his selections almost entirely from the modern organ repertoire, the exception being a lovely allegretto by Haydn, which was played with infinite grace and a delicately varied treatment. The other selections were an Offertoire by Battiste, a Communion by Wely, and a closing overture by Auber. In all these Dr. Willcox displayed his thorough knowledge and mastery of the instrument; he has a fine touch, his execution is clear and rapid, and he has a broad grasp of the instrument. His combinations are more numerous, more varied, and better contrasted, than those of any organist we know now, or remember to have known or heard. This may be accounted for by the fact, that Dr. Willcox is a practical organ builder, and thouroughly understands the character, weight and quality of each stop; so that he can calculate to a certainty their relation to each other in combination, as regards assimilation or contrast. This is, of course, only a part of the secret of his success; the rest will be found in his naturally fine taste, and his high artistic instinct, which control his knowledge in the reproduction of beautiful forms and fancies. In his selected pieces he was eminently successful; but the highest development of his powers was found in his extemporaneous performance.

In this department Dr. Willcox is, as far as we know, without a rival in this country. It is true that his lucubrations do not take the highest form of improvisation, such as has been recorded of soms of the great lights of the strict school of organ playing. Dr. Willcox is confessedly a disciple of the modern organ school, notwithstanding his devotion to his old master Dr. Edward Hodges: but while his predilections, and his genius are with the Romantic, he has a fine appreciation of and a deep sympathy with the quaint, rich harmonies and the deep religious sentiment of the music of the mediæval Church.

It is this happy combination of the two schools, which invest the improvisation of Dr. Willcox with so much interest. But in addition to this he is rarely given to the commission of platitudes. His subjects, though generally modelled upon the Italian form, are fresh and bright in their character, and if not always original have at, least, a certain idiosyncracy which stamps them with the mark of individuality.

Dr. Willcox is not always equal to his own standard; sometimes he is chilled by an indifferent audience, and he locks up his best thoughts in his own heart; but we have heard him play when he knew that his audience watched him and could follow him with critical accuracy, and we have heard him start with a fine imaginative subject and work it through the romantic or dramatic form, with rare sequentiality, and with an amplitude of imagination which not only proved the extent of his resources both in melody and harmony, but also gave evidence of a fertile imagination, and a high feeling for the æsthetic in his art.

We now must touch upon the most questionable number of his programme, namely, his representation of a storm. This effect has been tried over and over again in the orchestra, and has always been criticized as of doubtful propriety, although the effects are so pronounced, that we think they are admissible in an orchestra. Dr. Willcox has conceived a very clever and effective storm effect. He presents a vivid, true picture, and he makes his effects, not by securing the aid of mechanical additions, but by exceptional use of the legitimate resources of the organ as existing in the regular schedule. His storm movement consists of a sort of a Siciliano movement, descriptive of the calm, but sensuous beauties of the country. It is a pastorale, and following the sounds of animated nature comes the rustic dance and games. In the midst of this the threatening of distant thunder is heard, and the storm breaks out in lashing fury; while the storm rages the grand power of the organ is developed to the utmost, but as it dies away, the faint murmur of a prayer is heard, which gradually swells out into a prayer of thanksgiving. The whole scene is beautifully conceived, and is worked out by Dr. Willcox with admirable skill, and with fine artistic perception. It was a performance of rare excellence and aroused the audience to a high pitch of excitement, and it became almost a question whether to award the highest praise to the conception and execution of the organist, or to the magnificent resources of the organ. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Willcox made a marked and positive success, which was in every way deserved.

Mr. Whiterley acquitted himself with much credit; his treatment of the slow movement being specially worthy of mention. Mr. Jardine displayed several of the prominent and beautiful fancy stops of the organ to great advantage, and Mr. Wm. F. Williams brought out the exquisite Vox Humana stop into brilliant relief. Taking the exhibition altogether, Jardine & Son could hardly have desired a more thorough and successful trial of the entire resources of one of the noblest organs yet erected in the United States.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Sailor's Serenade. (La Serenato del Marinaro). Ballad. 4. G minor to g. *Mercadante.* 35
A very graceful melody in G minor.

Good Night. Op. 5. No. 7. 3. D minor to e. *Franz.* 20
Words cannot add to the beauty of this little gem.

Volga's Sailor Song. 4. G to g. *Slaviansky.* 30
Both melody and accompaniment are out of the common thorough-fare of musical composition.

Cradle Song. 2. B*b* to e*b*. *Pivoda.* 30
"Dearest maiden, I have loved but thee,
From thy cradle thou wast promised me."
Its simplicity is very touching.

Farm-House Maiden. 3. *A* to *a*. *Slaviansky.* 30
"Ah! come to me thou pretty little maid,
Hear, my song is calling thee."
The last three pieces have been happily introduced by the Russian Chorus.

Ad Almam Matrem. 3. F to f. *Boott.* 30
A Solo with Chorus, sung at the Commencement Dinner of the Harvard Alumni.

Ruth. Sacred Ballad. 3. A to e. *Miss Davis.* 25
A good melody in the devotional style.

Bragg. Serio-Comic Song. 3. C to e. *Gatty.* 30
"You perceive I'm a blushing young lady,
My age it is just twenty-two,
And I really believe I am pretty,
For of beaux,—I have had not a few."

Instrumental.

Polka de la Cour. Op. 108. 4. A*b*. *Bendel.* 60
Brilliant, but not very difficult.

Succès Polka. 4. D. *Ketterer.* 50
A good Exhibition piece.

Flocons de Neige. Polka. 4. E*b*. *Foertsch.* 30
Flocons de Neige. Mazurka. 4. C. " 30
Two good pieces by a pleasing composer.

Roses Dream of Spring. Salon Polka Mazurka. Op. 163. 4. A*b*. *Oesten.* 50
A piece which teachers will be delighted to obtain for their pupils.

Union Pacific Galop. 3. B*b*. *Fernald.* 50
With an illustrated title.

La Belle Coquette Polka. 4. D. *Howe.* 35
Spring time Waltz. 3. E. *Hart.* 35
Kimball House Schottisch. 3. A*b*. *Johnson.* 30
Parade Quickstep. 2. G. *Boechel.* 30

Books.

Haydn's New Method for the Guitar. *W. L. Hayden.* Boards, 3.00
This is the best method now offered to the public, the exercises being interspersed with favorite airs, and the volume also contains a large number of popular vocal selections. The author is well-known in Boston and vicinity as a performer, and as a teacher of this instrument.

Carpentier's First Method for the Piano-Forte. Boards. 1.00
This work has the English, German, and French text.

Winner's New School for the Piano. 75

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

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Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 761. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 6.

"Le Nozze di Figaro."—Mozart and Meyerbeer.

(From DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, Dec. 25, 1858. Written after the first performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" in Boston.)

Our "Athens" could scarcely pass muster as a musical city so long as it remained a stranger to this world-famous opera. It was almost like living in ignorance of one of the best plays of Shakspear;—an ignorance, in this case, converted into bliss for some two thousand people—the largest and most cultivated audience of the season—on Friday evening. It was perhaps well that we were forced to wait until this masterwork of genius could be put before us with such completeness and fidelity. Its floating fragments of immortal melody, which have mingled themselves in all our lives more or less from childhood, could now be brought together in their original connection, in a live and perfect whole, that would not disappoint.

For our public it was one of the best of lessons to have two such works as the *Huguenots* and the *Nozze di Figaro* make their impressions on us in immediate succession. No two works could be in greater contrast; it was the most imposing type of the extreme modern tendency in music—the music of *effect*,—brought side by side with one of the perfect instances of the pure, spontaneous process of creative genius, in an opera which for three quarters of a century has held its place as "classical" for just that reason. It was the comparison of a gorgeous, grotesque, bewildering and exciting romance of a Victor Hugo or a Eugene Sue with anything as quiet, sweet and genuine as "As you like it." The advantages of the modern work are all external, on the outside, extrinsic, properly speaking, to pure musical inspiration; advantages of form and treatment, due to improved means and mechanism, rather than to vital quantity and quality of music; the advantage of imposing combinations, new orchestral coloring, the dramatic employment of masses on the stage, great stage effects, rare studied contrasts,—and above all, dramatic intensity of well chosen subject and ingeniously elaborated plot. Meyerbeer's vast combinations are built upon a minimum of melody. Musical thoughts, as such, do not seem to come unbidden with him. He has no unfailing fount of inspiration to draw from. He is blessed with few real melodies. His poetic or dramatic theme, when he has chosen it and reflected on it and filled his mind with it, does not take possession of him in such an intrinsically musical way as to become fused in his imaginative consciousness, and so transmuted into a spontaneous perfect flow of tones. On the contrary, armed with all technical skill and knowledge in the art, with a tenacious, comprehensive brain, he studies out appropriate and striking settings of each situation and each least phase of his text: he does this with consummate judgment, only always with prime reference to effect upon a public; determined first of all that it shall *strike*: for he is not that willing, consecrated votary to truth for truth's sake, that he can be content to hide a talent where only the divining rod of sympathetic understanding in a few shall own its presence. He will run no such risk. He will make less gold go farther. So he constructs us an immense romantic melodrama, in the literal sense of that word, a grand historical picture in music, splendidly illustrating all the scientific and material resources of our modern music, impressing us with a sense of power, startling us with contrasts, taxing our every faculty of attention, interesting us intensely for at least once, but wearying heart and brain, and making us feel that, after all, a violence has been done to the living peace and freshness of our souls, that we have been subjected to a rude tumultuous [illegible] *ab extra*, but have not tasted that divine refreshment, have not breathed that life-giving atmosphere of what is called *repose* in Art.

Now Mozart consciously attempts far less, but Mozart *is* unspeakably more, higher and finer than all that. For Mozart was a man of genius, one who wrought wholly by the spontaneous processes of genius. Melodies, fresh, beautiful, divine, such as are of no age, but in all ages speaking like a native language to all hearts, were his almost without the seeking; so beautiful, that what he thought to utter in tones, came back to him a hundred times more beautiful and more significant than he had meant it:—ever the true poet's experience: and such surprises to oneself, probably, are just the only real poetry, and have the only right to go forth to the world as poems. The same, in the highest sense, with music.

The "Marriage of Figaro" is quite as genuine and Mozartean, but not as great a work as *Don Giovanni*. It is a lighter and an earlier effort, if such a felicitous creation can be called an effort. He had a lighter, nay an altogether poorer subject to deal with: one which lacked the supernatural and the tragic element afforded by the story upon which that crowning masterpiece of his complete musicianship was founded. What a plot indeed, for a nature so sincere as Mozart! Out of Beaumarchais' sceptical and sneering comedy, then all the rage, and even acquiring a certain consequence among the political signs of the times before the French Revolution by its smart satire on the unbelief and untruth of the whole social fabric,—a plot of miserable intrigues and tricks, in which every one of the eight or ten characters is intriguing against every other almost: a mesh of complicated love relations, in which each lover forfeits any interest you may begin to take in him, by showing himself insincere, jealous and at the same time false;—from such a picture of the prose side of life, Da Ponte made him the libretto. What was there in all this for one like Mozart? The characters, at least the principal ones, cannot interest us. They are in fact our old friends of the "Barber of Seville." The Count is Almaviva, and the Countess is Rosina, and Figaro, now on the eve of marriage, intrigues upon his own account to baffle the designs of the false Count upon his own pretty, bright Susanna, my lady's maid and confidant. Rossini, afterwards, brought just the right genius to the treatment of the first stage of this story. His music, so sparkling and facile, full of original and never failing melody, a music almost witty, delicious to hear, but never much in earnest, genial, but external, is in the very spirit of such comedy. Moreover, the libretto of the "Barber" is broad farce, lending itself more readily to comic music; whereas "Figaro's Marriage" is genteel comedy, abounding in the wit of conversation, hardly admitting of translation into anything so much sincerer and deeper as a Mozart's music must be. But therefore, and in spite of this, let us admire the genius of our dear Mozart all the more:—that he could transmute such a plot into so exquisite a musical midsummer's day.

He treats the subject in his own way, as he only could, by the necessity of his genius, which is perfect freedom. He is child enough, and has enough genial zest of humor, to make the exquisite comedy of the thing sing itself out to very ecstacy, while, at the same time, Shakespear-like, he is continually getting very much in earnest, and idealizing these sportive amours of a day in melodies that spring from the sincerest depths and soar up to the heavenliest heights of real love. Indeed it seems as if we felt in such an opera of Mozart just the highest mission and symbolic sense of music—the suggestion, through whatever low and common network of relations, of an ideal, pure, harmonic life: his music lifting every character to a new height of sincerity; touching each emotion with a glow of holier inspiration; making these poor intrigues and alliances to typify a social whole of pure spontaneous spiritual interchange, entirely pure and free and vital,—a blessed after world of innocence and love.

Look now at the characters and at their songs. Susanna, the fascinating, cunning, roguish, pretty lady's maid, could not, were she the liveliest of comediennes, act her part so humorously that the music would not lend a finer touch of delicacy and sparkle to it: her rapid recitatives are the ideal perfection of natural language; they are what talk might be with perfect organs in a perfect medium "fit of easy transmission," as the electricians say. Then she is such a good sympathetic creature,—so the music makes her,—so kindly amused with little Cherubino's confessions. But Susanna really loves Figaro, and when on the eve of their union, after baffling the Count's designs, she sings *Deh vieni, non tardar*, can you conceive of any melody of love more heart-felt, pure and heavenly? M'lle. Piccolomini sang this with much fervor and beauty, while in the general presentation of the part, with all its archness, she was charming,—thoroughly alive in all the action, (sometimes too much so), wearing the rhythmical chains of the music with most natural ease and grace. Her recitative was particularly neat and delicate: her small voice always musical and telling.

The Countess—(how changed from our Rosina, who is just what Rossini's music makes her, sparkling and charming, but external, without passion,)—is the one serious person of the play, though not above intrigue, and hardly interesting as the playwright makes her. But what depth of longing tenderness, of sadness chased by gleams of golden hope, those lovely airs of hers reveal: *Porgi amor*, and *Dove sono!* Are there diviner melodies, unless you seek them also in Mozart? Mme. Ghioni appeared to better advantage in this part, although wanting in action and to [illegible] cold [illegible] features. She sang the music conscientiously, and with fair voice and expression, being greatly applauded in *Dove sono*. Her voice blended beautifully with Susanna's in the duet *Sull' aria*, where she dictates the note,—a duet of such natural and unalloyed simplicity of melody, that the whole audience were entranced.

Let us thank Beaumarchais for giving Mozart a character after his own heart, as the page Cherubino. What a charming part indeed! and Mme. Berkel had just the pretty figure for it, and enacted the bewitching boy to a charm. Her voice is thin, but her artistic conceptions were all good, and she sang with unction. He is a boy of some thirteen years, in whose breast the first vague stirrings of the master passion are just beginning to be felt, filling him with delicious and alarmed surprise. He finds every beautiful woman having a mysterious attraction for him, poor rogue; and the little songs he writes and sings to Susanna and his mistress: *Non so più cosa son*, and *Voi che sapete*, are his confessions, as serious and touching as they are delightfully comical. Oulibicheff sees in Cherubino Don Giovanni in the bud. By the music of the two operas this is quite transparent. Nay, we may go further and say, Cherubino is Mozart. But this thought we have no room to develop.

Figaro, now major-domo of the Count, has in Mozart's treatment a finer and more intellectual kind of humor than Rossini's barber. Besides,

he has an earnest side; he *loves* Susanna, and it is with an honest glow that he boasts his wits a match for those of the Count. How finely Mozart's music fits both sides of him! That dainty, cunning strain: *Se vuol ballare*, &c., is the melodic *motive* of the character. The song *Non più andrai* is the prototype of Rossini's *Largo al Facotum*, and not reached by that. Formes sang and acted it to perfection, as indeed he did the whole part. Figaro also has a very earnest air in the last act, where he suspects Susanna; and where there is real passion Mozart, like a bounteous creator, is no respecter of persons, but gives him his best to sing; the servant now being as much man and having as much use for music as his lord.

Count Almaviva, baritone, the central personage in all this, stands for the dissolute vices of the great, exposed and satirized. But Mozart will not let a momentary, superficial passion end with that; it goes hard with him to give up the game; he finds that he is seriously in love with Susanna; the duet: *Crudel perché*, is one of the most touching and impassioned love strains; he is better than he would be in it, for love and music are divine when they are real. And in his soliloquy before the wedding, where he vents his chagrin at being thus outwitted by Figaro, Mozart has given him a grand aria, with splendid orchestral accompaniment, altogether in his most noble and dramatic style. Sig. Florenza sang his music well, with a rich and manly voice; and looked the Count well, in his quiet attitudes, but in the intense parts is given to strange crouching postures and grimaces.

Of the minor characters we can only say that the small part of Don Basilio, (the only tenor in the opera, strange to say,) was well done by Mr. Perring, so far as singing goes; and that Signora Morra, as Marcellina, Herr Mueller as the gardener, and Herr —— as Dr. Bartolo were quite acceptable.

But the charm lay in the opera as a whole. Its concerted pieces are as fine as its songs; especially that septet finale of the second act. Mozart's finales are quiet and unpretending as compared with those of Meyerbeer or Verdi; but whereas these latter are most artificially imposing, a tenor and soprano shouting in unison, while other voices put in mere phrases of accompaniment, properly belonging to bassoon or contrabasso or what not in the orchestra, in Mozart's finales each voice sings in character, phrases which seem as positively dictated by the personal as by the contrapuntal complication. The chorus, it is true, he uses unambitiously; it is a chorus of peasants, and they sing peasants' music, natural and simple festive strains. How quaintly beautiful that dance music! But it is all one continuous and living whole; a world of heavenly music; and it all floats charmingly upon a summer sea of instrumentation, which is is so full and delicious that one is tantalized by the desire to listen to the orchestra alone. Ever at the right moment, each turn of thought, or feeling, or situation is met at once, as if by heavenly accident, by just the fittest instrumental phrase that mortal brain could possibly invent. The orchestral accompaniments afford such felicitous and sympathetic background, that it is as if the whole world took the color of our own passing thoughts and moods.

The performance of the "Marriage of Figaro" in Boston must have made its mark, and will be productive of great good. It was "experiencing" music, as some say of religion.

Weber's "Oberon."

[From the able analysis, written by Dr. JAMES PECH, for the programmes of The Church Music Association, New York.]

Oberon, the Elfin King, having quarrelled with his fairy partner, vows never to be reconciled to her till he shall find two lovers constant through all peril and temptation. To seek such a pair his "tricksy spirit," *Puck* has ranged in vain through the world. *Puck*, however, hears the sentence passed on *Sir Huon*, of Bourdeaux, a young Knight, who, having been insulted by the son of Charlemagne, kills him in single combat, and is for this condemned by the Monarch to travel to Bagdad, to slay him who sits on the Caliph's left hand, and to claim his daughter as his bride. *Oberon* instantly resolves to make this pair the instruments of his re union with his *Queen*, and for this purpose he brings up *Huon* and *Sherasmin*, asleep before him: enamours the Knight by showing him *Rezia*, daughter of the *Caliph*, in a vision; transports him at his waking to Bagdad, and having given him a magic horn, by the blast of which he is always to summon the assistance of *Oberon*, and a cup that fills at pleasure, disappears. Here *Sir Huon* rescues a man from a lion, who proves afterwards to be *Prince Babekan*, who is betrothed to *Rezia*. One of the properties of the cup is to detect misconduct. He offers it to *Babekan*. On raising it to his lips, the wine turns to flame, and thus proves him a villain; he attempts to assassinate *Huon*, but is put to flight. The Knight then learns from an old woman that the Princess is to be married next day, but that *Rezia* has been worked on, like her lover, by a vision, and is resolved to be his alone. She believes that fate will protect her from her nuptials with *Babekan*, which are to be solemnized on the next day. *Huon* enters, fights with and vanquishes *Babekan*, and having spell-bound the rest by the blast of the magic horn, he and *Sherasmin* carry off *Rezia* and *Fatima*. They are subsequently shipwrecked; *Rezia* is captured by pirates in a desert island and brought to Tunis, where she is sold to the Emir, and exposed to every temptation, but remains constant. *Sir Huon*, by the order of *Oberon*, is also conveyed thither. He undergoes similar trials from *Roshana*, the jealous wife of the Emir, but, proving invulnerable, she accuses him to her husband, and he is condemned to be burned on the same pile with *Rezia*. Here they are rescued by *Sherasmin* with the magic horn, *Oberon* appears with his *Queen*, whom he has regained by their constancy, and the opera concludes with Charlemagne's pardon to *Huon*.....

Weber's overtures, though they may be thought to be the first in point of estimation, were always the last in their production, for they take the chief characteristics from the Opera itself, leading the mind to embrace, as it were, the general action. This property it is, that makes them so acceptable to the public, not only in their proper place, but as Orchestral music. The overture to *Der Freischütz*, before we have seen the piece, raises trains of indefinitely wild images and emotions, stimulating the mind to wander in search of the meaning of such "mysterious harpings." When the Opera has been heard, the book lies open—the connection is manifest, and associations are established, as full of fiery shapes as the drama itself.

Of such a kind is the overture to *Oberon*. It is in D major, and opens the main subject of the piece at once by a solo for the horn, which forms the symphony of the vision of *Sir Huon*, and indeed gives the second title to the piece, being one of the great magical agents. This consists of five bars only, and a few notes lead to a short trait from the chorus of Fairies, taken by flauti, &c., which presents to us these wayward agents of the night. A martial strain from the movement played in the Court of Charlemagne (the last scene), introduces the hero, and we are to gather his success from the union of this passage with a part of the trio, which is sung before the lovers embark for Ascalon. These, with their transitions and a passage from *Rezia's* scena in the second Act, carry us on to *Puck's* invocation of the Spirits. Here we have the preternatural cause of the shipwreck and subsequent distresses of the lovers, portrayed to us, and these musical themes, variously wrought, form the rest of the overture, which concludes with the melody from *Rezia's* scena, and, like the story, happily. If we say that this composition does not equal the overture to *Der Freischütz*, it cannot, we presume, excite the least surprise, for when has the genius of the musician produced anything so darkly mysterious, so finely descriptive, so linked together by unity of plan and execution, so rich in its combinations, so powerful in its dominion over the soul? The overture to *Oberon* is certainly wonderfully original in conception, and gains upon us by repetition; but neither the traits of melody nor the harmonical combinations are sufficiently beautiful or frequent to enchain the mind of the hearer, like that earlier work with which it cannot escape comparison.

The piece itself opens with Oberon's bower. The stage is filled with "the pert fairies and dapper elves," who trip in such wild, yet soft and measured movement, that never do moonbeams fall on daintier Sprites. The music of this chorus is amongst the happiest conceptions in the Opera. The parts are syllabic and melodious, and the light strains for the dance intervene as symphonies. Nothing, certainly, can be more elegantly descriptive.

We cannot say as much for the song of *Oberon* ("*Fatal Vow*"). It portrays the anguish and dark passions which vex the spirit; but too darkly, as it seems to our notion of the subject, for a being so shadowy and elvish. Nor are we particularly impressed with the Vision. It would be a simple melody, but is quaint, and appears rather the off-spring of thought than feeling. The first fairy chorus—"*Honor and Joy to the True and the Brave*"—is very effective. It is interspersed by solos for *Oberon* and *Sir Huon*; and one—"*The Sun is Kissing the Purple Tide*," for the former, has one of those traits of melody which are scattered like flowers on our path here and there. The chorus is at last wrought into an *allegro*, the fairies singing an incitation to *Sir Huon*, while the Knight has a separate subject (a bravura), running against the syllabic floral part. There are certainly both force and effect throughout. In the English edition of the work, there follows an *aria d'abilità*, written for Mr. Braham, which we must consider to be anything but worthy of the composer. To our ears, the introductory and concluding parts are noisy and vulgar. The andante, in the middle, is smooth; but cannot redeem the movements between which it stands. In his treatment of this song, Weber has adopted the syllabic method; and in this, we are told, Mr. Braham curiously indulged in the license of musical embellishment. It has, therefore, been decided to omit this scena, and to substitute that written for the German stage, which embodies one of the leading and most charming motivi in the overture.

The scena which follows for *Rezia* ("*Yes, my Lord, my Joy, my Blessing!*") is agreeable, though not, perhaps, of the highest cast. But there is a fault in this song which is common to the author. It is too long—repeats too much, and even where there is diversity, that diversity is not sufficiently varied. We have called this a Scena; but the air, in truth, is only the introduction to the *finale* of the first Act. A dialogue duet succeeds, in which the bass, by its mysterious movement, becomes the principal feature, and especially by the transition to G minor near the close, before the parts unite in the *allegro vivace*.

The melody of this may be accused of lacking the lightness and grace that render soprani duets effective. But in the chorus which follows, the genius of Weber is to be recognized. The combinations to the words commencing,—

Fatima. Hark, lady, hark! on the terrace near, etc.
Rezia. Oh, my wild, exulting soul! &c.

are most judicious and striking.

The charm lies in the continual recurrence of a passage which appears with uncommon force in the various parts of the accompaniment. With this passage, it is to be observed, commences a transition, very finely brought in from the key of E flat to C natural. The soprano at the close has a separate melody, which is principal and brilliant, while the choral parts move on under it. The finale parts of this are among the happiest in the entire piece. The martial but sombre melody of the march is perfectly characteristic.

The subject as it proceeds, calls into more vivid action the preter-natural agency which the composer delights to illustrate. The music, therefore, rises. It opens with a chorus, "*Glory to the Caliph*," which commences in B minor, and changes afterwards very effectively into C major. It is also remarkable for its rhythmical iteration of two quavers and a crotchet, which conveys the accent almost throughout. It reminds us of a part of *Preciosa*, but is nevertheless very much of the same character as the preceding chorus, to which it bears an analogy, by being sung by the slaves of the Caliph. "*A Lonely Arab Maid*," a song for *Fatima*, consists of an *Andante* in E minor, and a movement in the major.

"*Over the dark blue waters*" is amongst the most attractive pieces in the Opera. The opening (*Allegro con grazia*) consists of two responsive solos in duet, first for the bass and tenor, and secondly for the soprani. Its style accords with the marginal direction, for it is at once free and graceful, with an originality in the structure of the passages, that interests the ear while it engages the attention. When the four parts come in, it rises to the more animated movement, which is taken as the principal subject of the Overture, and which here, in its first natural position, is very exhilarating. In the rolling bass passage towards the end, Weber gives a strong proof of his regard to instrumental effects—for it occurs to us that many composers would have transferred so much of it, as the voice could execute, to the vocal part.

We now arrive at a portion of the Opera, where, it may be literally said, appear those "fiery shapes" which have formed the delight and fame of the composer. The scene is the invocation of *Puck* to the *Spirits*, whom he summons to raise a storm and sink the vessel in which the lovers are embarked. It begins with a recitation, more powerful than the general tenor of Weber's writing in this species. Then follows an *allegro pesante*, commencing with the following lines:

> Whether ye be in the cavern dark,
> Lighted alone by the diamond spark, etc.

The musical effect is drawn from the modulation, which is unusually frequent. But when the *Spirits* answer the call, the stage, nay, earth and air seem to be peopled with ideal shapes. The mountain which forms the entire flat (to use a theatrical phrase) at the back, is divided into countless cells, from which issue all the pigmy inhabitants, while the stage itself is filled with the airy creation of the spirits of other elements. The movement is a rapid *presto*, but the vocal parts are syllabic. There are one or two striking proofs of the character of deep thought, which are so peculiar to Weber. To the demand,

> We are here! we are here!
> Say, what must be done? etc.

Puck replies—

> Nay, nay, your task will be at most
> To wreck a bark upon this coast, etc.

The *Spirits* answer—

> Nought but that! Ho, ho, ho, ho!
> Lighter labor none we know
> Winds and waves obey the spell!
> Hark! 'tis done! Farewell! farewell!

The passage that we would cite is the first line, "*Nought but that*." Upon these words Weber has put all the orchestra and the singers into unison, obviously to display the simplicity and easiness of the allotted task—and again in the words,

> Winds and waves obey the spell,

the voices are in unison, and in slow protracted notes, each occupying a bar, to declare the solemnity of the purpose, while the trembling of the instruments conveys the first effect, as it were, of the agency upon the surrounding objects. This is certainly very masterly and very expressive. The storm then rises, and the orchestra is made the vehicle of the elementary confusion. Like the sea bird in the tempest, the composer seems to delight in the flash of the lightning, the roar of the thunder, and the heavings of the ocean, while he rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

The lovers must now be considered as shipwrecked on a desert island, and we have first a most expressive, beautiful tenor solo, the Knight's prayer for aid. (No. 1, "*Ruler of this awful hour.*") Next (No. 2) comes *Rezia's* famous *Scena*, "*Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster*," constructed on the same general plan with Agatha's in the Freyschütz, and well worthy to be ranked with it. As *descriptive* music (not *imitative* music—an important distinction, often forgotten), it is almost unrivalled. Justice can be done it only by a voice of great compass and power, inspired by a degree of intelligence and feeling unhappily rare; and every measure of the orchestral work is a study. Immediately after the *Scena*, the heroine will be understood to be suddenly abducted by a crew of circumambient pirates, who were cruising in the very bark which she had welcomed (in her final *Allegro*) as coming to her rescue. They carry the lady off, to be sold as a slave to the *Emir of Tunis*, having first cut down and overpowered *Sir Huon*. To him appears the *Fairy King*, who throws him into a magic slumber, for his more convenient transportation to the same Saracen City. The "*Mermaid's Song*" (No. 3) follows. As it does not advance the business of the drama a single step, we must suppose that it is sung to give pleasant color to *Sir Huon's* dreams. But we are too thankful for so delicate and spiritual a melody to inquire into its "raison d'être." Had either Shelley or Coleridge been a composer, he would have written something like it. Mendelssohn has, very adroitly, borrowed from it one of the loveliest phrases in his Midsummer Night's Dream Overture. This beautiful *Aria* leads up to a *Duet* for *Puck* and *Oberon*, "*Master, say our toil is o'er*," and a brilliant *Chorus of Mermaids and Fairies* (No. 4) which, though characteristic of Weber, have something of the sparkling clearness that is peculiar to Auber's best music.

Opera plots are seldom remarkable for lucidity or coherence, and the plot of Oberon is no exception to the rule. So we shall not attempt to set forth its complications in detail. Suffice it to say, that we next find *Sir Huon's* Squire (*Scherasmin*) and *Rezia's* confidante (*Fatima*) transported, somehow, to Tunis, and living happily together as slaves of a certain citizen of that town. Their semi-comic music, though admirably suited to the stage, is omitted, because it might fall flat in the concert-room. *Sir Huon* is sent up through a magic trap-door to join them, by the infallible *Puck*. *Rezia* is brought to Tunis by her pirates. Knight, squire, and confidante unite in a lovely *terzetto* expressing their determination to rescue her (No 5). Meanwhile, the *Emir's* wife, or Queen, having fallen desperately in love with *Sir Huon*, endeavors to win his affections, and brings her whole *corps* of Saracen Ladies of Honor to bear upon him, but he remains true to *Rezia*. Their *Chorus* for *Soprani* and *Alti* (No 6) is wonderfully fresh and brilliant, without a trace of the unhealthy sentiment with which sundry more recent composers would have defiled it. The scene is interrupted by the *Emir* himself. He condemns *Sir Huon* and also *Rezia* (who "drops in" opportunely) to instant death. They are saved, of course, by *Oberon's* horn, which sets the *Emir* and all his myrmidons dancing in spite of themselves, and so enables the lovers to make their escape. Next comes a very splendid *March* (No. 7), in fact, a kind of *intermezzo*, to give time for the changes of scenery, &c., required by the *Finale* of the Opera, when *Sir Huon* fulfils his pledge by presenting himself with his bride before Charlemagne; and this March reproduces, in new forms, some of the loveliest phrases of the Overture. The final Chorus (No 8), "*Hail to the Knight!*" might have been written for a *Gloria in Excelsis*. Indeed, there is little really fine, grave, and earnest music in opera, symphony, or sonata, that does not embody, in substance, the sentiment of words to be found somewhere in the Liturgy and Offices of the Church.

Oberon was its composer's last work of magnitude. It was brought out in London, 12th April, 1826, and received with enthusiasm. Weber died on the 5th of the following June. All his great works were therefore produced within only four years. The *Freyschütz* was first played in Berlin, 1822; the exquisite little Gipsy Opera, *Preciosa*, at Dresden, in the same year; and *Euryanthe*, at Vienna, in 1823.

Oberon proves that the composer died too young, and that the resources of his genius were still unexhausted. Comparisons, we know, are odious; but in command of musical language, and in variety, this Opera seems to rank above the *Freyschütz* itself, though the latter, because of the unusual intelligibility of its plot, and a certain fragrance, as of the forest and the mountain glen, with which it is permeated, will always be the more popular of the two.

Wagner on Conducting.

From FERDINAND HILLER'S Musical Letters

Some time since, Richard, the Wagnerite, hurled, from his high and holy see in Switzerland, an anathema against the Jews; in his latest bull it is the higher and lower musical clergy who, for their boundless depravity, are laid under interdict. There are, it is true, plenty of heretics among them who do not believe in the infallibility which their prosecutor claimed for himself immediately he had left the Gymnasium. The schism which, in consequence, has been in course of development for a period of years, will not, however, be productive of any serious dangers either to Church or State.

The bull in question, *Ueber das Dirigiren* (*On Conducting*), affords any reader not concerned in the matter the diversion of a sort of Dante like walk through hell—innumerable sinners suffer the most terrible of all punishments, such punishments, indeed, as even Dante himself never beheld: they are annihilated, struck out utterly from the book of the living. For who could ever live and work on, if Wagner had once pronounced his condemnation?

Joking apart, Wagner has published another pamphlet, bristling with examples of incorrectness and of injustice. Stupid young louts, on whom any one may impose, if he unites with a little cleverness a great deal of impertinence (p. 67), will regard it with amazement. More sensible people will say that it contains a certain amount of truth. But when a man runs everything down, he must, in this imperfect world of ours, be sometimes right. I know nothing so beautiful as to be without its weak points—not even woman—not even Wagnerian music is free from them.

The train of thought (?) in the pamphlet is somewhat as follows:—Conducting has hitherto been left "to be carried out by routine, and to be judged by ignorance." (No examples are adduced—we might mention Spontini, Weber, Spohr, or Mendelssohn). The manner in which music is presented to the public is not, however, a matter of indifference, since, naturally, it is only by means of a good performance that the public can derive a correct impression of a musical work. (Very naturally!) According to Wagner, everything connected with this matter is in a very bad state in Germany, a result attributable "most of all to the prejudicial qualities of the conductors." The old German *Capellmeister* "properly so-called," were "sure, strict, and more especially gruff, but respected." These gentlemen were, however, as far as regards training of the orchestra "for complicated modern orchestral music, unfitted for their task, and did not do what they should have done towards properly re-enforcing the orchestra, especially in the quartet." But they had "a sufficient justification in the unworthy mode of instrumentation, followed by Italian operatic composers, whose works were more highly esteemed than those of any one else, even by the Intendants of the large theatres, in consequence of the creditable taste of their respective Courts." Succeeding conductors did not, however, do any better. How should they? They generally reached their "good posts" (?) by simply moving up, "by shoves," or, sometimes, by "the protection of some princess's waiting-woman, etc." They necessarily were "altogether destitute of merit in consequence of their unworthy servility towards their ignorant chief, and their lazy musicians, but this was the very thing by which they raised themselves into universal favor." In more recent times (Heaven only knows how many more recent and most recent times there are, according to Wagner) conductors, also, were "*berufen*."*

"These are our Music Bankers of the present day, who have sprung from the school of Mendelssohn, or been recommended to the world by his patronage." Such individuals possess intelligence, good tone, and have, moreover, done something for the "elegant style of performance." "But the first thing in which these gentlemen are deficient, is that energy which can be given only by self confidence reposing upon strength really their own. For, in this case unfortunately, everything: vocation, talent, education, nay faith, love, and hope, is artificial." To these more modern conductors belong, strange to say, above all, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn themselves, who did not do as much as they ought to have done in Berlin. "Why did their strength desert them? It would seem, because they really possessed no strength. Then how must matters stand with their shadowy imitators?"

Wagner declines to enter minutely, for the present, into what has been effected by conductors who busy themselves with opera, "because the latter—and they derive a mournful right to act as they do from the miserable manner in which this branch of art is cultivated in German theatres—is regarded as an obnoxious daily task to be performed with sighs." He takes his instances from the concert room where he never experienced any save unsatisfactory impressions. It was "from the singing of Schröder Devrient" that he "derived his best notions with regard to the *tempo* of Beethoven's music, and the style in which it ought to be played." Another sublime revelation was vouchsafed him by the performance of the Ninth Symphony in Paris. The *tempo*, in the fullest acceptation of the word, is for him "the foundation on which a good performance is based, but who recognizes the fact?" Wagner has, it appears, suffered the most mournful treatment as regards his own music, and the various instances of this are narrated in the most exhaustive manner. Thus, though the prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, when he himself conducted it, entranced a small number of friends at Leipsic, it was destined under Reinecke's conducting-stick, to be hissed at the Gewandhaus. The time of this piece, together with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and a few observations upon the mode of performing the Symphonies of Beethoven, and even (*mirabile dictu*) of Mozart and Haydn, are the vehicle by which he explains his views on conducting, the said views consisting principally in the opinion that an *Adagio* must be sung with a deal of tone; that an *Allegro* must have fire infused in it; and that a *tempo* intended to be quiet must not be scampered through—and culminating in the assertion that the correct manner of performing modern works (Weber's overtures, for instance) "does not consist in a stubborn adherence to the time, but in doing justice to the separate parts, which frequently contrast with each other."

"Dragging," Wagner goes on to say, "is not the characteristic of the elegant conductor, but scampering through and hurrying a piece is." This again results from the influence of Mendelssohn.

> "Si Cain a tué son frère,
> C'est la faute de Voltaire."

Poor, poor Mendelssohn! Wagner is unable to stomach him, and we can easily understand why. But what can we say to the following? "Referring to conducting, he told me personally, on several occasions," Wagner states, "that too slow a *tempo* was worse than any other, and that he himself always recommended that the *tempo* should be taken a little too fast; that a really good performance, however, was always something unusual; but that the conductor could deceive his audience by only taking care that not much of the performance was heard, and this was best effected by not remaining long over it, but getting quickly through it." Any person who had only a superficial acquaintance with Mendelssohn, can imagine the way in which he advanced jokes of this sort.

* *Berufen* signifies "invited, summoned," also, "having a call, a vocation. In which sense Herr Wagner employs the word, I leave the reader to decide. The effort of doing so will afford him much amusement if he is fond of riddles.—TRANSLATOR.

We can imagine, also, his loss, when Wagner, with his ceaseless flow of language, talked to him about the right *tempo* of one of Beethoven's minuets: and when Wagner "seemed as though he was looking into a perfect abyss of superficiality, on a complete void," he perceived only the mere shadow of the impression which the composer of *Rienzi* must have produced on the composer of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I myself, unfortunately, had but few opportunities of becoming acquainted with Mendelssohn as a conductor. But the supremely conscientious artistic carefulness which was inherent in him, and which grew to be a sort of religion, is apparent in the smallest of his songs. If, now and then, he took the *tempo* quicker than others would have considered appropriate his fiery temperament probably caused him to do so. Certain pianoforte pieces, too, of his own, he played at a demoniacally rapid rate, but correctly and beautifully notwithstanding—and so, most assuredly, he expected from his orchestra only what it could completely master, and what he himself felt was true and right.

It is not to be denied that, in certain particulars, relating more especially to the mode of performing Beethoven's Symphonies, Wagner is correct in his assertions; but he is mistaken in believing that we must have recourse to the oracle at Lucerne, to learn these things. The bombastic fustian, in which he frequently envelopes the simplest observations, is insupportable, while his self-glorification frequently becomes downright ridiculous. "Perhaps I am the only conductor," he exclaims, "who has ventured on reading the *adagio*, properly so called, of the third movement in the Ninth Symphony with due regard to its pure character as well as other things" Perhaps others, my respected Herr Wagner, venture to do the same thing, and perhaps they succeed in the attempt.

Despite all the "ignorance and insipidity of the musicians into whose hands the destiny of musical matters in Germany, and the utter indifference of German art-officials have allowed the conduct of high German musical interests to lapse, and who now feel secure in their places and dignity," there are some 'really besung as martyrs of pure classical music." These Wagner proceeds to subject to a somewhat strict investigation. In the case of some he finds "squint-eyed envy united with helplessness;" in that of others, "honest intellectual narrowness, becoming dishonest from anger only.,' In the modern camp there is "a great deal to be concealed, and a great deal that should not be observed." We find in it "*Gebildetheit*,"* but no "education," and consequently a want of "true intellectual freedom," which held even Mendelssohn "for the earnest contemplator, *beyond* the pale of what belongs to our German art." (!!) "These elegant musical leaders interdict themselves from giving the reins to their "*Gebildetheit*," because they knew it could lead as far as Offenbachian scandal," and a deal more nonsense of the same kind."

*"Perhaps the German neologism "*Gebildetheit*" may be rendered by a somewhat similar barbarism, 'Educatedness' in English—and perhaps it may not. I again leave the matter entirely in the hands of the riddle-loving reader.—TRANSLATOR.

Wilhelm Friedemann Bach.

The immortal Joh. Seb. Bach left as an inheritance to the musical world ten sons, all of them more or less great artists and celebrated composers. His eldest and favorite son, Wilhelm Friedemann, was the only one who had the desire, till his melancholy death, to emulate his distinguished father. Wilhelm Friedemann was born in 1710 at Weimar, and died in 1784 in Berlin. Instructed by his father, he developed in earlier years his great abilities and talents as a performer on the piano and organ, and also in the theory of music, to such a degree that everybody admired him, and Father Bach himself, who was not so easily satisfied, looked forward to the highest results of his favorite son. His compositions were vigorous and profound, and he executed his musical inspirations on both instruments with a mastery which took every one by surprise. His difference in the sciences, also, which he pursued at the "Thomas Schule" at Leipsic, was cherished by his tutors with great expectations. After leaving the college he studied the law and mathematics—the latter science he preferred, and adhered to it under all circumstances to the end of his life. In 1733 he received a vocation as organist at the Church of St. Sophia at Dresden. In 1747 he was appointed director of music and organist at the church of St. Mary at Halle, on the Sale. After this appointment he was known and called "The Bach of Halle," "Der Hallesche Bach." But this, also proved no place of abiding for him; he resigned in 1767, and returned to Leipsic without an engagement. His life at this period became a restless and fugitive one. Notwithstanding he was nominated Chapelmaster to the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, he never obtained an active appointment at the Court. Living as a private individual, sometimes at Brunswick, Göttingen, and Berlin, he died at the last named town, on the 1st of July, 1784, in poverty and total debility.

In looking at his character we cannot be surprised to learn his sad fate. All distress he brought upon himself by his rudeness of mind, his inflexible and artistic pride, his prodigious absence of mind, and his peevish and quarrelsome disposition. Given to drinking, he violated as a civil citizen all order, and broke their privileges very often. With such defects the greatest genius could not prosper. His father's unassuming and modest mind turned in him to pride, and instead of improving his talent with efficacy he relapsed, and when inspiration failed he tried to replace it by strong drink. Altogether he presented the picture of a modern proletarian artist; and highly endowed as he was, yet the proud hopes and great expectations his father and brothers cherished in him, alas, perished. His contemporaries have acknowledged him to have been one of the greatest organ performers and fugists, and also one of the profoundest literati in the science of music in Germany. His excellent brother, Philipp Emanuel, asserts of him that only he was able to replace his father, Joh. Seb. Bach—the highest praise that could be bestowed upon him; but nevertheless he was despised by the public in general, entirely through his own faults. From his earliest days he gave signs of absence of mind, which he would have been excused for in later years, under the plea of being absorbed in his art, if he would have restricted himself, which he never made any attempt to do. The consequence was the circulation of a great number of very amusing anecdotes, which, however, turned out very seriously for him. During my residence in Berlin to study under Professor Zelter, who was personally acquainted with the brothers Wilh Friedemann and Phil. Emanuel Bach, the professor often spoke of their fine compositions and exquisite performances on the piano and the organ, to which he had listened and when in good humor related traits of Wilh. Friedemann's absence of mind. Some of the following anecdotes I relate as told by Professor Zelter:—Friedemann being obliged to go out on business, and expecting during his absence the visit of a friend, wrote with chalk in large letters on his door that he would be at home at such and such a time. Returning earlier than he anticipated he knocked at his door, read his own handwriting, and went away to abide the fixed time. He called one evening on his friend, Joh. Fred. Doles, and not finding him at home sat down and ate his supper, which stood on the table, and put the knives and forks afterwards in his pockets. His friend coming home later, and seeing his repast gone, said to him that he hoped he had enjoyed the supper. He seriously denied it till convinced through the knives and forks peeping out of his pocket. As organist in Halle he very often forgot to go to church, and when his landlady reminded him that it was time, as the church bells were already ringing a long time, he went, entered the church at one door and left it by another, to go home again to resume his fantasias on the piano. Once on Whitsunday he made up his mind not to be behindhand with his duties, and went early to church and seated himself in one of the pews, with the keys of the organ in his pocket. In the meantime the congregation assembled, but he remained there sitting long after the church was filled, and every one was expecting the organ prelude; at last the congregation became impatient, looking up to the organ; he did the same, and tossing up his head exclaimed, "I wonder who will play the organ to-day" Sometimes, when in good spirits, he played on the organ very long during Divine service, and once, being reprimanded for it by the elders of the church, threw up his appointment, preferring to live in the greatest poverty. Leaving Leipsic with a small bundle under his arm, containing all he possessed, he fell in with a merry company of strolling musicians from Prague, and became one of the party. Near Brunswick they made a call upon a rich proprietor of an estate, who was a lover of music and an admirer of Ph. Em. Bach. The major domo told them to perform in their best style as his master had a celebrated artist as a visitor. Having played some pieces, Friedemann seated himself at the piano and played magnificently. At once a voice called out, "this must be my brother Friedemann or the devil." The brothers embraced, and Friedemann cried like a child for joy that his brother had recognized him by his playing.

Notwithstanding the high estimation he held his brother Emanuel in, they disagreed, Friedemann's morose behavior estranging from him his best and sincerest friends. Both brothers remained strangers till death. His brother Christian, called "the Bach of London" ("Der Londoner Bach"), hated and despised him. Stubbornness and drunkenness made his great and superior abilities unserviceable. When drunk he did nothing at all, and when sober he disliked composing, and preferred to extemporize on the piano, or to indulge in useless and sophistic disquisitions. This is the reason that only a small number of his works are known. Those published are—a Sonata in E flat major, Halle, 1739; Sei Sonate per Cembalo—the first in D major, Dresden, 1745. The other five remained unpublished. He advertised many of his compositions, but the public, who did not like him gave no support to his undertakings. Other works composed by him are—a Treatise on the Common Chord; 14 Polonaises; 8 Fughettes; Music to the Advent Season; 5 Concertos for the Piano; 4 Fugues for the Organ with two Man. and Ped.; two Sonatas for two Pianofortes Concertante; Music for Whitsuntide; "Lasset uns ablegen," with Hautboys, Trumpets, and Cimbales.

His published and unpublished works are exceedingly scarce, and the musical public is greatly indebted to Mr. J. W. Davison for his spirited undertaking, in having edited, under the title, "Revivals," two beautiful fantasias of Wilh. Friedemann Bach, works which speak for themselves, and which not only advance the refinement of the divine art of music, but also restore our great ancient masters to the stage they must occupy if the better taste for music should predominate. Mr. Duncan Davison has published them in a superior and elegant style, giving homage to the great composer. Lastly, we cannot bestow enough praise upon Mme. Goddard, our unrivalled English performer on the piano, for the rendering and conception she has devoted to these two compositions, worthy her interpretation, which will give her the satisfaction of being the first to bring this distinguished composer (after having been so long a time nearly forgotten) again before the public.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

—*Lond. Mus. World.*

Music Abroad.

London.

A WEEK OF MUSIC—The present week deserves a notable place in the history of the season. It has been surfeited with music, as though concert-givers had resolved upon bringing all their force to bear upon it. In proof, let us just run through the record—beginning with the operas.

At Covent Garden on Monday, *Don Giovanni* was performed, with Mme. Patti as Zerlina, and Mlle. Tietjens as Donna Anna. On Tuesday, Mme. Pauline Lucca appeared, as Marguerite in *Faust*. On Thursday the opera was *La Sonnambula*, with Mme. Patti as the heroine: on Friday *La Favorita* was given; and for to night *La Figlia del Reggimento* is announced. Adding to these five performances the four given at Drury Lane, we have to mention *Faust* on Monday, with Mlle. Reboux as Marguerite; *Lucia* on Tuesday, serving for the first and welcome appearance of Mlle Christine Nilsson; and on Thursday Mozart's *L'Oca del Cairo* and Weber's *Abou Hassen*. It will be remembered that these novelties were set down for performance two weeks ago, and that they were twice postponed—as though the Fates were determined upon doing their part towards the musical congestion under which the week now closing has labored. Of course the operas are none the less welcome because deferred; it would have proved better for them, nevertheless, had they come at some other time. Finally, as regards the lyric drama, we have to state that *Robert le Diable* is announced for to night, with Mlle. Nilsson as Alice—first time in England. Here, then, are nine operas, a number which should leave small margin for concerts. Concerts, however, have followed each other in quick succession, as though their rivals counted for nothing. Let us pass them in review.

On Monday the Philharmonic Society gave its fourth concert, whereat were played two symphonies (Haydn in D, and Beethoven in F, "Pastoral") two overtures (*Oberon* and *Le Siège de Corinth*), with Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor.

On Tuesday *The Prodigal's Return*, a new oratorio by the Rev. H. F. Limpus, Minor Canon of St. George's Chapel, first saw the light in St James Hall. We may have to speak about this work in detail, and criticism in a mere enumeration would be out of place. Enough that the music leaves one in no doubt as to the source whence Mr. Limpus obtained his inspiration. Handel is the composer's model, and considering what models find most favor just now, we congratulate him on his choice.

On Wednesday, *Rebekah*, a scriptural idyll in two scenes, the work of Mr Joseph Barnby, was brought out in St. James's Hall, along with Handel's *Alexan-*

der's Feast. Here, again, we have to resist a temptation to be critical. It must, nevertheless, be said that Mr. Barnby did not go to Handel for his inspiration, and that the music was well performed and well received. Also on Wednesday took place the annual concert of Mr. Walter Bache, a gentleman who is in the forefront of English adherents to the spasmodic modern school, and who very consistently fills his programme with the spasms of modern composers. Much of a doubtful, or rather not doubtful, sort was done on the present occasion: and we sincerely hope that those present were able to bear up cheerfully against it. Also, on Wednesday, Mr. Henry Leslie gave the first concert of his "summer series," and should have had the co-operation of Mlle. Christine Nilsson. Unhappily, that favorite artist was too ill to appear; but her place was taken by Mme. Sinico. Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and a selection vocal and instrumental — including Mendelssohn's pianoforte Concerto in G minor, magnificently performed by Mme Arabella Goddard and the orchestra—was presented to a large and fashionable audience.

On Thursday there was no concert of importance, and on Friday nothing of more moment than certain "benefits" took place. The week ends this afternoon with the first Crystal Palace summer concert. —*Mus. World. May* 14.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The following Compositions have been performed in the Twenty-seven Concerts of the Winter Season, 1869-70. Those with an asterisk prefixed were played for the first time.

SYMPHONIES:—*Beethoven*—No. 1, in C; No. 2, in D; No 4, B flat; No. 5, C minor; No. 6, Pastoral; No. 7, in A; No. 8, in F. *Sterndale Bennett*—*G minor. *Cowen*—*No 1, C minor. *Holmes*—*Approach of Spring. *Haydn*—Oxford; in C. *Mozart*—*In D (Prague). *Mendelssohn*—Reformation; Scotch. *Schumann*—No. 4, in D minor; The Rhine. *Schubert*—Tragic; B minor. *Spohr*—Historical

OVERTURES AND ORCHESTRAL PIECES:—*Beethoven*—In C (Namensfeier); Egmont; Leonore, No. 3; Coriolan; Leonore, No 1; Prometheus. *Mozart*—Nozze di Figaro; Idomeneo; Magic Flute; Impresario. *Schubert*—Entr'acte and Ballet Air in Rosamunde; *Freunde von Salamanka; Rosamunde; Alfonso and Estrella. *Mendelssohn*—Midsummer Night's Dream (twice); Fingal's Cave; Trumpet in C; Ruy Blas; *Ottet in E flat; Son and Stranger; Athalie; Meeresstille; Melusine; Ballet Airs, Camacho. *Schumann*—Genoveva; Scherzo from Overture, Scherzo and Finale; Manfred. *Weber*—Der Freischütz; Oberon; Euryanthe; Preciosa; Jubilee. *Cherubini*—Medea; Anacreon; Deux Journées. *Berlioz*—*Les Francs Juges. *Raff*—*Adagietto and Scherzo. *Rossini*—Siege of Corinth; William Tell; Semiramide. *Adam*—*Giralda. *Gounod*—Airs de Ballet (Reine de Saba). *Reinecke*—*Overture, Entr'acte and *Ballet Music, King Manfred. *Rubinstein*—*Adagio and Scherzo. *Gadsby*—*Golden Legend. *Sullivan*—In Memoriam; Sapphire Necklace. *Auber*—La Circassienne; Masaniello. *Gade*—Michel Angelo. *Herold*—Zampa. *Wagner*—Prelude to Lohengrin.

CONCERTOS AND OTHER INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS:—*Beethoven*—Pianoforte Concerto, E flat (Mr. Hallé); No. 1, C major (Herr Reinecke); Romance for Violin and Orchestra (Mme Norman Neruda); Andante in F, for Pianoforte; Allegro from Violin Concerto (Mr. Carrodus). *Weber*—Concerto for Pianoforte in E flat (Mr. Pauer); Concertstück for Pianoforte, F minor (Mme. Schumann). *Mendelssohn*—Pianoforte Concerto, G minor (Mme. Auspitz-Kolar); Rondo Brilliant, E flat, Pianoforte and Orchestra (Miss Zimmermann); Concerto for Violin (M. Sainton); Organ Sonata, No. 1, F minor (Mr. Archer); Organ Sonata, No 4, B flat (Masters Le Jeune); Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14 (Mme. Schumann). *Bach*—Prelude and Fugue, Organ (Mr. Archer); *Organ Prelude and Fugue, S. Ann's (Master Le Jeune); *Violin Prelude in E. *Bennett*—*Caprice in E (Op. 22) for Pianoforte and Orchestra (Mme. Goddard). *Benedict*—*Fantasia for Pianoforte on Der Freischütz (Mme. Goddard). *Max Bruch*—*Violin Concerto (Herr Joachim). *Schumann*—Pianoforte Concerto in A, Op 54 (Mme Schumann). *Vieuxtemps*—Adagio and Rondo (Mme Norman Neruda). *Ries*—*Adagio and Rondo for Violin and Orchestra. *Piatti*—*Concerto for Violoncello

VOCAL WORKS:—*Handel*—Acis and Galatea. *Rossini*—*Messe Solennelle. *Mendelssohn*—Lobgesang; Walpurgis Night. *Beethoven*—Mount of Olives; Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage. *Macfarren*—May-Day. *Sullivan*—*Prodigal Son.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE. Mlle Nilsson appeared on Tuesday night as the heroine in Donizetti's "*Lucia di Lammermoor.*" A most brilliant audience had crowded the theatre, and the entry of the accomplished artist was the signal for a perfect furore of applause. The execution of the "Regnava nel silenzio," was received with most enthusiastic plaudits, the sparkling brilliancy of the last movement in particular being wonderfully effective. The exquisite refinement and abandon displayed in the love scenes with *Edgardo* could not be surpassed; and the excited passion of the scene when the marriage contract is signed—in the "Chi mi frena"—especially when she tore the bridal wreath from her hair and dashed it on the ground, was truly sublime. In the "Alfin son tua" and the following music Mlle. Nilsson displayed the greatest histrionic power, no less than the most extraordinary vocal skill, and all in the best taste and with most appropriate expression. Her concluding notes were followed by long continued bursts of applause and by enthusiastic recalls. Mlle. Nilsson's first impersonation of the season was quite equal to her former triumphs.

Last night, the two novelties which have been postponed twice through the indisposition of Sig. Gassier, were produced to a most critical audience. Fragments of the music of Weber's "*Abu Hassan*" have been familiar to most, but few would imagine the charming freshness of the operetta in its entirety, or the admirable symmetry displayed throughout both in detail and as a whole. The principal parts were *Fatima*, Mme. Monbelli; *Hassan*, Mme Trebelli-Bettini; *Omar*, Signor Castelli; and *The Caliph*, Signor Ragner. The singing of the ladies was most charming. Mme Monbelli progresses steadily in dramatic power, and this is now the only thing needed to place her on a level with our very best artists. She was enthusiastically applauded. Mme. Trebelli gave her best interpretation to the lovely music allotted her, and produced such an effect in one song, that she was compelled to repeat the first movement. This air "Dari una festa" is the gem of the work, but all is beautiful and appropriate. Signor Castelli made the most of his part without overstepping the limits of good taste.

Of the "*Oca del Cairo*" we may observe shortly that if it be not literally an opera by Mozart, all the music is Mozart's and worthy of its composer. The plot is of the slightest. The characters were allotted as follows: *Calandrino*, Signor Gardoni; *Don Pippo*, Signor Gassier; *Biondello*, Signor Trevero; *Lo Schiavo*, Mr Lyall; *Chichibio*, Mme Corsi; *Auretta*, Mme Sinico; and *Lavina*, Mlle Pauline Lewitzky.

We are compelled to defer our notice of the piece, but a word or two on the *début* of Mlle. Lewitzky is necessary. This young Russian lady is a pupil of M. Wartel—the instructor of Nilsson and Trebelli—and she possesses natural qualifications of the highest character; her voice is pure and capable of the most refined expression, her manner graceful and unaffected. Her training, doubtless, has been good, and she may fairly aspire to reach the highest eminence in lyrical art. The reception was most cordial, and her charming singing of "Come il bacio" at once enlisted the sympathies of the audience. We can only further observe that, thanks to Signor Arditi, the music of "*L'Oca*" went exceedingly well, and that the production of the two operas reflects the greatest credit on all concerned.

COVENT GARDEN. On Saturday Mme. Patti made her first appearance for the season: the opera being "*Il Barbiere.*" The selection of a part like *Rosina* for the *rentrée* of the charming singer needs no justification: her piquancy and prettiness in the *rôle* are beyond all description. Mme. Patti's appearance at the balcony was greeted with a storm of applause warmly repeated when she entered for the cavatina, "Una Voce," and sang with the old accustomed brilliancy, the roulades with which the air is embellished. Her voice is in excellent preservation; her manner spontaneous, fresh, and full of charm; her execution admirable. In the lesson scene she gave "O luce di quest' anima," and as an encore "Home, sweet home" simply and touchingly sung. Throughout the opera the applause sufficiently demonstrated the hold which the fair artist possesses on her audience. Signor Mario made his first appearance for two years, and was received in the kindly fashion of English audiences when an old favorite returns. His *Almaviva* is a known impersonation; the quietude and ease of his demeanor were again exhibited, and the infraction which time has made in his voice as cunningly disguised. Sig. Cotogni was the *Figaro*—a better assumption than before, and well applauded after the "*Largo al factotum.*" Sig. Ciampi, Sig. Tagliafico, and Mlle. Baumeister made up the cast. The conducting of Sig. Vianesi was, as usual, extremely careful.

Monday was a field night. "*Don Giovanni*" with the *Donna Anna* of Mlle. Tietjens and the *Zerlina* of Mlle. Patti could not fail to draw a good house. The piquancy of the village maiden, the grandeur of the outraged lady are well known presentations, on this occasion they compensated for the faults in the rest of the cast; for Signor Graziani was too boorish a *Don*, Herr Wachtel's memory failed him in the part of *Don Ottavio*, and the *Leporello* of Signor Ciampi was dull. Indeed unreserved praise can only be accorded to the two principal ladies and to Signor Tagliafico as *Masetto*. Thanks to his support of Mme. Patti, the "Batti batti," was encored. A similar compliment was paid to "Vedrai carino" Signor Vianesi's conducting was careful, and in some respects saved an indifferent performance.

The *rentrée* of Mme. Lucca on Tuesday was another event interesting to the subscribers. After an absence of two years she comes back to us with nothing of her art or popularity impaired. Her singing exhibits the same merits and the same shortcomings as before. Nought is altered. The opera selected was "*Faust,*" which gave occasion for Mme. Lucca's strong individuality in acting *Margaret*. It is a conception with which Goethe's idealism has little or nothing to do. She puts Italian blood into Gretchen's veins as well as the Italian language into her mouth. It is a *Margaret* of force and passion, with impulses easily stirred to sin. Nevertheless in many respects it is a fine rendering—especially towards the latter part of the opera, where all is a turmoil of penitence and outraged love. The plaudits which followed all the points told forcibly of the sympathy between artists and hearers. The "Jewel Song" was naturally encored. Mlle. Scalchi was an effective *Siebel*, obtaining an encore for "Le parlate d'amor." Signor Mario's *Faust* was as polished as ever: his voice gave way somewhat in the middle of the opera, but recovered itself towards the end; his phrasing, we need scarcely add, was wonderfully artistic. M. Petit's picturesque demon is well known; so also Signor Graziani's *Valentine*, Signor Tagliafico's *Wagner* and Mlle. Anese's *Martha*. The Prince of Wales attended the opera this night. On Thursday Mme. Patti appeared as *Amina* in "*La Sonnambula.*"—*Orchestra*, *May* 13.

LEIPSIC. A correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes: "Friday the 18th ult., being a solemn fast in Saxony, Prof. Riedel's choir treated us to Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" at St. Thomas's, the solo parts being taken by Mmes. Otto V. Alvsleben (soprano) and Krebs Michalesi (alto), both of Dresden, Herr V. Milden (bass), of Weimar, and Herr Rebling (tenor), of our theatre. Herr Ferdinand David undertook the violin obbligato and Herr Passier played the organ. Were I to pass an opinion on the composition itself and its almost insuperable difficulties, I should but have to repeat what you said recently on the occasion of the production of the "Missa" by Mr. Barnby's choir; but, though comparisons are odious, I have no doubt that had you listened to Prof. Riedel's choir, you would have had more reason to be satisfied; for, besides engaging such eminent performers for the soli, Prof. Riedel had the advantage over the English conductor by his producing the "Missa" for the fifth time; and his choir has enjoyed such an excellent training that the performance was every way creditable both to the members and the conductor. *Lohengrin* has just been revived on our stage, and has been vociferously applauded, notwithstanding the scurrilous abuse Wagner last year heaped on this his native town and its music. Is not that magnanimous and impartial? Look, on the other hand, at Berlin, where the "Meistersinger" has just been brought out! It appears from the reports that a regularly organized *claque* of partisans for Wagner, chiefly composed of members of the highest aristocracy, tried to procure a triumph for him. But their efforts only provoked the opposition to be all the fiercer in their counter-demonstration, and with the exception of two songs of Walther and a brief passage in the third act, the opera was unequivocally and most decidedly *declined*,—the milder term for rejected. Our witty, pungent friend *Kladderadatsch* of last Sunday makes his famous "Müller" say to "Schulze," "Is not that Wagner a great man? he not only composes the music, but his own text too. That is like Zelter and Goethe in one person." And Schulze maliciously replies, "That is to say, as if Zelter had composed the text and Goethe the music."

GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS. The *Signale* gives a list of all the works performed in the 20 subscription concerts, besides the two for the orchestral benefit fund, of the past season, as follows:

Symphonies. Beethoven: Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9. Mozart: G minor, and "Jupiter." Haydn: "Oxford" Symphony. Schumann: Nos. 1, 2, and 4. Gade: No. 3. Schubert: in C major. One each by Grimm (in Canon form), by Vierling, and by Dietrich

Overtures. Beethoven: Leonore, No. 3; Coriolan. Cherubini: Medea, Abencerages, Anacreon. Weber: Euryanthe, Oberon, Freyschütz. Schumann: Manfred, Genoveva. Mendelssohn: "Becalmed at Sea, &c." Gluck: Iphigenia in Aulis. Mozart: "Magic Flute." Spohr: Jessonda. Gade: "In the Highlands." Reinecke: "Dame Kobold." Volkmann: Fest-Ouverture. Bennett: Paradise and Peri. Berlioz: to "The Roman Carnival."

Other Orchestral Pieces. Bach: Suite in D. Lachner: Suites No. 2 and No. 5. Mendelssohn: Octet (by all the strings).

Concertos for Violin. Viotti: in A minor. David: No. 5. Mendelssohn.

Concertos, &c., for Piano. Beethoven: in E flat (twice); Choral Fantasia. Chopin: Allegro de Concert. Reinecke: in F-sharp minor. Schumann: Concertstück, Concerto in A minor. Saint-Saëns. Mendelssohn: G minor. Hummel: B minor.

Concertos for Violoncello: by Schumann; by Goltermann.—*For Flute:* Concertino by Lobe.

Concertos &c., for several Instruments. Mozart: Serenade for wind instruments; Sinfonie Concertante for violin and viola. Bach: Concerto for two pianos. Reinecke: *Improvisata*, for two pianos. Spohr: Adagio and Rondo for two violins. Kalliwoda: Variations for two violins.

Smaller Solo Pieces. 1) For *Pianoforte:* Chopin: Notturnes in C-sharp minor and F-sharp major. Mendelssohn: Gondellied; Rondo capriccioso. Schumann: Humoreske; Skizze (for pedal piano); Fantasie stück ("Des Abends"). Mozart: Rondo in A minor; Fantasia in F minor. Beethoven: Dervish Chorus (transcription). Weber: Rondo from Sonata in C. Scarlatti: Presto. Rubinstein: Etude. Gluck: Chorus and Dance of Scythians from Iphigenia in Tauris (transcription). Alkan: Lied. Bach: Toccata.

2) *For Violin.* David: Andante and Scherzo Capriccioso; Variations on a theme by Mozart. Bach: Präludium. Beethoven: Romanza in F. Ernst: Hungarian Songs. Spohr: Adagio. Singer: Rhapsodie Hongroise.—3) *For Violoncello.* Bach: Air, Gavotte.—4) *For Clarinet.* Mozart: Adagio.—5) *For Horn.* F. Strauss: Romanza.

Choruses, &c., with and without Orchestra. Brahms: two female choruses with two horns and harp. Cherubini: *Requiem æternam* (from the Requiem in C). Handel: Ode to St. Cecilia. Hiller: two Songs for Soprano solo and male chorus. Mendelssohn: Music to "Athalia"; and to "Antigone." Reinecke: two Songs in Canon style for female chorus. Mozart: Chorus: "O Isis." Richter: Kyrie and Gloria from his *Missa Solemnis.* Weber: Scene from Euryanthe. Schubert: Miriam's Song of Triumph.

Vocal Solos with Orchestra. Bach: Air: "My heart ever faithful." Bruch: "The Priestess of Isis in Rome." Cherubini: "Ego te amo." Boieldieu: Aria from "Jean de Paris." Graun: Aria from "Der Tod Jesu." Gluck: Aria from "Orpheus." Donizetti: Air from "La Favorita." Haydn: Airs from "Creation" and "Seasons." Handel: Arias from "Rinaldo," "Judas Maccabæus," "Susanna" (2), and "Acis and Galathea." Mozart: Arias from "Don Juan" (2), "Figaro," Aria with violin obbligato and Concert Aria. Mendelssohn: Arias from Elijah and St. Paul. Halevy: Air from "Les Mousquetaires." Rossini: Airs from "Tancredi," "Donna del Lago," and "Barber of Seville." Weber: two arias from "Euryanthe." Spontini: Aria from "La Vestale." Winter: Air from "The interrupted Sacrifice."

Songs with Piano Accompaniment: 4 by Schumann; 2 by Brahms; Beethoven's *Liederkreis*; one each by Schubert, Walter, Kirschner, Henchemer, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Franz, Grädener, Josephson, Lindblad.

Of the above named works, *twelve* were heard in the Gewandhaus for the first time.

The different composers were represented as follows: Schumann 16 times; Mozart 15 times; Beethoven, 14 times; Mendelssohn 12 times; Bach 7 times; Cherubini 5 times; Reinecke 4 times; Rossini, Schubert, Spohr, Brahms, Chopin, Gluck, David and Haydn, 3 times each; Lachner, Gade and Hiller, each *twice;* Lindblad, Josephsen, Donizetti, Bruch, Kalliwoda, Dietrich, Halevy, Rubinstein, Viotti, Boieldieu, Saint-Saëns, Walter, Paladilhe, Alkan, Vierliog, Graun, Spontini, Ernst, Scarlatti, Volkmann, Singer, Hummel, Henchemer, Kirchner, Goltermann, Richter, Grimm, Lobe, Strauss, Grädener, Bennett, Winter, Berlioz, Franz, *once* each.

Aix-la-Chapelle.—The artists engaged for the Musical Festival at Whitsuntide are Mlle. Orgéni, Mme. Joachim, Herr Vogl (from Munich), Herr Bletzacher (from Hanover), and, last, not least, Herr Joachim. The programme is settled as follows:—First day: *Sinfonia Eroica* and *Missa Solemnis*, Beethoven (in the second work Herr Joachim will play the violin *obbligato* in the "Benedictus"). Second day: "Leonore" Overture—Beethoven; and *Deborah*—Handel. Third day: a miscellaneous concert, in which one of the pieces will be Beethoven's Violin Concerto, performed, of course, by Herr Joachim.

Weimar.—Compositions by Friedrich Kiel, Gustav Weber, Draseke, and J. S. Svenden, will occupy places in the programme of the approaching Beethoven Festival. Herr Nohl, moreover, will deliver a discourse on Beethoven: and Herr Porges, one on the *Missa Solemnis.* "Why?" asks the Berlin *Echo.* "A printed pamphlet would answer all the purpose."

Paris.—At Mr. Charles Hallé's second pianoforte recital on the 23rd ult. there was a crowded audience, and the programme, including Beethoven's sonata in E flat and works by Bach, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Chopin, and Heller, was listened to with genuine satisfaction.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 4, 1870.

English Opera.

The idea of Opera in the Boston Music Hall, instead of in a theatre, was hardly so inviting to the imagination of most music-lovers,—particularly so late in the Spring and after a protracted surfeit of musical excitements, — as to bring back the crowded audiences to which Mme. Parepa-Rosa and her excellent troupe had been accustomed. The principal singers were the same, with only one change (and that for the better), as before. The orchestra and chorus were not quite so good,—or did not *seem* so good in that place; their efforts being commonly too harsh and overpowering. But there was a great deal of good music given, and in many respects well given, in the short season from the 16th to the 30th of May inclusive. At all events that must be called a rich fortnight, which gave us two performances of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," two of Weber's "Oberon" (never before heard in Boston), and one of "Don Giovanni;"—to say nothing of "Fra Diavolo" and "Martha." The other evenings were devoted to the "Trovatore," Wallace's "Maritana," and Balfe's "Rose of Castille" and "Bohemian Girl." That was a much stronger English Opera Company than we had known before, that could grapple confidently, and triumphantly, with such problems as "Oberon" and "Figaro;" and it is doubtless to their not shrinking from such high, unusual tasks, that the Parepa-Rosa troupe have mainly owed their remarkable success throughout the land. Such aspirations, bravely persevered in, raise and strengthen the *morale* of an artistic organization, and give them new power over audiences. Had the faith of these singers failed them, had they yielded to the apprehension that these things were too difficult, or too good for the public,—in short, had they followed the common example of Opera-troupes, and even of Oratorio Societies, they would have had the common luck of such, awakening no new interest, and not winning the prestige which they have won mainly by their mastering of these two great works.

(This by the way, as a lesson to Choral Societies who think, but do not think with all their might, of mastering such tasks as Bach's Passion Music.)

The un-theatre-like place was certainly a drawback upon these last performances; though the experiment was interesting, and on the whole worked better than we had anticipated. The temporary scenarium was rather sightly and convenient; but the stage room so contracted in width and depth and heighth, so surrounded with unused space in the great high hall, and the actors perched so high above the audience on the floor, as to give it rather the appearance of a marionette stage peopled by colossal figures. The whole thing made a contradictory impression: a full corps of professional and powerful means cooped up within a frame of private theatricals. The actors seemed to have hardly elbow room enough sometimes; and the perspective in some scenes was oddly at fault, distant bridges, hills, &c., showing a strange fondness for the footlights. But there was a goodly variety of scenes, most of them picturesque and tasteful; and we were surprised to find how effective, even in that small space, so bustling and crowded a finale as that of *Fra Diavolo* could be made.

On the other hand, the voices came out far more clearly and sonorously than in the theatre. Mr. Castle's tenor never sounded quite so rich and pure and strong to us; and he has gained in style as well as ease of action. Miss Rose Hersee was natural and full of life and charm as ever, particularly as Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, singing delightfully always; nor has Mrs. Seguin lost aught of her charm of voice or person. The Lord and Lady Alleash of herself and husband were capital. Mr. Campbell being ill, the part of Beppo, the more important of the two bandits, was cleverly filled by Mr. Howells, who commonly plays the double-bass so finely in the orchestra.

Parepa herself was in fine voice and spirits always, singing and acting admirably,—in *Martha*, in *Maritana*, in the *Trovatore*, in the second performance of the *Bohemian Girl*; but she was at her greatest in the three great operas by Mozart and Weber. Indeed of all the voices, but for the continued hoarseness of Mr. Campbell, we may say they sounded better than ever in a hall of so much resonance. And for the same reason, chorus and orchestra were often harsh and overpowering. These forces, used to full swing in theatres, needed to be subdued and toned down, placed so far forward as they were in such a hall. Of this desideratum the excellent conductor, Mr. Carl Rosa, was evidently as well aware as anybody; but in spite of all his efforts, the instruments would play always *forte*, and often carelessly and coarsely.

Decidedly the best performance as a whole,

this time as on their former visit, was that of *The Marriage of Figaro*. Figaro himself, to be sure, (Mr. Campbell), had to make the will serve for the deed in the matter of voice; but Parepa's Susanna, Miss Hersee's Countess, and the fascinating Cherubino of Mrs. Seguin, were almost all that one could wish, at least in point of singing; while Mr. LAWRENCE, as the Count, used his rich baritone artistically, acting not over-well, and Mr. NORDBLOM, the young Swedish tenor, as Don Basilio, improved his few opportunities to confirm the impression of the native power and sweetness of his voice and to show solid progress in his art. All went more smoothly, with more ease and unanimity, and even with more light and shade, in this difficult opera, taken as a whole than in most others, and it drew the fullest houses. One element we missed, which was a great part of the charm when this opera was given here by the Italians twelve years ago (see reminiscence on our first page), and that was the *recitativo*: so much talking often breaks the spell. Moreover, it was a pity that Figaro's hoarseness compelled him to omit, of all things, that first little air: *Se vuol ballare* (If the Count wants to dance, &c.), which gives the key-note as it were to the whole plot.

Of course there was great desire to witness for the first time Weber's fairy opera, *Oberon*. And, though the rendering, as a whole, was rather rough, particularly on the part of the orchestra, (which is indeed in some sense the principal and most suggestive part, and needs both fire and delicacy); though the scenic effects could hardly be much more than hinted, while the fairy folk were anything but *tiny* on so small a stage; yet the singing mostly was so good, and the music so delicious, so full of imaginative suggestion, so genial, characteristic, varied,—now heroic, now fairy-like, now gently but not deeply sentimental, now Oriental and barbaric, at times slightly comic and grotesque,—always original, always exciting to the fancy,—that few were disappointed.

The wonderful familiar Overture was heard with a new interest, because now its themes and motives were to be traced to their sources in the unfolding tale of knighthood and enchantment which it sums up by way of preface. Then came the chorus of elves and fairies (sopranos, altos, tenors) guarding the slumbers of the fairy king. A more delicate, exquisite bit of music does not exist; and it was simply murdered by loud singing and by coarse accompaniment. It should be soft as possible, yet it was all *forte* or almost *fortissimo*! The first air of the waking Oberon was well enough omitted. (See Dr. Pech's description of the opera on another page). The spoken dialogue, here and so often afterwards, while it explains the story, breaks the spell too rudely, for this kind of opera especially. But here and there we have some bits of recitative supplied by Weber's pupil, Benedict, accompanied with characteristic phrases from the instrumental parts. And now we have Rezia in the Vision (shown to Sir Huon sleeping); her short air was sung in a pure and noble style by Mme. ROSA, ending with a beautifully prolonged high note. The heroic element awakes with the picturesque knight, Sir Huon, (CASTLE), and the inspiriting chorus of elves and genii, Oberon and Huon and his Squire Scherasmin (LAWRENCE), sending the knight upon his mission (during which the trip to Bagdad is miraculously accomplished), with the alternating solos, went off quite effectively. The Oberon, to be sure, looked more like a stout Roman emperor than a fairy, nor was his speech or song suggestive of any fine remoteness from our every day street life. But Mr. Castle gave his music manfully, with clear, ringing voice, soaring triumphantly in the high strains. We regret that his principal heroic air here was not the simpler and nobler one originally designed by Weber, and which appears still in the German editions ("*Von Jugend auf*," &c.), instead of that which he afterwards substituted as a bravura piece for Braham, and which surely sinks to a lower and more common atmosphere of music; but Mr. Campbell sang it wonderfully well.

We must not attempt, however, to go through the opera in detail. All the music was extremely interesting; most of all the third act, beginning with Puck's conjuration of the spirits to raise a storm, with the magnificent wildly descriptive accompaniment. This inevitably takes a strong hold on the imagination; the music does it, even with such scant supply of scenery. Miss WARDEN filled the part of Puck agreeably, and rendered the recitative quite well. Then the short prayer of Huon, tenderly sung; and the great Scene and Aria "Ocean thou mighty monster," which was sung sublimely by Parepa, with the full power and splendor of her glorious voice, completely realizing all the graphic, grand suggestion of the music, with its successive moods of awe and mystery, of brightening hope, of sense of deliverance and joy. It is after the model of the Scene in *Freyschütz*, and, as in that, the rapturous finale has already figured as the most brilliant portion of the Overture. The rising of the sun floods the whole harmony with light (full chord of C, as at "And there was light" in Haydn's *Creation*). The pretty episode of the "Mermaid's Song," that limpid, graceful and familiar strain (well sung from without), and the beautiful chorus of Water Nymphs, close what was here made an Act by itself, full of grandeur and of fine imaginative charm without a single moment of commonplace.

Next to the "Ocean" Aria, perhaps the most perfect impression was produced by the little Trio or *Terzettino*, in the last Act, between Sir Huon, Fatima (Mrs SEGUIN) and Scherasmin, beginning, "And must I then dissemble?" This had to be repeated both nights. The Quartet at the end of the second Act, too; "Over the dark blue waters," with the stirring first Allegro of the Overture accompanying the cry "On board, then!" was finely sung and highly effective. Rezia's rapturous melody in the preceding scene, soaring above the sombre, heavy chorus of the Slaves and the retiring Harem guard, was one of the brilliant moments.

To the pretty part of Fatima fall some melodies of a pensive and romantic character, not precisely sentimental, and not warm or deep in feeling, but shadowy suggestions rather of that, which Mrs. Seguin sang with purity and sweetness. This was combined with archness and naive gayety in the slightly humorous duet with Scherasmin: "On the banks of sweet Garonne," where both sang finely. The small part for Mr. LAWRENCE was eked out by a Song, at the opening of the fourth act: "Where love is there is home," said to have been adapted by Mr. Howard Glover from something in one of Weber's Sonatas. It was capitally well sung and greatly applauded; but it sounds, the opening at least, for all the world like a commonplace English ballad, though the latter part is more like Weber. Weber, however, is one of the melodists whom English ballad writers have been prone to (feebly) imitate.

On the whole this music, with all the faults of omission and of commission, was exceedingly well relished, and more so on the repetition, when the obstreperous forces were somewhat toned down, and the whole thing went smoother. The music, with all its magic and its delicacy of sentiment, is mostly (as a painter friend said to us) "dry light;" these tones have no "tear" in them, as they say of singers. How could it be otherwise with such a subject, and with such creatures of the air for the *dramatis personæ*? Mozart, though, would have humanized them in spite of himself, and made them sing in warm heart strains. There is true chivalric ardor, and something like manly passion, in the music of Sir Huon.

Don Giovanni (for the first and only time by the Parepa troupe in Boston) closed the season on Monday evening. With many shortcomings and much curtailment, it was a more spirited and telling performance of the great work than we could have expected. The principal characters (excepting Leporello, which it was self-sacrifice in Mr. Campbell to attempt at all) were really well filled. Parepa's Donna Anna was superb. She omitted, to be sure, the great dramatic recitative and Aria: "*Or sai chi l'onore*," doubtless on account of the bad English text, which, to say truth, is a great drawback throughout this opera; (none but the Italian syllables ring rightly in the final statue scene for instance). On the other hand she did sing the often omitted Letter Air "Non mi dir," and all felt it to be one of her finest, highest efforts. Miss Worden made an uncommonly good Elvira; and of course Rose Hersee was as pretty a little Zerlina, and as tuneful, tender and naive as one could wish. Mr. Lawrence really raised himself in our estimation by his singing and his acting as the seductive Don, Mr Nordblom made "*Il mio tesoro*" uncommonly impressive. Mr Seguin's Musetto, too, was good. The Statue, "*Duom di sasso*," was by no means ponderous or solid, and indeed indicriously feeble. The Quartet, Trio of Maskers, and even the intricate Sestet, went well and made their mark. And the vocal ensemble was spirited enough, and the principal parts in it so pronounced and individual, as for a while to almost cover up the poverty of the stage in the Ball scene.

The troupe have left us, to sing *Figaro* five successive nights in as many places, Worcester, Providence, &c.—(Is not that a sign of progress?)—and then they take their farewell in New York, and for the time disperse. Mme. Rosa and her husband will return to her home in England for some months of rest; but they will no doubt be warmly welcomed back here before another Spring.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The annual meeting of this society was held in Bumstead Hall last evening. The president, Dr. J. Baxter Upham, presented his annual report, which was duly accepted. In opening he referred to the deficiency in the funds of the society and said that the treasurer had been authorized to negotiate a temporary loan to meet the immediate wants of the society, while some of the creditors had expressed a willingness to allow their bills to remain unpaid for the present. Thirty-five new members have been admitted during the year, four have resigned and four have been honorably discharged. In the same time ninety-one have been suspended under the new article of the by-laws, proposed at the last annual meeting and adopted last September, of which number seven were subsequently reinstated, for reasons that were deemed sufficient. Two members of the society have deceased during the year. The number of rehearsals was 29; average attendance, 306; a calculation shows that the attendance of gentlemen has been better than that of the lady members. The number of public performances has been fewer than usual, and was only four besides the assistance rendered at the Peace Jubilee and at the celebration of the Mercantile Library Association.

He alluded to the attention given to Bach's Passion Music, and said that the reasons for its non-performance were many and sufficient; an orchestra sufficient in the double functions demanded could not be obtained. It is hoped that it may yet be produced. The annals of the society will probably be ready for publication during the coming year. He suggested that it might be well to advance the standard of requirement in the examination of candidates for admission; complimented the Salem Oratorio Association, and in conclusion referred in terms of eulogy to the invaluable aid and coöperation of their excellent conductor, Carl Zerrahn, to the accompanist, Mr. Parker, and to Mr. O. J. Faxon, who retires from the vice-presidency of the association, after filling that office for eleven years. The coming year will furnish an opportunity for the second of the regular series of triennial festivals, so happily inaugurated two years since. On motion of Mr. James Sharpe, a resolution complimentary to Mr. Faxon was afterwards passed by the society.

The librarian reported very few changes in the condition of the library during the year. No books were purchased during the year, but 650 copies of Bach's Passion Music were added, which were ordered last year. The treasurer's report showed the expenses for the year were $5493 37; receipts, $5098 13; balance due the treasurer $395 25. A large amount of bills due be over till another year. The total deficit for the year was about $2000. The reports were accepted.

Attention having been called by a member of the society to the reports circulating in the newspapers concerning a visit of the society to New York city next month to attend the Beethoven celebration, Mr. Barnes informed the society that they were all unauthorized, but that an agent from New York had visited him and offered to pay all the expenses of five hundred members of the Handel and Haydn Society to New York and return, if they could be prevailed upon to attend. A meeting of the society is to be held this evening to consider the matter.

The following named gentlemen were elected officers for this year:

President, Dr J. Baxter Upham; Vice-President, S. Lothrop Thorndike; Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, Geo. W. Palmer; Librarian, George H. Chickering; Directors, George Fisher, Samuel Jennison, Levi W. Johnson, A. Parker Brown, Edward Faxon, T. Frank Reed, Charles H. Johnson, W. O. Perkins.

A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring directors, after which the society adjourned.—*Advertiser*, 31st.

Choral Societies in New York.

(From the Evening Post, May 5.)

The musical societies in this city are about bringing their labors to a close for the present season. The record for the past few months has not been wholly satisfactory. As the metropolis of America, New York claims to take the lead in art as well as in wealth and commerce, but, disguise the fact as we may, this claim, as far as music is concerned, is quite unfounded. In the higher classes of vocal music Boston is ahead of us, while London is so far in advance that there is no comparison.

We have already in these columns explained the reason of this lack of precedence in choral singing in this city. It lies in the fact that we have too many choral societies, and that they are actuated by jealousies towards each other. They are, moreover, managed too much in the interest of individuals. It is but right that a conductor or leader should be the prominent man in the society; but it is *not* right that he should be the centre of a clique who pit him against all other conductors.

The managers and directors of the different musical societies in this city know perfectly well that their organizations are maintained only with the greatest difficulty, and that available men of influence are shy of accepting the offices of president or treasurer. To the public the moribund condition of these societies is evidenced by the occasional concerts they give, and which are attended chiefly by the friends of the performers and others who never pay for a ticket. Under these circumstances the recent performance of the "Elijah" by the Harmonic Society was deserving of far more credit than it received; for it showed a commendable desire to prove the vitality of the society even at the risk of adverse criticism. Meritorious as were many points in that performance, both conductors and members are well aware that it was not a success.

Some years ago the Harmonic Society was a flourishing, leading institution of its kind. From its loins sprang the Mendelssohn Union, and from the latter came the Berge Choral Union. These three societies include talent and ability; but it is absurd to suppose that either of them is as good as a united society combining all their powers would be.

The dispersion of vocal powers into a variety of channels is certainly to be regretted. It is not for us to inquire into or to state the reasons from which we think all the painful results of failure arise to societies generally. We can only lament that they exist. Their condition is such that whenever they appear in public their efforts are plainly indicative of a great want of preparation, succeeded, of course, by inefficient performances. Undoubtedly the bane of the whole thing lies in the unfortunate existence of a multitude of small societies, presided over by music teachers whose personal and professional interests are the first consideration, and who, influenced by mere amiable friendship, seek to perpetuate the person rather than the art whose interests they are supposed to advocate. It is thus division of sentiment and feeling usurps the place of united purpose and action, and has hitherto rendered abortive every attempt to create a large and efficient chorus in this city.

THE CHURCH MUSIC ASSOCIATION.

Of the concerts of this society we have already had occasion to speak in high terms; and at the present writing it would appear that to this society alone are we to look to for the stability and grandeur of choral effects in which our other societies are wanting. This society was started upon a basis possessing many attributes of success. It is now the largest vocal society in the city. Supported by from eighty to one hundred subscribers of $100 each, there has been no lack of funds for carrying through the intentions of its promoters with a generous hand. The choruses have been sung by its associate members to the number of nearly three hundred, accompanied by an orchestra of upwards of seventy performers. Two performances have already been given to the largest audiences ever witnessed in any concert room in this city. The chorus itself, composed of some of our people moving in easy and refined circumstances, and of professional artists who enter upon a general footing, is presided over by one who has proved himself to be a conductor of consummate power and influence in the control of large masses of vocal and instrumental performers. Dr. James Pech has brought his orchestra and chorus, with comparatively few rehearsals, to a very finished point of execution. It is, of course, a matter of time to secure all the variety of light and shadow which it is evidently his desire and purpose to obtain. From the rapid progress of the society towards perfection, the executive committee must have been entirely freed from conflicting feeling and opinion; for their action has been both positive and certain, and everything they have attempted has been carried through with success. The chorus under their care and protection has from the beginning uninterruptedly increased in numbers, and is gracefully submitting to the instructions and critical requirements of their conductor.

The subscription list for the second season is already open, and several thousand dollars promised. Several interesting works for orchestra and chorus are to be promptly procured from Europe. The chorus, which during the past season has passed through judicious weeding, will, we understand, during the coming summer and fall months be further pruned. The executive committee are evidently impressed with the fact that, if excellent performances are to be given the attendance at rehearsals must also continue to be certain and regular.

The results of the first season of the Church Music Association have proved highly satisfactory, and the interests of musical art will undoubtedly be benefitted. To our young people such an association is invaluable in the training and education of the amateurs of the city, and especially to those who, to use the words of Dr. Pech in his admirable synopsis of the concerts, need to be told "that ability to sing accurately a quartet or chorus is of far higher value than capacity to execute the most brilliant *aria*."

The next and last concert will take place at Steinway Hall, Wednesday, May 18, with an orchestra and chorus of about three hundred. It will undoubtedly be as successful as the former ones.

There was at the initiation of the plan on which the Church Music Association is based a tendency to exclusiveness, which gave offence to many musical amateurs; but this exclusiveness was more fancied than real. The Church Music Association and its promoters have enemies who are disposed to exaggerate whatever faults may exist in its organization.

THE MADRIGAL MANIA.

Some of the pleasantest chorus music which has yet been heard in this city has been provided by the madrigal societies, one of which gives a concert at Steinway Hall to-night. The music of madrigals is, of course, of varying merit, but a few of those which have lately been heard in public have caught the popular ear as thoroughly as much of what is commonly called popular music. The harmonized melody "Dorothy," though not, strictly speaking, a madrigal, is always a winning card at madrigal concerts.

It would be impossible to praise too highly the efforts of those ladies and gentlemen who have met together to rehearse these madrigals, and are now singing them in public for a most worthy charity. Love of art and true benevolence are happily combined, and would disarm the shafts of criticism even if the performance were lacking in completeness.

There are two madrigal societies in this city, and it is a notable fact that neither of them has any definite name. The ladies and gentlemen who will sing to-night can only be designated as those trained by Dr. Brown. The other society has met a decided loss in the death of its lamented president, Mr. S. Weir Roosevelt; but we understand that its organization will be continued, and that in the fullness of time concerts will be given. We shall be glad to chronicle the union of these two associations into one vigorous and healthy musical society.

MINOR ORGANIZATIONS.

Among the numerous musical organizations of the city is the Mendelssohn Glee Club, which sang some German songs at the Alide Topp benefit on Tuesday night. This society has devoted great care to the technicalities of male voice singing. Of the Berge Choral Union we should like to hear something more. It modestly keeps itself in the background. The Mendelssohn Union is so very quiet that it may be said of it as of a scriptural personage, "It has gone on a journey, peradventure it sleepeth." The Mendelssohn is a large society, and ought not to be classed among minor organizations; but its inactivity of late renders the general public in doubt as to whether it yet exists. It has in Mr. Thomas a leader of no ordinary capacity. The Harmonic Society has in Mr. Ritter a conductor of unusual musical erudition. We presume that both of these societies will enter the field next season with renewed vigor; and with their performances and those of the Church Music Association choral music will probably be better represented here next winter than last. We should be happy to hear that the different societies had united in one grand organization, but of that we fear there is no hope.

Last month five musical instruments were unearthed at Pompeii. They are in excellent state of preservation, and somewhat like our clarionet: the lower half of the instrument is silver, the upper half and mouthpiece are ivory.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Bright Star of Night. 4. E*b* to c. *Spohr.* 30
For Baritone or Contralto. Of a religious character.
"Bright star of night shining resplendent in the deep blue heaven,
How oft when sleep to weariness is given."

Six o'clock P. M. 3. F to f. *Alexander.* 30
A cheerful Allegro Moderato movement in 6-8 time.
"The workshops open wide their doors
At six o'clock P. M.
And workmen issue forth by scores
At six o'clock P. M."

Are you coming, Father, coming? 2. A*b* to e flat. *Turner.* 30
"Are you coming, father! coming
Homeward, on the ocean blue?
I alone am watching, waiting,
With a 'welcome home' for you."

Can silence whisper aught to thee? 3. G to f sharp. *Smith.* 30

Graduate's Song and Chorus. B*b* to e flat. *Pabst.* 30
"This night is one of mingled joy and pain,
One that shall never from our memories die."
A beautiful piece for the closing day of High and Normal Schools.

Instrumental.

Flur und Hain. (Wood and Field). Three Idyllen. Op. 273. *Jungman.* 35
No. 1. Allegretto in G. 2.
No. 2. Allegretto in C. 3.
No. 3. Moderato in E. 4.
These little pieces are each very graceful and melodious.

Waldmarchen. (Forest Stories). Three Tone-pictures. Op. 224. *Jungman.* 40
No. 1. The Sprightly Brook. 3. G.
No. 2. The Lonely Chapel. 4. A*b*.
Its religious theme is interestingly carried through its varied forms.
No 3. Forest Legend. 4. E*b*.
The imagination involuntarily pictures its own story of the wild-wood on listening to the horn-like passages.

Gov. Andrew's Grand March. 3. G. *Bond.* 40
With an excellent lithograph of the lamented Governor. Played by Bond's Band on "Decoration Day."

The Shepherd Boy. 3. G. *Wilson.* 50
A summer Idylle, with a lithograph of the boy piping his pastoral strain.

Charleston Galop. 3. A*b*. *Miss Crawford.*
A successful effort of the young author whose striking features are portrayed on the title.

Illusion Polka. 3. D. *Heyman.* 30
Easy and harmonious, with a good accented melody.

Farewell Polonaise. 3. A*b*. *Heyman.* 35
Arranged from motives by Gumbert.

Anglia Polka. 3. E*b*. *Prescott.* 50
Composed on the passage from Glasgow to New York, with an engraving of the steamer.

The Guardsman. March Militaire. 3. C. *Disbecker.* 50

Bell Chimes. Nocturne. 4. A*b*. *Knight.* 40
A theme in the Barcarolle movement with chiming arpeggios in each measure.

Sleep Well. 4. D*b*. Op. 22. *Wilson.* 60
A quiet Dream-Song in cantabile style.

Books.

EHLERT'S LETTERS ON MUSIC. Translated by *Fanny Raymond Ritter.* Cloth, 1.75
These entertaining letters to a Lady are not filled with technicalities, but are calculated to interest as well as instruct. They have met with a large circulation and extended success in Germany.

WINNER'S NEW SCHOOL FOR THE CABINET ORGAN. 75
Designed to aid those who seek to learn without a teacher, containing also a large number of the popular melodies of the day.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 762. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 7.

Translated for this Journal

Chamouni ad Sunrise.

From the German of FREDERIKE BRUN.

From the deep shadow of the still fir groves
Trembling I look to thee, eternal height!
Thou dazzling summit, from whose top my soul
Floats, with dimmed vision, to the infinite.

Who sank in earth's firm lap the pillars deep
Which hold through ages thy vast pile in place?
Who reared on high, in the clear ether's vault,
Lofty and strong, thy ever radiant face?

Who poured you forth, ye mountain torrents wild,
Down thundering from eternal winter's breast?
And who commanded, with almighty voice,
"Here let the stiff'ning billows find their rest?"

Who points to yonder morning star his path?
Borders with wreaths of flowers the eternal frost?
To whom, in awful music, cries thy stream,
O wild Arveiron! in fierce tumult tost?

Jehovah! God! bursts from the crashing ice,
The avalanche thunders down its steeps the call;
Jehovah! rustle soft the bright tree tops,
Whisper the silver brooks that murmuring fall.

NOTE. It is very evident that Coleridge got the best part of his Hymn to Mt. Blanc from the piece translated above. His friend who edited the "Table Talk" admits that he was largely indebted to it, although excusing him from the charge of plagiarism on the somewhat singular ground that the obligation is too evident to be concealed. We append the original.

Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden Tannenhains
Erblick' ich bebend dich, Scheitel der Ewigkeit,
Blendender Gipfel, von dessen Höhe
Ahndend mein Geist ins Unendliche schwebet!

Wer senkte den Pfeiler tief in der Erde Schooss,
Der seit Jahrtausenden, fest deine Masse stützt?
Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wölbung
Mächtig und kühn dein unstrahltes Antlitz?

Wer goss Euch hoch aus des ewigen Winters Reich,
O Zackenströme, mit Donnergetos', herab?
Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht Stimme:
"Hier sollen ruhen die starrenden Wogen!"

Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgensterne die Bahn?
Wer kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen Frostes Saum?
Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonieen,
Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogengetümmel?

Jehovah! Jehovah! kracht's im berstender Eis;
Lawinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab;
Jehovah! rauscht's in den hellen Wipfeln,
Flüstert's an reiselnden Silberbächen.

Wagner on Conducting.

Translations, for this Journal, from "Ueber das Dirigiren," by RICHARD WAGNER.

I.

In what follows I propose to give my experiences and observations on a field of musical activity, which has thus far been abandoned only to routine in practice, and ignorance in judgment. For my own opinion on the matter I will not appeal to the Conductors themselves, but to the musicians and singers, since they alone have the right feeling as to whether they are well or badly conducted; and on this point they can only be enlightened when they chance for once—a very exceptional occurrence—to be well conducted. To this end I have no thought of setting up a system, but shall proceed by noting down a series of observations, which I propose occasionally to continue.

Of course it cannot be a matter of indifference to composers, in what manner their works come to public hearing; for very naturally the public can only get the right impression of a musical work through a good performance, whereas it may not recognize as such the wrong impression produced by a bad performance. Many an one will become conscious how the matter stands with most performances in Germany, not only of operas, but also of works for the concert room, if he follows with attention, and with knowledge of his own, my close examination of the elements of such performances.

The weakness of the German orchestras, both as regards their constitution and achievements, which reveal themselves to one who is versed in these matters, proceed too much for the most part from the harmful peculiarities of their conductors, as Kapellmeisters, Music-directors, &c. In their selection and appointment the higher powers in our Art institutions proceed the more ignorantly and carelessly, the more difficult and important the requirements of an orchestra have become. When the highest problems for the orchestra were contained in a Mozart score, there stood at its head the regular German Kapellmeister, always a man of weighty aspect (at least in the place), sure, severe, despotic, and especially gruff. The last of this tribe known to me was Friedrich Schneider in Dessau; Guhr in Frankfort, too, belonged to it. What clever things they could do in their way,—these men and the like of them, who in their relation to the newer music came to be designated as "pigtails" (*Zöpfe*), I learned by experience some eight years since through a performance of my "Lohengrin" in Carlsruhe under the direction of the old Kapellmeister Strauss. This exceedingly worthy man evidently stood before my score with anxious shyness and a sense of strangeness; but his anxious care imparted itself to his conducting of the orchestra, which was as precise and energetic as could be conceived of; you saw that all obeyed him as a man who knows no nonsense and keeps his people well in hand. In a remarkable manner this old gentleman was the only Conductor that occurs to me by name, who had real fire; his *tempi* frequently were rather over-fast than dragging, but always executed clearly and with nerve.—A similar good impression I received from the like achievement of H. Esser in Vienna.

What must have utterly unfitted these Conductors of the old stamp, supposing them less gifted than those I have named, for the training of the orchestra on the coming up of the more complicated modern orchestra music, was first of all their old habit in regard to what seemed necessary or sufficient in the composition of the orchestra, looking as they did only at the tasks until then offered them. I have not known of one example anywhere in Germany, where an orchestra has been fundamentally reconstructed out of regard to the requirements of the newer instrumentation. Now as before, in the great orchestras, musicians are promoted to the places of first instruments according to the law of priority in service (*Anziennitätsgesetze*); and accordingly they take the first parts only when their powers begin to weaken, while the younger and cleverer musicians sit at the second desks, a disadvantage which is particularly noticeable in the wind instruments. This bad state of things of late has been improving, to be sure, thanks to intelligent efforts and to the just perceptions of the musicians in question; but on the other hand a different proceeding has led to lasting evil consequences, especially in the manning of the stringed instruments. Here, without any consideration, the second violins, and above all the violas, continue to be sacrificed. This latter instrument everywhere is for the most part played by fiddlers who have grown invalid, or even by enfeebled blowers, after they have also learned to play the violin a little; at the most they seek to bring one really good tenor player to the first desk, chiefly on account of the solos which occur now and then; but I have seen them help themselves out with the leader (*Vorspieler*) of the first violins in such a case. In a grand orchestra with eight violists I have found only one, who could correctly execute the frequent difficult passages in one of my later scores. Now this mode of proceeding, excusable enough out of humane considerations, is owing to the character of the earlier instrumentation, in which the viola is mostly used merely to fill out the accompaniment, and has found sufficient justification down to the most recent times through the unworthy instrumentation of the Italian Opera composers, whose works form an essential and favorite element of the German operatic repertoire. Since these darling operas are made the very most of by the great theatre intendants, after the laudable taste of their courts, it is no wonder that the claims made upon these gentlemen by unesteemed works should always seem to them impracticable, except when the Kapellmeister is a man of weight and serious aspect, and especially a man who knows himself right well just what is needed for an orchestra to-day. This last necessity has for the most part escaped our older Kapellmeisters; particularly the necessity of increasing the stringed instruments of our orchestras in due proportion to the so largely increased number and employment of the wind instruments: for such scanty concessions as have been made of late in this direction, now that the disproportion had become entirely too obvious, have not yet sufficed to bring our famous German orchestras up to a level with the French, to which they are still utterly inferior in the strength and efficiency of the violins, and more particularly of the violoncellos.

Now what has escaped those Kapellmeisters of the old stamp, is just what it should be the first

and proper problem of the Conductors of a newer date and style to recognize and carry out in practice. But good care has been taken, lest these should prove dangerous to the Intendants, and particularly lest the weighty authority of the able "pigtails" of the old times should pass over into them!

It is important and instructive to note how this newer generation, which now represents the musical affairs of Germany collectively, attained to office and its dignities.—Since we owe the support of orchestras directly to the existence of court theatres, great and small, at all events to the Theatre, we must be content to let the Directions of these theatres of the German nation designate those musicians, whom they regard as called, often for half a century through, to represent the dignity and spirit of the German music. The most of these musicians thus preferred must know how they come to this distinction, since in very few of them can the unpractised eye see through what merits they have reached it. Your regular German musician reached these "good positions," as they were considered only by their patrons, mostly through the simple application of the *vis inertiæ*: they were shoved up each in his turn. I believe that the great court orchestra of Berlin has got most of its conductors in this way. Sometimes, however, it is done by leaps: entirely new grandees thrive suddenly under the protection of the maid of honor of a princess, &c. The injury which these beings, so without authority, have become to the nurture and training of our greatest orchestras and operatic theatres, can hardly be estimated. Utterly unmeritorious, they have only been able to maintain themselves in their position by their subserviency to an ignorant supreme chief, who commonly, however, thinks that he knows everything, as well as by a flattering way of accommodating themselves to the demands of laziness on the part of the musicians under them. By abandoning all artistic discipline, which to be sure they were incompetent to maintain, as well as by a cringing acquiescence in every stupid suggestion from above, these masters hoisted themselves up into general favor. Every difficulty of study was gotten over with a pathetic appeal to the "ancient glory of the N. N. Kapelle" amid mutual smirks. Now who remarked, that the performances of this renowned institution were sinking deeper year by year? Where were the real masters, to judge these? Certainly not among the reviewers, who only bark when their mouths are not stopped; and how they should be stopped was a thing understood all round.

But in more recent times these Conductor places have been also filled by men specially appointed: they procure some clever routine musician from some place or other, according to the need or humor of the supreme direction; and this is done in order to engraft an "active force" upon the inertia of the usual Kapellmeister. These are the people who know how to "bring out" an opera in fourteen days, how to "cut" or cross out very vigorously, and how to compose effective cadenzas into other people's scores to please the singers. To this sort of knack the Dresden Court Kapelle owes one of its most vigorous Conductors.

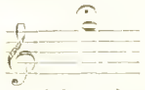
At times too they proceed according to actual reputation: "musical celebrities" must be imported. The theatres have none such to show: but the Singakademies and Concert Societies afford such, at least according to the eulogistic feuilletons of the great political newspapers, every two or three years or so. These are our present musical bankers, such as have proceeded from the school of Mendelssohn, or have been commended to the world through his protection. An altogether different stamp of men these from the helpless aftergrowth of our old "pigtails,"—not musicians who have grown up in orchestras and theatres, but brought up most respectably and properly in the newly founded Conservatories, composing Oratorios and Psalms, and listening to the rehearsals of the subscription concerts. Also in conducting they had received instruction, and possessed for that such elegance of culture as had not been seen before among musicians. Gruffness was a thing no longer to be thought of; and that, which with our poor native born Kapellmeisters was anxious, self-mistrusting modesty, manifested itself in these men as good tone, to which they felt themselves moreover bound, through their somewhat prejudiced mood, in opposition to our whole German pigtail party. I believe that these people have exercised many a good influence upon our orchestras: certainly much that was crude and bungling has disappeared here, and many a detail in elegant delivery has been better observed and executed since they came in. The modern orchestra was already much more fluent as they found it; in many respects it was indebted to their master, Mendelssohn, for a particularly delicate and fine-felt development upon the way first trodden with original inventive power by Weber's splendid genius.

One thing these gentlemen lacked, to make them serviceable to the necessary reconstruction of our orchestras and of the institutions connected with them:—and that was *energy*, such energy as nothing short of self-trust resting upon real original power can give. For here unfortunately all was artificial: calling, talent, culture, even faith, love, hope. Every one of them has so much to do with himself, and with the difficulty of maintaining his artificial position, that they cannot think of unity in the whole, of mutual fitness, of consistency, of reconstruction, because all this, quite naturally, does not concern them personally. They have only just now stepped into the places of those old heavy-moulded German masters, because these had sunk too low and grown incapable of seeing the requirements of the present day and of its style of art; and they seem to feel themselves in this position as filling only a transition period, while they know not how to set about a single right thing for the German Art ideal, the one ambition of all that there is noble, since it is foreign to them in the very depths of their whole nature. So in the difficult requirements of the modern music they fall back on mere expedients. Meyerbeer, for example, was very nice; he paid a new flutist out of his own pocket, to blow a passage well for him in Paris. As he understood very well how much depends upon a happy rendering, and as he was rich and independent too, he might have been of extraordinary service to the Berlin Orchestra, when the King of Prussia called him there as General Music Director. But at the same time Mendelssohn was also called there, who certainly was not wanting in the most uncommon knowledge and endowments. Both had to face the same obstacles, which had thus far checked all good attempts in this domain: but here were just the men who should remove them, for were they not in all points armed and equipped, as no others, for the work? Why did their power forsake them? It seems: because they had no power. They let things be; and now we have the "famous" Berlin orchestra before us, in which the last trace of the traditional precision of Spontini has vanished. And these were Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn! What will their ornamental shadows effect elsewhere?

From this glance at the peculiarities of the old Kapellmeisters that are left, as well as of the newest species, it is clear that not much is to be expected from them for the reconstruction of the orchestra. On the contrary the initiative thus far has always proceeded solely from the musicians themselves, and is very manifestly owing to the new development of technical virtuosity. The benefit which the virtuosos of the different instruments have been to our orchestras, is undeniable; it would have been complete, had the Conductors too been what they should have been under such circumstances. The virtuoso naturally grew up over the heads of the pigtail remains of our Kapellmeister period, the men in dread of losing their authority, the piano teachers recommended by the maids of honor, &c.; he in the orchestra played then about the same part with the prima donna in the theatre. On the other hand, the elegant Kapellmeister of the latest cut associated himself with the virtuoso, which in many respects was not unbeneficial, but can only work for the good of the whole, when the heart and soul of the true German musical life shall be comprehended by these masters.

In the first place we must bear in mind, that they owed their places, as well as the whole existence of the orchestra, to the Theatre, and most of their occupations and achievements have had relation to the Opera. They had accordingly to understand the Theatre, the Opera, and so learn something else besides mere music; that is, as in Astronomy there must be the application thereto of the Mathematics, so here the application of Music to Dramatic Art. If they had understood these things rightly, namely Dramatic song and expression, it would have given them a new light upon the rendering of the orchestra, particularly in the works of the new German instrumental composers. I got my best hints once regarding the *tempi* and the delivery of Beethoven's music from the soulful, surely accentuated singing of the great Schröder-Devrient; and ever since that time it has been impossible for me, for instance, to allow that touching Cadenza of the oboe in the first movement of the C-minor Symphony:

to be blown out in the desperate way that I had always heard it; indeed I now felt, going back to my new light about this Cadenza for a starting point, what an expression should be given also upon that sustained Fermata



to the first violin; and from the deep impression, which I thus gained from these two seemingly invisible points, a new and quickening understanding of the whole movement was revealed to me.

(To be continued).

A Modern Aladdin.—Great Discovery of Buried Art Treasures.

An Occasional Correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, writing from Athens, Greece, May 7, relates the following wonderful discoveries. If it be not too late here is a rare opportunity indeed for the new Boston Museum of Fine Arts!

I have just returned from Larnaca, on the Island of Cyprus, where I have seen one of the most interesting and extensive collections of Greek and Phœnician antiquities yet discovered. General L. P. di Cesnola, who received honorable wounds in our late civil war, was rewarded for his bravery by President Lincoln, with the United States Consulate at Cyprus, on a salary of one thousand dollars a year. General C. had been interested in antiquities previous to his arrival at Cyprus, and was a member of the archæological society in Turin, his native city. One day towards the close of 1867, while taking a drive with his family, he stopped for a few moments at a peasant's house in Dali, the ancient Idalium. The peasant told him he had a secret to divulge. While looking for some stones to be used in the construction of his house, he had exhumed two vases. As natives are forbidden to make excavations without a firman, and as a firman would cost more than he was able to pay, the peasant buried his vases and said nothing. As soon as General C. saw them he recognized them as rare and beautiful specimens of Phœnician work. He hastened to obtain a firman from the Turkish government, and opened more than nine thousand tombs. The result was a large collection of curiosities, consisting of marble and limestone statues, statuettes and vases, antique Greek glassware, bronzes, crusaders' and oriental arms and ornaments of gold, silver and engraved stones. These were readily disposed of to the British and Berlin museums, Mr. Lepsius of Berlin taking over six hundred vases.

Elated with his success, the General resolved to try once more. Cyprus is the place from which Venus is said to have emerged from the sea, and hundreds of temples were there dedicated to her worship. Especially at Golgos there was a very beautiful temple, mentioned by Theocritus and Catullus; but Engel, in his work on Cyprus (vol. i, p. 115, and vol. ii, p. 81), says that the position of Golgos is not known. See also Smith's Dict., artical *G[illegible]*.

It has often been remarked that the modern town of Atieno is built of the remains of some ancient temple. A few years since Count de Vogue was at Cyprus, and excavated near Atieno, hoping to find the temple, but went away without accomplishing his object. General Cesnola resolved to make another trial. On the side of a hill he first found tombs. After digging for six or seven days the works of art which had been Phœnician suddenly became Greek and Roman, and were found three feet below the surface. On digging down six and seven feet he found again the remains of Phœnician art. The occupants of the island had all chosen the same site for their cemetery, only that the Greeks and Romans, coming last, buried their dead above the remains of the Phœnicians. On approaching the foot of the hill, the spades of his workmen struck the foundations of an old wall; and lo! inside the wall, all around the valley, were rows of statues of life size, statuettes and colossal statues, bronzes, heads, bass-reliefs, Greek inscriptions, and numerous votive offerings. Besides settling the position of ancient Golgos and thus making a contribution to history, General C. has a museum of over nine thousand specimens of ancient art, many of them illustrating religious rites and domestic customs.

He has over two hundred pairs of gold ear-rings, some of which a gentleman tried in vain to purchase for Queen Victoria; some of the most beautiful rings and bracelets that have ever been found, showing that modern jewellers have not yet carried the art of engraving to the point it reached among the Greeks.

There are also Byzantine statues, representing the three Graces; a garnet head, beautifully engraved and set in gold; Phœnician inlaid vases; statues of Sappho and of Venus; some Phœnician and Assyrian statues weighing between five hundred and six hundred pounds each. Although these were exhumed as late as March last, agents from both the British and Berlin museums have already been sent to make purchases for the completion of their collections. For a single vase the General has been offered £150; but with a desire, understood with difficulty in our money-getting age, that antiquities found together should remain together, he refuses to sell unless the purchaser will take the lot entire. To any responsible party General C. makes the following offer: A vessel shall be sent to Cyprus, the collection taken home and set up, and the amount to be paid shall be left to arbitration.

A Bostonian cannot witness such a variety of statues, bas reliefs, vases and inscriptions, so illustrative of ancient art and customs, without thinking how beautifully they would adorn our Public Garden, how instructive they would be to the young, and elevating to the public taste. Would that some gentleman, who appreciates the influence of art on national character, would call the attention of the city authorities to these facts.

The United States Consulate at Larnaca is to be abolished on the 30th of June, and this collection is to be removed at this time, somewhere. Certainly, no collection could be more varied, and therefore, other things being equal, more to be desired, than one coming from Cyprus, an island occupied successively by colonies from Phœnicia, Greece, Egypt and Rome. It is also made interesting from the fact that here Zeno, the stoic philosopher, was born; here Barnabas, the companion of Paul, labored and died; and here Shakespeare places the tragedy of Othello and Desdemona.

Handel and Haydn Society.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT.

At the annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society, held on Monday, evening, May 30, the following report was made by J. Baxter Upham, the President:

Gentlemen:—My report to you this evening will be brief and mainly statistical.

The financial results of the year, as you have learned from the Treasurer's statement, have proved a positive loss. It has not been thought expedient, however, under the present circumstances, to provide for this loss, either by asking you to levy an assessment upon the members or by the solicitation of subscriptions from the friends of the society; but the income from the permanent fund has this year been appropriated towards the payment of our expenses, as in such cases provided, and, in addition, the Treasurer has been authorized by a vote of the Board of Directors to negotiate a loan sufficient to meet our immediate wants. It is confidently hoped that the next, being the triennial year of the society, will more than make amends for the shortcomings of the past.

As appears from the report of our Librarian, some valuable additions have been made to this department during the year, prominent among which we hail with pride and pleasure the music of the St. Matthew's Passion Music of Sebastian Bach. It is something to have placed this great work upon the shelves of our library and given it a legitimate place in the repertoire of our future performances.

I find from the Secretary's record that there have been fourteen meetings of the Board of Directors, for business purposes, during the year, and that in the same period the Society have been called together three times for the admission of members and the transaction of other business. At all these meetings a commendable degree of unanimity and good feeling has been manifest. Thirty-five gentlemen have been admitted to membership, four have resigned, and four have been honorably discharged. In the same time ninety-one have been suspended under the new article of the By-Laws, proposed at the last annual meeting, and adopted by the society, September 16, 1869, of which number seven were subsequently reinstated, for reasons that were deemed to be sufficient. Two deaths only have come to my knowledge during the year—that of Mr. Edward Haskell, a valued associate, and, at the time of his decease, the oldest member of our Society; and Dr. Francis C. Ropes, who, though young in years, was ripe in that rare combination of accomplishments which make up the scholar, the connoisseur and the Christian gentleman.*

The regular rehearsals commenced on the 21 of October, 1869, and closed on the 10th of April, 1870, numbering 29 in all. The average whole attendance at these rehearsals is found to have been 306—this out of a choral force of 675 in all. The average number of rehearsals attended by the 78 tenors and 101 basses, who surrendered their tickets in accordance with the request of the government, was found to be 15, out of the 29 rehearsals above named; and for the 141 sopranos and 115 altos it was 13,—the altos being a little in the ascendant. It would appear from this statement, taken as it stands, that the attendance of the gentlemen was in a higher ratio to that of the ladies. Strictly speaking, however, the reverse is true, since by far a larger proportion of the latter surrendered their tickets in accordance with the Secretary's request; for it is fair to suppose that those who failed to give them up were pre-eminent among the absentees. It may be proper to state in this connection that the extremes in the number of rehearsals attended are indicated by the figures 1 and 29. Such are the first fruits of the plan of registration adopted within the last year, a plan which happily enables us now to determine the particular occasion at which each and every member of the society has been present during the season. I am sure I shall meet with your cordial co-operation in the recommendation that this plan of registration be so perfected and carried out as to give to the government, at all times, the fullest knowledge in this important particular of attendance and non-attendance at rehearsals. I have heretofore alluded, emphatically and often, to this crying evil of *absenteeism at rehearsals*, and to the absolute necessity of a punctual and regular attendance on the part of every member, if they would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the music brought before them, and retain the fair reputation of the society and its claim upon the public for their patronage and support.

The public performances of the society during the year have been fewer than usual, and are comprised in the following programme:

Dec. 25th, 1869—Handel's "Messiah."
Dec. 26th, 1869—Costa's "Naaman."
April 16th, 1870—Haydn's "Creation."
April 17th, 1870—Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

In addition to which the Society gave its assistance at the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Mercantile Library Association, which took place on the evening of the 11th of March. And last and by no means least, I do not forget your cordial and hearty co-operation with the great choral masses, convened from all parts of New England and from remoter regions, who so grandly celebrated the consummation of peace in our land within the walls of the Coliseum in the summer of 1869.

The principal vocalists who have aided the society in their regular public performances for the year are as follows:

Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Miss J. E. Houston, Mrs. J. W. Weston, Miss Lizzie M. Gates, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Mr. Wm. J. Winch and Mr. Edward Prescott, all of whom were taken from the ranks of our resident artists,—and Miss Antoinette Sterling of New York.

I may be pardoned for alluding here to the time which was given to the study of the Passion music of Seb. Bach, and to some of the reasons which prevented the public performance of any portion of that great work in the season which has just closed. It is surely an era in the Society's history and in the musical history of America, that this most difficult and long-neglected composition has been taken hold of seriously and in earnest, with the determination, I think I may safely say, of sooner or later mastering its acknowledged intricacies and sounding to the depths its solemn and mysterious harmonies; nor should it be deemed a matter of mortification and self-reproach, that after so steady and many weeks of patient rehearsal, it was so seemingly laid aside. The reasons for its non-performance in public this year were many and sufficient. Both our excellent conductor and organist were most heartily unwilling to present the work in any other than its complete and finished proportions, and this reluctance was frankly expressed to the government at every proper and available opportunity. It was a view which in itself was just, without doubt, and, in a purely artistic sense could not be gainsaid—and coming from gentlemen whom we all so much honor and respect, and in whose knowledge and judgment and good sense in such matters we place implicit reliance, it were strange if it did not wield its legitimate influence. For myself, however, I urged the public performance of such portions as we could, feeling, as I did conscientiously, that a small fragment of so profound and noble a composition were better than none at all, and that thus our music-loving public would be the better prepared to receive and to understand the work in its integrity, when after further and careful attention we were ready so to offer it. In this feeling my associates in the government largely, I believe unanimously, shared; and so a selection from the oratorio to occupy about one hour and a quarter in time was prepared, and the evening of Saturday, April 16th the last in Passion-week, fixed upon for its performance. Here, however, a new difficulty arose. An orchestra sufficient for the occasion, in the double functions demanded by the music could not be obtained. In vain the government offered to change the evening to suit these requirements, and entered into negotiations with Mr. Thomas for the aid of a portion or the whole of his efficient company. It was of no avail. The accompaniments could not be properly given in the Passion-season, to which, in the fitness and propriety of things, we were necessarily confined; and so the attempt was at last, and reluctantly, abandoned.

I have deemed this somewhat lengthy recital important because in the minds of some, even of the

* Since writing the above I have received from the Secretary the name of Mr. Edward Hamilton, a respected and worthy member, who has died within the year.

members of this society, I believe the circumstances of the case have not been hitherto fully understood. The field has been for the present abandoned, but not with dishonor. The noble work has indeed been laid upon the shelves of our library for a brief period of *rest* only—not for its burial, as I trust and believe. And we should bear in mind, for our consolation, that it was not till it had been carefully studied and rehearsed in private circles and in larger societies for a period of nearly two years that the first public performance of this Passion-music was ventured upon by the famous Sing akademie of Berlin in 1829, under the immediate direction of Mendelssohn, and then only after much hesitation and doubt and almost in defiance of the predictions of such men as Zelter and Marx, the elder Mendelssohn and many of the most influential members of the Academy.

The preparation of the annals of the society is slowly but surely progressing, and it is hoped they will be ready for publication sometime during the coming year.

I have before suggested the propriety of advancing the standard of requirement in the examination of candidates for admission. The importance of this suggestion, it seems to me, is now more weighty than ever, inasmuch as the general standard of musical culture in the community is year by year progressing, the knowledge and appreciation of the great masters of choral composition is becoming more widely diffused, and an intelligent and educated public demands, and should receive, a more critical and careful rendering of such works as it is the province of this and kindred associations to perform. Already there are rivals in the field who contest with us in friendly strife for the palm of superiority in choral achievements. Very recently our sister association in Salem has given a public performance of "Elijah," which has elicited from those best qualified to judge the highest encomiums of praise. Indeed, for intelligent conception of the spirit and intent of the composer, for brilliant execution and legitimate and impressive effect, this effort, as a choral performance, deserves to rank among the very best that have ever been given in this country. That a society so young in years should acquire a reputation equal, if not superior, to that which our own association has hitherto claimed for itself alone among the great choral societies in the land, is a fact which calls for our serious consideration, while at the same time it command our admiration and respect. We hail it as a mark of the artistic progress of the age. We extend to this youthful association, and to all others of a kindred nature which have recently sprung into existence around us, the right hand of fellowship and of friendly recognition and regard.

In conclusion I would allude in terms of eulogy to the invaluable aid and coöperation of our excellent conductor, Mr. Zerrahn, who for so many years has given us the benefit of eminent abilities, while he has built up for himself a name now known and honored in this and in other lands. To our accomplished organist, Mr. Parker, our best thanks are due for his faithful attendance to the sometimes tedious demands of his position, for the satisfactory manner in which he has fulfilled his responsible duties, and his uniform kindness and courtesy to all with whom he has come in contact.

Nor can I close this part of my report without rendering a brief but heartfelt tribute of affection to one who has for so long a time been joined with me as the next highest officer in the government of the Society, and who is now compelled by ill health, added to the pressure of other duties, to resign. I allude of course, to our esteemed associate, Mr. O. J. Faxon. For eleven successive years he has received the almost unanimous vote of his fellow members for the post of Vice President of the Society. For nine years I can personally testify to the earnest, faithful manner in which he has performed the delicate and important requirements of that post. No more loyal and deserving friend of the society, I venture to say, has ever been honored with their confidence and regard. On retiring from his office he carries with him the warm attachment and love of every one of his associates—of none more cordially and sincerely than of myself. It is to such of its tried friends and servants that the Society owes more than any poor words of mine can express. That the blessing of health and happiness and prosperity, in fullest measure, may be given him in his retirement from active duty is the hope and prayer of us all.

It only remains to call to your minds the fact that the year on which we are about to enter will furnish an opportunity for the second of the regular series of Triennial Festivals, so happily inaugurated two years since. Should it be the intention of the incoming Board to continue these festivals, they will, without doubt, lose no time in taking such steps as shall insure for it a success exceeding, if possible, that of any former achievement of the kind.

Sincerely thanking you, gentlemen, for the zeal and earnestness with which you have performed your duties and upheld the honor of the Society in the year which has just closed, and with renewed wishes for your prosperity and success, I most respectfully submit my report.

Ode for the Musical Dog-Days.*

* Meaning, probably, the Jubilee Season

The "Diogenes" of the London *Musical Standard* has undertaken to help supply the enormous demand for librettos. In his last contribution he says:

I now therefore beg to republish portions of what in its day was thought "a most admirable burlesque Ode," written in the year 1763, and alluded to in "Jones's Dissertation on the Musical Instruments of the Welsh" (1794). The title of the opuscule in question is as follows:—

"*An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, adapted to the ancient British Music: viz., the Salt Box, the Jews Harp, the Marrow Bones and Cleavers, the Hurdy Gourdy, &c. With an Introduction giving some account of these truly British Instruments: by Bonnel Thornton Esquire.*"

Cedite Tibicines Itali, vos cedite Galli;
Dico iterum vobis cedite, Tibicines.
Cedite Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque
Jam vobis, dico, cedite, Tibicines, Alex. Heinsius.

Translation of the Motto.

Yield, yield ye Fiddlers, French, Italians,
Yield, yield, I say again—Rascalians;
One, two, three, Times I say Fiddlers give o'er,
Yield ye. I now say Times 1, 2, 3, 4!

* * * * * *

Recitative:—

Strike strike, the soft Judaic Harp,
Soft and sharp,
By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volant finger swept.

Air:—

Buzzing twangs the Iron Lyre,
Shrilly thrilling,
Trembling trilling,
Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

Air:

In strains more exalted the salt box shall join,
And clattering and battering and clapping combine,
With a rap and a tap while the hollow side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flap and with rattling rebounds.

Air:—

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hums,
With mournful moans
And grievous groans
The sober Hurdy Gourdy thrums.

[There is at least as much poesy in the second part, though I think the "Buzzing twangs the Iron lyre" is an idea that very likely may not be thought to be exceeded. In these anvil beating and cannon shooting times it is a hint for the resuscitation of which many will doubtless thank me.]

PART II.

Recitative:—

With magic sounds like these did Orpheus' Lyre,
Motion, sense, and life inspire;
When, as he play'd, the listening flood
Still'd its loquacious waves and silent stood;
The trees, swift bounding, danced with loosen'd stumps,
And sluggish stones caper'd in active jumps.

Air:—

Each ruddy breasted Robin
The concert bore a bob-in,
And ev'ry hooting owl around;
The croaking frogs,
The grunting hogs,
All, all conspir'd to raise th' enliv'ning sound;

Recitative:—

Now to Cecilia, heav'nly maid,
Your loud united voices raise,
With solemn hymns to celebrate her praise
Each instrument shall lend its aid.
The salt box with clattering and clapping shall sound
The iron lyre
Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire.
With heavy hum
The sober Hurdy Gourdy thrum;
And the merry, merry marrow bones ring round.

* * * * *

Dr. Arne had a benefit concert at "the little theatre in the Haymarket," where he introduced the various "instruments" named in the ode, allotting to each a solo; and the ode of which portions have just been offered was the one to which he adapted them. Pity it is the performance cannot be revived, of course making the most of modern orchestral resources and adding "additional accompaniments."

The New Jubilee.

It may perhaps be remembered in New York—and it certainly is not forgotten in Boston—that we ventured, in a mild and friendly way, to make one or two disrespectful jokes last year about the great Peace Jubilee which set the Hub of the Universe a whirling in such an insane and disorderly fashion. Possibly it may also be remembered that we drew from the vagaries of that insane week auguries of much future good,—a revival of popular interest in the best kinds of choral music, an enthusiasm for real art, an appreciation of the great truth that the people need recreation quite as much as they need work. Our hopes are fulfilled even sooner than we expected. A mania for monster concerts has seized upon the whole hemisphere. From Maine to California the people are possessed by the spirit of song. Feet that first lifted themselves to the measure of the can-can now beat four-four time to the burden of Handel's choruses, and the furthest stretch of impropriety which our young people today allow themselves is the Anvil Chorus, with a hundred musical blacksmiths and an electrified park of artillery. Let us rejoice in the great and glorious change without inquiring too closely into the agencies of our regeneration. Bergmann, Doremus, Thomas, Parepa, have all done much in the cultivation of high art; but maybe it is Gilmore after all, with his hammers and cannon, and his peal of bells, and his flaming enthusiasm, whom we must hail as the apostle of the new musical revival.

The New York Jubilee has begun, so be sure, with an inordinate amount of brag; but that is an imperfection which we are bound to pardon. We are used to making allowances for programme-eloquence, and if we are promised ten we have learned to be content with five. Architects may wonder how twenty-two thousand spectators are to be crowded into a building which, with all the proposed additions, will hardly hold ten thousand. Musicians may marvel at the promise of three thousand singers in a city where chorus singing is so shamefully neglected as it is in New-York. Experts may open their eyes a little at the "superlatively distinguished" and "unapproachably excellent" solo artists (all of the very first rank), whose names fill a list as long as the scroll of Leporello; and we will not deny that the unregenerate may smile at the announcement of a quartet from "Martha" with a triple Nancy and a five-barrel Plunkett. But why should we haggle about trifles? One does not call for *filet aux champignons* at a barbecue.

Beethoven, perhaps, if he had his way, would keep his birthday (when it comes) in a rather different style; but what has Beethoven to do with this affair except to lend it his name, and have maybe a day in his honor smuggled into the programme for the sake of appearances? When we ask for "Hail Columbia" must we be answered by the Symphony in D minor? For our part, we are quite satisfied both with the promises and the prospects. We know at any rate that we shall hear the best chorus and the best orchestra in America. We know that all the opera singers in the country, coming down in one fell swoop, will teach us (if they do not quarrel too much with one another) something of the music of the spheres. It is a heavenly outlook which even the superstitious smoke of possible cannon cannot wholly obscure. Must we be angry then with a little humbug, and take to measuring benches in the Rink and counting noses among the chorus? It is wiser far to throw up our hats and shout "glory!"—to set ourselves diligently to work proving that the New York Festival is almost as big and as good as the famous Festival of Boston, and as soon as it is over to get up another which shall be bigger and better than anything the world has ever seen.—*Tribune June* 4.

HOW THEY DO HONOR TO BEETHOVEN IN NEW YORK. The following, in all the newspapers, is worth preservation as a curiosity:

PROGRAMME OF THE CENTENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Monday, June 13; Tuesday June 14; Wednesday, June 15; Thursday, June 16; Friday, June 17; and Saturday, June 18.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 13.

GRAND INAUGURAL PROGRAMME.

Part First.

SYMPHONY IN C MINOR.....BEETHOVEN.
THE GREAT CLASSIC ORCHESTRA.
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SELECTED INSTRUMENTALISTS.
GRAND ARIA AND CHORALE.
"Inflammatus," Stabat Mater.....ROSSINI.
MADAME PAREPA-ROSA,
THE ENTIRE GRAND COMBINED CHORUS.
THE ORGAN and the GREAT ORCHESTRA.
GRAND CHORALE.
"For He the Lord Our God".....MENDELSSOHN.
THE ENTIRE GRAND COMBINED CHORUS,
THE ORGAN and the GREAT ORCHESTRA.

Part Second.

GRAND OVERTURE, "OBERON".....VON WEBER.

THE ENTIRE GREAT ORCHESTRA of
FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY VIRTUOSI,
GRAND ARIA, Cornet Obligato,
"LET THE BRIGHT SERAPHIM".....HANDEL.
MADAME PAREPA-ROSA
AND
MR. M. ARBUCKLE.
GRAND CHORUS "HALLELUJAH"..... HANDEL.
THE COMBINED CHORAL SOCIETIES, the
GREAT ORCHESTRA and the ORGAN.
GRAND PATRIOTIC FINALE.
"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"
MADAME PAREPA-ROSA
THE ENTIRE CHORAL SOCIETIES, CHOIRS AND
GRAND CHORUS.
THE GREAT ORCHESTRA,
THE MILITARY BANDS,
THE DRUM CORPS, and
THE ELECTRIC ARTILLERY.

CONDUCTORS,

CARL BERGMAN, CARL ZERRAHN,
MAX MARETZEK, CARL ROSA,
Dr. JAMES PECH, and
P. S. GILMORE.

The above programme, selected as the inaugural programme, presents all the conductors—the Great Choral Organization and the Great Orchestra—with a fitting Patriotic Finale.

Admission for this occasion.....One Dollar.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 14.

GRAND OPERATIC, CHORAL, AND
ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME.

Part First.

SELECTIONS FROM THE
SECOND SYMPHONY—BEETHOVEN.
THE GRAND CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA,
"THANKS BE TO GOD" (MENDELSSOHN),
BY THE GRAND CHORAL SOCIETIES
THE GRAND ORCHESTRA AND COLISEUM ORGAN.
Rienzi Overture.....Wagner.
GRAND OPERA ENSEMBLE.
IL TROVATORE .....VERDI.
MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG
as Leonore.
MRS. HOWARD PAUL
as Azucena.
SIGNOR P. BRIGNOLI
as Manrico.
SIGNOR PETRELLI
as Count di Luna.
GRAND ARIA SOPRANO, DUO TENOR and SOPRANO
and Finale of the First Act.
DUO CONTRALTO and TENOR, AND
"THE MISERERE."
THE COMBINED CHORUSES OF THE ITALIAN
AND GERMAN OPERA COMPANIES
THE COLISEUM ORGAN AND THE GRAND
ORCHESTRA.

Part Second.

ROBESPIERRE. LITTOLF,
with the "MARSEILLAISE" instrumented for the entire BRASS and REED BANDS,
THE GRAND FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
AND
THE COMBINED MILITARY BANDS
Grand Duo, "MASANIELLO".....Auber.
Signor CH. LEFRANC.
Signor G. REYNA
Grand Trio, "WILLIAM TELL".....Rossini.
Signor CH. LEFRANC.....as Arnold.
Signor G. REYNA.....as Tell.
Mr. JOSEPH HERMANS.....as Walter
Grand Quintet and Finale, MARTHA..... Von Flotow.
MARTHA
Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNHARD,
Miss ROSE HERSEE,
Miss ISABELLA McCULLOCH,
Miss ROSA COOK,
Madam BERTHA JOHANNSEN,
NANCY.
Mrs. ZELDA HARRISON-SEGUIN,
Mlle. FRIDA DE GEBELE,
Miss SOPHIE DZIUBA
LIONEL.
Mr. WILLIAM CASTLE,
Mr. THEODORE HABELMAN,
Signor FRANCISCO FILLIPI,
Signor B. MASSAMILLIANI,
Signor W. LOTTI.
PLUNKET.
Mr. S. C. CAMPBELL,
Mr. HENRI DRAYTON,
Signor PETRELLI,
Signor G. REYNA,
Signor AD. RANDOLFI,
with the combined GRAND CHORUSES OF THE ITALIAN, ENGLISH, AND GERMAN OPERA COMPANIES, sustained by the GRAND ORCHESTRA.
GRAND CHORALS
"Achieved is the Glorious Work."
Haydn.
THE ENTIRE COMBINED CHORAL SOCIETIES,
GREAT ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN
GALOP, "JUBILEE".....MARETZEK.

The Great Orchestra
AND
The Military Bands.

The foregoing programme presents by far the greatest number of recognized stars and artists which have ever been assembled and presented on one occasion, together with the entire combined choral societies, the combined choruses, the great orchestra and the military bands.

The price of admission for this occasion will be

One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 14.

FIRST GRAND ORATORIO

HAYDN'S ORATORIO,
"THE CREATION."
Madame Parepa-Rosa,
Mr. H. Nordblom,
Mr. M. W. Whitney.
And the Selected Oratorio Societies,
numbering over
Two Thousand Voices,
Assisted by the Coliseum Organ and the Grand Orchestra.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, June 15.

PROGRAME FOR THE MILLION.

All the Musical Elements of the Festival Combined.

GREAT DAY of
National, Patriotic, Popular and Classical
Selections, under the direction of
Mr. P. S. Gilmore
THE RENOWNED projector of THE
National Peace Jubilee.
In recordance with a general desire Mr. Gilmore will produce
Verdi's Famous Anvil Chorus,
The Star Spangled Banner and other
Popular pieces as performed at the
Peace Jubilee also,
Jullien's Quadrille of All Nations,
introducing the hymns of England, France, Russia, Prussia, America, and other Nationalities, Full Chorus, Grand Orchestra, Coliseum Organ, Military Bands, Drum Corps, Anvil Company, Bell Chimes, Cannon and other accompaniments.
Mr. Gilmore's Popular Programme
will also include the celebrated Overture to William Tell, and Les Martyres; also Gounod's Ave Maria, with obligato for
One Hundred Violinists,
and will present the grand choir of artists and the entire combined Choral Societies. Early publication of all the numbers.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 15.

Second Grand Oratorio,
Selections from
THE FIFTH SYMPHONY—Beethoven.
MENDELSSOHN'S
Grand Oratorio,
Elijah.
Madame Parepa-Rosa,
Miss Nettie Sterling,
Mr. Wm. Castle,
Mr. M. W. Whitney.
and
The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston.
numbering for this occasion
Upwards of Six Hundred Voices.

The very High Reputation of this Society naturally leads to the anticipation of one of the most delightful and artistic performances of this Great Oratorio which can by any possibility take place.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 16, 1870.

Great Beethoven Matinee,
Selections from his Greatest Works
For the Combined Choral Societies,
The Grand Chorus of Artists
The Most Eminent Soloists,
The Great Orchestra, the Organ.
Selections from Mount of Olives, Fidelio and the Ninth Symphony.

It is worthy of remark that at no previous occasion in America have all the elements for which this great master wrote been combined in one musical gathering—the Oratorio, the Opera, the Orchestral Combination, and the Organ.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 16.

Part I.
Grand Operatic
Choral and Miscellaneous
Programme.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 17.

Grand Oratorio Matinee.
Handel's Great Oratorio,
The Messiah.
Madame Parepa-Rosa
and
The Selected Oratorio Societies,
numbering over
Two Thousand Voices,
assisted by the Coliseum Organ and
The Great Orchestra.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 17.

Grand Operatic, Choral, and Miscellaneous Programme.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 18

Tenth and Last Festival Concert
Selections from the Ninth Symphony.
Five Thousand Sabbath School Children,
and Grand National Finale,
with
Eight Thousand Voices,
The Children, The Combined Choral
Societies, The Great Orchestra,
The Drum Corps, The Military Bands,
The Organ and The Electric Battery.

NOTICE.—The Selections of the Soloists, the madrigals and the numbers of the Military Bands are not yet added to the foregoing programme.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The revival of Cherubini's fine Opera, "Medea" with Mlle. Tietjens as the heroine, deserves honorable mention, if only as a proof that the lessees of this establishment desire that the classical minority of the audience shall occasionally have a treat to themselves. Dr. Gunz's *Jason*, too, must be praised as a really excellent performance of a most exacting part: and we sincerely hope that, in the present dearth of tenors, so reliable and conscientious an artist will not be lost sight of in future seasons, especially when such works as "Fidelio" and "Medea" are presented. Rossini's "Barbiere" introduced Mme. Adelina Patti for the first time this season in the part of *Rosina*, and Signor Mario, after a two year's absence, in that of *Count Almaviva*. How the former sang and acted, and how the latter acted and sang, it is needless to dwell upon: suffice it to say that both artists were received with enthusiasm. Mme. Patti has also appeared in "La Sonnambula" and "Marta," the house being on each occasion crammed to the ceiling. In the last named Opera Signor Urio made a successful *debut* as *Tristello*, giving the whole of the music with much effect, and gaining an enthusiastic encore for "M'appari." Mlle. Pauline Lucca, as *Margherita*, in Gounod's "Faust," and *Leonora*, in "La Favorita," has been received with a cordial welcome; and we may also say that in the latter work Signor Mario sang much of the music of *Fernando*, at least with a style, if not with a voice, which no tenor can equal. The production of M. Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" has given Signor Cotogni an opportunity of displaying powers, in the principal character, with which few persons had, we believe, credited him; but "Hamlet" is no favorite of ours, and Mlle. Sessi's *Ophelia* did not make us like it any better. Why should this really clever vocalist attempt to be so versatile.—*Mus. Times, June* 1.

DRURY LANE.—Meyerbeer's Opera, "Roberto il Diavolo," has been an extraordinary attraction at this establishment during the past month, the exquisite singing of Mlle. Christine Nilsson, in the part of *Alice*, enabling the majority of the opera frequenters—even those who remember Jenny Lind in the same character—to sit with the utmost enjoyment through a work which, with its many beauties, certainly contains some of its composer's dullest music. As *Margherita* in Gounod's "Faust," Mlle. Nilsson has also created a legitimate effect; and we have no doubt that these two Operas will continue to command the greatest audiences of the season. We must also record the success of Mme. Volpini as *Lady Enrichetta* in Flotow's Opera, "Marta," a part admirably suited for her light soprano voice and facile execution. The production of Weber's "Abu Hassan," and Mozart's "L'Oca del Cairo," on the same evening, was an event of the utmost interest to real music lovers; although, as might be expected, they attracted but few of the general public, who rather go to hear singers than works. Weber's Operetta could scarcely satisfy those who expected to hear a specimen of its composer's latest style. Founded upon the well-known story in the "Arabian Nights," the *libretto* gives scope for some excellent bustling music, of which Weber (who was but twenty four years of age when he composed it) has amply availed himself. Throughout the work the music is wonderfully adapted to the situation, and although we can scarcely imagine that the Opera will become a stock favorite at this establishment, there is no question that the lessee has well earned the thanks of all musicians by producing it. "L'Oca del Cairo," although having all the effect of a perfect composition, was left by Mozart in an unfinished state. Portions of other incomplete Operas, by the same composer, were afterwards added; and the *libretto*, re written by MM. Victor Wilder and Constantin, is the version which is now used. Much of the music of this work is nearly—we might, indeed, say fully—equal to that in either "Le Nozze," or "Don Giovanni," the *finale*, especially, containing much of the wondrous power shown in these two Operas. Considering the amount of genius which the composer has displayed in the treatment of this simple subject, it seems incredible that such music should have remained so long unknown; but with the full knowledge of the apathy of the public towards what is really good, we doubt whether even this excellent revival will have the effect of permanently placing "L'Oca del Cairo" amongst the established works of its composer. In "Abu Hassan," the principal parts were most efficiently filled by Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, who received an unanimous encore for her artistic rendering of the song, "O Fatima"—Mme. Monbelli, Mme. Corsi, Mlle. Briani, Signori Castelli, Ragner

and Trevero. "L'Oca del Cairo" introduced a young singer, Mlle. Pauline Lewitzky, who made so favorable an impression by her thoroughly-trained vocalization and prepossessing manner as to lead us to hope that she may prove a valuable acquisition to the company. The other characters were assigned to Mme. Sinico, Mme. Corsi, Signori Gassier, Gardoni, Trevero and Mr. Lyall, all of whom proved their reverence for the composer by singing their very best on the occasion.—*Ibid.*

Oratorio Concerts—The ninth and closing concert of the season took place on Wednesday, when the programme included Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The association of two such master-pieces is peculiarly appropriate, and formed a grand climax to an interesting series. The performance was generally efficient, especially in the *Lobgesang*, which appeared to have had the advantage of more preparation and rehearsal than the symphony. The solo vocalists were Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Cummings, and Herr Carl Stepan. Mr. Barnby conducted with his usual judgment and care; and his capital choir did good service in the choral movements of both works.

The series of concerts just terminated commenced on December 8, with Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* and *Acis and Galatea*—both for the first time with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments—which were followed by the *Messiah*, and *Seasons*, *Jephthah*, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Bach's *Passion Music*, *Elijah*, Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*, and *Alexander's Feast*.

Philharmonic Society—Spohr's symphony, *The Power of Sound*, to adopt a misnomer even more expressive than the rightful title—was played at this society's fifth concert on Monday last, and again asserted itself as the masterpiece. There are reasons in plenty why the symphony should not be popular. It is full of melody, and of the charm arising from refined treatment; moreover it illustrates a theme that appeals to every heart. The work was heard on Monday with unflagging attention, and a generally good performance presented it under favorable, if not the most favorable, conditions. Beethoven's second symphony (in D) is too well known even for such general remarks as the foregoing. There was room for improvement in the execution of certain passages; but this is usually the case with one or other of the symphonies at the Philharmonic concerts, and it arises, we presume, from want of time for adequate rehearsal.

The concerto was Weber's in E flat for piano, a work rarely heard, owing, perhaps, to the overshadowing popularity of the *Concert stück*, which seems to monopolize all the attention pianists are able to give its author. The concerto in B flat is Weber's second, and was written at various times during the years 1811-12. It ranks, therefore, in chronological order soon after *Abu Hassan*, and, like that little opera, illustrates the master's less characteristic style. That it is a work of great merit we cannot say; at the same time its claims to an occasional hearing are undeniable. The pianist was Herr Pauer, who suggests the thought that, amid the incessant demands made by a London season upon artists of eminence, it is barely possible for them to do justice to their fame when the work in hand requires careful preparation. Under all circumstances, however, Herr Pauer shows himself a genuine artist, and the recall he obtained was a due recognition of merit. The overtures were Meyerbeer's *Struensee* and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, widely contrasted examples of composers who have had very little in common. That the audience heard Mozart with delight, and Meyerbeer with curious interest, need not be said. As regards *Struensee*, however, we may question if it appears to advantage out of the place assigned to it by the composer. Mlle. Orgeni, who will be remembered as one of the Royal Italian Opera company some time ago, sang the great scena from *Der Freischütz*, and Donizetti's "Ardon gl'incensi" (flute *obbligato* capitally played by Herr Svensden) so as to obtain considerable applause. Mr. Santley also appeared, his selections being Spohr's "Di militari onori, (*Jessonda*) and "Non più andrai," both done perfectly.

New Philharmonic.—The fourth of these entertainments took place in St. James's Hall last Wednesday week, when the following selection of music was performed:—

Overture, "Der Wassertrager"..... Cherubini.
Aria, "O mio Fernando" (La Favorita)..... Donizetti.
Concerto In A minor, Violin..... Spohr.
Aria, "Di qui io vedo" (L'Africaine)..... Meyerbeer.
Symphony in B flat..... Beethoven.

—

Rondo, Pianoforte and Orchestra, "La Retour de Londres"..... Hummel.
Aria, "Vedrai carino"..... Mozart.
Variations, Violin..... Paganini.
Aria, "Le Vallon"..... Gounod.
Symphony, "Finale of the Jupiter"..... Mozart.

The *Athenæum* speaks thus of Mr. Limpus's oratorio, *The Prodigal's Return:*

"The composer is an amateur clergyman, who holds the post of Minor Canon at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We will not counsel the Rev. H. F. Limpus to inwardly digest the proverb, 'Ne sutor,' &c., because it is evident that he has ability enough to warrant a use of the pen. But there is music and music—psalm-tunes and oratorios for example; and our advice to Mr. Limpus is—avoid the latter, since it can only result in much wasted labor, and more disappointment. It is hardly worth while to dwell upon the libretto of a work not likely to occupy much attention; but we may say that the story is treated in a clumsy fashion. Certain verses are taken from the parable; and upon each is hung a string of reflections. The narrative itself is smothered under this load of moralizing, and becomes, at best, of secondary concern. Whether such an arrangement be right or wrong the reader may safely be left to decide for himself. The music is for the most part correctly and agreeably written, and shows an easy production of commonplace melody. This is nearly all we can urge in its favor. In the matter of original invention and independent thought the work is sadly wanting. We may even go so far as to say that Mr. Limpus appears to have copied Handel assiduously, only drawing a line at the actual reproduction of the great master's themes. If it were worth while, we could bring forward example upon example of this; but it is not worth while, and we refrain. Let us, however, ask what is the use of producing such tame and colorless music in the days when the great masters are known and admired by everybody. Oratorios like *The Prodigal's Return* have not the ghost of a chance; and their sure fate is speedy forgetfulness—a fate the composers should look upon as merciful."

St. Petersburgh.—A subscription is being got up to erect at Smolensk a monument to the well-known Russian composer, Michael Nicholajewitsch Glinka, born at the village of Nowospask, in the Jelna district of the Smolensk Government, and died the 3rd February, 1857, at Berlin. His opera, *Life for the Czaar*, was produced for the first time at St. Petersburgh, on the 27th November, 1836, and his other opera, *Russlan and Ludmilla*, on the 27th November, 1842.

Florence. Herr Hans von Bülow has returned from Berlin. He will shortly carry out a project he has long cherished, namely—the formation of a permanent "*Sinfonie-Capelle*," for the purpose of giving popular orchestral concerts. The first of such concerts will be given in the Teatro Principe Umberto, and the programme thus constituted: "Jubel Ouverture," C. M. von Weber; Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Pianoforte Concerto, Beethoven; Overture to *Struensee*, Meyerbeer; "Reapers' Chorus," from *Prometheus*, Liszt; and Symphony in C minor, Beethoven.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 18, 1870.

Festivals.

This is "Jubilee" season; and music having run its quiet, modest course in the usual way of Art, this summer month so far is given over to the noisy echoes, here and there, of last year's great Peace Jubilee, Monster Concerts, Choral Festivals, Beethoven Centennial Celebration in New York (with Gilmore guns and anvils, Verdi *Miserere*, steam Calliope, and all the modern improvements which may be supposed to interest the great composer who had grown already deaf to his own music,—of which, however, one whole Symphony and extracts from others are included in the programme, to make it clear that this great splurge has anything to do with Beethoven!). The New York affair, we suppose, will be over by the time this appears; and we may then gather up the elements of some right impression of it after the smoke and dog-day heat and flurry have been cleared away. Meanwhile we copy on another page the ingeniously grandiloquent and swelling Programme of the week, which doubtless has been modified in some particulars. We wonder if the words "Grand," "Complete Combined Grand," "Grand-Popular-Classical-Patriotic-National," &c., were ever reiterated so many times in one bill of fare! Such incense must be most acceptable to Beethoven, as well as such an array of Conductors representing widely separate spheres of music, and of Italian, German, English opera singers, good, bad and indifferent, all so distinguished for their deep sympathy with the spirit of Beethoven and high German Art!

But the explanation of it is, that the same restless, enterprising class of spirits who got up the Boston Jubilee, exists also in New York and in all the great commercial cities, always eager to be doing things on a stupendous scale; and they must needs imitate, if possible surpass (which they will not do), the great example of a year ago. The Centennial year of Beethoven is only seized upon to give it color, and just enough of his music introduced to save appearances. The fact that this festival is not given at the season of the master's birthday (December 17), is no fair ground of criticism; the celebrations in many of the German cities, even in his own Vienna, are announced for various weeks during the summer and autumn. For it is quite as significant, perhaps even more so, to make a centennial *year* of it, letting the chorus of the world's debt to the great Musician echo from land to land throughout the summer. Besides, the summer season is the most convenient for great gatherings; then distinguished artists are the most available. Doubtless all this will not prevent a great many less pretentious, more sincere and genuine musical commemorations on the actual centennial birthday next December.—The New York festival will be neither all bad, nor all good. In spite of much display of vanity and mutually jostling egotisms, there will be some fine manifestations of high, noble Art. The performance of *Elijah* by our Handel and Haydn Society, all armed and eager for the fray, can hardly fail to be a redeeming feature; for doubtless we shall hear that they have done their best, and under favorable conditions, as to solo artists, and especially the orchestral accompaniment. The giving of whole works—three Oratorios—is, so far, the taking of a higher ground than that of last year's Jubilee,—of course only possible within more limited dimensions. And the great orchestra New York can furnish, with Carl Bergmann for Conductor, promises well for Symphony and Overture; while as to solo singing, is not Parepa in herself a host?

Smaller Jubilee echoes, great for their several localities, have occurred in various New England centres of population, such as Springfield, New Bedford, &c., and other festivals of like kind, taking mainly the character of choral mass meetings, with somewhat of an educational view, are to be held here and there during the summer. That at Springfield took place last week on Wednesday and Thursday. The chorus singers of the surrounding towns were there. Parepa was there; Gilmore was there with guns and drums, but not it seems, with anvils; Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. Castle, Mr. M. W. Whitney, and other solo singers; Mr. Arbuckle, with his cornet; Dr. James Peck, of New York, Mr. Whiting, the organist, &c. The *Republican* likens the programme of the first day to "an entertaining volume in substantial covers;" that is, it consisted of a light and varied miscellany introduced and followed by a great choruns (Mendelssohn's "Thanks be to God" and Rossini's *Inflammatus* — the former conducted by Mr. Whiting, the latter of course by the inflammable P. S. G.) These were the upper and under crusts of the pie. The "four and twenty black-birds," were a cornet solo (De Beriot's 7th Air and variations); a Mo-

zart Air and divers English Ballads, by Mme Parepa Rosa; the "Two Grenadiers," by Mr. Whitney; the *Freyschütz* Scene by Mrs. Pratt, of Springfield; a Cavatina by Pacini; "The Milk Maid's Marriage," by Mrs. Smith; The "Wildwind Polka" (cornet) &c., &c.

The Second day began with an afternoon concert, a melange of the patriotic, sensational, sentimental, &c.,—mostly reminiscences of the Peace Jubilee,—all under the direction of Mr. Gilmore. In the evening the *Creation*. About 400 singers were in attendance, and an orchestra of 30. The performances were, for the most part, considered a success.

Naturally the best and largest of these mass singing meetings was the Choral Festival held at head quarters, Boston Music Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 7. This was more largely *choral*, and made up of solid music. *A thousand voices*, composed of the "Boston Chorus," organized for the Peace Jubilee, the "Choral Union," of South Boston, and the Chelsea Society, made an imposing appearance, and produced a grand volume of sound. Indeed the thousand voices sounded, in several of the choruses, much better than ten times their number in the Coliseum. The Conductors were Mr. ZERRAHN, Mr. EUGENE THAYER (Director of the Choral Union), and Mr. GILMORE, as representing the parent stock whence all these lesser Jubilees are offshoots. The selections were almost wholly reminiscences of the Coliseum. The choruses (with small orchestra and organ) were: Nicolai's Fest Ouverture on "Ein feste Burg," Handel's "Hallelujah," Haydn's "The heavens are telling," Mendelssohn's "He watching over Israel," Rossini's *Inflammatus*, &c. The solo singers were Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. HALL, Miss GATES, Miss RYAN, Mrs ELDER, and Messrs. W. J. WINCH, H. L. WHITNEY, RUDOLPHSEN and WILLE. Several smaller pieces, such as "*La ci darem*," by Miss Ryan and Mr. Rudolphsen, and the "Angel Trio," from *Elijah*, were sung. The orchestra gave a passable rendering of the "Tell" overture; and Mr. ARBUCKLE pleased by his admirable cornet playing of the same pieces as in Springfield. The concert, which was organized by the Committee of Mr. Tourjée's "National Musical Congress," and designed as we suppose, to set the ball rolling for the round of festivals throughout New England, gave on the whole a good deal of satisfaction both to the active participants and to a pretty numerous responsive audience. Such Choral meetings are the best fruit of the Coliseum.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—The exercises at the annual Musical Exhibition of the Public Schools, on Wednesday, June 8, at the Music Hall, were more interesting than ever, and gave convincing proof of solid progress, both in the singing of the children, and in their intelligent mastery of the rudiments of written music.

The morning exhibition was of children of the Primary Schools. Twelve hundred of these little innocents, terraced on the platform, amid great masses of June flowers, festoons, baskets of ivy and other vines, the girls all in white, Beethoven statue and Great Organ in the background, made a lovely scene. The Concert opened with the Overture to "Tell" played by Koppitz's fine orchestra from Selwyn's Theatre, and then began the children's exercises under the direction of their devoted teacher, a man who has shown a genius for this work, Mr. LUTHER W. MASON. They sang in unison: first an old German Choral;" then a simple, cheerful "Lark" song (also an old German melody); and then "Ye hills and verdant valleys," for which the music had been borrowed from one of Schumann's little Album pieces for the piano: "*Der frohe Landmann*." This last was a particularly nice selection, and sounded charmingly; only it was taken rather too fast. All the pieces were sung in good time and tune, with fresh, sweet voices, wanting volume of course at that age, but musically blended, and not harsh and shouting.

Then came physical exercises, timed to Gungl's "Cuckoo Galop" by the orchestra; which, from the perfect precision and simultaneousness of movement of arms, head, and whole body, rhythmical and graceful, had a kaleidescopic charm, and evidently were greatly enjoyed by the little actors themselves, each happy in being a live unit of so harmonious a whole.

Mr. Mason's illustrations of the method of teaching in the Public Schools were necessarily brief, but showed how thoroughly the thing is done; and that they do not merely sing by note, but actually learn to *read* notes and to explain all that relates to the simplest notation, time, &c., and to sound the intervals of the diatonic scale. These illustrations covered the first, the second, and the third year's course, each with songs, followed by miscellaneous school songs, and gave great surprise and satisfaction. The minuteness with which these first steps of knowledge were graduated, showed rare ingenuity.

Then followed "Song of Praise," by Nägeli; "The Child's Angel," by Glaser; "Praise of Song," by Hiller; all fresh and musical and childlike; and then, for a close, the pretty Semi chorus and Chorus, sung last year: "What song doth the cricket sing?" and each stanza answered by the chorus:

"What say all? Love and mirth, in the air, and in the earth;
Very, very soft and merry, is the natural song of earth."

The exhibition of the High and Grammar Schools (the older classes of the latter), again 1200 pupils, took place at four P. M., under the direction of JULIUS EICHBERG, teacher of singing in the High and Normal Schools, with J. B. SHARLAND, teacher in the Grammar Schools, at the Organ. This of course was the high hour of Festival, and it surpassed, to eye and ear, all that have gone before. After a good solid Organ Voluntary, all the voices joined in unison in the beautiful Bach Choral: "Now night comes softly stealing" ("*Nun ruhen alle Wälder*"), organ and orchestra supplying harmony. The mass of tone was rich, full, pure and firm, the notes well sustained, and the impression grand. Had it been sung less uniformly loud, it would have been more in keeping with the words. Weber's Jubilee Overture was then well given by a goodly orchestra. The next chorus, by Mendelssohn: "O vales," was nicely sung in three part harmony. So too the buoyant strain from Van Bree's Cantata "St Cecilia," in which the pupils of the "Girls' High and Normal and the Highland High Schools" (so much for Annexation!) sang the soli. A Chorus by Donizetti: "Rest, weary Pilgrim," followed; and then a very inspiriting and genial Glee, "Away to the Fields," by Mr Eichberg, for chorus and soli, by the "High" girls again.

The Vocal and Physical Exercises under the direction of Mr L. B. MUNROE, such as we have described more than once before, but carried to yet higher perfection, made a most delightful episode.

Then came the Overture to *Egmont* (it was pleasant to see with what interest the pupils listened to the orchestra), followed by one of Mendelssohn's Motets for three female voices: "Ye sons of Israel," a contrapuntal composition of some intricacy, sung by the High Schools, of course, and really a marked achievement for them, showing that music in the schools means more than has been credited. The gay old madrigal, "I love my love" was enthusiastically redemanded. The beautiful chorus by Rossini: "Wake, gentle Zephyr," pleased even more than last year. "Old Hundred," the audience rising and joining in the last verse, closed the feast of unalloyed enjoyment. The results of the year are a very noticeable development of pure, firm, musical tone in the general average of voices; as well as certainty, *aplomb*, and really musical character in the singing.

These exercises showed what has been done in the Primary and the older portion of the Grammar and High Schools. Later in the week we witnessed what had been done for the *younger* classes of the Grammar Schools, under the admirable drill of Mr. HOLT. Of this next time.

FARMINGTON, CONN. Mr. Karl Klauser gave last week his 45th and 46th matinée and soirée at Miss Potter's Young Ladies' School. The artists were Miss Mehlig, and Messrs. Theo. Thomas and F. Bergner. The programmes were as follows:

I.

Trio: Piano, Violin and Violoncello, B flat, Op. 97. Beethoven.
Phantasiestucke, Piano, Op 12 ..... Schumann
Sonata: Piano and Violoncello, A Op 69 . Beethoven.
Trio: Piano, Violin and Violoncello, E flat, Op. 100 Schubert.

II

Trio: Piano, Violin and Violoncello, D Minor, Op. 63. Schumann.
Sonata: Piano and Violin, A, Op 47 ..... Beethoven.
Solo Piano Spinnerlied "Fliegende Hollaender" .. Liszt.
Trio: Piano, Violin and Violoncello, D minor, Op 49. Mendelssohn.

(Crowded out last time)

GONE ABROAD.—Mrs. C. A. BARRY will be greatly missed in church and concert room during the year to come. She sailed for Havre on the 11th ult., bent upon giving her fine voice due opportunities in the best schools of Europe, particularly in Florence, where she is at present. But it is also her plan to pass some time in Leipzig, and near Robert Franz at Halle. When she returns, she will no doubt sing his songs more sweetly even than before.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS is already in California, singing for a few months: a piece of fortune on which we may congratulate the Californians. So both our principal Contraltos have left us waiting, with such patience as we can, for their return.

And that brilliant charming young pianist, Fraulein ALIDE TOPP, after a Complimentary Benefit in New York, has gone back to Germany; but with the intention, we believe, of playing soon in South America. Success go with her there and everywhere! Boston will welcome her whenever she returns.

And now we read that CAMILLA URSO (Mme Luere), after her great deals in California, has sailed for Europe. We hope to hear report of her playing Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto before a Leipzig audience, for such an artist ought to make her mark there.

In a few weeks, too, Mme PAREPA-ROSA and CARL ROSA will be gone, seeking rest among old friends in her English home, perhaps giving English Opera there, as good to say the least, as London ever heard. Carl Rosa as Conductor, too, will make his mark among them. But they will not forsake us long. Herr Carl has already taken steps to make himself a citizen of the United States.

Musical Correspondence.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 10.—Music, in Baltimore, or at least good music, seems by nine-tenths of the public to be looked at, when they condescend to look at all, in the light of a very secondary matter; not to be for a moment compared to the merits of politics, horse racing or prize fights! One may look till he is gray in the four daily papers, without finding so much as a hint that any decent music is to be heard: except it may be in the advertisement columns. It would seem as though nothing but one of Gilmore's earthquakes would turn the attention of the public to the fact of there being such a thing as "the divine art."

Previous to the formation of the "Peabody Institute," four years ago, the amount of music which could be heard outside the churches and theatres was extremely small. There are amateur concerts, confined as to programmes mostly to opera selections: and as they seem to have had very few really good vocal teachers, the style of singing can be better imagined than described. Then there are performances of the "Independent Blues" Band, which seems to have been the "Germania" of Baltimore. Then occasional visits from Opera companies (the Richings troupe being here at present), and concerts from most of the travelling concerns; and lastly, occasional Piano Recitals by resident professors.

The music in the churches seems to be a weak imitation of New York. Certainly the performance of Haydn's 2nd Mass at the Cathedral (a really fine

Catholic Church) which the writer heard, was very bad; the accompaniment being a wheezy old organ by Erben, played however by quite a good organist. I pitied him! The choir of some 15 or 20 being under the direction (?) of an antiquated individual of about 90 summers, who, having a very conspicuous position in front of the choir, beat time as if he were turning the crank of a barrel organ, using one hand to put them *out* of time, and the other in frantic attempts at confusing everybody (himself included) as to what was to be done next!

The tempos were taken at a fearfully fast rate, the soprano singing like a steam engine, and arriving at the end of her solo in the *Kyrie* before the choir had found their places even; consequently these last did not come in, and it had to be done all over again! It was a little better in the *Gloria*, but not much. The *responses*, composed (!!) by the director, came in 20 seconds, by my watch, after the celebrant's voice had ceased.

At St. Paul's Episcopal church there is a choir of boys and men. The organ being on one side of the chancel, and the singers on the other, an astonishing variety of tempos is the result; but the organ was played quite well (for Baltimore), and one of the boys had a fine voice, singing a solo in one of the hymns quite nicely.

I did not visit the theatres, as the season was over. Baltimore has, however, only one regular theatre, the others being "variety entertainments."

I come now to a much more promising subject, viz: the Peabody Institute. Probably most of your readers are aware that Mr. Peabody left, or gave rather, a very large sum, to establish an institution for the higher artistic education of the people of Baltimore. The interest of this,—after erecting the magnificent building of white marble, in a beautiful situation, near the Washington monument, and forming one side of the square—amounts to something over $50,000 per annum. This immense sum is in the hands of a Board of 200 Directors, one of whom is General Grant.

So far the interest of the fund has been expended on two departments only: the Library and the Academy of Music, of which latter Mr. L. H. Southard, formerly of Boston, is the director. I have just stated that the fund is expended (or so much as the board think proper) on two departments. Such is the fact. But I beg the reader not to suppose for a moment that it is *equally* divided: by no means. Nothing could possibly show more clearly the estimation in which music is held in Baltimore, than the proportion of this fund of $55,000 which is set apart for the Academy of Music, which consists of a Conservatory, having a building of its own, next to the Institute, and organized something after the manner of our Boston Conservatories, and the formation of a grand orchestra, and a series of orchestral concerts yearly. Any one acquainted with the details of the management of good orchestral performances, does not need to be told how very expensive it is. The pay of members of the orchestra in Baltimore is about the same as in Boston, and as the orchestra numbers some 40 or more, the expense must be very large.

As Mr. Peabody directed that only a nominal sum should be charged at the door, and as great liberality is exercised by the management in this respect (for instance, no one who comes *without* having purchased a ticket of admission is ever refused entrance!), very little can be realized from this source. Also the concerts are not advertised as with us; merely an announcement being inserted in one or two daily papers on the day of the performance.

For all this outlay the directors appropriate the sum of $5,000 of the above fund, which must carry on the Conservatory, pay the salary of the Director, pay the members of the orchestra, copying, new music, instruments, &c., &c.! And this notwithstanding the expressed wish of the giver (in writing) that music should be one of the principal features of the Institute!

It is almost unnecessary to affirm that none but a Yankee and a Bostonian would be able to do much with so miserable a pittance.

But Mr. Southard has organized a complete orchestra (the largest number they had got together before of their own performers, being from 13 to 20, with which they used to *do* Beethoven's Symphonies!) consisting of 11 violins (6 first and 5 second), 4 violas, 2 violoncellos, 3 double basses, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 trumpets (cornets), 4 French horns, 3 trombones, tuba, and full set of drums.

It will be seen at a glance that the band is weak in the string department, there being brass and wood enough for three times the number of violins. Unfortunately, too, the wind instruments play rather coarsely, which makes it all the worse. On the other hand, the hall in the Peabody Institute is not very large, holding only about 11,000 people, and the wind instruments are placed in a recess at one end, which has the effect of muffling them somewhat, while the strings are in front, and brought out into the hall, rendering the whole orchestra tolerably well balanced. A curious idea, and one I never saw elsewhere, is the standing up of the band during performance, it gives them a stiff, awkward appearance, not at all pleasing.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the latest "improvements" introduced by Mr. Theo. Thomas in Boston, of symmetrical bowing, a real pianissimo, terracing the performers, &c., have not yet reached Baltimore. (They were a long while reaching Boston, for that matter!)

A glance at the programme for the past two seasons will show what has been done in the way of introducing good music to the people of Baltimore: Beethoven's 1st, 2d, 5th and 7th Symphonies have been given, and his E-flat Concerto twice; Mozart's Symphonies in C and E*b*, and his Concerto in D minor; Gade's Symphony in C twice or more; the Scotch Symphony of Mendelssohn; two movements of the great Schubert Symphony in C, (the 9th); two symphonies of Haydn, one in E*b* and one in D; two movements of Spohr's Symphony, Op. 78, &c.

Of Overtures a great variety have been given: 3 by Mendelssohn ("Ruy Blas," "Fingal's Cave," and "Midsummer Night's Dream"); 4 by Weber; 2 by Mozart; 6 by Rossini; 5 by Auber; 2 by Boieldieu; 2 by Suppé; and one each by Meyerbeer, Cherubini, Reinecke, Nicolai, Spontini, Donizetti, Balfe, Flotow, Reissiger, and Onslow. Also Mendelssohn's *Capprício Brillant* (with Orchestra), Op. 22; his *Serenade and Allegro giojoso*, Op. 43, and the whole of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Besides these, a great number of smaller pieces have been given, some of them arranged in a really effective manner by the director.

I have been greatly interested in examining this trial of *an American* in a sphere, where but very few (in this country at least) are placed. There seems to be no doubt but that we have got to have, sometime, (and that not far distant), orchestras manned and directed by Americans:—that is, if we are to have orchestral music at all.

In England it was formerly as with us; they relied on German performers; but now their orchestras are largely made up of Englishmen, and to any one who has heard the best London concerts, it is needless to state that the performances have lost nothing in quality by the change.

As to the best means for bringing about this most desirable state of things, it is not the purpose of the writer to inquire, but I think one thing has been fully proved by this experiment in Baltimore, and that is: that, given even a small amount of support, a good musician will acquit himself creditably at the head of an orchestra, be he of what nationality he may. *

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

There is no more night than day. Song and Chorus. 3. E*b* to e flat. *Holmes.* 30

"Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
For taking the world together, my dear,
There is no more night than day."

Dreams. (Träumlied. 4. D*b* to d flat. *Westmeyer.* 30

"Were I a dream, I'd steal into thy heart,
And there would bud and bloom as blooms the rose."

Darling Nellie Ray. Song and Chorus. 2. G to e. *Hoag.* 30

"When the sun has gone to rest,
And the stars are twinkling bright,
I take the little footpath worn
That leads to yonder light."

They are sleeping. Song, Duet, and Chorus. 2. C to e. *J. G. Clark.* 40

Quite effective for the annual Decoration service.

"They are sleeping where flowers of the glade and the hill
In a mantle of love have arrayed them,
While the cannon is hushed, and the bugle is still,
Sleeping on where their comrades have laid them."

I really am so sleepy. Humorous. 3. G to e. *Gatty.* 30

A very funny song when well acted.

"I'm going to try and sing a song,
I don't know if I can;
For the truth is this, I really am
A very sleepy man."

Instrumental.

All Alone. Nocturne. 3. C. Op. 7. *Bussenius.* 30

A beautiful Andante movement in 3-4 rhythm.

Fantasie. 4. E*b*. Op. 4. *Bussenius.* 40

A very melodious Allegro movement in quadruple measure, with the accompaniment in chords of triplets.

Both these pieces are destined to become great favorites.

Rose of Allandale Quickstep. 2. C. *E. L. White.* 30

The Kiss Polka. 3. F. Op. 38. *Moelling.* 30

A sparkling little Polka, with a good "swing" and merry accent.

Palace March. 3. D. *Geo. W. Lyon.* 60

With an elegant title illustrating a scene on the Union Pacific Railroad with a "Pullman" train speeding through a mountain pass.

Communion. For the Organ or Reed Organ. 4. F. *Battmann.* 20
Offertoire. " " " 4. B*b*. " 30
Elevation. " " " 3. D " 20
Marche Religieuse. " " 3. E*b*. " 20

Books.

EHLERT'S LETTERS ON MUSIC. Translated by *Fanny Raymond Ritter.* Cloth, 1.75

These entertaining letters to a Lady are not filled with technicalities, but are calculated to interest as well as instruct. They have met with a large circulation and extended success in Germany.

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Designed to aid those who seek to learn without a teacher, containing also a large number of the popular melodies of the day.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 763. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 8.

Wagner on Conducting.

Translations, for this Journal, from "Ueber das Dirigiren," by RICHARD WAGNER.

II.

—What might not a Conductor do, if he but rightly understood his position toward the Theatre, to which in fact he owes his office and his dignity! On the contrary he treats the Opera (to which the wretched care of this kind of Art upon the German stage gives him a doleful right) as a burthensome day labor to be borne with sighs, while he puts his point of honor in the concert hall, whence he was called. For, as I have said, so soon as the intendancy of a theatre once sets its heart on having some musician of renown for Kapellmeister, he must come from anywhere else rather than from the Theatre.

Now, to be able to judge what such a *quondam* Concert and Singacademie Director can accomplish, we must seek him where he is peculiarly at home, and where his reputation as a "sound" German musician has been founded. We must observe him as a Concert Director.

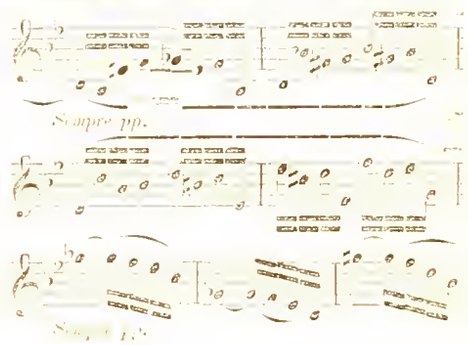
From my earliest youth I have had a singular impression of unsatisfactoriness in the orchestral rendering of our classical instrumental music; and this impression has been confirmed as often as I have been present, even in the most recent times, at any such performance. What seemed to me so full of life and soul in its expression on the pianoforte, or as I read the score, I scarcely recognized again as it flew past the hearers for the most part unregarded. Especially was I astonished at the dullness of the Mozart *Cantilena*, which had stamped itself on me before as so alive and full of feeling. The reasons became clear to me only some time later; I have discussed them in my "Report on the foundation of a German Music School in Munich" (1865). . . Certainly they lie first of all in the utter want of a veritable German Musical Conservatory, in the strictest sense of the word, which implies the *conservation* or preservation of the exact tradition of the way in which our classical masters had their own works performed: and this again presupposes that these masters actually succeeded there in getting their works performed entirely to their mind. Unfortunately this has escaped our German culture, and we are referred to the conjectures of each individual conductor, to what *he* thinks about the tempo or the rendering of a classical piece of music, to *orient* ourselves regarding its true spirit.

In my young days, in the famous Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts, these pieces were simply not conducted at all, but they were played away under the lead of the first violin, the then Concertmeister Matthäi, somewhat like the Overtures and entr'actes in a theatre. Of any disturbing individuality of the Conductor there was here nothing at all perceptible; moreover the principal works of our classical instrumental music, which of themselves offered no great technical difficulties, were regularly played through every winter: so they went with smoothness and precision; you saw that the orchestra, knowing them so thoroughly, enjoyed the annual re-greeting of the favorite works.

Only with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony they did not get along so well: yet they made it a point of honor to perform this also every year with the rest.—I had copied out for myself the score of this Symphony, and had made a piano arrangement of it for two hands. How astonished was I to get only the most confused impressions from the performance of it in the Gewandhaus; indeed I was so disheartened by it, that for some time I turned away entirely from the study of Beethoven, about whom this had thrown me wholly into doubt. But it was very instructive for me, that my later real pleasure in Mozart's instrumental works was only first awakened when I had the opportunity of conducting them myself, and could then allow myself to follow my own feeling for the animated delivery of the Mozart *Cantilena*. But it was the most thorough lesson to me, finally, to hear the "Ninth Symphony," which had at last become so questionable to me, played by the so-called Conservatoire Orchestra in Paris in the year 1839. Here the scales as it were fell from my eyes, showing me how much depended on the rendering, and I understood at once in what consisted here the secret of the happy solution of the problem. The orchestra had simply learned to recognize in every measure the Beethoven *melody*, which evidently had entirely escaped our brave Leipzig musicians at the time referred to; this melody the orchestra *sang*.

This was the secret. And to this they had been led through a Conductor of by no means special geniality; Habeneck, who achieved the great merit of this performance, had, after having this Symphony rehearsed throughout a whole winter, only felt the impression of the unintelligibleness and ineffectiveness of this music; of which impression it is hard to say whether the German Conductors had ever condescended to feel it. But this determined Habeneck to study the Symphony through a second and a third year, and not to give it up until the new Beethoven *Melos* had dawned upon every musician, and, as these were musicians of the right feeling for melodious delivery, not until it was correctly reproduced by every one of them. For the rest, Habeneck was a musical director of the old stamp: he was the master, and all obeyed him.

The beauty of that rendering of the Ninth Symphony remains wholly indescribable to me. Yet, to give some idea of it, I select a passage, whereby (as I might easily do with any other) I will show at once the difficulty in the rendering of Beethoven, and the poor success of the German orchestra in the solution of the same. Never since, even by the most excellent orchestras, have I been able to hear this passage of the first movement:



executed with such perfect evenness, as I then heard it (thirty years ago) by the musicians of the Paris Conservatoire orchestra. In this one passage, as I have been repeatedly reminded in my later years, it became quite clear to me, how much depends on the orchestral delivery, since it includes in itself both *motion* and *sustained tone*, together with the law of *Dynamics*. Herein consisted the mastery of the Parisians, that they could execute this passage *precisely* as it stands written. Neither in Dresden, nor in London, in both which places I afterwards brought out this Symphony, could I succeed in making the shifting of the bows as well as of the strings quite imperceptible in the ascending figure which repeats itself; still less in suppressing the involuntary accentuation at the ascent of this passage, since it always comes natural to the ordinary musician to play stronger in going up and weaker in going down. At the fourth measure of the passage we always found ourselves in a crescendo, whereby a heavier accent was involuntarily, nay necessarily, imparted to the sustained G flat which enters with the fifth bar, thereby greatly injuring the peculiar tonal significance of that note. It is hard to bring a person of coarse feeling to perceive the bad expression which this passage gets when played off in this common music-making way, so contrary to the clearly indicated and express will of the master: to be sure, discontent, unrest, yearning are expressed in it even then; but *what sort* of discontent we only learn when we hear this passage executed as the master meant it, and as I have heard it only in the single instance of these Parisian musicians in the year 1839. I remember, that the impression of the *dynamic monotony* (pardon the seemingly absurd expression for a phenomenon so hard to indicate) in the uncommonly, nay eccentrically varied intervals of the ascending figure, coming out upon the long G flat, sung with infinite tenderness, and then answered by the G natural, which is sung with equal tenderness, initiated me, as if by magic, into the incomparable mysteries of the soul, then speaking to me so directly, openly, intelligibly and clearly.

But, not to dwell upon this sublime revelation, I only ask: In what way did it become possible to these Parisian musicians to arrive so infallibly at the solution of this difficult problem? Plainly in the first place only by the most conscientious pains-taking, such as is peculiar only to such mu-

cians, who do not content themselves with mutual compliments, do not imagine that they understand every thing of themselves, but approach with modest unconcern that which they do not understand, while they seek to master what is difficult on *that* side where they are at home, namely on the side of *technique*. The French musician shows the excellent influence of the Italian school, to which he essentially belongs, in so far as music is for him only comprehensible through song: to play an instrument well means, for him, to be able to sing well on it. And, as I have said, that splendid orchestra actually *sang* this Symphony. But to be able to sing it properly, the *right time-measure* had, above all, to be found; and that was the second thing that impressed itself upon me on that occasion. The old Habeneck had certainly no abstract-æsthetic inspiration for it; he was utterly without "geniality": but *he found the right tempo, by leading his orchestra on through persevering practice, until they caught the Melos of the Symphony.*

But it is only the right conception of the Melos that can give one the right time: the two things are inseparable; the one determines the other. And if I do not shrink from passing judgment upon nearly all the performances of the classical instrumental works, pronouncing them unsatisfactory to a serious degree, I must go further and assert, that *our Conductors know absolutely thing of right tempo, because they understand nothing about singing.* Not a single German Kapellmeister, or other sort of musical director, occurs to me, who could actually, with a good or with a bad voice, sing a melody. On the contrary, for them music is a singularly abstract thing, something that hovers between Grammar, Arithmetic and Gymnastics; of which it is easy to comprehend how one instructed in it may be fit for a proper teacher in a Conservatory or a musical gymnasium, but not how such an one can lend life and soul to a musical performance.

(To be Continued).

Ferdinand Hiller on Richard Wagner.*

(Continued from page 235).

With regard to the style in which the members of the new community compose, their great principle, according to Wagner (which principle, also, is said to emanate from Mendelssohn), is never to aim at producing an "impression or effect."† Wagner places these words sophistically enough side by side, as synonymous. He knows very well, however, that no one aims at not producing an impression, while the notion of producing an effect has obtained in Germany an unfavorable secondary signification. But when we see that the desire for effect has led a man like Wagner to absolute cudgelling in the *Meistersinger*, to the most violent outrage ever known upon art, good taste, music and poetry, some slight anxiety on the subject is very natural. "But this repugnance for effect sways this school even when performing classical music." A tribute is here paid Liszt as a pianist; as though it had ever entered the head of the partisans of any school in existence to doubt his enormous geniality in rendering any kind of music whatever, a geniality of which Mendelssohn himself spoke as of something marvellous. Hans von Bülow, also, Liszt's *"einzig berufenster"*‡ successor, is so supremely fortunate as to be praised. But why does not Wagner say a single word about Liszt's compositions? Why does he not mention Bülow as a conductor? The fact is, there is but one God, who is his own Prophet, and his name is Richard Wagner.

"The principal ingredient of this new school," the god goes on to say, "is a certain circumspectly reflective cautiousness of what it cannot do, with defamation of what it would like to do." That it was possible to "entangle so sterling a nature as Schumann in this," he finds, "above everything sorrowful." From what is then said concerning Schumann, who is described as "amiable and thoroughly charming," but of whom it is also asserted that the "narrowness of his natural gifts was displayed, and he became bombastic and unnatural," we are completely incapable of gathering what Wagner really likes, and what he dislikes in him. This, however, is a matter of supreme indifference.

"But, under the power of these musical eunuchs, what becomes of our great and unspeakably magnificent German music?" exclaims Wagner, and he is overtaken by a slight feeling of anxiety for this wondrous inheritance of German genius. We do not find the answer to the question before we reach a subsequent page, after going through some long dissertations, which enter minutely into details, on the way in which his *Meistersinger* has been performed. He is supported "by the eminently consolatory conviction that, despite the very unintelligent way in which this work has been handled, its *effective power* is not to be destroyed—the fatal gift of effectiveness, against which the Leipsic Conservatory so zealously warns us, and which, as a punishment, cannot be got at, even in the way of destruction." This must strike him as the more marvellous, as he can no longer prevail on himself to be present at a performance of his works, and he therefore "draws, wonderful to say" (very wonderful) "from their said almost incomprehensibly effective power, a conclusion, peculiarly gratifying to him, respecting the relation of musicians conducting such compositions to our great classical music, the continuing existence of which, ever warming us anew, despite the stunting cultivation of such individuals, is, by this very thing, rendered intelligible to him. The fact is, they cannot destroy such things—and this conviction appears, strangely enough, to be growing into a sort of consolatory dogma for the Genius of Germany, with which dogma it tranquilizes itself on the one hand, believingly and comfortably, while, on the other, it goes on creating in its own way!" (Let us take breath!)‖

"But what we should think of the wondrous conductors" (everything and everyone is wondrous!) with a celebrated name, considered as musicians, remains to be asked," Wagner goes on to say. He tells us that: "The assumption of their excellence is firmly established—though he does not know one to whom he should consider himself justified in trusting with confidence a single *tempo* in his operas." (How terrible for the conductors!) He doubts their being "real musicians, for it is incontestable that they exhibit no musical feeling." Mozart explains it to him "by his enormous aptitude for arithmetic;" they are musical arithmeticians, but deficient in everything else, men to whom "the correct *tempo* of our music must be explained according to the *regula de tre*, since nothing can be imparted to them by the instrumentality of feeling."

The battle field is strewn with corpses—we breathe death and corruption. But the tyrant now experiences a human emotion, and, on the last page, flings our admirable Joachim a half encouraging greeting. He has not heard him himself, but he has heard others speak of him—and he is glad to believe that in his playing we "recognize the beneficial result of a many years' intimate intercourse with Liszt." However, "the conductor's stick is said not to have obeyed him well; composing, too, appears to have embittered him more than it has delighted others." Wagner is rendered, moreover, suspicious by having been informed that: "Joachim is expecting a fresh Messiah for music." But: "Bravely, forwards!" he exclaims to him. "If he himself should happen to be the Messiah, he might at least hope not to be crucified by the Jews!" And with this delicate, cheerful, and clever turn, Wagner concludes.

But what can have impelled Wagner to indulge in these outrageous diatribes? Above aught else, anxiety for his works. Whenever anything in them does not please, the fault is attributed to the bad execution, and if they strike many persons as too long, it is because they have been cut too much. For "Cut, Cut—is the *ultima ratio* of our worthy *Capellmeister*." There can be no question that a great deal too much is done in this way, yet it is a "wonderful" fact that this violent system of curtailment was never applied to such operas as *Figaro, Die Vestalin, Fidelio, Der Freischütz, Jessonda*, etc. The system was first adopted in Germany for grand French operas. The latter were composed for a public who do not sup; they were, therefore, in their original length insupportable to persons who are hungry when they come into the theatre. Why has not the German Wagner accommodated himself to the German custom? He must console himself with his cousins, Shakespeare and Schiller, with whom very different liberties are taken than with him, but whose pieces may very well be witnessed even after his "Musicdrama."—Another reason why Wagner attacks every mortal thing in the way of music is that as yet all German musicians have not sworn allegiance to his standard. If we reflect how short was the active public career of Mendelssohn, and what a comprehensive influence Wagner ascribes to it, though, it is true, only in a bad sense, even now, twenty-three years after Mendelssohn's death, it seems indeed "wonderful" how insignificant, and how superficial is Wagner's influence on the majority of his artistic contemporaries, after a very noisy, and, to some extent, successful career of thirty years.—According to Wagner himself there is only one way of explaining this—his contemporaries are too-narrow-minded, to shallow, too deficient in character; "their love, their belief, their hope, all is artificial." In Wagner, it must be confessed, all these qualities are in the highest degree natural: he is his own love, his own belief, his own hope, his own all.

His sudden and tender anxiety for the prosperity of our "unspeakably magnificent music," can, therefore, merely conjure up an incredulous smile. Not that he is incapable of appreciating Beethoven's or Weber's music—the former master, according even to the assertions of Wagner's own apostles, supplied him with "materials" for his monuments, and the other, in *Euryanthe*, had at least a "presentiment" of him. But whether Bach, Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn, are ever performed is to him a matter of utter indifference, and, when they are performed, the effect on him is rather disagreeable than otherwise.

The most outrageous thing, however, is that Wagner speaks about subjects, men, and works, of which his knowledge is most superficial. Living, for the last two-and-twenty years, in Switzerland, devoted to his labors and his pleasures, he has interrupted this existence on only a few occasions, to direct performances of some of his own works—and now and then to conduct a symphony or two. He lives so completely in a sphere peculiarly his own, that, as we know, he does not care about hearing any more music—it diverts his attention, impedes and annoys him. He never was present at the performance of any great work, or at one of our Musical Festivals, and nearly all our modern concert institutions, the musical blossom of Germany, are strange to him. Does he know aught of the compositions of recent times? We should hardly say so. Brahms once played him some variations, from which he saw "that he does not understand joking"—but, except this, he appears to have seen only his most trivial work—his "Waltzes with Song." Max Bruch is not mentioned—perhaps because he succeeds in producing an "impression or effect." Does Wagner know Bargiel's Overtures, which could certainly not fail to interest them? With what Joachim has done, he is acquainted only by hearsay. And thus he throws everything, indiscriminately, like a lot of vegetables, simultaneously, into one pot.

The majority of our "Music-Bankers" may be deficient in any great productive power—they may not all be admirable conductors—but, completely as they differ from each other in disposition, talent, and every thing that constitutes individuality, we find in Germany, fortunately, at the present day, a common trait in innumerable instances: earnestness, and love of what is done. That these qualities frequently do not suffice, when the industrial, financial, and executive resources on which our art depends are too small, is a matter of course. But it is touching to find that there are often in the smallest towns conductors who shun no labor, no sacrifice, to do their part towards the propagation and advancement of our great German music, and who succeed in obtaining most splendid results. In *this* respect, Mendelssohn's example has indeed produced its fruits. Notwithstanding the vast amount he did as a composer, he always managed to find time for devoting his talent, his energy, and his love to the works of our masters. If Wagner does not know of a single conductor but himself, and if he is so tortured by anxiety for our "unspeakably beautiful music," why does he not allow the light of his own example to shine upon us? He has in Munich the most magnificent means at his disposal; he possesses an amount of influence, such as, probably, no composer ever possessed before him—why does he not give model performances in the

* From the "Kölnische Zeitung.

† "*Wirkung oder Effect.*"

‡ "Solely most-having-a-call," a pretty specimen of Wagnerian style. Despite a fearful martyrdom while translating *Oper und Drama*, and other works of the Lucerne Anchorite, I am not even *quite* perfect in the language invented by him, to supply the place of German. As in the previous instances, therefore, I leave to those of our readers who possess a peculiar taste for riddles the task of saying what "solely most having-a call" signifies. It may be wisdom clothed in mystic garb, but, to the uninitiated, it resembles exceedingly unmitigated nonsense. Disbelievers in Herr R. Wagner's profundity may be pardoned if they sometimes feel tempted to adopt the theory that the Musician of the Future pads his sentences with grand words, to make believe there lurks a finely developed thought, just as some beauties call in the aid of cotton-wool to supply the place of certain charms which would otherwise be prominent only by their absence.—*Translator.*

‖ Yes! respected Dr. Hiller. With all my heart! The slightest respite is a boon.—*Translator.*

Bavarian capital, and thus form a new school of conductors? The attendance would certainly be numerous—for if a man has only confidence in himself, the rest of the world also will have confidence in him.

What tricks Wagner plays with musical history whenever it does not suit his purpose, I took an opportunity of showing on a former occasion. This latest work, also, swarms with similar instances. Each instance must characterize entire epochs, and, in consequence it characterizes them falsely. But I leave these things to more learned colleagues, as there is reason to fear I have already run to too great a length, and I hate the pruning-knife no less than does the autocrat of the Lake of Lucerne.

That I am mentioned and, also, even when not mentioned, duly put down, in the pamphlet is a matter of course. I do not, however, experience any impulse either to defend myself or to sound my own praises, but merely exclaim with Goethe's painter: "What I have painted, I have painted."

As a cheerful finish let me give one more short quotation: "The assumption of the excellence of the wonderful conductors is so firmly established," Wagner writes at page 82, "that the entire musical community does not feel the slightest hesitation as to who, when the nation determines to have something played (as, for instance, at grand Musical Festivals), shall beat time. It can be only Herr Hiller, Herr Rietz, or Herr Lachner. It would be utterly impossible for the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth to be celebrated if these three gentlemen were suddenly to sprain their hands." Quite correct! And since the great happiness and honor have devolved upon me of having to conduct at the said splendid festival, I will treat my hands with as much attention, and take as much care of them up to then, as though I were the most lovely Parisian coquette. Let me, therefore, quickly lay down the pen—and not be in too great hurry to dip it again in the ink for another such fatiguing effort as the present.

The German Lied.—Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Franz, etc.

(From Ehlert's Letters on Music.)

Schubert rendered the song (Lied) of so much consequence, that it is worth while to trace its progress up to our own day. I do not think I shall be accused of discourtesy, if I preserve a discreet silence in respect to what Mendelssohn has accomplished in this branch. The historian who has to relate the life of a small king, after having told that of a great one, is to be pitied if he has not the opportunity of growing angry with the former; if his subject is so full of good-citizen virtue and integrity, that he has no chance to grow impassioned in praise or blame of him. The saddest, the most difficult task for an author, is that of writing the history of mediocrity. And that is the history of the Lied, from Schubert to Mendelssohn,—a story of tiresome respectability. In that delightful time when people read the "Horen" as to-day they read any literary journal, when a couple of sheets were added every week to the history of German literature, not a Schiller or Goethe ballad could appear, upon which every good humored song-composer did not make a display of how far a misunderstanding of the sense of the poem could be carried. So, permit me to be silent, and go back a step with me before we proceed. It must sound strange to you that I have not said anything of Beethoven's songs; and yet would you not also wonder if any one should enter upon a history of Shakspeare's sonnets? Yet it is undeniable that this man wrote a few fine poems in this form; as undeniable as that "Adelaide," the Scotch songs, the *cycle* of songs, "To the Beloved One," and the Gellert sacred songs, are glorious. But what has this supernatural, symphonic nature to do with songs? He gave them on occasion, as we give alms to a pretty beggar child. But such little humanities rarely begged from him: he had hardened his heart. It was not his intention to sport with flowers. Those longing moods of mind, which in us become tender little songs, he fashioned into great adagios. In a word, one human breast is not large enough for his songs: they need the immeasurable extent of the complete orchestra. How many of Schubert's instrumental movements are only songs in disguise, looking out of the serious mask with lovely, childish eyes; while Beethoven's songs, on the contrary, are generally only an enchanted orchestral thought. Even in the Scotch songs, he adds a violin and violoncello accompaniment, as if he feared to be alone with the human voice.

Mendelssohn and his great contemporaries were the first who awakened the Lied to new life after Schubert's death. I will speak of them as briefly as possible, lest you should grow weary of two persons of whom you have already heard so much from me. In this form, Mendelssohn adhered to outward beauty, above all things. He chose rather to break with the poet than to sin against lovely agreeability. He preferred poems which were limited in feeling to the boundaries of pleasant gracefulness, to those in which the strong waves of passion threatened danger to the fragile bark of song. Schumann often selected subjects lying near the boundaries of the uncomposable, and his boat often rocked on the dangerous breakers. He was always inclined to give the situation a picturesque localization; while Mendelssohn took the greatest care to form a finely-felt vocal part, without having any especial vocation for it. Schumann often wrote powerfully for the voice, and often laid the principal feeling in the pianoforte accompaniment, so that the vocal portion only plays a melodramatic part, and the Lied becomes a scene. The difference between the songs of these masters resembles the difference between a regularly handsome and an interesting face. When such a choice presents itself, you know how rapidly I make my decision! I have admired fine heads all my life; I have even worshipped them but I have loved only the interesting ones. Titian's Venus herself was never dangerous to me; but I would have given my life for a smile from Leonardo's Mona Lisa. There are many among Schumann's songs that cannot be considered as works of art in this sense, or recommended as models: nevertheless, every one of them has deeply moved me; yes, these songs have "broken through the secret path to my heart," and arched my lyrical horizon.

Schumann at last went so far as to leave the poem for declamation, and only wrote a pianoforte accompaniment. Here I stand near the boundaries of my enthusiasm for this master; for my nature rebels against this dualism of declamation and music. It is a very proper instinct that forbids the marriage of brothers and sisters among civilized nations. What! declamation wedded to music? Is not that like playing the organ while the sermon is going on? Is not that oppressing the sensuous tone of speech with the more powerful force of music, interrupting and scattering the thoughts of the poet? Speech and music both move us through the ear first; but the former only moves us symbolically. Sensuous effect in a poem is of the same consequence as poetic intention in a composition. For the great significance of speech lies in the thought: that of music in the tone. Some one may make a stupid speech with a very fine voice: but does this improve the speech? Some one may write a stupid composition to a very poetic programme: but will this render the music less dull? One can hardly believe how many distracting things have been written on these simple subjects. What is nearer to our hearts, and more natural, than a wish to unite thought and tone? As soon as people began to compose to the poet's thought, the sound of speech was destroyed, and that of song commenced. But that was not enough. The thought must be not only sung, but also played; and thus arose that wondrous twin-birth, which consoles itself for want of a decided distinction of race, by belonging to two races at once. So that we may know, that, behind these ignorant, absurd musicians, a literary, a cultivated creature is hidden, a programme is put into our hand, by means of which we unriddle the enigma, and which always reminds me of a college diploma, and of those suspicious tablets, which a few of the old masters used to place in the mouth or hand of their figures, lest their creatures should be misjudged.

A marriage between speech and tone is a misalliance: if they are to be equals, speech must be elevated to the rank of tone. The song may be as recitative-like as possible. I can imagine many tragic situations in the opera possible, in which the composer, having exhausted all means of musical gradation, might produce a remarkable tragic effect by forsaking his art, and permitting the entrance of the spoken word. But the singular and uncommon effect of this would only lie in the momentary abandonment of all those conditions upon which the relations of poetry to music repose. I can only account for such an error in regard to the fundamental aspects of both arts, in such a man as Schumann, by acknowledging that he had an especial inclination to try experiments. We will, then, regard these ballads as an unfortunate experiment of this kind; for not even the declamatory talent of Seebach, and the piano forte playing of the highly-gifted Clara Schumann, could save them.

After Schumann, we find a young song-composer, Robert Franz, drawing the general observation of artists towards his writings. He is evidently endowed with natural genius for song, and his originality is ripening, like that of all genuine talent, under the sun of industrious cultivation. He openly attaches himself to his great predecessors, and with gradual certainty, acquires personal independence. So primevally German, so homely a nature could not go astray into the path where we see so many of our dull talents parading, yet veiling the secrets of their descent and acquirements in alchemistic darkness. I am convinced that all genuine originality develops itself naturally from the highest flower of an art. The highest flower of an art like ours—an art that is ever progressive, and whose point of culmination was not attained in past centuries, as was that of the plastic arts—is almost always the last one. The Lied of Robert Franz undoubtedly originated from that of Schubert and Schumann. Here, as ever, we will avoid the tiresome question as to whether he has surpassed them or not. There is no measure of length in art. And, if we wish to exercise our pleasure in discrimination, we must look away from quantitative estimates. Would that it were as easy for us to satisfy ourselves as to what distinguishes the songs of these three men from each other in particular, and what features they possess in common, as it is for us to cherish a desire to do so!

I will try to help myself in my own way, by imaginative language. I have known maidens who were like songs: why should I not try to personify the Lied, and think of it as of maidens,—lovely, romantic, and intellectual? All three charm me with almost equal power: one delights my eye, one my heart, and one my mind. Each one possesses a portion of the other's gifts. The fair one is not unfeeling, the romantic one is not stupid, the intellectual one is not ugly and not heartless: but in the first, beauty is predominant; in the second, sentiment exceeds every thing else; in the third, mind is all-conquering. I might spare myself the application of this figure, were not clearness a courtesy incumbent on a speaker. The lovely Lied that ravishes our senses so irresistibly, whose beautiful arched mouth trembles with the feeling of sensuous motivos, as though it stirred, desiring to say the most precious things,—whose can this be but Schubert's? That sensitive song, with the warmly throbbing bosom, within which sleeps a world of sweet maiden-power, with beautiful eyes cast down with modest ardor,—can it be any other that of Robert Franz? And am I wrong in terming Schumann's Lied essentially intellectual? Its features are as transparent, as finely cut, as though modelled by thought itself; but on its forehead already lie those fatal furrows formed by the plough of thought. And if I must say what feelings seem to me to predominate in the songs of each composer, then I will designate Schubert as the writer of the loveliest songs; Franz as the most inward, and, in a certain sense, the strongest composer of them; while Schumann's heart was more many-sided than that of either of the others. In all such comparisons, we must consider only the complete effect, regard the objects at a certain distance, and allow the foreground to remain clear, so that a closer personal preference and prejudice may not cause an error in perspective judgment. Nor should we prize that judgment too highly; although we can never become aware of the agreements of differences between two things without profit to ourselves, let us regard them from what point we may.

The Lied has been greatly cultivated lately. Among the many who have essayed their talent in this branch, Brahms, Rubinstein in the "Persian Songs," seem to me the most prominent. When the former is not too much subdued by the despotism of piano-forte ideas, he writes most charmingly. Tyranny is equally injurious, whether it comes from above or from below. Neither the song nor the piano-forte should be fettered. Song (the Lied) commenced under the sovereignty of the voice: let us beware of that of the piano-forte. In Rubinstein's Persian Songs, the life of a proud, excessive, natural force circulates. Overdrawn realism is the rock of this artist. When he ceases to produce so much *en masse*, when he resolves to give us, instead of a dozen pieces, the extract of twelve in one, when he learns to curb the unbridled wildness of his temperament with ideality, we shall expect the greatest things from him. Among the Persian Songs, there are two of heavenly beauty; while, on the other hand, many among them sound like the roaring of the sea or the howling of the wind,—a natural cry indeed, but not a lovely sound to listen to.

The Ammergau Passion Play.

(From the London Orchestra.)

The decennial performance of the Life and Death of the Saviour, a "mystery" which has survived the extinction of similar performances, in other and more civilized parts of Europe, attracts much interest in Ober-Ammergau, in the Bavarian highlands. From Munich crowds betake themselves to the locality of the play. The vitality displayed by the rude form of religious art in Bavaria is not a little curious. In other countries such an exhibition would be stigmatized as profane, but the Bavarians combat any such insinuation. The Bavarian roman-

cist, Herman Schmid, asserts that the villagers are inspired with the simplest feeling of piety in what they do. The players do not strut their hour precisely for the love of praise; they approach their business not with histrionic vanity, but as if they were fulfilling a sort of moral engagement; but there is a little money consideration at the bottom, after all. The prices to the seats at the Passion Play are dearer than to the Opera, and of the proceeds the first 15,000 florins, it is true, are devoted to the charities of the parish, and the next to defray the expenses attending the getting up of the entertainment; but every kreutzer received after that goes into the pockets of the performers. When the surplus is distributed each one's share cannot be very large, as there are no less than five hundred in the company. There are 104 speaking *rôles* for male characters, 15 for female, and some 250 walking parts for men, women, and children, the latter being generally dressed up to represent a choir of angels, according to the pictorial conception of the celestial beings. To these must be added the orchestra of thirty musicians, the machinists, scene-shifters, property-men, and call-boy, who must have no sinecure if he has to run out for beer in the intervals of the preformance. Over half of the troop, on this occasion, are born villagers of Ammergau, and the majority of them carvers on wood, the staple employment of that district. The Apostle Peter is the same this year as ten year ago—the sculptor Hott. So is Judas Iscariot, his "mate" Lechner, who looks the character to painfulness, a sallow red-bearded man with sinister countenance lit up by brilliant deep set eyes. Lang, the high priest Caiaphas, keeps a shop for the sale of ivory ornaments, and but repeats the part he enacted in 1860; so with Nicodemus, Pontius Pilate, and Joseph of Arimathea. The man who played Christ in 1860 will play Ananias now. The Apostle John will be rendered by a new actor, Johann Zwink, a handsome youth with a gentle languishingly-tender face, marvellously resembling in its expression those seen in the portraits of the beloved disciple. *The* part in the drama, that of Christ, is intrusted to one Joseph Mayor, who is as well fitted to it physically as any mere mortal can be expected to be. He is a thoughtful-looking man, with thin features, cast in a serious mould; his voice is musical, and abundant tresses of rich auburn hair fall on his shoulders, while a moustache and beard of some what deeper hue conceal his lips and chin. The Virgin Mary looks to be a gentle lissome maiden of eighteen summers. The contrast would be suggestive, to one of those unsparing *vaudevillistes* of Paris, of Christ thanking her for the care she has bestowed on him for three-and-thirty years. But the good peasants do not form their judgment on the standard of the pit of the Palais Royal; in their minds, and there is poetry in the idea, the Virgin enjoys eternal youth—is an etherealized creature of early bloom and freshness. The costumes are historically correct—that is as far as our ideas are true of what the costumes were at the period when the Scripture events illustrated took place. And the persons selected to fill the various parts, too, appear to have been chosen neither by lot nor favoritism, but for some resemblance in cast of face, and in those indications in which Lavater had so much faith—to the worthies of the New Testament they represent.

Nineteen performances of the Passion are given in all. There will be repetitions on the 6th, 12th, and 25th of June, the 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, and 31st of July, the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th of August, the 8th, 11th, 18th, 25th, and 29th of September; the latter closes the series. The prices of admission are three florins (not six shillings) to the first stalls, and two florins 24 kreutzers to the second. These possess no advantage over the pit seats (indeed the view from them is worse) except that one is in a more elevated position, is elbowed by a more exclusive class of society, and is protected from the sun's heat by a scantling. The best seats in the building, were it not for the sunshine, are those full in front of the stage and behind the orchestra. The rate for them is 1 florin 45 kreutzers, whilst those immediately above them are the even florin. The poorer members of the congregation—that is the right word in this connection, for their demeanor showed that they regarded it as a semi-religious rite, not as a stage show—well-behaved, respectful people, were ranged in the rows of seats to the right and left of the pit, the tariff for which was fixed at 48 kreutzers and half-a-florin respectively. There was no applause at any period except at the end, and then it came from a French group, and from the looks with which it was received, seemed to be regarded as an impertinence by the simple, earnest folk of the locality. The staff of the leader of the orchestra was held by the schoolmaster of the village, who also gave the time to the choruses.

At the close of the overture the chorus entered from the wings. The Coryphæus, a tall, handsome bearded man, led the moiety that came in from the right, and the principal male singer that which came in from the left. The Coryphæus delivers the prologue. The chorus then fall back, taking up their stations to the right and left on the forestage, and, as the curtain rises, discovering a *tableau*, sing a rhymed description of its meaning in choruses, and interspersed with airs and duets. The first illustration is "Paradise Lost." The Garden of Eden is represented, blooming apple-trees prominent in the foreground, one of which, with a large rosy crop on its branches, was intended for that which bore the fruit of knowledge. On a rising ground, in the middle of the garden, stands the angel, a young man in cloudy azure and white, with the flaming sword. Adam was personified by a strongly-built, bronzed man, with matted hair; his fine limbs were covered with tights, and a fleece hung round his loins; he stood in an attitude well expressing conscience stricken horror. To his right, and nearer to the garden gate, cowered beneath a bush the shame-faced Eve, with her long golden hair streaming in tangled skeins over her shoulders. The first *tableau* was earnest that the Mystery had been presided over by an artistic spirit. The grouping was highly effective, natural, and easy, void of erudity and art-school stiffness. On the curtain descending, the chorus, still singing, take up their former position in a measured way. On the curtain rising again, an extremely beautiful scene was exhibited. A large cross was discovered, an angel encompassing its foot, and before it, bending in mute admiration, a charmingly disposed crowd of flaxen-haired children. At this portion of the play, the chorus, sinking to their knees, and raising their hands in graceful unison, sing a beautiful hymn of thanksgiving to the Almighty. The chorus retire as the curtain falls, to rise again almost immediately on the opening of the actual play, or rather Mystery.

A triumphant strain bursts from the orchestra as the head of a procession emerges from the back of the street on the right, crossing the stage with exultant mien. First come little children, then youths and maidens, all dressed in the supposed costume of the time; the host bear with them palm branches, which they strew on the ground, and in some cases, they spread their garments also, as recorded in the Sacred Scriptures. The middle-aged and the old of both sexes singing an anthem of jubilee follow, and group themselves on the stage around our Saviour, who enters with the mass of people riding on an ass led by one of them, and carrying a waving branch of palm in his hand Meanwhile the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and the learned in the law, come upon the scene angrily, deriding the multitude who greeted Jesus, and showing their hatred to the proceeding, and their chagrin at the reception given to the Galilean. The "Man of Sorrows" was represented unexceptionably, if one could divest one's self of the strong impression that all representations of the kind must savor more or less of irreverent familiarity. Joseph Mayer, the villager intrusted with the part, is about the age and figure that corresponds with the character; he is tall, of an imposing presence, symmetrically-built, with regular, expressive features of an olive tint. His fine intellectual forehead rises over eyes full of a quiet melancholy, and the same serious, thoughtful, almost suffering expression is borne out by the entire cast of countenance, and by the delicately formed and fine lips shaded by a pencilling of black moustache and bordered by a wealth of beard that gives him a singular resemblance to the portrait of the Saviour by Rubens. His rich dark hair, parted in the middle, added to the illusion which was created by his entire look and gait, his outward seeming of moderation, virtue and self-denial. When he descended from the ass the illusion was unbroken; every step and attitude was dignified, had a certain majesty about it, and the tones of his voice were musical and the enunciation most distinct. He was clad in the costume to be seen in most of the altar pieces of the Roman Catholic churches in south-countries, a violet robe and an outer garment of an amaranth hue. His feet were sandalled. The utmost accuracy was aimed at in the attire of the Jewish priests and doctors of the law. Caiaphas, who rushed in with the others, was impersonated by a fine-looking man gorgeously apparelled. His garb was one shine of gold on ground of satin; on his breast was displayed the traditional plate, fashioned after that worn by Aaron—a piece of embroidery some ten inches square, containing twelve precious stones in four rows, on each of which was engraved the name of one of the tribes of Israel. This breastplate was fastened to the ephod, a sleeveless vest of fine linen, with purple, blue, and scarlet interwoven; then he had his upper vestment of blue with pomegranates wrought upon it, and on his head a mitre of fine linen with a yellow plate bearing the Hebrew inscription of "Holiness to the Lord" in front, and two half moon-like cornua tapering from the end. The Rabbis wore robes of black with *birettas*, both bound plentifully with bands of gold. There could not have been less than three hundred persons on the stage at this time, mixed in a most elaborately devised confusion. The action of the welcome to Jerusalem takes place on the fore stage, but in the recess behind the curtain the interior of the Temple is represented, with its money-changers and dealers in full swing of business activity. Christ enters, drives them out with the cord of his girdle, upsets their tables, and scatters their money. A realistic coloring is given to the episode by the escape of three doves from the upturned basket of a birdseller. "My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves," the very language of the book—is cast by the Saviour at the retreating herd as he reenters on the stage. The multitude renews its hosannas for the king that cometh in the name of the Lord, "lowly and riding upon an ass;" the Pharisees with their ostentatious phylacteries raise their shouts of "Moses is the only prophet," and their followers in the garments fringed and tufted on the border, the *ignoble vulgus* of Jerusalem, join in the howl. The crowd divided into two factions, the partisans of the old order of things on one side, the followers of Christ on the other, the "Man of Sorrows" takes leave of the people previous to his departure for Bethany, and the curtain falls.

The acts of the sacred drama are of two kinds: the chief acts are those representing the life of the Saviour; but there are intermediary tableaux taken from the Old Testament and employed in a typical sense. The first are called the *Handlung*, or action of the drama, the second are termed *Vorstellungen*, or scenes. Between the first and second parts of the action a *Vorstellung* was presented of the selling of Joseph into captivity. This is a type of the betrayal of Christ into the bondage of sin and death. After that the *Handlung* recommenced, representing a session of the Sanhedrim, presided over by Caiaphas in his gorgeous raiment, all clinquant with gold. Beside the high priest is seated another Jewish dignitary, Annas, sumptuously vested, wearing a like double-peaked mitre, and having, in addition, a venerable white beard, which imparted to his figure the genuine patriarchal look. Caiaphas, the Urim and Thummim glittering on his breast, rises several times in the course of the discussion as to what shall be done with Jesus. Most of the doctors of the law take part in it with a marvellous semblance of interest, speaking with the zealous quickness and earnestness of manner of strong political partisans on the night of a crucial debate, or of advocates in our own courts of justice. The Rabbis in black and gold are seated before two tables covered with scarlet cloth in the foreground. A money-dealer who had been chased out of the Temple enters and declares that he knows Judas, one of Christ's followers, and will undertake to persuade him to betray his master for a bribe. Thus finishes the scene.

The next *Vorstellung* opens with a picture of the young Tobias taking leave of his parents, followed by another of "the loving bride bewailing the loss of her bridegroom." Whilst this picture was before us a beautiful canticle was sung by the chorus. Both illustrations were intended to typify the adieux of Christ to Mary. In the *Handlung* which succeeded, Christ appears in the streets of Bethany and enters into the house of Simon (to which he is asked to dinner), where Mary and Martha await him. The scene changes to the interior, where a repast is spread, to which Christ and his companions sit them down. Martha is all eagerness in her hospitality; but Mary, when she enters, drops at the Saviour's knees, washes his feet with her tears, dries them with her long tresses, and afterwards pours the pot of precious ointment over his head. Martha is the first female character in the piece who has a passage to speak. At the end of the repast the Virgin Mary makes her apparition on the scene, to take leave of her son before his departure for Jerusalem, and this brings down the curtain. A modest rustic beauty they have chosen to fill this risky *rôle* of Mother of Christ—a rosy creature with a finely chiselled contour, a row of pearly teeth, with soft brown eyes, and brown hair, confined by a blue nun-like veil. Round her forehead a white band is worn, and under her chin a broad gamp of linen, like those used by the inmates of Roman Catholic cloisters. Her gown, which falls in graceful folds, is of the color we know as Solferino. The acting of the Virgin in the little she had to do in this instance, was marked by much thoughtfulness and quite matronly dignity. Her voice had in it a thrill of exceedingly womanly softness. The one point in which she fails—in which, indeed, most of these village artists of her sex fail—is in her movements. They are not—to be critical (and if we are not critical, we are nothing)—exactly sylphlike

fawnlike, but ver so little heavy, as those of people accustomed to carry burdens.

The fourth *Vorstellung* presents us, in its opening tableau (accompanied by a jubilant chant, commencing "Jerusalem, Jerusalem"), King Ahasuerus raising the Jewish captive Esther to the throne of Persia, and sending away the proud Vashti. The chorus, in their song, make Esther symbolical of the new Church built up by our Saviour, and the downfall of Jerusalem and the old Hebrew religion. The corresponding *Handlung* presents us Christ and his followers on their way to Jerusalem. The Master rests an interval on the stage, weeping over the sinful city and foreboding its doom. As Christ leaves, the eleven true Apostles follow; but the unsteady Judas, who had been hanging back, remains, undecided how to act. It appears at one time as if his better feelings had gained the mastery of him, and he is about slowly to leave, when two of the dealers of the Temple enter, and call him by name, pretend that they are willing also to become followers of our Saviour, if their conversion should prove advantageous to them in a material sense. Upon this Judas shows them significantly his empty purse, and complains of the extravagance, not only permitted, but approved by Christ in Mary Magdalen's act of anointing him with ointment worth three hundred sequins. The money-dealers, finding him in the mood, tempt him to betray his Master, and, after an inward struggle, he consents. This is the conclusion of the fourth scene Judas Iscariot was the great character in the Passion-Play, and must have felt some of the emotions he was charged to reproduce. If he did not he could not have reproduced them so truthfully, and this will be admitted to be the height of dramatic art. The soliloquy of this sandy-haired traitor and informer, in intention, assuredly was not one to commend him to admiration, yet as he went out there was a sort of subdued hum of approbation difficult to be restrained—so great is the ascendancy of genius.

The fifth scene introduces the best peopled and best-managed tableau yet—that of the Israelites gathering manna in the wilderness of Shur. The typical nature of this picture hardly requires comment. Christ crucified is the Bread also which comes down from heaven. In the portion of the play which immediately succeeds this is made evident to the plainest sense. Peter and John enter, commissioned by their Master to follow into the house the man they should see fetching water in a pitcher, and to demand of the owner where was the guest chamber that they might eat of the pass-over. Peter and John are done to the life—the former, an elderly man, bald on the crown, is the strong, yet vacillating disciple of the Book; the latter is the sweet youth. The scene with the water-carrier, filling his vessel at a conch-like fountain on the right, was excellent, but for the stagey strut and voice of this servant, who inevitably reminded one of a "super" at Drury Lane, who had been suddenly elevated to the dignity of a talking part. This fellow had his usefulness, however; he was the exception that proved the rule of goodness. The Paschal Supper, how best to describe it? Happily Leonardo da Vinci has painted a picture, and that picture, as near as could be, was presented in the theatre of Ober-Ammergau. The table, the viands, and vessels upon it, and those that sat there, were the same. John was an animated photograph from the canvas. When Christ took off his mantle and wrapped a towel around his waist in order to go round and wash the feet of his apostles—an operation which was done with every dignity and decency—there was just one suppressed mocking laugh of Voltaire behind me. The brave peasantry saw nothing ridiculous in it, neither did the nobles who were present; for do not their King and the greater Kaiser of Austria perform the same ceremony to twelve beggars annually at Easter? During the progress of Christ, with his calmly earnest features, from one to another, a strain of soft music broke tremulously in waves of sound from the back of the building. When the sop was given to Judas with the command "that thou doest, do quickly," the traitor started up with fierce, hyæna-like eyes, the bread still adhering to his lips and moustache—it seemed as if it would choke him were he to try to swallow it—and rushed frantically out. The perplexity to learn who was the destined betrayer (for the words to John were pronounced in an undertone) was graphically depicted.

The sixth scene shows us a tableau of Joseph sold by his brethren to the Midianite merchants, who count their twenty silver pieces on a tree stump. This was prefigurement of the betrayal to the Jews—that which the *Handlung* now coming calls before the mind. First, we have a sitting of the Sanhedrim once more: Judas is present, makes his market, and leaves with two of the Jews on his dirty errand; then we see in the seventh *Vorstellung*, which contains the actual arrest in the Garden of Olives, a tableau representing Adam earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Our first parent, surrounded by scanty crops, rests his foot on a mattock, half driven into the soil; nude boys were around, one little fellow holding a large red apple in his hand, as if to reproach the mourning, sunburnt Eve, with the loss of the birthright she had sold for a frivolous curiosity. A second tableau—borrowed from the Second Book of Kings—shows us the treacherous greeting to Amasa by Joab, David's general, who, seizing his beard, as the custom was, under pretence to kiss him, plunges his dagger into his breast.

The play here becomes intensely dramatic—the Garden of Olives, with all that happened in it, is brought before us. This scene brought in mid-day and the Coryphæus came forward to announce there would be a delay of an hour to permit the audience to refresh themselves. At one o'clock bang went a cannon-shot, and the audience streamed back for the opening of the second *Abtheilung*, or part.

[Conclusion next time.]

The So-Called Beethoven Centennial Festival.

(From the Nation, June 23.)

"And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, heavens to earth."

At last we, too, have had our jubilee Now that the star-spangled banner has been furled and the smoke of the last cannon has been blown away, let us for a moment survey the field and see what it has profited us. Altogether it has been a very odd jubilee. If the true history of its tribulations, disasters, successes, strikes, broken promises, large expenditures, and small returns is ever written, it will be a most suggestive chapter for all future projectors of monster festivals to ponder over. Perhaps the most singular feature of this singular affair is that nobody seems to have known whose festival it was. Mr. Gilmore was the father of the Boston jubilee, and all his choral children knew him; but who fathers this one, and who were its sponsors? Beethoven's name is the only one that has been promiscuously put forward. Alas, poor composer! He hated monster festivals, and fled from them as scenes of discord utterly apart from all true purposes of art. Now that he is dead it is hard to make him responsible for what he so disliked while living. His name has been taken for the sake of the few dollars that it was hoped might be coined from it; but even as Beethoven was poor and thriftless in life, so his shade has brought no gold to the pockets of the speculators.

The idea of having a festival in this city in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth was first taken into consideration last December by a number of gentlemen of means and musical taste. Mr. Bryant was their president They had various committees, the musical committee consisting of ten gentlemen of highest standing Mr Mould and Mr. Vaux designed a magnificent building, to cost some three hundred thousand dollars, and to be erected in the Central Park. Sir Michael Costa was to be brought over from England to conduct All the great living composers were to be asked to write something for the occasion. Every resource of art was to be taxed to make the affair one that should bring credit upon the city. But trouble arose as to the question of authority on the part of the Commissioners of the Central Park to permit the erection of a building to which an admission fee was to be charged. It was found that the Legislature would have to be applied to for a special act. Then came the old political bugbear, and the thing was at an end. Unless they could have the Central Park the committee would have nothing, and as this was found impracticable, the gentlemen of the committee quietly lit their cigars with the plans and specifications of their Coliseum and went to their several homes. So ended in smoke the first plan for the jubilee.

Then came the Great Unknown, and filled the papers with flaming advertisements of the mighty things that he was to bring to pass Among other impossibilities, he announced that Handel's "Oratorio of the Creation" would be performed—a piece of intelligence that must have made old Haydn turn over in his grave. However, if he had only heard how dreadfully at least it was performed, his perturbed spirit would have been quieted, and he would have been very willing to have had it accredited to Handel or to anybody else. The advertisements were full of the most monstrous promises, artfully designed to gull a confiding public. A supernaturally large chorus of miraculously gifted singers, gathered from every quarter of the globe, accompanied by a prodigious orchestra of the most eminent living artists, assisted by an organ of titanic size whose tones should outpeal the thunder, were to sing all the greatest compositions of all the most famous composers, in a style that should appall the universe, while the clash of innumerable anvils, beaten by arms of herculean strength, and the roar of mammoth cannon, fired by the very lightning itself, should shake the round earth to its centre, and cause it to quiver in sympathy with a shuddering, awe-stricken, but entranced, audience, more brilliant than the stars of heaven and more numerous than the sands of the sea.

We have condensed the programme a great deal, but have hardly burlesqued it, and any one who read the earlier announcements will bear us witness that nothing could very much surpass their ridiculous and pretentious bombast. The managers of the affair certainly did bestir themselves to gather together all the people, good, bad and indifferent, from Parepa and Kellogg and the Handel and Haydn Society down to the man who was hired to play the steam calliope. Thanks be to Apollo, however, that dreadful engine was not used at last, for there was no steam. An army of conductors was enlisted in the affair—Bergmann, Zerrahn, Rosa, Maretzek, Gilmore, Peck, Sherwin, and others—enough to demoralize the best orchestra that ever played As well have put the baton into the hands of Briareus at once.

Then the chorus was the queerest mixture of country choirs in for a frolic, singing societies from little villages that no one ever heard of before, members of city choirs who came once to satisfy curiosity, and, strangest of all, the conservative old Boston Handel and Haydn Society. How these latter ever came to co-operate is a mystery to every one, and most of all to themselves. It became, before the end, not only matter of mystery, but also of repentance. The innermost reason was, probably, that many of the members thought this was a capital chance to come on to New York, and stay for a week in the big city free of expense. Such is the nature of the thrifty New England minstrels. They came, but, if the reports that were written back to the Boston papers can be relied upon they were not over happy when they arrived. Those papers were quite a Book of Lamentations. It was a *miserere* chorus from these poor *Troviators*, far more affecting than that of Verdi. Maurico and Leonora had their little hardships, but, at all events, they were never called upon to sleep ten in a room at the Park Avenue Hotel.

The society was further dispensed because the "Elijah" night was altered from Wednesday to Thursday without consultation with the society also, because they were only permitted to sing a portion of that oratorio, after all; also, because they were requested to sing in the "Anvil Chorus." But the hardest to endure of all their woes was the leadership of Dr Peck in the "Creation." This seems to have met with the unanimous and unqualified condemnation of the society They certainly were not in a pleasant frame of mind.

But they were by no means the only discontented ones. The chorus benches thinned out after the first day, until a great deal more pine board than broadcloth and muslin was visible. The orchestra, too, shrank down from its fine proportions of the first night to miserably small dimensions. The best players went away Behind the stage and in the chorus and orchestra rooms all was disorganization. The programmes were made out without proper consultation with those who were to take part, and were very seldom adhered to. No special seats were assigned to the different societies. The chorus came and went as it felt inclined; it shifted like a musical quicksand. The rehearsals were slenderly attended, and general confusion prevailed. Of course, the Italian combined chorus selected this state of affairs as the proper moment for indulging in a strike for pay

The audience was of the same shifting character with the chorus. The house was never really filled. Even at the most popular of the performances, which were those where there was most noise, long benches were vacant all about the edifice The sale of prices had to be low and It was found that few were willing to pay the exorbitant sum at first demanded As the expenses of the undertaking had been very great, the loss was corresponding. The affair dragged along in this way through the week. On some days the attendance was quite large; on others it dwindled to a handful Reviewing the whole matter, we cannot consider it other than a failure. Those who took part in it certainly so regarded it, and the public never seem to have given its confidence to the undertaking. There was an immense deal of hard, zealous work done by those in charge of the festival. They paid their money with a most liberal hand to get the best aid in their power, and certainly there was some good music given. The Handel and Haydn Society sang the "Elijah" music most nobly. Parepa was

splendidly good, and there were some other excellent features in the affair. The building was a peculiarly good one. It reached, we believe, the proper limit of size for the purpose. The Boston Coliseum was much too large; in this one, however, the acoustic properties were well-nigh perfect. But art has gained nothing by this festival, and no one has heard anything that he could not have heard to better advantage at a dozen concerts, during the winter, at Steinway Hall or the Academy of Music.

The drawbacks to success were principally these: The affair had no competent musical head; it was too hastily prepared; there was not sufficient money to carry it properly on—a vital want; it never had the confidence of chorus, orchestra, or public; the chorus was a helter-skelter, untrained, and crude body of singers, without proper rehearsal, organization, or discipline; the orchestra was of much the same character, and was badly balanced, being deficient in the reed instruments, and in all those elements for producing broad effects of which Berlioz has written so explicitly. Many of the singers sat facing each other and with profile towards the audience, instead of facing in the direction in which the sound was to go; their efforts neutralized each other, and half their force went for nothing. The organ was a feeble fraud; it filled up the space that should have been devoted to the chorus. There were no brains in the affair; it followed humbly along in the old Gilmore rut, without a single new or original idea of value. These certainly are sufficient reasons why the affair was not a success. It was a mushroom festival. It grew up in a day, and will be forgotten as quickly.

Let no one suppose, however, from the ill success that has attended this, that the future has nothing better in store. At some later day, not, we trust, too far distant, under some leader of genius, and with time sufficient for preparation, and money sufficient to provide the proper material, a musical festival may be given, with legitimate musical effects, such as Gilmore with his clap-trap anvils and blatant artillery practice has never dreamed of. When this occasion comes, the public will not be slow to lend to it a hearty support.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 2, 1870.

The New York Jubilee.

If we are late in our report of this bombastical occasion, there is little lost. Most letters, they say, answer themselves, if one will only wait a little. So of this "Beethoven" Festival, had we been, like the newspapers, in haste to write and talk about it, what waste of words it would have been upon a worthless subject! As it is, it has reported itself, confessedly a farce, a sham. The less said of it the better. For in truth it was in no sense one of Art's occasions. What has Art to do with guns and anvils? What has Music in the sense of Beethoven to do with Verdi *Miserereres*, "triple Nancies and five-barrelled Plunkets," and the magnified tom-fooleries of Gilmore?

We did enough, we think, in copying the swelling programme of the week. That showed the nature and complexion of the whole affair, how utterly without artistic motive, how governed and pervaded by mere mercenary speculation, aided by the spread-eagle kind of passion for excitement and ambition for display before great multitudes. If the "Peace Jubilee" bore incidentally, as all large movements must, some good fruits, this was one of its logical, legitimate *bad* fruits. It was musical demoralization appealing to its own proper audience. By all the accounts, it seems, that the audiences, with one exception, were made up of the class who go for noise and Gilmore's anvils; and so the presence of that irrepressible sensation organizer is uniformly credited with whatever modicum of success the whole thing met with. And still it was a failure, even in a money point of view; which is so far creditable to New York. For it is absurd to hold a city accountable for whatever folly foolish people may contrive in it. Nor could we look upon the constant flings made at it in our Boston papers, treating it like a ridiculous rival of the Boston Jubilee, as better than childish. It was no question of New York or Boston. It was simply a question of Art or charlatanry. Either city has its real music lovers who cherish Art for Art's sake; and either city has its restless disturbers of the calm, pure sphere of Art by loud, ambitious, egotistic enterprises on a "stunning" scale. The hope is that this kind of enterprise, eager to do bigger and bigger things, will erelong exhaust itself by the very magnitude of its gigantic operations; just as we hope that War will render itself impossible at last by the absolute destructiveness of the weapons it invents.

There was, as we predicted, one redeeming feature in this Festival; the singing of "Elijah" by our Handel and Haydn Society. That drew the one cultivated audience of the week; and had they been allowed to sing the whole of the Oratorio, it would have been more acceptable than guns and *Miserereres*. We rejoice in the artistic triumph of our old Society, although we do not think that they consulted their own artistic dignity quite sensitively enough, in being willing to lend themselves to a Festival with such a programme, or at least such clear forshadowing of very heterogeneous and questionable elements. More and more we feel, in all such matters, the responsibility which rests on *artists*; the artistic *morale* cannot guard itself too jealously; in these days, both through the amiable desire of popularity and love of money, artistic self-respect is tempted to compromise itself by far too readily. We wish we might oftener see in musical journals and criticisms such plain, honest truth told, as we find here in an editorial of the New York *Weekly Review*.

> The conclusion of this huge farce was worthy of its beginning. It started under false pretences, and it ended with the same colors. The whole thing was less a disgrace to New York than to those who participated in it. Schiller justly says: "Whenever art fails, it fails through the artist." If the artists of New York had not given aid to this undertaking this charge could not in this instance have been made. If they had first inquired about the character of the speculation before lending their help, it is likely they would have abstained; at least we hope so, although it seems that the chief consideration with most artists is to make as much money as possible. There may be some excuse for this with some poor fellows, who would rather give up their scruples as artists than starve. But there is no excuse for those renowned and wealthy representatives of musical art, who chose to lend their talent and experience to an undertaking which, on its very face, showed total lack of artistic principles. There is certainly no glory for Mme. Parepa-Rosa to shout "Star Spangled Banner" with heavy artillery accompaniment, or for Miss Kellogg to do something similar with the inspiring strains of "Viva l'America." Neither was America, or its banner, much honored by such doings.
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> But, after all, let us be thankful that this festival was a total failure. It would have been a still greater disgrace if it had succeeded. The New York public can be proud of the result. It is due to its good sense, its taste and discrimination, that the humbug exploded. It would not sanction the sacrilege, and consequently it stayed away. Only once made the New York musical people its appearance at the rink; this was on the evening of the performance of the first part of "Elijah," a just compliment to the well deserved repute of the distinguished Boston Handel and Haydn Society and its able conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn. On all other occasions it left the field to outsiders, who enjoy Mr. Gilmore and his nonsense. Verily, New York has not had as yet its Beethoven Festival, but we are happy to state that steps have already been taken to honor the great master next December in a truly dignified and artistic manner.

The Beethoven Centennial in Boston.

A project is on foot for a celebration in our city of the master's hundredth birthday in an appropriate artistic manner, without grandiloquent parade, and with such division of responsibility as to make all simple and comparatively easy of execution. The Committee of the Harvard Musical Association have already taken the initiative in so arranging the programmes of the next season of Symphony Concerts, that "the series as a whole may bear witness to this Centennial Year of Beethoven." Three of the te concerts, namely the first and the last, and, above all, the one that occurs on Thursday, Dec. 15,—two days before the Birthday—are to be especially consecrated to Beethoven's music. That of Dec. 15, will offer, besides the Seventh Symphony, the great *Leonora* Overture, &c., the "Choral Fantasia" (for piano, with orchestra and chorus), which contains the first hint of the Ninth or Choral Symphony; and the Committee have good reason to believe that the Handel and Haydn Society will close the festival of three days thus begun with a performance of that great work, coupled with whatever else may be appropriate. The intervening period of the three days will furnish opportunity to other musical societies to give their Beethoven Concerts, each in its turn, and in its own way, at suitable hours of day or evening, as may be arranged with mutual understanding. Thus the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, the Listemann Quartette, &c., would furnish several choice concerts of Beethoven's Chamber Music; some of our leading pianists might do likewise; possibly the Orpheus and other singing clubs may feel moved to to contribute something in their way. And if, by any good chance, there should come a decent German Opera Company this way, we might have *Fidelio* also on one or more evenings of that week.—That the larger part, if not the whole, of this prospectus will be carried out, may be regarded a foregone conclusion.

Beethoven Festivals Abroad.

As we have before remarked, they make a Centennial *Year* of it in Germany, and most of the larger Beethoven Festivals will be held, for greater convenience, in the Autumn. Some have already taken place.

Beginning with his birthplace, Bonn, upon the Rhine, the celebration is announced for the 11th, 12th and 13th of September—Conductor, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller (and not Richard Wagner). The programme we have not seen.

Passing to Vienna, where the composer did his greatest work, we may cite the following manifesto of the Festival Committee:

"To celebrate Beethoven's hundredth birthday in a manner becoming the importance of the Master himself, and corresponding to the position occupied by Vienna in the world of music, the representatives of the various artistic and scientific bodies of that capital have combined to form a Festival Committee, who have drawn up a programme, which has been sanctioned in a proper quarter. The Beethoven Centenary Festival will be held on the four days, from the 23d to the 26th October, 1870. In the morning of the 23d, there will be a musical solemnity in a provisional "Monumental Square" preceded by a procession to that spot. In the evening there will be a festival performance of *Fidelio* in the Imperial Operahouse. On the 24th, a performance of the *Missa Solemnis*, in the large Hall of the Society of the Friends of Music. On the 25th, a grand banquet in the same locality. On the 26th, at noon, a grand concert, consisting of chamber music, vocal compositions, and the Ninth Symphony, also in the same locality. In the evening, a performance of *Egmont*, by the artists of the Imperial Burg Theatre, and the orchestra of the Imperial Operahouse. The leading musicians of Germany will be invited to attend the concerts, and the most highly esteemed masters have offered to act as Festival Conductors. To give the Festival a grand representative character by large numbers of the great composer's admirers participating in the proceedings, the Festival Committee have determined on establishing a special Festival Association, the members of which, assisted by the undersigned Festival Committee, shall arrange all the proceedings. The members of the Association, in addition to receiving the Festival Badge and the Festival Medal, will be entitled to take part in the grand procession, or to a seat in the stand erected in the "monument square." They will, also, enjoy the right of securing places for the concerts and performances before any one else, according to the date of their admission into the Association, and the space available.

The fee for membership is ten fiorins; receipts will be given for any additional contributions. The net proceeds of the Festival are to be devoted to forming a Beethoven Fund,—for assisting musicians in necessitous circumstances—and a Beethoven Monument Fund. The Festival Committee, therefore, invite all admirers of Beethoven to belong to the Association. Promises of contributions, and payments, will be received at the offices of the Society of the Friends of Music, Vienna."

In Weimar, head quarters of the "Future," the *Tonkünstler-Versammlung* (or Congress of Musical Artists) have already had their Beethoven Celebration, mingled with the bringing out of their own new works. On the 26th of May there was a lecture or oration upon "Beethoven" by Professor H. Porges; after which Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* was performed in the Stadtkirche. May 27, a Chamber Concert of modern works in the Refreshment Hall (J. Raff: piano quintet in A minor; Jensen: "Dolorosa;" Goldmark: String Quintet in B flat, Songs; Kiel: Piano Variations, op. 17; Svendsen; Octet for strings). On the same day, an Orchestral Concert of modern works in the Grand Ducal Court theatre (G. Weber: "Zur Iliade;" F. Dräseke: "Lacrymosa;" R. Schumann; Concerto for Violoncello; H. Schultz Beuthen: Psalm 42-3; L. Damrosch: Fest Overture; F. Liszt: Piano Concerto in E flat; St. Säens: "Marriage of Prometheus").—May 28, Discourse by Prof. L. Nohl, of Munich. Chamber Concert of works by Beethoven only (Quartet for strings, in F, op. 135; Liederkreis: "An die ferne Geliebte," op. 98; Piano Sonata, op. 106; Songs: "An die Geliebte" and "Herz, mein Herz;" C-sharp minor Quartet, Op. 131).—May 29, Orchestral Concert, in the Court Theatre, dedicated to the memory of Beethoven, consisting of: a "Beethoven Overture" by E. Lassen; a "Prologue" by Bodenstedt; a "Beethoven Cantata" by the Abbate Liszt; and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, conducted by Liszt.

So much for Beethoven; then was to come Wagner's turn. The London *Musical World* informs us:

The "model" Wagner-performances commence, on the 19th, at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar. The following is the order in which the operas will be given: On the 18th inst., *Der Fliegende Holländer;* on the 22nd, *Tannhäuser;* on the 26th *Lohengrin;* and on the 27th *Die Meistersinger*. Herr Niemann will sing the music of Tannhäuser and of Lohengrin; Herr Nachbaur, that of Walther von Stolzing; and Dr. Gunz, that of Eric. Mme. Mallinger will be the representative of Elisabeth, Elsa, and Eva; Mlle. Brandt, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, will figure as Ortrud; while Mlle. Reiss, a local favorite, will undertake the part of Senta.

All the bass parts: Daland, Landgraf, King Henry, and Pognor, will be sustained by Herr Scaria, of the Royal Opera, Dresden; and all the baritone parts, the Flying Dutchman, Wolfram, Telramund, and Hans Sach, by Herr von Milde. *Tristan und Isolde* was to have been given, but could not, because some of the artists representing the principal parts are engaged in the *Walküre*, at Munich. Herr Wagner, too, was to have been present, but would not. By the way, a rage for "model" performances appears to have attacked Baron von Loën, the Intendant of the Grand Ducal Theatre. He intends giving, in 1871, seven "model" performances of operas by Mozart.

In Konigsberg, the hundredth anniversary was celebrated on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June. The great features were to be the performance, on an imposing scale, of the *Missa solemnis* and the Ninth Symphony.

In Berlin and in Brussels the celebration will take place in December.

Italy, too, claims a share in the honors paid to Beethoven. At Florence, the Società del Quartetto gave a concert, May 15, with the following programme: Festival Address by F. D'Arcais; String Quintet (in C) by Beethoven, with Bianchi, from Turin, as first violin; Kreutzer" Sonata (Signorina Septa and Signor Brogialdi); several numbers from *Fidelio*; and the Septet. The concert was very successful.

What plans are shaping themselves in Leipzig, Dresden, London, Paris, and other musical cities we have yet to learn.

In London, however, all the concert givers, more or less, this season, appear to give marked prominence to Beethoven. Mr. Barnby, as we have seen, has brought out both the Choral Symphony and the great Mass in D. And Mr. Charles Halle's "Pianoforte Recitals" keeps the Centennial in mind. The *Musical World* says:

These interesting performances are now half completed—the fourth having taken place on Friday week. The programmes are this year devoted to the solo sonatas of Beethoven; the two very easy works (Op. 49) being replaced by the *andante* in F, and the thirty-two variations in C minor. Sixteen of the solo sonatas have now been given, those on Friday week were the two "quasi Fantasia," Op. 27 (including the "Moonlight"); Op. 28, known as the "Pastoral;" and Op. 29 (or 31) in G. These works have so frequently been played by Mr Hallé in public that it would be almost impertinent now to dwell on the many excellences of his performance. The room was well filled, chiefly by ladies; who, by close attention to the music and the interpreter, receive a valuable lesson. A special feature at this season's recitals is the admirable singing of Herr Stockhausen, who was announced for all, but was absent from the first in consequence of illness. On the second, third, and fourth occasions Herr Stockhausen appeared, and sang at each some number of Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin*. With what fine qualities of voice, style, and expression Herr Stockhausen sings these beautiful *lieder* we have before had occasion to remark.

LETTERS ON MUSIC. The pleasant and discriminative article about the German Lied composers, which we copy on another page, is from that very readable and lively little book, just published by Oliver Ditson & Co. (in the same elegant style with the series begun by Leypoldt of New York): "*Letters on Music, to a Lady.*" By LOUIS EHLERT. And, very properly, and very happily, it is translated by a lady, Mrs. FANNY RAYMOND RITTER, well known and welcome to our readers.

Ehlert writes with enthusiasm, and in a spirit of lively, catholic appreciation, of Beethoven and his last Symphony; of Mendelssohn; of Schumann's "Manfred" music: of Haydn, Mozart, &c., as Contrapuntists; of Schubert; of Chopin's Mazourkas: compares Rossini and Meyerbeer; criticizes Wagner and Berlioz with moderation and candor; and discusses the mission of Artists to-day. He has a ready faculty of illustration, and serves up not a little of instruction in the form of comparatively light reading. We shall have more to say of the little book, which we commend to all our readers.

MUSIC AT VASSAR COLLEGE. The *Weekly Review* reports of the good work done for musical education by Mr. F. L. RITTER, as follows:

The exercises attendant on the closing of the season at the College (the only ladies' college as yet in existence), were again signalized by great success in the musical department. We give the programme of the annual grand concert, which is of rare excellence throughout:

Part First.

Symphony, B flat (first movement)....Haydn.
Arranged for four piano-fortes.
Campanella.....Taubert.
Duet, "Sabbath Morn,".....Mendelssohn.
Concerto in E flat (for two piano-fortes. Mozart.
"La Poste" Transcription.....Heller.
Aria, "Let the bright Seraphim".....Handel.
Scherzo, B flat minor.....Chopin.
Rondo in E flat (for two pianofortes).Hummel.

Part Second.

Chorus, from "Paradise and the Peri"
Schumann.
Capriccio, Opus 22.....Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Si t'amo, O Cara," from "Scævola."
Handel (Franz).
Rhapsodie Hongroise.....Liszt.
Bolero, Opus 19.....Chopin.
Aria, "With verdure clad".....Haydn.
Polonaise in E flat, Opus 22.....Chopin.
Overture "Euryanthe".....Weber.

On Class Day an orchestra selected from the New York Philharmonic Society enlivened the literary proceedings, and on Commencement Day some of the finest compositions of the great masters were performed in a truly artistic manner by the lady students. We are told that the success of the musical department of Vassar College has been so thorough, so dependable, and continually increasing, both artistically and pecuniarily, since it was placed in the hands of Mr. Ritter, that it is now the intention of the trustees to erect a fine art building, to contain a concert hall, organ, etc., and so to increase the advantages, already very great, of musical students there, that they may enjoy equal privileges with those of the pupils of European musical conservatories. We congratulate Mr. Ritter on his well-deserved success and influence.

NEW YORK. The *Independent*, this week, says:

The air is full of the dust and flying fragments of rumor and wrath which rose up when the Great Beethoven Centennial Jubilee fell to pieces. Artists and agents are clamorous for pay, and there are threats of lawsuits and all manner of other inharmonious proceedings. The Boston critics have, of course, been severe in their comments; but upon the whole, not unjust, and there was comparatively little of the savage hilarity in their narrative of the New York disaster which we might have expected from those who resented so bitterly the criticisms of New York writers last year. In fact, it was evident even to strangers that this was an affair with which New York had refused to have anything to do. The severity with which our citizens let it alone was remarkable. Meanwhile, we are glad to know that the centenary of Beethoven will be duly celebrated here in the winter—not with anvils and cannon, but with Beethoven's music. The Philharmonic Society is said to contemplate giving some special performances (it will be a shame if it does not); and the Beethoven Männerchor, a prosperous but hitherto not very prominent society, purposes producing "Fidelio," "The Mount of Olives," and the Ninth Symphony, all at the Academy of Music. A richer and more appropriate banquet for such a festival could hardly be devised. But what a grand idea it it would be to devote a week to the celebration and produce all the nine symphonies.

....No music is to be heard now except in the parks and in the summer gardens, where Bacchus and Apollo divide the nights between them. As usual, Theodore Thomas retains the lead in entertainments of this nature, and his band plays every night at the Central Park Garden to very large audiences, busy with their beer and their ice-cream. Sensible man, he keep out of the Jubilee! The new experiment of distributing the free out-of-door concerts among all the parks in the city, instead of confining them to the Central Park, proves a great boon to the people of New York. In Brooklyn, the Prospect Park concerts are cordially appreciated.

CHICAGO, it would seem, is favored in the possession of a good teacher of singing, of whom the *Musical Independent* says:

Mrs. MAGNUSSON-JEWETT (Room No. 1, Crosby's Opera House) has the good fortune to have in her large class several voices which give great promise for the future, if the happy owners do not become seized with the peculiarly American idea that industry is detrimental to genius. Mme. Jewett herself retains too lively a remembrance of her long and laborious studies, under the best singing masters of Italy, to admit of her viewing such notions with the least degree of allowance. It is rare, indeed, to find a vocal teacher who, amid the labors of a large class, can preserve that fresh enthusiasm, without which no artistic cultivation in song is possible; and it is precisely this quality united to sound judgment, which has earned for Mrs. Jewett her present well-deserved pre-eminence.

Mrs. C. A. BARRY, of this city, now in Florence, has been singing with favor in the Philharmonic Concerts there. She sang the Contralto solos in Rossini's *Messa Solennelle*.

"Innigkeit" in Music.—Can Genius grow Antiquated?

A friend, whose musical sympathies are strongly Italian, and with Verdi, sends us the following from one (not unknown to our readers), whose admiration for the German reaches all the way from Bach to Wagner.

LONDON, MAY 26, 1870.

"To begin with business at once, I will pitch right into our discussion. As to Verdi, I should never have thought of applying the term '*Innigkeit*' to any of his music I have yet heard. I have never been able to see much *heart* in his music. The only passage of his that ever affected me at all from its depth of sentiment, is the place in *Rigoletto* where Rigoletto picks up the handkerchief on the duke's table. Here there is a true *Innigkeit*, and a simplicity of feeling that are most touching. The things I think Verdi is really great in, are his Andante concerted pieces, such as 'O Sommo Carlo' in *Ernani*, and the great quintet in *Nabucco*. 'Stride la vampa' in the *Trovatore* falls just short of being great. As I believe I have said before, 'La donna e mobile' seems to me the most perfect thing he ever wrote, and that, strange to say, is not in the *grandioso* style.

"Most anti-Verdiites, I think, judge him from his worst, rather than from his best numbers. And, looking at him from this point of view, I must confess to thinking that he has given to the world some of the most execrable things ever put upon paper. I don't think any one ever exceeded the vileness of 'Tutto sprezzo chi d'Ernani,' or the Soprano air in the *Trovatore*. But putting these horrors out of the discussion, I don't see any thing *genial* in the man's writings. He seems to be only at home in the *maestoso*, or the *slanciando con passione*. I do not know the Franz song you speak of; but since you refer to Franz, I will give you two examples, taken from his songs, of what I call real *Innigkeit*. One is *Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge*; and the other is *Auf dem Teich, dem regungslosen, weilt des Mondes holder Glanz*. I give these merely as examples of what is to me really *innig* and heartfelt; but that does not prevent my being able to believe that Verdi or even Donizetti may speak as sympathetically to an Italian as Franz or Schumann do to me. Surely ten or twenty degrees of latitude must make some difference in the ways of expressing feeling.

"Concerning what you call antiquated music, our difference in opinion may possibly arise in a different understanding of terms. I understand 'antiquated' to mean something more than merely 'old fashioned.' It conveys to my mind the idea of something either obsolete or that has well nigh seen its day. I don't attempt to deny that the *forms* of musical expression which Bach and Handel used, are old-fashioned. I believe that Haydn and Mozart went far beyond Bach and Handel in their musical forms, and that Beethoven made as great an advance upon Mozart as *he* did upon Bach. I also think that Wagner has in certain ways gone far beyond Beethoven. It is in the nature of things that most things in this world should grow better with succeeding generations. Mozart had Bach's forms ready made for him. Bach had to make them for himself. It would have been a pity if a man of Mozart's genius, after having been educated up to Bach's level, should not have been able to discover anything new for himself in an infinite field of discovery. A man of genius uses his great predecessors' thoughts as tools to work with, not as a mere lesson to be recited over again. But I think that in art there is a point beyond which no man can learn of another. Mozart could learn all of Bach's forms, and improve upon them. But there is an intangible something in a man of great genius, which is thoroughly his own, and that no man can copy from him. The divine afflatus cannot be handed down from master to pupil. Great genius is so rare that we can afford to lose nothing that it has ever done in art. And it is in the inspiration, the *feu sacré* that I think Bach and Handel are the equals of any that have lived after them. I do not think one can find the emotions of sorrow and despair on the one hand, and firm faith on the other, more vividly and grandly, or more dramatically expressed than in the opening chorus of the St. Matthew Passion.

"Looked at superficially, that chorus is a wonderfully fine piece of contrapuntal writing, and we now-a-days, don't think of using strict counterpoint as a means of dramatic expression. But Bach knew of no other than contrapuntal music, and if he was to express his feelings by music at all it must be contrapuntal music. But the feeling, the inspiration was strong within him, and he *made the counterpoint express it*. I don't think that in any of Bach's finer compositions, it is the counterpoint that strikes one first. That was only the means of expression, not the end. It was the musical language of his time, just as Chaucer's English was the language of his time.

"But are we to lose the inspirations and thoughts of one of the greatest geniuses in all the history of music, because his forms of expression have now become old-fashioned? I admit that in my analogies drawn from Sculpture and Architecture I went too far, and will, as you suggest, take the Aegina marbles instead of Phidias and Praxitles as a parallel. The marbles of Aegina are works that have come down to us from a time when sculpture was just past its infancy, and their imperfections and above all their old-fashionedness strike us at once. But I think that in spite of all this, there is a something in them that is none the less real because it is indefinable, and that places them higher than the works of Thorwaldsen, Gibson, or any of the modern sculptors, with perhaps the exception of Canova. I do not urge this as going to prove that that which is old is necessarily greater or better than that which is new, but to show that real genius of a high order outlives the fashions of its day, and loses nothing by age. Because the works of genius in by-gone days are now only to be appreciated by the more highly educated, and give little or no enjoyment to the uneducated, we have no right to call them 'works of the head and not of the heart.'"

THE SO-CALLED BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL. That will be a brilliant page in the history of the music of this country, which will tell our children that we honored the great Beethoven by firing cannons, ringing bells, beating anvils, in short, making as much noise as possible. What a fine understanding of the duties such a festival involves; what a brilliant conception of the benefits the great master has left us. What an immense stride towards civilization! It only remains for us to dance around the dead body of the master, burn it, and the recall of the great civilization of old will be complete. He has been sitting long enough on his throne like the Hindoo kings; it is time that we should slaughter him. Well, if nothing else, this at least has been achieved this week. The honor which he ought to have received has become a dishonor. For it is a dishonor to couple his name with such desecrations of the art, which have been committed on this occasion. It is a dishonor to place a Beethoven on the side of Flotow, Jullien, and the like. We have nothing against their music in a proper place, but at a Beethoven festival it is out of place. Only the highest, the best and purest his art has produced, should be heard on such an occasion, and if this had been done but for one day the memory of this festival would have been less a burning shame to all who assisted, either by participating in the performances or by listening to them.

Why could the first day not have been devoted exclusively to the memory of the great master? There were splendid materials on hand to perform, for instance, his ninth symphony. Mme. Parepa-Rosa would have been more in her sphere to sing the soprano part of the quartet, than to join in the chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner" with obligato cannon firing. Instead of such a celebration, his symphony, in C minor, conducted by Mr. Carl Bergmann, and a lot of miscellaneous music were performed, in which the Stradella overture shone to such an extent as to elicit an encore from the enthusiastic and highly discriminative audience. This was, of course, meant as a compliment to the conductor, Mr. Gilmore, for the thing itself can be heard just as well in every beer garden, where it properly belongs.

. . . . On the second day, in the afternoon, some curious abridgments from various operas, with a host of distinguished artists, enlivened the not very large audience. Miss Kellogg distinguished herself by an exquisite and for once animated rendering of the Polacca from "Linda," and Signor Lefranc created an outburst of enthusiasm by his magnificent singing in the well known trio from "Tell." It was as good and inspiring as we have heard of any tenor. In the evening "The Creation," frightfully mutilated, was sung under the direction of Dr. James Pech. Mme Parepa-Rosa as usual evinced her extraordinary powers of voice and method.

On Wednesday the anvils and the cannons did their duty, morning and night, to the intense satisfaction of the largest audiences yet assembled at the Rink. On Thursday afternoon the C minor symphony was repeated, Mr. Carl Bergmann conducting with that fine musical understanding for which he is justly famous. Unfortunately, the best conducting will not avail, if the orchestra is a poor one, and this was decidedly the case on this occasion, only a few of our best musicians forming part of it. The great feature of this concert was the singing of Mme. Anna Bishop, who again proved the truth of the old adage, "Life is short, but art is long." In the evening the first part of "Elijah" was given, with the Boston Handel Society, and Mr. Carl Zerrahn as conductor. The success of this performance was complete.—*N. Y. Weekly Review.*

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE.—The young ladies of this Institution gave a Soirée Musicale, June 14,—under the direction of their teacher, Prof. G. D. Wilson—for the benefit of the Boston North End Mission, which was a success, artistically and financially.

The hall of the Seminary was crowded and the entire programme, including several extremely difficult pieces which are seldom attempted before an audience by other than professional artists, was well performed, showing thorough and exact teaching, and evincing taste and great progress in the pupils.

The programme was as follows:

Overture, "The Fair Melusina" (4 Pianos)..Mendelssohn.
Duet, "Hunter's Song".....Kucken.
Piano Solo, "La Cascade".....Pauer.
Capriccio Brillante, Op 22.....Mendelssohn.
Song: "Kathleen Aroon".....Abt.
Fantasie, "Moses in Egypt".....Thalberg.
Concert-stück, Op. 79.....Weber.
Song, "Sing, Smile, Slumber".....Gounod.
Piano Solo, "Last Hope".....Gottschalk.
Solo and Chorus, "La Carita".....Rossini.
Overture, "La Muette de Portici".....Auber.

During the graduating exercises on Wednesday morning, the musical selections included a fine performance of Hummel's Concerto in A Minor, Op. 85.—BOSTON TRAVELLER, June 15.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Spring and Autumn. 4. D to *a*. *Peruzzi.* 40
One of the popular songs of M'lle. Nilsson. Illustrated with a lithograph of the great Swedish singer.

Over the Rolling Sea. 3. C to e. *Reylaff.* 35
A grand sea song in spirited 6-8 measure.
"Over the rolling sea,
Dashes the ship along,
The wild wind on her lee,
Piping a merry strain."

There's a silver lining to every cloud. 4. D to e. *Claribel.* 35

I love my love in the morning. Four-part Song. 3. A to f sharp. *Allen.* 30
A very effective glee for concerts.

Where Love is, there is Home. Romance. 5. F to f. Arr. by *H. Glover.* 35
Sung with immense success by Mr. Lawrence in the opera of "Oberon."

Tantum Ergo. Lord of Heaven. For four voices. 4. F to g. *Rossi.* 40
One of the finest pieces for a Quartet Choir ever published. With entirely unsectarian English words. Every choir and congregation will be delighted with it.

The Ring, or, "A year ago to-night." 2. A*b* to e flat. *Austin.* 35
"How long since we parted, dear Maud,
By the side of the old wicket gate?
How long since I bade thee farewell,
To struggle with fortune and fate?"
A charming love song.

The Little ones at home. 2. G to d. *Turner.* 30

Parting whispers. Graduating Class Song for mixed voices. 2. B*b* to e flat. *Emerson.* 30

Little Dick Whittington and his Cat. 2. C to e. *Hime.* 30
"On his bed quite forlorn, poor Whittington sat,
With his eyes full of tears at losing his cat."

When the Clock strikes Five. Song and Dance. 3. F to d. *Maas.* 30

Walking through the snow. Song and Dance. 2. A to d. *Maas.* 30
Both these song and dance pieces were written for Miss Gussie Craytou the celebrated song and dance lady.

Instrumental.

Les Charmerettes. Polka Mazurka. 3. G. Op, 121. *Von Ette.* 40
Containing pleasing modulations with a good mazurka accent.

Egmont Polka. 3. C. Op. 122. *Von Ette.* 35

Early Spring Waltz. 2. G. *Turner.* 30
Easy, melodious and pretty.

Books.

THE SABBATH GUEST. An entirely new collection of Anthems, Opening and Closing Pieces, Sentences, Choruses, &c. By *L. O. Emerson and J. H. Morey.* Boards, 1.60

REED ORGAN COMPANION. A new collection of Popular Instrumental and Vocal Music, arranged expressly for Cabinet Organs and Melodeons. *Wm. H. Clarke.* Boards, 2.00

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 764. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 9.

The Grave of Charles Dickens.

He sleeps as he should sleep—among the great
In the old Abbey: sleeps amid the few
Of England's famous thousands whose high state
Is to lie with her monarchs—monarchs too.

Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring
By might of wit and humor, wisdom, lore,
Music of spoken line or sounded string,
Or Art that lives when artists are no more.

His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
This shrine within her shrine: and all around
Is no name but in Letters or in Art
Sounds as the names of the immortal sound.

Of some, the ashes lie beside his dust,
Of some, but marble forms and names are here:
But grave or cenotaph—remains or bust—
They will find place for thee, their latest peer.

Make room, oh tuneful Handel, at thy feet;
Make room, oh witty Sheridan, at thy head;
Shift, Johnson, till thou leave him grave-space meet;
Garrick, whose art he loved, press to him dead.

Macaulay, many-sided mind, receive
By thine, the frame that housed a mind as keen
To take an impress, or an impress leave,
From things, or on things, read or heard, or seen.

Welcome, oh Addison, with calm, wise face,
His coming, who has peopled English air
With types of humor, tenderness, and grace,
Than which thine own are less rich and more rare.

Thou, too, his brother of our time, last lost,
Thackeray, bend thy brow with kindly cheer
On him, thy comrade, wave-worn, tempest-tost,
Who, from life's voyage, comes to harbor here.

All the more welcome that he seeks his rest
Without the pomps that follow great ones' ends—
No mourners save the natural ones that prest
About the father's coffin or the friend's.

No sable train with plume, and plate, and pall;
No long parade of undertaker's woe;
Scarfed mutes, and feathered hearse, and coursers tall—
All that bemocks the grave with hollow show.

Humbly they brought him in the summer morn,
Humbly and hopefully they laid him down.
And on the plate that tells when dead, when born,
His children's love, like England's, lays a crown.*

Punch.

The Poet's Corner.

DICKENS'S GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—ITS SURROUNDINGS.

The London *Illustrated News* has the following:

The venerable Abbey Church of St. Peter, at Westminster, has lately received the mortal body of another English worthy. There is a place here allotted by traditional custom to the burial, or, at least, to the obituary record, of men whose literary genius has adorned this nation. The extremity of the south transept has for ages past been called the "Poets Corner." Here is the tomb of Geoffry Chaucer, "the Father of English Poetry," who was also a man of official business, Clerk of the Works in the precincts of the King's palace at Westminster, including the Abbey. He died in October, 1400, at his house, close by, which stood on the site of Henry VII.'s chapel. The first English printer, Caxton, who set up his types, and worked his press in a chapel of the Abbey, caused a simple tablet, with a couplet of Latin verse written by a scholar of Milan, to be placed above his friend Chaucer's grave. A century and a half later, in 1556, Mr. Nicholas Brigham, "in the name of the Muses," erected the well-known monument of grey marble, with a full length statue of Chaucer, copying the head, the costume, and the attitude from Occleve's contemporary portrait. That was the beginning of Poets' Corner. Now, only last week by order of Dean Stanley, and through the diligence of Chaucer's successor in office, Mr. Christopher Foster, Clerk of the Works in the Abbey, the grave of Charles Dickens was made here in the middle of the floor, within a few steps of old Chaucer's

The elaborate monument of the Duke of Argyll in George II.'s time—Jeanie Deans's good Duke, in "The Heart of Mid-lothian"—rises opposite, with its four fine statues, representing the virtues and talents of that patriotic Scottish nobleman. The monuments of Goldsmith and Gay, with their medallion portraits, and with the inscriptions composed in the former instance by Dr. Johnson, and in the latter case by Pope, are to the left. To the right is the graceful statue of Addison, upon a cylindrical pedestal of white marble; but his actual place of interment is in another part of the Abbey. The monument of Handel, who lies buried under the pavement next Dickens, is placed high on the wall, above that of the Ladies Lechmere; his figure, in an attitude of inspiration, stands in front of an organ, holding an open scroll of music. The bust of Thackeray is near Addison's statue. The best place for a bust of Dickens is on the other side of the arch, or near the Lechmere monument, and between that and the monument of the Atkins family, which fills the next arch. It would be a suitable companion to the bust of Thackeray. The grave of Dickens is adjacent to those of Handel, Sheridan, and Cumberland the dramatist, whose names occupy, with those of Henderson, the actor, David Garrick, Samuel Johnson, and General Sir A. Campbell, the eight flat tombstones in front of the door leading to St. Faith's Chapel. These tombstones are ranged in four pairs. The graves of Dickens and Cumberland form one pair; and they lie immediately opposite the well-known cenotaph of Shakespeare, which stands against the wall, with the monuments of Nicholas Rowe, James Thomson, Matthew Prior, Southey, and Thomas Campbell; these confronting those of Addison, Mackenzie, and Handel, and the bust of Thackeray.

The monuments of Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Abraham Cowley, Dryden, Barton Booth, the tragedian, and Thomas Gray, are placed somewhat apart, in the corner by the western door through which the Abbey is entered from Old Palace-yard. This is, no doubt, the ancient and original "Poets' Corner;" but that name has latterly been extended, as we now see, to the whole breadth of the south transept. Among the other persons interred in this part of the Abbey are Dr. Barrow and Dr. South, the eminent divines; Dr. Busby, master of Westminster School; Queen Anne Neville, wife of Richard III.; Chiffinch, page to Charles II; Macpherson, translator or inventor of Ossian; Lady Steele, wife of Sir Richard; several Prebendaries, and the late Dean Ireland.

* Upon the coffin was a crown of green leaves and white roses. Many of those who came to look into the grave during the day it remained open threw flowers into it.

Chopin's Mazourkas.

(From EHLERT's Letters on Music.)*

Do you know Chopin's sorrowful mazourkas,—those pathetic dances in which the deepest, the most heart-felt sorrow has donned red buskins, to weep itself to death amid a bacchanal tumult? I have one of these in my mind now: anything sadder you can scarcely imagine:—

"Ye still must dance, alas, poor feet so weary!
In gay shoes dress;
Though 'twere for ye a fate less sad and dreary
Neath earth to rest."

Poor Chopin! Was he afflicted by the sorrows of his people, or by a secret woe, a fatality of love?

Over his cradle the graces whispered their sweetest spells,—a favor not lightly granted to other mortals; and the gods bestowed their most precious gift upon him,—the nobility of genius. He had what the higher man desires in order to be happy,—the laurel of fame, the joy of love, the protection of friendship, the fruit of toil; all these, accompanied by youth and an irresistible personality. He only wanted a sailor's nervous system. Poor Chopin! his soul was strung with Æolian harp strings, on which the lightest breath of wind played wondrous unknown melodies. These seraphic legends met our ear as if they rose from out a holy silence; and we listened as though the elementary voice of Nature pronounced an elementary prophecy. A poet of such indescribable refinement of language, with such a sense for color, and with such a lofty aristocracy of thought, must necessarily possess a peculiar nervous system; and thus he consumed a vitality that more niggardly natures would have spread over two jubilees, before he had reached the height of his summer. Enviable! For, if the populace reckons by duration, we have another measure. Could I, for one month of rapture, become such a poet as Beethoven, I should be ashamed, had I nothing better to offer for it than the beggary of my whole life. Depth, inwardness, is everything; and the greatest joy on earth is the power of creating an immortal work.

But from failure to accomplish any thing proceeds all our unamiability: broken down and weary, we sit like watchers beside the bed of our sick hope, the crack-brained nurse who brought us up on poisoned love-philters.

Chopin, unfortunately, became so popular that there is not a drawing-room in which he is not falsified or misunderstood. The frivolous desire to play his *spirituelle* compositions in a capricious manner, to intrude one's own personal feelings upon the poet's peculiar world, has led to a style of playing Chopin's works which is disagreeable both to the taste and to the mind; the character of which is best described as being a mixture of buffoonery and looseness. It gives us coquetry instead of gracefulness, wantonness in the place of daring; while it makes feeling sentimental, and geniality eccentric. Only he who has known tears and blushes, who feels his heart beating even in his finger-tips, may venture to play Chopin. Some of our greatest virtuosos have been shipwrecked in the attempt: you may, therefore, imagine what amateurs make of his works. Our musical circles, which exist for the profit of vanity and tedium,—insupportable preserves of the discomfort which arises from an awkward herding together of mankind, sick-rooms of enjoyment, filled with the corrupt smell of a thousand ideas strangled in birth,—are the natural theatres for those charades and anagrams which our pianoforte-players make on the name of Chopin. I swear to you by Hermann and Dorothea, on my metrical conscience, that I would rather be present at an improvisation in hexameters, than at one of these perverse interpretations of a poet whose magical glow should frighten away all fingers that are afraid of fire. Only imagine the fate of a composition in which the prescribed measure is not placed like a child's rod above the mirror; fancy the entanglement of hurry and delay where metronomic correctness in the divisions of time is done away with, and where, not the movements of the pendulum, but the unbarred motion of the human heart, should cause the robe of the poem to rise and fall!

* "*Letters on Music to a Lady.*" By LOUIS EHLERT. Translated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. (Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Some secret charm must exist in these compositions, and unclose itself even to the unpoetic world of "lofty ignoramuses," as Mme. Viardot once entitled those circles where the classics are condemned to eternal banishment, where Beyer and Rosellen are played with indescribable comprehension, and where every thing is enjoyed as ambrosia, provided that it is not salted or peppered. It must be that charm of real distinction by means of which real nobility betrays its descent, and which surrounds all outward forms of life with beauty. As Chopin is by nature an aristocrat, those saloons which do not always condescend to receive even what is vulgarly called the best society have been opened to *him*. But you would hardly believe in what adventurous circumstances I have been obliged to encounter this dear friend. One shudders at such popularity. Rather let us not be played, let us not please. To please! whom? with what? I once heard the B-minor Scherzo played among such a company of common buffoons (that is, on a programme of trivial show-pieces), that it seemed to me like a rose buried in a bunch of thistles. For will you not suppose that the same taste which has at least an instinctive sense of the poetry of a Chopin work also perceives the vulgarity of a bad virtuoso piece? This general predilection for Chopin is only the consequence of instinct, and not that of judgment: the noblest things that his genius has created are only possessed by a small number. I would wager my faith, my love, and my hope, that a mazourka like the one I allude to is understood by very few. This F is too fatalistic; this sorrowful, questioning close is too gloomy:—

"Ye still must shine beneath the torches' glory,
Sad eyes that weep!
Would ye could hide in shade your woeful story,
And close, and sleep.

Chopin has been called morbid, sickly. Ah! who among us can boast of mental health? He was not more sickly than many of our greatest poets,—than Byron, than Schumann; though I am willing to allow that Kalkbrenner was more healthy. But who cares for Mr. Kalkbrenner's robust muse, with its strong-handed passages and red-cheeked melodies, now? When I was a boy, I was once obliged to play one of those pieces (so suitable to taverns) which then flooded every German and French piano-forte. In all simplicity I asked my master whether Mr. Kalbrenner was not a sailor; for which question I received a severe reprimand. Since then I have never been able to hear a piece by this excellent man without thinking of striped trousers.

Chopin was of so poetic a nature, that, in his hands, the study itself became a poem. Let his two greatest studies, that in C sharp and that in A minor,—though apparently written with a technical aim,—let them be played with complete freedom, and any one will confess that our piano forte literature never possessed aught more impassioned, more nobly stirring. And what wonderful originality they display? Not a measure that is not playable, and musically, charmingly new: indeed, Chopin must be called the inventor of an entirely new piano-forte life. How uninteresting is the style of any previous master (excepting Beethoven) compared with his! what a litany of gone-by, dead-alive forms! what a feelingless, prosaic jingle! If any one should, without a grimace, assure me seriously that he can play piano-forte pieces by Clementi, Dussek, Hummel, and Ries, with real enjoyment even now, I will esteem him as an excellent man, —yes, a very honest one; but I will not drink wine with him.

Do you know any nightingale that can warble a dreamy clear-obscure like the melodies of Chopin's nocturnes? I will not grieve Hafis; but our German bulbuls appear song-sick in comparison. Has filigree work, or the Moorish arabesque, spun anything more supersensuously fine than those fantastic embellishments which remind one of silvery lace woven by elves in the moonlight? And now play one of his great songs of love, and behold the celestial passion in those summer-warm, storm-intoxicated eyes!

"For the sun is but a sparkle
That hath heavenward floated, mounted,
Of the flame immense, impassioned,
That within my bosom burneth."

His heart was soon consumed by the "immense flame;" for he died the fiery death of the poet. But we who have beheld the flame mount heavenwards, who have been intoxicated by the nectar which he so freely bestowed, must laugh pityingly at the kitchen fire over which citizen Dussek and worthy Hummel cook their spare Olympic meal. And even noble John Field's nectar tastes to us but as excellent sugar and water. Heaven preserve us from historical injustice! These were worthy, honest men, but doubtful poets. Supported by the consciousness of having honorably gone through their courses, they played the piano-forte according to the pious rules of their forefathers, and composed neat, correct pieces with the philister-like comfort of those whose conscience is untroubled by fancy. Innocent of the revolutionary paths of Beethoven, they leaned on the burgher-staff of custom and convenience, protected by the police, applauded by the hands of the titled, the rich, and the pensioned, carrying with them the certainty of immortality, as though they were sure of the future, for all time, through benevolent legacies. I would not venture to write a bitter word of such men during their lives. But posterity is able to be impartial, and restores the too great admiration of contemporaries to the proper degree.

Yet, though it must fulfil this contemptible office, it will also have the power to raise overturned columns, and to place crosses over sunken graves.

Chopin sleeps under the palm: upon his grave-mound the tenderest roses bloom. On a May night, when the air was full of moonlight and the scent of flowers, I sat there, dreaming, and listening to the whispers of the leaves. The softened tones of the funeral march which he wrote sounded in my ears: the dark basses, folded in mourning crapes, passed, their hesitating step often checked by tears. I know not how long I sat thus in the lovely spring night, with the dead at my feet. I had scarcely observed two forms, kneeling under the shade of the cypresses, as though they were holding a divine service of love in this spot. One was tall, with a slender and almost transparent figure: she looked like the dream of a lovely, summer night, and had thrown a sparkling net of filigree chains over her hair. The other was more fully formed, with swelling bosom and rounded arms; on her face, the story of some strange grief was written in magical motivos. A ray of moonlight fell at her feet: I shuddered, for I saw that she wore red buskins.

Fine Old Tunes.

It is not always a bad thing to have what Mr. Samuel Weller would call "limited wision." In the case of Mr. Weller himself it prevented his seeing, through a flight of stairs and several closed doors, what might have been to the detriment of our dear old friend, Pickwick. In the case of some others it concentrates attention upon a small space, and extracts therefrom lessons otherwise in danger of being overlooked. Le Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre* is a noteworthy illustration of what we mean. From the ordinary fittings of the room to which he was confined the French philosopher drew matter for speculation, the interest of which will never be exhausted. But limited vision, as a rule, is not always useful. Upon the average man its effect is to make him exaggerate the merits and importance of what he can see, and to depreciate all that lies beyond, creating out of his visible surroundings a little world apart, wherein very small things are relatively very great. Only thus do we account for a phenomenon connected with Church musicians, who are always talking of "Brown in A," "Jones in B," and "Robinson in C"—as other men talk of the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Fidelio*, and *Medea*.

We suppose that organists and people who frequent "quires, and places where they sing," are more or less affected by the narrowing influence of sacerdotalism. If not exactly a "sacerdotal caste," they are sufficiently like the article to make the church their world. Looking upon Church music as a thing apart, they come eventually to regard it as unaffected by considerations which touch music secular, and as only to be judged by the low standard of its own low average merit. On no other grounds are we able to explain the reverence felt for what are sometimes called "fine old tunes," and for the importance attached to works which, out of the church, would promptly make their way to the huckster's, as waste paper. Let us add that we do not consider this to involve any censure upon Church musicians. Between their music and secular music there must exist, in any case, a broad line of demarcation; and, naturally, that to which they are, in a measure, shut up, acquires a fictitious value. But it is needful, for the sake of Church music itself, to ask those who have to do with the thing whether they should not throw upon it a little light from the outside world. If this were effected, we cannot but think that the ecclesiastical lumber-room would soon have an extensive addition to its contents. How many, for example, of the chants now used would be used any longer? There are places where the substitution, say, of "Crotch in C" for "Jones in D," or, *vice versa*, on a particular occasion, would be matter of grave import. Looked at as music simply, either or both would be "basketed" without compunction. Then, again, as to the "Services," we are tempted to ask—can it be that the intelligent among Church musicians really believe the majority of such concoctions at all worthy the importance assigned to them? Those who hear Church "Services" with unaccustomed ears are simply repelled by their formalism, their want of expressive and descriptive power, and their exceedingly small musical pretensions. To a large extent the case is the same with anthems, not a few of which are worthy the style in which they are sung—about the severest sentence it is possible to pass upon them. These are strong assertions, but not stronger than the thoughts of outside musicians whenever English Church music is named. All who are not "to the manner born" know that within the ecclesiastical pale—by way of consistency with surroundings, we presume—there has grown up a style of music utterly unworthy of its object, and which is the artistic counterpart of the twaddle that passes current for an average sermon.

The sooner all these things are looked into the shorter will be the existence of "fine old tunes." —*Lond. Mus. World.*

[From the London Orchestra].

The Ammergau Passion Play.

(Concluded from page 269).

SECOND PART.

This commences with the picture of the buffeting of the prophet Micaiah, because he warned King Ahab not to go to war with the Syrians, and is followed by the scene of Christ's appearance before Annas. The Jew awaits the news of his arrest with great anxiety; at length Judas arrives in person and announces success, and Annas tells him, "Your name shall live for ever." The Saviour next enters the house of Annas bound and escorted by soldiers, and is led out on the balcony, where he is questioned. Finally, the prisoner is sent by Annas before Caiaphas. We have a picture of the stoning of Naboth, the Jezreelite, by order of Ahab, who coveted his vineyard; and also of Job and his comforters; and in the action which corresponds Christ is confronted with false witnesses before Caiaphas and the council of priests, and quotations are read from three books of the law to prove that he deserves death. The *pose* of Caiaphas is really majestic in this scene, as he delivers his soul in rolling sentences from under that imposing mitre that now is sheltered by a gorgeous baldaquin. An inner curtain here falls to permit of a front scene, in which Judas passes and expresses his intention to seek Caiaphas, that he may undo the evil he has done. His conscience already begins to sting him. Then we have the waiting-room of the guards in the high priest's hall, with the familiar episode of Peter's denial of his Master. There is yet another scene, a painful one, where the soldiers bandage the eyes of Christ, strike him and spit upon him, and challenge him to tell them who did it; and then arrives the first tableau of the tenth *Vorstellung*—Cain with his brother Abel, stretched dead by his blow beside the sacrificial alter. This is preface

to the end of Judas, who presents himself before Caiaphas to beg off him whom he had betrayed; he is derided, and casts down before the priests the accursed silver—hastens out of the council hall, and we next see him in his last act, tearing his girdle from his waist, snapping off the dry branches of a blasted apple-tree, and attaching himself to a brough at its top. The curtain descends as he is "going to his own place." The prophet Daniel, condemned by Darius to be thrown into the lion's den, is subsequently brought before us, as introduction to Christ's forced visit to Pilate. The Saviour, flanked by helmeted guards, is led to the balcony of Pilate's house, where he is placed under a standard with the letters S. Q. O. R., surmounted by the golden eagle. These letters should be S. P. Q. R., but perhaps the good folks of Ober-Ammergau have some hidden import of their own in the change. The scene of Christ before Herod is very fine. The ruler of Galilee, magnificently apparelled and seated on a throne radiant with gems and gilding, has much of the mien we are apt to associate with our own "bluff King Hal." Herod did his mockery of Christ, his gibes and sneers, almost in a contagious fashion, so natural was he. The prisoner by his orders was clad in a purple mantle, and a reed put in his hands as sceptre. "Ha! ha! What a King is there!" laughed Herod, and the courtiers sardonically joined, as courtiers will. "Off with him to Pilate again," and the captive was dragged another stage on his way of agony. When we again revert to the Old Testament it is to witness the presentation of "Joseph's robe with blood besprent" to his father, by his brethren, who had sold him. Another tableau presents Abraham about to offer up Isaac on Mount Moriah. Back to the presence of Pilate, who wishes not to have his death upon his hands, Christ is borne anew, scoffed, scourged at a pillar, covered with a white shirt for derision, a crown of sharp thorns placed on his head, two rods held diagonally across it by four soldiers so as to force the prickles into his brow. This passage from the Passion is set before us with a grim literalness that makes women and the tender-hearted shut their eyes. In the next *Vorstellung*, which concludes the second part, Joseph is conjured up before us as he rode in triumph among the Egyptians—a gorgeous arrangement of scenery and composition of group—and afterwards we have the Israelitish sacrifice of the scape-goat. The *finis* of the second act is a lively reproduction of the scene under Pilate's balcony when he washes his hands and breaks his *bâton* of office, and the mob howl for Christ to be killed, and Barrabas—an admirable felonious figure, hair over eyes, down look, coarse brown home spun, tied with rope, and bare feet—to be released. It was one of the richest in color and most stirring in the entire play.

The third act of the Mystery is shorter in text than those that precede. The opening *Vorstellung* is designated "the Way of the Cross," and contains three tableaux, the first representing Isaac carrying up to Mount Moriah the faggots to light the fire on which he himself was intended to be sacrificed; the second designed to portray the preparations for the raising of the blazen serpent by Moses in the wilderness; the third picture brings before us a view of the brazen serpent as set up, and Moses pointing to it, before the assembled multitude. As the curtain rises on a country landscape, a young man comes on to the forestage—Simon the Cyrenean. He pauses, hearing a noise from the street to the right; he hesitates, but finally resumes his journey, and is turning in the direction of the tumult, just as the procession which has caused it comes on the scene, headed by a Roman soldier, mounted on a dapple gray horse, bearing the Imperial standard. A centurion, with the *bâton* of command in his right hand, marshals a body of troops, who escort our Saviour as he totters under the weight of the Cross. A soldier roughly accosts Simon, takes him by the shoulder and shoves him under the rood, when the procession again moves onward. Meanwhile some of the wives of Jerusalem, with infants in their arms, emerge from a side street, and with tears in their eyes compassionate our Lord, who addresses them in the memorable words of Scripture beginning, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me." As the procession passes on towards the hill appointed for the execution, the Virgin Mary, bent with sorrow, slowly enters, accompanied by John and Magdalen, and follows its course in the distance. This whole passage—one of the most painful in the Iliad of our Lord's suffering—is put on the boards with a force that brings it home to the senses as if it were a scroll from the passing life of every day that was being unfolded.

The chorus on entering for the sixteenth *Vorstellung* (which is entitled "Jesus at Golgotha"), have changed their bright colored mantles for others of sable, and wear mourning wreaths instead of gilt circlets that crowned them before. They sing to a soft musical accompaniment an invitation to the audience to come with them to witness the last suffering of Him who redeemed us by His blood. This is rendered more solemn and striking by the muffled sound of hammering which is heard from behind. On the music ceasing the curtain rises, discovering "the place of the skulls." The two thieves are already impaled, their arms turned back and tied over the arms of the cross. Our Saviour is nailed on the Holy Rood, which lies on the ground, but is immediately lifted to its position and fixed at the base. It was the painting that Albrecht Durer drew, vivified and plain in the moonlight under the clear canopy of God's sky to all. How true is every detail, the mocking soldiers, the executioners going in a grim, tradesmanlike way about their business, the centurion formal as a veteran adjutant; the standard bearer, sternly still on his gray steed; the mob, the writhing thieves, and the symmetric figure in the midst. Nothing that is related in Holy Writ was wanting, the filling of the sponge with vinegar and conveying it to his lips on a branch of hyssop to quench his thirst, the conversation with the thieves, and the conversion of one of them, the division of his outer garments by the executioners, and the spear put to the side. The legs of the thieves are broken by resounding blows of india rubber clubs, which gave the process a repugnant reality, and their limp bodies were taken down from the respective crosses and borne away. Mary came in, with her Magdalen and others and John; next follows the Consummation, as a messenger, rushing in affrighted, announced that the veil of the Temple was rent asunder. The Virgin, red-eyed, drops sobbing to John's shoulder, and Magdalen her long blonde locks floating downward, kneels, clasps the foot of the rood and embraces it.

The descent from the Cross was not similar to that shown in the celebrated picture of Rubens in Antwerp. Joseph Mayer had been in his painful position for three-and twenty minutes. Depending for support on a sort of console for his feet, a disguised girdle at his waist, and a band at the back of his head, while the arms were kept extended by clamps of iron bending over the fingers and connecting them to the timber; he must have had a strong trial to his nerves and powers of endurance. The cross is some twelve feet high. He states that his position on it for such a length of time is very fatigning to the muscles of the chest, and by the wished for moment when he is taken down his hands are quite blue and bloodless and the arms numb as when one happens to have got a limb under him in sleep so as to impede the circulation. His removal from the Cross had to be performed very gently to obviate the danger of an attack of apoplexy from the sudden return of the blood to the channels which had been shut against it. A ladder was placed at the back and another in front. A man got up on that behind, took away the crown of thorns, and drew the clamps; Joseph of Arimathea, in a rich garment, mounting on the steps of the ladder, between the crucifix and the audience, passed up the folds of a fine linen cloth, these were passed under the arms, and by degrees the body was lowered, and was slowly borne away; the curtain fell, and there was a deep respiration from the spectators. The Resurrection, which comes next in order, is analogically typified in two tableaux from the Old Testament, to-wit, Jonas in the act of being cast forth by the whale, after three days' confinement in mother-earth, and the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea to represent the victory, through redemption, for the chosen stock. The closing scenes of the *Passionschauspiel* were but the familiar episode to all Bible students; finally a tableau of the Glorified, with a pink and white banner held aloft, standing on an eminence, surrounded by His mother and His faithful disciples. This brought the curtain down for the last time, and the chorus poured forth a jubilant final Hallelujah as the church clock struck five.

Professor Oakeley on the Lower Rhenish Festival.

Germany, like England, has its great annual festival held in turn at three of its principal towns—Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Aix la Chapelle. At the last named city the forty-seventh celebration has just taken place, the works of Beethoven naturally occupying a prominent place in the programme. The fitness of the locality for a commemoration of the centenary of the great composer's birth will be seen at once when it is remembered that his only oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*, was there produced, and that at the first of the festivals held at Aix the Ninth Symphony was conducted from the manuscript by Beethoven's friend and pupil, Ferdinand Ries. In many essential points the performances on these occasions differ from and are superior to those of a like kind in England. More numerous rehearsals, a greater amount of enthusiasm among the artists, and a more general interest in the proceedings on the part of the people of the town and district, all combine to render the festivals a success, while the fact that art instead of pounds, shillings and pence, is the primary object of the meeting adds not a little to the spirit with which they are conducted. From Professor Oakeley the *Guardian* has as usual received a most interesting report of the doings at Aix, and we propose to give our readers some extracts from his letter, setting forth the chief features of the festival.

By way of introduction the Professor writes:—

"The rehearsals, of which there are six for three concerts,—instead of as—say at Birmingham—two rehearsals for eight performances,—commenced on the 3rd instant, and were superintended by the Bavarian General Musikdirector Franz Lachner, and the local music director, Ferdinand Breunung, conductors of the festival. The first three of these rehearsals are preliminary, and the three last "general," or, as we should say, dress rehearsals. To the latter, which were as fully attended, and to musicians are of even greater interest than the concerts themselves, the admission to the public was twenty groschen, or two shillings. The price of a ticket to the best place for the three concerts was six thalers, or six shillings for each concert. The performances were held as usual in the Kurhaus,—by no means, as was mentioned in 1867, an adequate or suitable building for the occasion, its accommodation being very limited; and the supply was consequently unequal to the demand for tickets, of which at least twice the number might have been sold. The total number of performers was 560—about the same as at the last festival here, the numbers at Cologne and Dusseldorf, where the halls are larger, being repectively 755 and 854 at the festivals in 1868 and 1869. The chorus consisted of 118 sopranos, 96 altos, 89 tenors, and 122 basses—total, 425; the orchestra of 24 first and 24 second violins, 18 violas, 16 cellos, 13 double basses, 4 flutes, 3 oboes, 3 clarinets, 4 bassoons, 6 horns, 4 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 contra bassoon, 1 drummer—total, 124. The principal soloists engaged were—soprano, Mlle. Orgeni, of Berlin; contralto, Mme. Joachim; tenor, Herr Vogl, of Munich; bass, Herr Bletzacher; and violin, Herr Professor Joachim."

The performances commenced on Whitsunday evening with Beethoven's Mass in D, the difficulties of which have been so frequently dwelt on of late in our English prints, and his Symphony No. 3, "The Eroica." The Mass must, as the Professor says, be heard in Germany to be thoroughly appreciated, as there alone is it given with all the finish and completeness which are so desirable in the performance of any masterpiece. It was performed to the best advantage at Aix, the greatest effect being produced by the execution of the *Benedictus* with its exquisite violin *obbligato* played by Herr Joachim. The performance of the "Eroica" we are told was acknowledged by Joachim and many other musicians who were present to be unsurpassed:—

"The *tempi* taken by Lachner, who as was mentioned in reporting the Munich Festival of 1863, has a traditional reading of Beethoven's symphonies, having heard them under the composer's direction at Vienna, were in the first movement quicker than that to which we are accustomed, in the Funeral March considerably slower, in the *scherzo* about the same as in London, and in the last movement—before the *presto*—rather slower. The whole time occupied in the performance fifty-six and a half minutes, or about five minutes longer than the average time in London. The *pianissimo* and delicacy of the *scherzo* was perhaps the most marvellous part of this memorable performance, the effect of which was second within recollection only to that Munich Festival in point of *power*,—but it must be added that the orchestra on the latter occasion numbered no less than 254 performers, out of which number some 200 were assigned to the strings."

On Whit Monday Handel shared the honors with Beethoven, his oratorio *Deborah* following the inimitable "Leonora" Overture, No 3. The latter work is a special favorite at these gatherings, and was given three years ago at Aix, under the direction of Rietz. On the performance of the oratorio the Professor says:—

"The selection at any festival of an oratorio by Handel, even if such a festival be held in special honor of any other composer, can never be out of place or unacceptable. Indeed at a Beethoven festival such a choice is especially appropriate when that master's reported opinion of the Saxon giant is borne in mind:—"Handel," said he to Moscheles in 1823, "is the greatest composer that ever lived; I would un-

cover my head, and kneel before his tomb." And it has been an almost invariable custom at the Rhine meetings to include an oratorio by the great choral master, as in his works the splendid chorus assembled is heard to such advantage; moreover, however high any musician may stand, it is hardly advisable to perform his works solely during a three days' festival, and a change suited to the solemnity of the occasion under notice enabled the audience to listen with renewed and invigorated attention to the less obvious music of the later composer. *Deborah* was in the Aix programme of 1834, when it was given with Hiller's judicious additional accompaniments, whose translation from the English text of the poetaster Samuel Humphreys—gravely entitled in the German programme "Der Dichter Humphreys"—was also used. Last week Hiller's accompaniments were given, but not his translation, that by Gervinus having been published by Simrock, and being in every one's hand, and also having been recently adopted in the fine Leipsic edition of the score lately published by the German Handel Society. Only the first movement (which is the only original one of the four) in the overture was played. The sublime choruses "Immortal Lord," with its sequel "O grant a leader," "See the proud chief," "Lord of Eternity," and the Baal chorus were the most effective; but the whole of the choral music was sung with marvellous freshness, smoothness, and vigor, and reflects the highest credit on the singers and on Herr Breunung for the pains evidently bestowed in training them. The part of Deborah was taken by Mlle Aglaya Orgeni, that of Barak by Mme. Joachim, Sisera by a tenor voice, Herr Vogl, not by a contralto as in London, and Abinoam by Herr Bletzacher. Of Mme. Joachim it needs but to be said that she sustained her reputation as the first oratorio singer and first contralto in Germany. Perhaps her last song, "Low at her feet he bowed," in which Herr Joachim has enriched the stringed accompaniment, took most with the audience. To Herr Bletzacher very high praise is due for his pure and admirable reading of all assigned to him. His "Tears such as tender fathers shed" could not have been better given. The voice of the Hanoverian "Hofopernsänger" is of exquisite quality in high and low notes, and recalls Staudigl. Herr Bletzacher would be much appreciated in England, where there is at present an opening for a *basso profondo*, as well as for a contralto, and the latter vacancy might be worthily filled by Mme. Joachim. The singing of Mlle. Orgeni and of Herr Vogl is less suited to oratorio music. *Deborah* was a worthy selection of the occasion, although not ranking as a whole amongst Handel's greatest works. Several numbers of the oratorio are *réchauffés* from the *Coronation Anthem*, produced six years previously, and interpolations from *Athaliah*, composed in the same year as *Deborah*. It is recorded with some pride at Aix-la Chapelle, that the visit of six weeks paid in 1737 by Handel to this city for the benefit of his health completely restored him, and that his greatest works, commencing with *Alexander's Feast*, were produced after that visit. It is related by Chrysander, that after the first bath in these sulphurous waters Handel found himself so much better as to find his way at once to one of the churches here, on the organ of which he thanked God, with all his heart, his hands and feet."

The "artists' concert," as it is termed, one of the many results of Mendelssohn's energy and devotion—the great composer having introduced the supplementary performance at the Düsseldorf Festival in 1833—took place on the following day. The programme is subjoined :—

Overture, zur "Weihe des Hauses," Op. 124..Beethoven.
Air from "Freischütz, Mlle Orgeni.....Weber.
Violin Concerto, Herr Joachim, Op. 62.....Beethoven.
Ballade, "Belsatzar," Herr Bletzacher.....Schumann.
Lied, "Der Wanderer" " " .....Schubert.
Lied, "An die Hoffnung," Herr Vogl.....Beethoven.
Finale to Second Act of "Fidelio," Chorus.... "

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Overture, "Coriolan," Op. 62.....Beethoven.
Scene from "Alceste," Mme. Joachim.. ....Gluck.
Violin solos, "Sarabande," "Bourree," &c., Herr Joachim.....Bach.
Lieder, Mlle. Orgeni, { a "Mignon".....Beethoven. b "Volksliedchen"...Schumann. c "Ich wandre' nicht," "
Canon, Quartet from "Fidelio".....Beethoven.
Chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father," "Mount of Olives" Op. 85.....Beethoven.

"The two overtures were played as finely as the *Leonora* overture the preceding evening. The first, composed in 1822 for the opening of a new theatre at Vienna, is always appropriate as a Festival overture: in the second, only surpassed by *Leonora* No. 3, and perhaps *Egmont*, the superb undercurrent of *cellos*, &c., was never given with more magic. In this glorious overture to *Coriolan* Beethoven seems to have foreshadowed the style of Schumann. The unrivalled violin concerto, with Professor Joachim for unrivalled interpreter, was never more wonderfully given. The great violinist received such an ovation as even to him, must be memorable. The orchestral accompaniments were gloriously played. Mme. Joachim was received with scarcely less enthusiasm and applause than her gifted husband. Her superb declamation of Gluck's fine scena astonished those who only had heard her in oratorio. Higher praise of her rendering of this recitative, &c., cannot be given than to say that it was worthy of Jenny Lind. Mlle. Orgeni made far greater effect in the air from *Freischütz* than she is reported to have produced lately at a London Philharmonic Concert, and was encored in Schumann's exquisite "Volksliedchen," No. 2, Op. 51. The admirable taste and voice of Herr Bletzacher were manifested in Schumann's grand "Belshazzar," and his refined rendering of "Der Wanderer" gave to that well-known song a new interest. Herr Joachim created a *furore* as usual by his Bach solos in B minor, and each of the artists received a "demonstration" on leaving the platform. The lovely Canon in G from *Fidelio* was perfectly given, though some amusement was afforded by a crash at the commencement of the exquisite prelude to it, necessitating a fresh start, caused by the giving out *fortissimo* of the chord in C, in consequence of a mistake as to the piece about to be performed. The "Hallelujah" Chorus was taken at a rapid pace, but went superbly."

The Festival was concluded with a supper, at which the ladies who had taken part in the performance were present. The places of honor were assigned to Mme. Joachim and Mlle. Orgeni, Herr Joachim occupying the seat opposite the President. The usual toasts followed, the great violinist making a happy speech in proposing the health of the Committee. Amongst the musicians present at this festival were observed Professor Bernier, Kufferath, and Samuel, of Brussels; Barth, of Münster; Carl Hill, of Schwerin; Professors Hutoy and Soubref, of Liége; Levy, of Carlsruhe; Vincent Lachner, of Manheim; O. von Kœnigslöw and Franz Weber, of Cologne; Otto Schwahn, of Wiesbaden; Tausch, of Düsseldorf; Verhülst, of Amsterdam; von Wasielewski, of Bonn, &c. In consequence of a severe domestic affliction Kapellmeister Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, was prevented from attending the festival. Great enthusiasm was manifested towards Franz Lachner, whose entry into the conductor's rostrum, which was as large as an Italian pulpit, was accompanied by a flourish of trumpets, and after the last concert a laurel crown was surreptitiously placed on his head by one of the young ladies of the chorus, and an ovation followed. The Professor concludes his admirable notice by a brief allusion to the general festive character given to the quiet old town in honor of the event, and assures us that "the Rhenish Festival of 1870 has been worthy of its predecessors, of the great names with which some of the meetings have been associated, and of the mighty genius to whose memory it was specially dedicated."—*Choir.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Musical Department at Vassar College.

Many persons know of the opportunities afforded by Vassar College for literary and scientific culture, but few have any idea of its musical advantages. Therefore, having ourselves obtained some information upon the subject, we have determined to impart it, for the benefit of those who take an interest in the progress of true music throughout the land.

The objects of the Institution render it necessary that all Art studies should be subservient to the regular work; yet, as Vassar College aims to give a liberal education, a taste for the Fine Arts is encouraged, and the students are permitted to devote as much time to them as they can conscientiously spare from their daily duties. Music receives most attention, and, if the young ladies faithfully improve their opportunities and manifest a constant interest in their work, they are enabled to attain to a very creditable advancement during the period of their College course.

Prof. F. L. Ritter, of New York, has the charge of the musical department. His aim is to educate the taste of his pupils by giving them the works of those composers who are the acknowledged masters of the Art. The effects of this system, after a few years of careful training, are very marked.

Among those who assemble from different parts of the country, and continue the study of Music, are found too many of that class who fancy that they possess considerable musical knowledge, if they are able to sing a few airs from some of the light operas, or play several fashionable waltzes and brilliant variations. When good music is first given them, the majority pronounce it stupid and devoid of melody, simply because they cannot understand it. But a season of faithful study leads to the confession, that, after all, more real pleasure and satisfaction are to be found in such compositions, than in those which they formerly admired. These results are seldom accomplished immediately, and, in a few cases, years are necessary to eradicate the effects of their early instruction.

The Professor gives lessons in Vocal Music to two classes, free of expense, which all members of the College are invited to join. The excellence of his method of teaching is seen in the great improvement in chorus singing, since the commencement of his labors in the Institution. He has also been instrumental in introducing into the College library several works upon Music and musical composers, and additions are to be annually made to this collection.

A society has been organized by the students for the promotion of musical culture in the College, which, we believe, has been the means of doing much to improve and educate the taste of its members. This Cecilia Society, under Prof. Ritter's immediate direction, gives a Soirée each month, and it has been said by persons of experience that the performances would compare favorably with those of the best schools in Europe, where the whole attention is devoted to music; they are not only good, but often artistic; even the compositions of those masters, most difficult to comprehend, are rendered with remarkable understanding and appreciation.

Lectures upon Music are occasionally delivered by the Professor. As they are the same which so pleased the true lovers of the Art among his audiences in New York, the students have found them very interesting and instructive. Some of the young ladies have attempted to express their thoughts upon various musical subjects in the form of essays, and have received great encouragement from their teachers.

The universal desire among the Vassar students is the pursuit of all that is noblest and best; therefore it is easy to gratify their wishes for the study of the highest music. But when with friends, who have not learned to admire the best composers, there are many temptations to forget the good lessons formerly learned, merely for the sake of pleasing those with whom they are associated. We are glad to know that many will never sacrifice principle to a foolish desire of approbation, and we believe that of the many true musicians who leave the College, some will exert a beneficial influence in the country.

This Journal has already published the programmes of the music performed at the close of the year, under Prof. Ritter's superintendance. These give a true idea of the composers whose works are studied by the pupils of the department.

We will only add the music performed at Commencement, June 22nd, viz. :

Allegro. Fifth Symphony.....Beethoven.
Concerto, G minor, Second and Third Movements. Mendelssohn.
Rondo. Opus 73.....Chopin.

A. I. H.

"Il Trovatore," and the Unities.

In the comedy of *Les vieux Garcons*, the author, wishing to show the extreme point to which naïveté can go, makes his ingénue come away from a performance of the *Trovatore* with the impression that the incidents in that marvellous drama are taken from real life, and that the characters are real characters. "It really happened, I am sure it did!" cries the enthusiastic schoolgirl; an exclamation which, coming from an ingénue, seems to prove that if "great wit to madness nearly is allied," ingenuousness is separated by only a very narrow line from idiocy. It must be very difficult to make anything of "Leonora" in a

dramatic point of view. All that can be done to relieve the character of its thorough staginess is to introduce plenty of sentiment into "Leonora's" music. "Leonora" belongs to neither time nor place, and the representative of "Leonora" always shows by her costume (which usually differs by a difference of several centuries from that of her two lovers) that she is conscious of the independent position belonging to her. Some day we hope to see the whole chronology of the *Trovatore* called in question—set to rights it can never be. The reckless manner in which Leonora attires herself after the fashion of the present day, without any regard to the costume worn by the Count di Luna—the only personage in the piece whose dress belongs to any recognized period—is but the expression of despair in the matter of costume. The prima donna knows that the troubadours were the wandering minstrels of the eleventh, twelfth, at latest thirteenth century, whereas the gypsies did not penetrate into Europe until the fifteenth. Azucena and Manrico could not have been found in any part of Europe at the same time. Manrico went out before Azucena came in. Nor, even if troubadours and gypsies had flourished contemporaneously, can one fancy the adopted child of a gypsey becomes a troubadour. The other troubadours, crusaders, and the associates of crusaders, would not have liked it. Once, however, admit the chronology of the *Trovatore*, and the inconsistencies of the other kinds in which the work abounds are but trifles. Between the character of the troubadour and that of the gypsy a certain analogy no doubt existed, though the troubadour was everywhere welcomed, the gypsy every where driven away. But they are about the same in the eyes of the proud aristocrat the Count di Luna, who treats them equally as mere vagabonds. If other more formidable difficulties in the story of the *Trovatore* could be explained away we should still like to know who "Leonora" is. Where are her relations? Has she a father, has she a brother, has she a sister, has she a mother? Or was she a proprietress in her own right, living alone in her feudal castle with no other society that she could well avow but that of the confidante to whom she addresses her cavatinas? Of all mysterious unreal operas the most unreal is the *Trovatore*. *Zauberflöte* is sufficiently unintelligible; but in *Zauberflöte* we at least meet with human beings, and *Zauberflöte* is professedly a fantastic opera. The *Trovatore*, which we must remember is Verdi's most successful work, is such by its situations, which are very dramatic in the theatrical sense of the word, and well devised for conventional operatic purposes; the interest, too, such as it is, is fairly distributed among the four principal personages of the drama.—*Pall Mall Gaz.*

Beethoven and J. J. Rousseau Compared.

(From the "Guide Musical." *)

According to La Fontaine's remark, Genius is like Fortune: in nearly every instance, it makes one pay very dearly for what it appears to give. Beethoven's share was immense; but he paid for it more dearly than anyone else for his, more dearly even than Mozart, whose only fine for being immortal was his dying at the age of thirty six. Beethoven lived twenty-one years longer, but, during those twenty-one years, he entirely lost the faculty of hearing, and wrote the following lines full of sadness to Herr von Seyfried: "*Art alone has kept me; it seemed to me impossible to leave the earth before producing all I felt I ought to produce. It is thus that I continued my miserable, ah! my very miserable, life, and with such a nervous organization that a mere nothing causes me to pass from a state of the utmost happiness to one of the greatest misery.*" With an organization of this kind, Beethoven did not require to be deaf in order to feel unhappy; let us put the matter clearly, however: unhappy, but enjoying, at the same time, those comprehensive and magnificent compensations for which the vulgar envy, and are justified in envying, men of genius. The vulgar are not so far out in their appreciations. They have no notion of the pangs which may be occasioned by bringing forth such a work as the Symphony in C minor, or the Pastoral Symphony, but they feel very well that there must be some pleasure in conceiving, producing and drawing these compositions from chaos. Such a pleasure really does exist: it is great and infinite even in its sufferings. "Art alone has kept me," Beethoven wrote, and art in this case is nothing more nor less than the pleasure above mentioned. Scattered up and down the world, there is a host of poor devils, quite as nervous, and quite as deaf as Beethoven, or more so, without art as a support, who drag on through their poverty and their sufferings as they best can, without the consolation of giving birth to a sublime symphony, or even of cheering their silence and their solitude by the elaboration of the smallest polka.

Let us exaggerate nothing, neither the happiness nor the misery of a man of genius. Beethoven could not be happy after the fashion of a notary or a banker who makes a fortune and retires from business. Nor could he be so after the fashion of those artists whose work is extremely easy and with whom success keeps up, step for step, with their efforts. He inherited from nature an aspiration for what was great and new, difficult to find, and difficult to render intelligible. To produce emotions, he was under the necessity of inventing and creating, while so many others have simply to imitate and continue. Instead of being contented with first results, he experienced incredible difficulty in satisfying himself; he searched for a long time; he erased, corrected, and recommenced with the indefatigable tenacity that Jean Jacques Rousseau displayed in the construction of his learned periods; and this is not the only trait of resemblance, revealed to us by a study of his character and of his genius, between him and the citizen of Geneva. We find in both the same natural uneasiness, the same quick susceptibility, the the same misanthropy, and the same strong love of the country. Beethoven composed his finest master pieces under the same circumstances that Rousseau wrote his *Julie*, his *Lettre sur les spectacles*, and his *Emile*. Both suffered from an infirmity which, though different in one case from what it was in the other, kept them equally at a distance from intercourse with the world. Both loved in their heart, and loved without hope; Rousseau loved Mme d'Houdetot, and Beethoven, ladies of high rank, if we are to believe what Wegeler wrote: "*Beethoven war nie ohne Liebe, und meistens von ihr in hohem Grade ergriffen*" ("Beethoven was never without some passion, generally worked up to the highest pitch"). All the difference is that Beethoven did not marry, and had near him no Therèse Levasseur, flanked by her hideous mother, to disturb the repose of his life and degrade his dignity; but, though unmarried, he, also, had the burdens and annoyances of a family without its touching compensations.

Beethoven had several brothers; the widow of one of them, Carl, a cashier in the Bank of Austria, who made him the guardian of his son, a minor, would not give the boy up to him. Hence an action at law, that is to say, a night mare which, for four years, weighed upon Beethoven's breast. How could any one ever guess the first annoyance this law-suit caused him. "This episode in the artist's life," says M. von Lenz,* "shrinks into the microscopic proportions of German existence. Thus it was commonly supposed at Vienna that the Dutch particle *van*, in Beethoven's name, was the German particle *von*, implying noble birth, especially when the composer's name was written in the abbreviated form, L. v. Beethoven. Beethoven carried his case before the Court that took cognizance of action concerning nobles. The Court required the production of his patents of nobility. Beethoven carried his hand to his head and to his heart. The reader will easily believe that this proof could not have any value in a question of legal jurisdiction. The case was referred to the magistracy of Vienna. Will it be credited? This reference of the case to another court, though very natural, wounded Beethoven's feelings profoundly. He asserted that an exceptional tribunal ought to have been called upon to take cognizance of the affairs of genius, and that this notion had been forgotten in the code." The fact is, Beethoven was profoundly aristocratic, and that, too, without suspecting it. One day, he made the following assertion, reported by Schindler: "A man of a superior kind ought not to be confounded with a tradesman, and I have been so confounded." On another occasion, he heard Prince Lichnowski order his valet to wait upon him first, if he and the Prince happened to ring at the same time. Does the reader fancy that Beethoven was touched by this piece of attention? Quite the contrary; he instantly took a servant exclusively for himself. Hear again Herr von Lenz:—

"Beethoven passed his life among the high aristocracy of Vienna. He was partial to the diversion of dancing, a pleasure according with the simple manners of the period, when people still danced to a piano, but, incredible as it may seem, he could never manage to dance in time. He was awkward in his movements; he generally broke the things he touched; no piece of furniture at his own house, and least of all a piece of furniture of any value, was safe from his attacks. How often his inkstand fell into the piano near which he was working! Beethoven was an integral part of the Lichnowski, Lobkowitz, Browne, Brunswick, Erdödy and Thun families. His pupil, the Arch Duke Rudolph, set the example. An artist himself, he treated the greatest artist of the age as he ought to be treated, namely, as a special recipient of the bounty of heaven. Beethoven made his terms with the Prince: he desired to be alone with him during his lessons of harmony and piano. The prince kept the stipulation. Beethoven met no one save the Arch-Duke Carl, the hero of Aspern, to whom the Arch Duke Rudolph knew he was partial. Whatever charm the intimacy of such distinguished persons may have possessed for the mind of the artist, the mere idea that the lesson was at hand sufficed to render him ill . . . Beethoven never succeeded in subjecting himself to the least constraint. If you invited him to dinner, he did not forgive you for his having been a whole day the slave of your hour. The hour for him was a motive. He still entertained the singular idea that people should eat when they are hungry. A grand day arrived, however, when he gave a dinner to Mesdames Sontag and Ungher. Under this dinner, however, lurked the Machiavelic idea of making the ladies believe that the difficulties of their parts, in the Symphony with Choruses, were less than they imagined, and to prove that it was utterly impossible to change anything in them."

For four years, the fatal law-suit, of which we spoke above, completely engrossed all Beethoven's attention. He considered his honor involved in it; he himself drew up all the deeds and memoirs. His counsel, the venerable barrister Bach, senior member of the bar, allowed him to do as he liked, feeling that any other course would drive him mad. Beethoven at last gained the day by an appeal from three previous judgments, which, perhaps, cost musical art a symphony and a few other marvels. When he had won, he thought of having his nephew to live with him, and of keeping house. The reader should see the letter the composer sent a neighbor, asking for information about the most essential things, of which he did not know a syllable. 1. What must you give two servants to eat, morning and evening, quantity and quality? 2. How often must they have roast meat? . . . etc. 3. How many pounds of meat for three persons? The neighbor ought merely to have replied: "Write symphonies!"

W. von Lenz thus finishes his curious narrative:—

"Money became an object with Beethoven from the moment that his nephew's existence was his own. For him—the young man, who bore his name—he saved. This nephew, the hostile element in the second portion of the life of the artist, who was cruelly punished for over estimating an uncle's duties, embittered the last ten years of his existence. Beethoven nearly lost his reason on the day the University of Vienna expelled, for misconduct the adopted son on whom he had concentrated the imperious necessity, which he had experienced all his life, of loving some one. The master's last love died the moment he saw his nephew abandon a literary career, to enter the Austrian army."

Let us leave this giddy profligate whom Beethoven constituted his heir, to reward him probably for not deigning to disturb himself and fetch a doctor, when his uncle, his benefactor, returned to Vienna (December 1826), a prey to the malady of which he was destined to die a few months later. But Beethoven had, also, a brother, a well known apothecary in Vienna, who frequently drove about in a landau and four. This brother, by name Johann, was indebted to Ludwig, the artist, for his establishment as a druggist. Though living but a short distance off, he never visited him, only sending him, on New Year's day, his card with the words: "Johann van Beethoven, *Gutz Besitzer*" (that is to say, *landed proprietor*); and the artist wrote on the back, "Ludwig van Beethoven, *Hirn-Besitzer*" (that is to say, *brain proprietor*). The medical men ordered Ludwig van Beethoven hay baths, and, as Johann van Beethoven had plenty of hay and to spare, a message was naturally sent him to let his brother have some. Does the reader know the answer of the *landed proprietor*, who was a judge of herbs, and wanted to keep everything for himself? We do not think sordid avarice ever invented anything more sublimely naive. Johann van Beethoven, the apothecary, replied that the hay from his estate was not good, and Ludwig van Beethoven was obliged to send elsewhere for some.

Such were family ties for the great artist; such was the manner in which those nearly related to him repayed his devotion and his sacrifices. Like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, however, Beethoven was himself frequently unjust and ungrateful, through being irritable and suspicious; he often rejected a benefit from an exaggerated sentiment of independence, or manifested only indignation and anger towards his benefactor. E. M.

* Translated in the "London Musical World."

* Beethoven and his three Styles.

Music Abroad.

Bonn.—The programme for the Beethoven Festival, which had not reached us in season for our last, is now announced as follows. For the first day (Sept. 11): *Missa Solemnis*: Symphony in C minor. —Second day (12th): Overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Aria: "Abscheulicher," from *Fidelio*; Sinfonia Eroica; March with Chorus from the "Ruins of Athens;" Concerto for Violin; Fantasia for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra.—Third day (13th): Overture to "Coriolan"; Elegiac Song for four solo voices; Piano Concerto in E flat; Scena and Aria: "Ah perfido;" Overture to "Egmont"; Ninth Symphony with Schiller's Hymn to "Joy." Ferdinand Hiller will conduct, assisted by the Music Director of the place, Herr von Wasielewski. The principal artists are Frau Bellingrath-Wagner of Dresden (Soprano); Frau Amalie Joachim, of Berlin (Contralto); Frl. Franziska Schreck, of Bonn, (Contralto); Herr Vogl, Court opera singer from Munich, (Tenor); Herr A. Schutze, of Hamburg, (Bass); Herr Professor Joseph Joachim, of Berlin, (Violinist); Herr Charles Hallé, of London, (Pianist); Herr Franz Weber, Royal Music Director at Cologne, (Organist). We doubt not many Americans will throng to this city of Beethoven's birth to be present at the festival.

Aix-la-Chapelle.—The Forty-seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine was duly celebrated at Aix la-Chapelle on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of June. The works performed on the first day were Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* and *Missa Solemnis*. Herr Franz Lachner conducted. Mmes. Joachim, Orgeni, Herren Vogl, and Bletzacher were the vocalists. Herr Joachim took the solo violin part. How he played the "Benedictus" it is superfluous to say. Among the compositions performed on the second day were Beethoven's third overture to *Leonore*, and Handel's oratorio of *Deborah*. The latter had not been heard at Aix la Chapelle for thirty-six years. The concert on the third evening was of a miscellaneous character. The programme included two overtures by Beethoven: *zur Weihe des Hauses*, and that to *Coriolan*; and *finale* from *Fidelio*; the final chorus from *Christus am Oelberge*, and the Violin Concerto, the last being, of course, performed by Herr Joachim—as only Herr Joachim can perform it.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—Miss Minnie Hauck has appeared very successfully at the Stadttheater in *Don Juan*, and M. Gounod's *Faust*.

Homburg.—The season has begun. A French operatic company, including Mmes. Bataille, Singalée, MM. Caponl, du Wast, and Bataille are engaged up to the end of July. They will play the most popular works by Auber, Boieldieu, Adam, Halévy, Hérold, and Ricci. The Italian operatic season commences in the beginning of August and lasts till September. Mmes. Adelina Patti, Trebelli, MM. Bettini, Berger, and Bagagiolo are mentioned as belonging to the company.

London.

Philharmonic Society. The last Concert, July 11, heads its announcement: "Honor to Beethoven." The programme, selected entirely from his works, includes Symphonies No. 1 and No. 9 (Choral); Choral Fantasia (Mme. Arabella Goddard, pianist); Dervishes' Chorus; and the Overture to "Leonore" in C. Conductor: W. G. Cusins.

New Philharmonic. Liszt's mystico-romantic Cantata: "The Legend of St. Elizabeth," was performed at the public rehearsal, June 11, and at the last concert of the season, June 15.

The *Athenæum* thus comments upon Abbé Liszt's extraordinary work:

"Dr. Wylde is a bold man; else would he not have dared to bring out the Abbé Liszt's *Legend of St. Elizabeth* at his last concert of the season. The *Legend* has been more than once referred to in these columns—but guardedly; for while it has been unhesitatingly condemned by many critics, it has been extolled to the skies by the large party of worshippers who, believing in the divinity of Herr Wagner, look upon the Abbé Liszt as his chief prophet. We would fain speak with respect and deference of the greatest executive genius of the age, but, to say sooth, we feel some difficulty in expressing in at all temperate language the sensations awakened by a first hearing of *St. Elisabeth*. If the work had been written according to a musical scale totally at variance with that in use in civilized Europe, the effect could scarcely have been more appalling. It is idle to criticize, according to the generally accepted canons of criticism, a work composed in defiance of them. If we ventured to suggest that much of the *Legend* was to our ears hideously cacophonous, the disciples of the new school would probably maintain that every chord was dictated by a subtle meaning, and that to penetrate the order in disorder of the master's design is given to none but the humble believers in his genius. To us, whose faith it is that every work of Art should in itself be beautiful, such arguments have no force. We are, at all events, not alone in our judgment; for the conclusion of the first part of the *Legend*—all attempted on this occasion by Dr. Wylde—was followed by a volley of hearty unmistakable hisses. Mlle. Tietjens labored hard at her thankless task; Herr Stockhausen declaimed admirably; and the choruses, sung in German, were given, to quote the words of the programme, 'with a result as satisfactory as could be anticipated.' It was right to give the Abbé's oratorio once; it would be absurd to repeat it."

The *Standard* takes another view of the work, and says:—

"The legend of St Elisabeth is well known through Professor Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy* and Montalembert's *Vie de St Elisabeth*, but the poem which the Abbé Liszt has set to music is probably less familiar. It is the composition of Herr Otto Roquette, who drew his inspirations (it is said) from the exquisite frescoes at Wartburg, executed by Moritz Schwind. The Abbé Liszt's aim has evidently been to illustrate the principal events in the life of St Elisabeth by means of music, rather than to set the poem to vocal phrases in the ordinary way. His efforts in this direction have previously been remarkable, as may be instanced by his *Hunnenschlacht*, inspired by Kaulbach's cartoon, by his *Faust* symphony, and his *Symphonische Dichtungen*, works of acknowledged merit on the Continent, but which no one has ventured to bring before an English public for the reasons which it would serve no good purpose at present to discuss. The music to *St Elisabeth*, having the advantage of a poem to elucidate it, it was hoped would have paved the way for a patient hearing of other works of the kind by the disciples of the new school of music in Germany. But if, with the advantage of a key to composers' fancies, English audiences are indisposed to form an opinion of the suitability of the expression to the ideas desired to be portrayed, there is little chance of those less favored being listened to more patiently. The performance of the legend on Wednesday evening brought together a large number of the advocates and opponents of the school called ironically the "Music of the Future," who expressed themselves according to the light within them in a very decided manner. If such a period were possible when the strains of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and their acknowledged compeers, must give way to the imaginings of Herr Richard Wagner, and Abbé Liszt, and others, it would behove every true musician to endeavor to defer it as much as lies in his power. But there is no fear for the future of our great composers. Their works will ever be cherished whilst there are minds capable of appreciating the true and beautiful in art; and there is, therefore, no need to limit the boundary of musical thought. Every work containing original ideas honestly outwrought should be hailed with enthusiasm in whatever school it was written, instead of being permitted to be cried down by the ignorant. Apart from the merits of the work itself, the audience seemed on Wednesday evening to be unanimous in their appreciation of the manner in which it was executed. Both the orchestra and the choir were heavily taxed, but accomplished wonders. With Herr Henseler's assistance even the difficulties of the pronunciation for the choir were in a great measure overcome, and his interesting translation enabled the audience to have some insight into the composer's meaning. Mlle. Tietjens' *rôle* was the most difficult, perhaps, she had ever been asked to fulfil. No other artist is so gifted with an organ capable of sustaining the long declamatory passages which occur in the legend, and scarcely any other would have cared to have exerted herself so much for the art's sake, seeing that nowhere does the music offer the least opportunity for display. Herr Stockhausen had the best *rôle* of the two, and his splendid voice was heard to every advantage, whilst his admirable musicianship was apparent all through the performance. On the conclusion of the legend the conductor, Professor Wylde, was called for, and unanimity prevailed in acknowledging the merits of such a remarkable performance.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 16, 1870.

Five Seasons of Good Music.

The Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association began in December, 1865. The subscription series of that winter consisted of *six* concerts. So great was the success that in the following winter the number was increased to *eight*, which was again the number of the third series. The appetite for music of the purest order, still increasing, warranted *ten* subscription concerts in each of the last two seasons; and still the demand seems to have more than kept pace with the supply. Seven extra (Benefit) Concerts also have been given. So that thus far the plan so well initiated five years ago last winter has given to the Boston music-lovers *forty-eight* Symphony Concerts, of the highest order so far as the programmes were concerned, and at least of a respectably high character, steadily improving, in the matter of performance generally, with not a few experiences entirely satisfactory.

This success, we firmly believe, is due above all things to the high and standard character of the selections, invariably from the works of the great masters. For this it was that secured the confidence of the *best kind of audience*, who formed the permanent nucleus, whose loyalty could always be depended upon so long as the programmes should be kept up to the mark. No other kind of audience,—that is to say, none without settled taste for what is highest, none without *musical convictions—can* be depended upon for more than an uncertain and capricious interest in anything, and only so long as that thing happens to be uppermost in fashion. These concerts, on the contrary, have sought the permanent nucleus of their supporters in the class who are drawn to music by intrinsic and abiding charms. For it has been truly said that: "The one excellence which Boston has to boast of in its music, the one distinction for which we are recognized abroad (in Leipzig, for instance), is the high tone and exclusive purity of our programmes and our musical convictions." Better orchestras, better performance, of course, are not far to find.

Now these Symphony Concerts were originally, purposely, and with clearest conviction, founded upon this idea. It was so fully and unmistakably set forth in these columns in that same December, 1865, that we are prompted to recall here a few sentences, before we proceed to the main purpose of this article, which is to show how faithfully thus far the purpose and the pledge have been adhered to.

"The concerts are so well guarantied as to have no motive for catering to any interests but the higher one of Art. They have no need to sink their character to make them pay.

"The determination is to make them as good in matter and in execution as the orchestral means of Boston (too limited indeed!) will allow. But if we cannot have a great orchestra, we can make out a very respectable one of fifty instruments or more; and one point we can at least secure, that of *pure programmes*, which one excellence, persisted in, will be a greater gain than we have yet had opportunity to realize except in small chamber-concert circles. By *pure* programmes is meant those into which nothing enters which is not in good taste, artistic, genial, such as outlives fashion; nothing which is [illegible] acknied, shallow, "sensational" in a poorer sense; nothing which does not harmonize by contrast or affinity with all the other pieces, and serve a general unity of design; nothing which tends to make a senseless medley of a concert, and to rudely turn us out from the charmed sphere in which a Beethoven has held us into a maudlin or a vulgar element. For us Americans, in our comparatively infantile and unsettled stage of musical taste, such purity of programme may

reasonably exclude many things, especially new things, which would be perfectly safe for audiences in Germany. We need at least *one* set of concerts in which we may hear only composers of *unquestioned* excellence. When we are so well acquainted with these, that we can afford to be curious about novelties, and in hearing such know how to judge them from a real standard of the best, then we too, like the Europeans, may do well sometimes to vary the old story by seeking if there be any good in Wagner, Liszt, Raff and others of the so-called "Future." But now we had better be learning the taste of wholesomer and pleasanter and better food. When we really know the good wine, we shall not be deceived by the bad; but if we begin with promiscuous mingling of all kinds, we never shall know the good. It is therefore designed to keep these concerts, this *one* set of concerts, in this sense pure. There are plenty of opportunities to hear the other things, the "effect" pieces, the hacknied things, the questionable things, the things which set the hands and feet of the crowd going, but which *bore* the man of musical taste and feeling, in all the other concerts more or less. Will you not allow us to have *one* place, where a certain unity of tone and purpose reigns, sacred to the immortal and unquestioned master spirits of our Art, one place for culture? Must *every* experiment be vitiated and made neutral by the admission of incongruous elements? It will at least be something to hear a Symphony in right connections.

"But programmes may be *pure*, even in a more exclusive sense than is here proposed, and yet not be dull or heavy. Charming variety, freedom from ennui, and constant renewal of delight are perfectly possible in a concert where everything is artistic and by unquestioned masters. All depends on the selection, grouping, proportioning, contrasting of the materials."

In pursuance of this policy, the 48 Concerts have helped to make us acquainted (in many cases by repeated hearings) with 34 different Symphonies, 20 Concertos, and 33 Overtures. *Thirteen* of the Symphonies, *ten* of the Concertos, and *sixteen* of the Overtures were wholly or virtually new to a Boston audience. And the list of valuable new acquaintances has been further extended by selections from works in other forms, instrumental and vocal, by Bach, Durante, and others, as the following summary will show. As they were *Symphony* Concerts, it is natural to begin with

BEETHOVEN.

All the *Nine Symphonies* have been given, except the first: viz., No. 2, No. 6 (Pastoral), No. 9 (Choral), once each; No. 3 (Eroica), and Nos. 4, 5, and 8, three times each; No. 7, four times.

All the *five Concertos* for the Piano forte,—two of them entirely new to Boston and two more as good as new when these concerts began. The one in E flat (No. 5) was played four times (by Mr. Dresel, Mr. Perabo twice, and Miss Mehlig); that in G (No. 4) three times (Mr. Leonhard); that in C minor (No. 3) twice (Mr. Lang, Miss Dutton). Mr. Lang also introduced No. 1 in C, and No. 2 in B flat.—Also the Triple Concerto, for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, has been twice performed (by Messrs. Lang, Eichberg and Fries, and by Messrs. Perabo, Listemann and Fries).—The Violin Concerto (first movement only) has been played by Carl Rosa, Camilla Urso, and Listemann.

Six Overtures: "Leonore," No. 3, (*five* times); "Coriolan" (3); "Egmont" (2); "Prometheus" (2); "Weihe des Hauses, op. 124 (2); op. 115 (2);—the last two new to Boston.

Three pieces from the "Ruins of Athens" (Dervish Chorus, Turkish March, Duet for Soprano and Bass).—Scena and Aria from "Fidelio" (Miss Anna Whitten.)

HAYDN.

Eight Symphonies: three of them wholly new here, three others virtually new. One of these was given twice, another three times. The Haydn Symphonies were made a leading feature in the fourth season of the Concerts.

"Serenade" for string orchestra (arranged from a quartet).

MOZART.

The *five Symphonies* which are of frequent occurrence in concerts anywhere, viz., the "Jupiter" in C; that in G minor (3 times); D, No. 1 (2); the "French" so-called in D. The two in D were new here.

Concertos: For Piano in D (H. Daum); for two pianos (Lang and Parker), twice.

Overtures: "Magic Flute" (3); "Idomeneo," new.

Two *Choruses*; 8 *Arias and Songs* (five of them new to our concert rooms).

J. S. BACH.

Orchestral Works: Suite in D, twice; Organ Toccata in F, arranged for Orch. by Esser, three times.

Chaconne for Violin (2); *four Arias*, with Orchestra, from Cantatas, and Passion Music (Mrs. C. A. BARRY).

All heard here for the first time.

CHERUBINI.

Four Overtures, all new here but the first: to the "Water-Carrier" (4 times); "Anacreon" (4); Medea (3): "Les Abencerrages."

GLUCK.

Overtures to "Iphigenia in Aulis," twice.

Arias: Alto, from "Orfeo," "Addio, O miei sospiri" (Mrs. Barry); Tenor: "Nur ein Wünsch," from "Iphigenia in Tauris" (Mr. Kreissmann).

MENDELSSOHN.

Three Symphonies, once each: viz the "Scotch" in A minor, the "Italian" in A, and the "Reformation" (new).

Three Concertos: For Piano, in G minor (Lang); in D minor (Dresel, Parker); for Violin (Rosa, Mme. Urso twice).

Six Overtures: "Midsummer Night's Dream" (2); "Melusina" (5); "Hebrides" (3); "Ruy Blas" (3); "Meeresstille," &c., (5); Trumpet Overture (new).

For Piano: Serenade and Allegro Giojoso (Parker); Rondo, op. 29, (Perabo)—both new.

Double Choruses for male voices: two from "Antigone," one from "Œdipus."—*Seven* smaller choruses and Songs.

Music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," orch. and chorus, entire.

SPOHR.

Symphony: "Die Weihe der Töne."

Overture to "Jessonda."

W. S. BENNETT.

Overtures: "Naiads," twice; "Waldnymphe" (new), twice.

WEBER.

Three Overtures: "Euryanthe" (4); "Oberon" (3); Jubilee" (2).

For Piano, with Orch.: Concert Stück (Miss Dutton, Miss Mehlig); Polonaise in E, transcribed by Liszt (Lang, twice, Miss Alide Topp).—Without Orch.: "Slumber Song," tr. by Liszt (Dresel).

SCHUMANN.

All the *four Symphonies*, besides the "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," which is mainly Symphonic. Three of these had not been heard here before. The Symphony in C was given three times, the others twice each.

The *Piano Concerto* three times (Dresel, Miss Topp, Leonhard), new.

Overtures: to "Genoveva" (5 times); Manfred." Both new.

For Piano: "Etudes Symphoniques" (Perabo); Canon (Dresel); "Abendlied," arr. by Joachim for Violin and Piano (Rosa and Dresel).

Choruses, mixed voices: "Gypsy Life"; Chor. of Foresters from "Pilgrimage of the Rose."—Various *Songs*, (Kreissmann, Osgood, Whitney, &c.)

HANDEL.

Arias from his Italian Operas, as arranged by Robert Franz: two for Soprano (Miss Whitten); two for Contralto (Mrs. Barry).

SCHUBERT.

Symphonies: the great one in C, No. 9 (4 times); Unfinished, in B minor (twice).

Overture to "Fierabras," new, (four times).

Fantasia, op 15, for piano, with orch. accomp. by Liszt (Lang), new.

Songs: "Suleika" (Mr. Osgood), &c. &c.

GADE.

Symphonies: No. 1, in C minor, twice; No. 2, in E (new); No. 4, in B flat.

Overtures: "Echoes from Ossian" (3); "In the Highlands" (2). Both new here.

ROSSINI. "Tell" Overture.

MOSCHELES "Les Contrastes," for 8 hands (Dresel, Perabo, Lang, Leonhard).

CHOPIN. Piano Concerto in E minor (Leonhard 3 times, Miss Topp); Concerto in F minor (Miss Mehlig).

HUMMEL. Septet (Perabo pianist), twice; Concerto in A minor (Parker). Both new here.

SPONTINI. Overture to "La Vestale." New.

WAGNER. Overture to "Tannhäuser."

LISZT. Transcriptions for P. F. with orchestra: from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" (Miss Topp,) besides those already named.—*Piano Solo:* "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (Miss Topp); Paganini's "Campanella" (Miss Mehlig"). New.

HENSELT. P. F. Concerto in F minor, new, (Mr. C. Petersilea).

BURGMUELLER, NORBERT. P. F. Concerto in F-sharp minor, new, (Perabo).

JOACHIM. Hungarian Concerto for Violin (first movement); new, (Mr. B. Listemann).

FERD. DAVID. Two short Violin solos (Rosa). new.

TARTINI. Violin Sonata: "La Trille du Diable." (Listemann).

ERNST. "Elegie" for Violin (C. Urso).

VIEUXTEMPS. Ballade et Polonaise (Urso).

REINECKE, C. Vorspiel from "King Manfred," Orch. (new).

DURANTE. Magnificat in D, for chorus of mixed voices (Mr. Kreissmann, Conductor). New here.

Such is the record for five years of steadily increasing success. The lesson for the future will be in order as the concerts for the coming season (the plan of which we have already in part foreshadowed) draw nigh.

DEATH OF WILLIAM KEYZER. As we go to press we learn that this venerable musician, familiar by sight only to the younger musical generation, but who once bore an important part in musical affairs in Boston, died in Roxbury last Tuesday evening. He was born in Amsterdam July 12, 1790, and died on the same day 1870, at the good old age of eighty. He was a man of good education and refinement, formerly a merchant in good circumstances. Passionately fond of music, he acquired much skill on the violin as an amateur, having been the pupil of Spohr, Rode, Lafont, and others, and well acquainted with most of the great violinists. Meeting with reverses he came to this country and soon settled down in Boston, where he succeeded Henry Schmidt as Conductor of the old Academy Concerts (1842?), when we were getting our first taste of the Beethoven Symphonies, indeed it was he who first brought out here the Seventh Symphony, which he admired beyond all others.

For many years he has lived infirm and retired, though for a long time he kept up his interest in musical matters, eager to hear every great thing like the Choral Symphony, and finding solace in his violin till within a year or two of his death. He used to be an excellent Quartet player. He was an honest, severe critic, (as our own pages, in the earlier volumes, will bear witness), strong in his prejudices, yet genial, kindly, full of anecdote, widely esteemed, and tenderly regarded by the few who have known him intimately. Peace and harmony be with him!

The Cincinnati Saengerfest.

The 17th Saengerfest was held in Cincinnati during the month of June. Although these Saengerfestivals are purely German in their origin; although the music is executed by Germans, and that which is performed is German music; although the German beverage abounded to the exclusion of the stronger and viler drinks of whiskey and brandy; although the hall was built in the German quarter of Cincinnati commonly called "*Over the Rhine*," being separated from the more American portion of the city by a canal, the festival had, nevertheless, somewhat of a national character. The interest manifested by the native born citizens of Cincinnati in the success of

the festival, was astonishing and very gratifying to the Germans. The influence of such festivals upon the *social* and *musical* condition of a city or country is greater than appears at the first glance. There was a time when jealousies existed between the native born and the adopted citizens of this country. These feelings have, however, died away. The war has brought both classes closer together, and if there yet exists a doubt in the minds of some, that the foreigner *can*, or *will* not love this, his adopted country, we would simply point to the many battle fields, where the German and American are covered with the same sod. Of all foreigners, the German seems to have obtained the purest, and hence the most lasting influence upon the affairs of this country. America and Germany have closed ranks and clasped hands to stand together and support each other, not only in the love for free government, but also for the cultivation of the arts, and among them the oft neglected art of providing proper amusement. We can not sanction all the modes of enjoyment as cultivated by the Germans; neither do we believe that Americans have sufficient pleasures. The one dreams and plays perhaps too much; and surely the other does too little of it. Hence, we rejoice to see Germans joined by Americans, since both, as we hope, will be benefited.

The Germans and Americans of Cincinnati have in reality vied with each other to make this festival a success, *and a success it was* The social, financial, as well as the editorial aid of the American portion of Cincinnati, has struck a chord in the heart of Germans which will long vibrate, and strengthen that concord and confidence which has so long existed.

While we visited the city, we asked ourselves the question, why is it that Americans alone do but seldom if ever, originate and execute such enterprises as the late festival? At a future day we may give expression to our thoughts on this subject. To day we must speak merely of the festival itself. The city has from Wednesday until Saturday thrown off its burden of cares and business, and appeared attired in a holiday garb. Many streets, especially those "*over the Rhine*," were beautifully decorated. The hall itself, a temporary structure, is built on a magnificent scale. It is 250 feet long, 110 feet wide, and 75 feet high. There is room for 1300 singers and 300 musicians, and sitting room for 10,000 persons. The interior, as well as the exterior is beautifully decorated with flags, festoons, pictures, mottoes, etc. While we were pleased with the unusual amount of harmony prevailing, we could not but feel sad to see the signs of Germany's political division. There was the *black, red* and *gold* flag side by side with the *black, red* and *white*. Oh Germany! when will the time come when we will know but one German government, and one German flag?

Wednesday was the great reception day. A procession, such as was never before witnessed in Cincinnati, passed through the streets. The singers were greeted with festoons and flowers; arches were built over the streets, and the houses were decorated with flags and mottoes. The evening service consisted of the performance of the Jubilee Overture, which sounded magnificent. This was followed by a Chorus with Orchestra, composed by Philip Walter, the leader of the festival. This chorus was performed by the entire Cincinnati societies, numbering 350 singers, while the orchestra comprised 156 instruments. Governor Hayes then addressed the singers, after which the banner of the Saengerbund was presented. After a chorus by Mendelssohn, Rabbi Lilienthal addressed the singers. The Hallelujah Chorus was then sung, and the Cincinnatians were addressed by a Mr. Müller, in behalf of the visiting societies. After singing Kreutzer's "Der Tag des Herrn," the ceremonies for the evening were included. The building looked beautiful in the gas light, and its acoustic qualities were all that could be desired

The programme for Thursday consisted of a Symphony by Abert, entitled "Columbus." We were somewhat surprised at this selection, but the audience proved to be well pleased. The piece is not as original as might have been anticipated, but shows great talent. The "Storm Myth" by Lachner then followed. An air from "Figaro" was sung by Mrs. Dexter, who won for herself laurels by her magnificent voice and correct singing. She was frequently applauded. Mr. Kopta then played the E minor Concerto by Mendelssohn, op. 64, for violin with orchestra. Mr. Kopta is an artist, every inch of him, but the size of the room as well as the confusion, proved fatal to his playing. He could be *enjoyed* by those nearest, those somewhat removed from the player could *hear* him, while many could merely see the motion of his arm. Why will musicians make such wrong calculations and lose sight of the relative size of room and strength of instrument? A chorus by Fisher was then performed which finished the first part. The second began with Mozart's overture to "Magic Flute." Mr. Charles Walter then played the Concerto in F, by Chopin, which was followed by the Shadow Dance, sung by Mrs. Dexter, who gave great satisfaction in everything she performed. "Salamis," by Gernsheim, closed the concert for Thursday, which would have been a success, but for the ill management of the ushers. Great confusion and constant noise in the rear part of the hall marred the pleasure of the evening, and even threatened the future success of the festival. Better arrangements were however made on the following evening. The following was the

PROGRAMME FOR FRIDAY.

Second Grand Concert, 8 o'clock, in the Fest Halle.

Part 1.

Symphony in D (by Beethoven).

"Heil Dir, Göttin des Gesanges." Composed for Maennerchor with solos and orchestra by C. Krebs, Royal Saxon Music Director at Dresden, Op. 196.

Aria for Soprano from the Oratorium of "Samson" (by Handel). Sung by Mrs. Edmund Dexter.

Ballade and Polonaise for violin, with orchestra. (Vieuxtemps) by Mr. Wenzel Kopta, from Prussia.

"An das Vaterland," composed for Maennerchor by Mr. Philip Walter.

Part 2.

Overture: "A Calm Sea and Safe Voyage," (Mendelssohn).

"Endless Spring," poem by Rob. Reinecke. Composed for Maennerchor by C. Reinecke, Director of the Musical Conservatory at Leipzig.

"Ah! che assor a," Aria for Soprano, (by Menzano) Sung by Mrs. Edmund Dexter.

The Twenty fourth Psalm—Maennerchor—with solos and overture. By Julius Otto.

1. Allegro Majestoso—"Jehovah is the Earth."
2. Moderato.
3. Andante, Quartet, Solos with Chorus.
4. Final Chorus—"Here is Your People." By all the musicians and singers.

PROGRAMME FOR SATURDAY.

Part 1.

1. Overture, "Meeresstille"—Mendelssohn—Orchestra.
2. "Schoener Rhein, Vater Rhein"—R. Mohr—Louisville Frohsinn.
3. "Die deutsche Muse"—C. Beum—Sandusky Maennerchor.
4. "Türkisches Schenklied"-Mendelssohn-Cleveland Maennerchor.
5. "Waldandacht"—F. Abt—Wooster Maennerchor.
6 Larghetto, from Symphonie in D—Beethoven—Orchestra.

Part 2.

7. "Columbus Symphonie"—Scherzo and Adagio—S. S. Abert.
8. "Die Stille Wasserrose"—F. Abt.—Cleveland Gesangverein.
9. "Herr sei Du mit mir"—Appel—Columbus Maennerchor.
10. "Wanderers Osterfaier"—C. Goetze—Arion des Westens, from St. Louis.
11. "Columbus Symphonie," Allegro—S. S. Abert—Orchestra.

Our readers will observe that the programme was entirely free from the clap-trap which was resorted to at the peace jubilee in Boston and lately again at New York. This should be a lesson to Messrs. Gilmore & Co., showing that humbug is not needed to obtain the attention of Americans.

Good order prevailed everywhere, and the whole city seemed determined to enjoy the days of festivities. Our opinion is still, that a more moderate chorus and orchestra will do better service, speaking from an art standpoint. Space will not permit us to criticize the programme and performance as we would wish. The whole passed off well. Chorus and orchestra were well handled by Mr. Walter, and the 17th Saengerfest passed into history to be followed by the 18th in St. Louis.

The pic-nic was, as far as weather and management are concerned, a perfect success. It grieves us however that Germans cannot select another day for their closing exercises. Aside from the religious views which can be taken of this their Sunday pic-nic, we cannot lose sight of the fact, that the law secures quiet and undisturbed rest to all. No matter whether American views are right or wrong, proper respect for their convictions, after liberally aiding in the festival, should have induced the Germans to hold their pic-nic on Saturday, as they were requested by many influential citizens. The religious convictions of the one class is as dear to them as the so-called liberalism can be to the other. K. Z.

—*Brainard's Musical World.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

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Since first I saw your face. Madrigal for four voices. 3. D to d. *Thomas Ford.* 30
Sung at the N. Y. Beethoven Festival, June, 1870. A species of composition which has recently been much revived by musical societies.

Lonely Hours. 4. F to f. *Fuller.* 30
A very beautiful melody, with a chorus for mixed voices.
"Lonely hours come often stealing
O'er me with a holy charm,
While mem'ry's bells are softly pealing
Forth some dream of days by-gone."

Mandolinata. 4. F to g. *Paladilhe.* 40
A charming, vivacious and unique serenade for Tenor or Soprano.

To me the firmament is clouded. Prayer from "Nabucodonosor." (Oh disebinso é il firmamento). 4. F to f (or *a ad lib*) *Verdi.* 30

A Loving heart, so pure and true. 3. E*b* to f. *Wm. H Clarke.* 30
A touching song which vividly pictures the living experience of many.
"A loving heart, so pure and true,
Inspired my young and happy hours;
Each passing day was dreamed away
In fancy's land of blooming flowers."

Land of the Swallows. Duett. 4. B*b* to *g*. *Masimi.* 40
A splendid two-part song with English and German words.

Come Darling, and say that you love me. Song and Chorus. 3 F to f. *Wellman.* 35
Words by *Geo. Cooper.*
"Come darling, and say that you love me,
O whisper that no one may hear,
I long for the sweet olden story,
From lips that are rosy and dear!

All alone. 3. G to f sharp. *Walter.* 30
An expressive melody set to sad and lonely words.

Instrumental.

Tally Ho. 4. D. Op. 201. *Spindler.* 60
A spirited hunting-song for the Piano-forte, dedicated to B. J. Lang, Esq.

Snow Drops. 5. A*b*. Op. 202. *Spindler.* 60
A melody for the piano interwoven with glittering ornamentation which gives it its descriptive title. Both these pieces are printed from original MSS. purchased from the author.

Amazon March from 500,000 Teufel. 3. G. *Michaelis.* 30
A lively military march.

Amazon Parlor Polka. 4. A*b*. *Bussenius.* 35
A very brilliant and lively composition.

My Darling Mazurka. 4. D. *Bussenius.* 30
In the usual pleasing style of this new author.

Ivy Leaves. No. 1. (Epheublätter). 4. D. Op. 275. *Jungman.* 35
A moderato Grazioso with a clear melody throughout.

Souvenir D'Ischl (Tyrolienne). 5. F. Op. 105. *Bendel.* 40
A Tyrolienne Song without words.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 765. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 10.

The German's Fatherland.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNDT.

[The *Advertiser* prints the following, translated from the German Poet, Arndt, which will be read with interest at this time.]

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is't Prussia? Swabia? Is't the strand
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine?
No; yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scanned
It where the Zuyder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends?
No, brother, no; thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine fatherland!

Is then the German's fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand!
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps;
Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps:
Hast found it now? Not yet! Demand
Elsewhere the German's fatherland!

Then say, where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquered land?
Is't where Tyrol's green mountains rise?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By freedom's purest breezes fanned—
But no, 'tis not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatched, in glory old?
Oh! none shall write her name on sand;
But she is not the German's land?

Say then where lies the German land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
Is't Alsace? or Lorraine—that gem
Wrenched from the imperial diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No; these are not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land!
Name now, at last, that mighty land?
Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand,
That is the German's fatherland!

That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than clasped hands;
Where valor lights the flashing eye;
Where love and truth in deep hearts lie,
And zeal enkindles freedom's brand;
That is the German's fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland!
Great God! look down and bless that land!
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while existence rolls,
And love with heart, and aid with hand
That universal fatherland.

Haydn, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., as Contrapuntists.

From EHLERT's "Letters on Music."

At the close of my last letter, I probably offended a few orthodox devotees of Haydn. If it be difficult to express ourselves so clearly that our well-wishers will understand us, what precision, what transparency will suffice to make those understand who are determined not to do so? Nothing would pain me more than to be accused of injustice towards Haydn; for I feel a particular respect for him. But is it not possible, while defining the limit of a man's power, to recognize him to the fullest within that? For nothing is really limitless. If I insinuated that his intellect was not sufficiently versatile to resolve a problem that demanded a complication of very different experiences and capacities, I hope I shall not be taxed with having attempted to detract from his talent, or to undervalue his mind. In the domain of *pure* music, Haydn led his century onwards; he invented the symphony and the string quartet, in a measure. Let this console us; although in *mixed* music—if I may make use of these opposing terms (pure and mixed) in the sense they take in mathematics—he did not produce equally reformatory effects.

Perhaps this is the proper place in which to consider Haydn's contrapuntal style in opposition to that of others. Lay three contrapuntal works by Haydn, Bach, and Beethoven before you. Although that by Bach may at first appear learned, it is self-existent throughout. So inborn was the nature of counterpoint to this man, so familiar to him were the secrets of this art of antitheses, that he was able to give to all the sorrows, all the confidence of his great ecclesiastical soul, expression in it. I might call his style, in opposition to the essentially Catholic one of Palestrina, essentially Protestant; while the great Italian counterpoint's his *cantus firmus* with dogmatic repose, Bach's emotions ever become freer and more universal. He only thinks of general effect: and it troubles him not if he is sometimes rough, or overturns an old tradition. Theory, it is I! (*Let the world rest!*)

Beethoven counterpoints in opposition to all foresight; unexpectedly, generally, he strikes like the lightning, and his heavenly spark never fails to kindle. Whoever has studied this man observantly must have remarked how restlessly his powerful nature labored to unite his own artistic differences. Thus it often seems as if he had the possibility of a collision in view, to avoid which he sets all his powers in motion. In counterpoint he opposes a great question to an impassioned, audacious answer, a bold attempt at reconciliation; or, as in the first thema of the Eroica Symphony, he commences with the apparently undeniable and irrevocable, painfully contests the same in a continually increasing gradation, and then, after many trials, the subject is finally declared indubitable. This is the dramatic style of counterpoint, in which contradiction is personified. We may call Haydn's style lyric. This man's counterpoint does not impose on us with the power of Bach, or strike us with the geniality of Beethoven; but it enchants us by its purity. You may inspect it through the finest magnifying glass, but you will not be able to detect the slightest incongruity in it. Here we find an analysis of a harmless, cheerful, lovely marriage of thought, and analyzed on each side: but here is no doubt, no trial; in a certain sense it is an embodiment of social joy. And on this account its effect is purely lyrical.

And Mozart? He wrote in the traditional contrapuntal style,—one that was in no way peculiar to him. It was out of humoristical gratitude towards the great Italian masters that he laid the primeval *cantus firmus* at the bottom of the finale to his Jupiter Symphony, in order to display, through it, the historical development of counterpoint.

Allow me to add a few words here about the fugue. Or do you tremble, like the sorcerer's pupil? Is it not a shameful abuse of your confidence, after so many dry explanations, to lead you deeper and deeper into our secrets, and even to open the sanctuary of our mind to you, before the door of which a threatening cherub stands, to frighten dilettantism away? But confide in my courtesy. I will not take you into the laboratory, for you may be quite indifferent in regard to the manufacture of a fugue; but it cannot be a matter of indifference to you to become acquainted with this form of art, and gain an insight into it.

Architecture has been termed frozen music. Well, if you know what the pointed Gothic arch is, you know what a fugue is; for the pointed arch is a frozen fugue. In a contrapuntal work, fugues are like the final pointed completion of these arches in our Gothic cathedrals. Wherever a noble, a believing mood of mind strives upwards to the highest, wherever a last majestic result must be brought forward for universal recognition, the fugue becomes the most natural means of expression; for no art-form embraces such consciousness within itself; not one is so well capable of preaching the truth to be told, in many tongues at once. For the peculiar characteristic of this form lies in the fact that several voices have united to say the same on different intervals. Commencing according to prescribed laws, gradually growing more and more free, on every side they fall into the conversation; ever we find the same purport, sometimes diminished, sometimes magnified, again inverted, until we are filled with admiration for such a many voiced and many-sided treatment of one thing. The fugue naturally takes its place in great vocal and instrumental works, wherever a feeling of noble completion is to be expressed; but this tone of universality must arise as naturally out of the subject as does the capital complete the pillar.

But the old composers wrote detached fugues? Certainly: and yet Bach felt the necessity of prefixing something to his clavier and organ fugues, to increase their effect; and thus he created his preludes, in which he laid down the general idea, out of which the fugue, the particular idea, grew. We should, however, cease to write such fugues. The old composers are unapproachable in this art: and we should do well to consider the art of fugue as historically completed, in the same way as do our painters consider the Madonna, when they conclude not to paint Madonnas any longer. Look at Mendelssohn's preludes and fugues! An intelligent attempt has been made to give a modern meaning to these frozen forms: how clear, how learned was the labor! But I prefer, often times, to play any fugue at random from the "Well-tempered Clavier." Here I feel the natural, the inborn: there, only the acquired. The modern spirit is of so boundless, so desiring, so liberty-loving a nature and the fugue is so limited, so undesiring, so subject to the law! But Klengel's canons? I must confess to you that this dexterity awakens more astonishment than admiration within me. What assistance do I find in the gymnastics of thought, that only make me more learned, not more wise? Can this be a work of art, which only employs my intellect, and not my heart? Klengel's wit is often genial, especially in the invention of the voices; but musical wit is only a mere succedaneum. I shall never forget how I felt, when, after enjoying a dozen of these canons, I heard a song of Franz Schubert's: the breath of forest-flowers after a two-hours' lecture on abstruse sciences, the face and voice of the beloved one after a morning sermon.

Now let us touch upon the free-fugued style, style. Here we are not bound by laws, or re-

strained by limits; for we break the rules whenever our power of construction threatens to fail us. When Beethoven desires to concentrate his thoughts, he clothes them in the armor of fugue; and thus he acquires something metallic, monumental. But what a sense of glorious freedom seizes us, when the fire of his passion bursts this coat of mail asunder, and we seem to inhale, with him, deep draughts of fresh air! Much of the colossal effect of his symphonies must be ascribed to the contrast between limitation and freedom; between the fugued and the free style. This is the path on which we must proceed farther. We will abandon the pure art of fugue to the academists, he lords of debt and credit, who have neither wish nor courage to be free: for what is freedom to those who were born in a cage? Let them flutter patiently on: they might break their necks outside, for their pinions are far too tender.

Margaret Fuller.

By C. P. Cranch.

While others stood aloof and smiled in scorn
Of one to new and noble effort born;
Or, from tame rounds of fashion and of wealth,
Turned, glancing back by stealth,
And wondered,—then but slowly, faintly praised
The exuberant soul that dared to flash and soar
Beyond the petty bounds
Of their trim garden grounds,—
She with wise intuition raised
Her image of ideal womanhood,
The incarnate True and Fair and Good,
Set in a light but seldom seen before,
While, with the early watchers in the dawn
Of intellectual faith, her hopeful eyes,
Patiently waiting, from the crowd withdrawn,
She saw a newer morning rise,
And flame from cloud to cloud, and climb
Across the dreary tracts of time.
The garnered wisdom of the past she drew
Into her life, as flowers the sun and dew;
Yet valued all her varied lore
But as the avenue and door
That opened to the Primal Beam,
And sense of Truth supreme.
Her sweet persuasive voice we still can hear,
Ruling her charmed circle like a queen;
While wit and fancy sparkled ever clear
Her graver moods between.
The pure perennial heat
Of youth's ideal love forever glowed
Through all her thoughts and words, and overflowed
The listeners round her seat.
So, like some fine-strung golden harp,
Turned by many a twist and warp
Of discipline and patient toil,
And oft disheartening recoil,—
Attuned to highest and to humblest use,—
All her large heroic nature
Grew to its harmonious stature,
Nor any allotted service did refuse;
While those around her but half understood
How wise she was, how good,
How nobly self denying, as she tasked
Heart, mind, and strength for truth, nor nobler office asked.

From Atlantic Monthly *for August.*

The Italian Operas in London. — Covent Garden.

(From the "Saturday Review," June 18).

Once again we are blessed with two establishments for the representation of opera in the Italian language. We say "of opera in the Italian language," because such an institution as a *bonâ fide* Italian opera, at which music and performers are exclusively Italian, is a thing of the past—gone, in all probability, never to return. Whether this be for good or for evil, we are hardly prepared to say; but with regard to the fact there cannot be a doubt. Even when the works of an illustrious Italian musician, Cherubini for example, are called upon to vary and enrich the repertory, what he composed for the Italian stage is never thought of, but what he composed for the French stage, to French *libretti*, is resorted to as a matter of course. A noticeable instance has been offered in *Medea*, and another is now promised in *Les Deux Journées*. About this question there is a good deal to say on both sides; but the present is not the time to discuss it. We have to treat of Italian opera under such conditions as are immediately vouchsafed to us.

The co existence of two houses, whatever risk it may entail upon speculators, is an advantage to the public. Last season, when Messrs. Gye and Mapleson joined fortunes, the amount of enterprise was reduced to a minimum. The services of Sir Michael Costa, Signor Mario, Mlle. Pauline Lucca, and others were dispensed with; Mme. Adelina Patti appeared, evening after evening, in the same familiar parts; while Mlle. Christine Nilsson was heard in *one* new opera—an opera which, but for a single scene, would have stood little chance of permanent acceptance. In fact, so barren a season, with such resources at command, is unparalleled. The "coalition," however can hardly be said even now to have been broken up, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson being still the duumvirate at Covent Garden. But among the artists who formed the Maplesonian contingent in 1869, when the much talked of alliance was ratified, one only of considerable importance belongs to the Covent Garden troop We naturally refer to Mlle. Tietjens. Mlle. Scalchi is a contralto of more than average ability, and Mlle. Bauermeister a fair *comprimaria*. These named, however, are all named, excepting certain members of the orchestra and chorus (including Mr. Carrodus, leading violin) who went over to Covent Garden when Signor Arditi consented to share the office of conductor with Signor Li Calsi.

Notwithstanding the loss of several distinguished artists engaged to them last year, the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have still a generally efficient company. To encounter the formidable opposition at Drury Lane no little energy was demanded. The result is that we have got back Mme. Pauline Lucca and Signor Mario—a gain to frequenters of the theatre not to be lightly estimated. Then, as a matter of course, Mme. Adelina Patti occupies the place which, for eight or nine years, she has held undisputed, as "*l'étoile des étoiles*" among *prime donne*—the legitimate successor of Mme. Angiolina Bosio, with a dramatic genius to which that accomplished vocalist could by no means pretend [?] Mlle. Vanzini, too, the American—"*comprimaria*," at best, by right of natural gifts and ability, but *prima donna*, on occasion, when the "*prime donne assolute*" take repose—is again in the company, together with Mme. Dell'Anese and Mlle Locatelli, who have for some years filled subordinate parts at the Covent Garden Opera. In the men's department, besides Signor Mario, already named, we have had—to complete the list of tenors—the German Dr. Gunz, who it may be remembered "created" Jason, in *Medea*, when Cherubini's tragic masterpiece was first produced, for Mlle. Tietjens, at Her Majesty's Theatre; Herr Wachtel, another German, who, four years ago (his second trial in London), made such an impression that few ever dreamed of his adventuring among us again; Signor Naudin, the original Vasco di Gama of the *Africaine*, perhaps his chief distinction, though assuredly not his only one, if industry and versatility count for anything; and Signor Marino, the *Hidalgo*, very serviceable in his way, as we have been occasionally reminded this season. Of baritones and basses Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have enough and to spare, despite the loss of Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, &c., now attached to Drury Lane. But on the whole it must be admitted that, in their instance, quality hardly mates with quantity. Of Signor Graziani, with his fine though limited voice, and eager ambition to figure as an actor, we need say nothing; Signor Cotogni is a baritone of all trades—from Hamlet to Figaro; M. Petit is the Mephistopheles of M. Gounod's *Faust*, by right of his having been the original when that singularly over-estimated opera was produced at the Paris Theatre Lyrique; Signor Bagagiolo, who has a voice which atones in some measure for lack of dramatic talent and certain deficiences as a singer, is chief bass; and Signor Capponi, a Stentor in his way, is "*bass secondo*." With these are associated Signor Tagliafico, now nearly voiceless, yet more than ever intelligent, and as representative of small "character-parts," *sui generis*, unique; Signori Fallar, Cassaboni, Caravoglia, and Rossi, subordinates; and, for *buffo assoluto*, Signor Ciampi, whose continued tenure of a place filled of old by such artists as Lablache and Ronconi, seeing that Signor Ciampi is not possessed of a single qualification for it, is one of the most significant existing indications of the decadence of Italian opera. The foregoing, with the unimportant exception of Signo Caravoglia, all belonged to the old Covent Garden company. But, not content with these, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson prudently sought out reinforcements; and some singers unknown to London were engaged. We have had a new *seconda donna*—Mlle. Olma; a new contralto—Mlle. Cari; a new tenor—Signor Vizzani; a new *comprimaria*—Miss Maddigan; and a new *prima donna assolutа*—Mlle. Mathilde Sessi The *seconda donna* is so completely a novice that the mere fact of bringing her forward at such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera shows an indifference to public appreciation almost without example. The contralto, after making a very good impression as Maffeo Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, was discarded and allowed to go over to the other theatre. The tenor has, up to this time, only appeared in one part (Manrico, in *Il Trovatore*), his performance giving rise to conflicting opinions. The soprano (Mlle. Sessi), although at present little of an actress and hardly a singer of the first class, has done valuable service.

But to pass from the stage to the orchestra: how well the new system of employing two conductors has answered may be gathered from the fact that, with two companies as well as two conductors, much less was done last year than previously, when one conductor held supreme authority. Nevertheless, although Signor Arditi has joined the rival establishment at Drury Lane, and Signor Li Calsi, for reasons unexplained, has seceded, we have once more two conductors at the Royal Italian Opera. One of them, Signor Vianesi, who directs the music at the Imperial Opera of St Petersburgh, is, if we may be allowed to judge from a short experience, expert and ready at his vocation; of the other, Signor Bevignani, as much cannot with truth be affirmed. Thus, what the able conductor may succeed in doing the less able conductor is as likely as possible to undo; and Signor Bevignani gives promise of being as perpetual a drawback to Signor Vianesi as Signor Li Calsi was, last year, to Signor Arditi. We have no wish to reconsider the differences which led to Sir Michael Costa's retiring from the post he used to occupy with such distinction; but we have little hesitation in saying that, were the eminent ex conductor to attend a performance under Signor Bevignani, he would find it difficult to recognize his old and well-tried orchestra—once the most famous in Europe. On the other hand the chorus at the Royal Italian Opera is excellent—thanks to the foreign reinforcements brought to it by Mr. Mapleson. And yet there are not, at least, as far as our information goes, two chorus-masters, any more than there are two stage-managers, two ballet masters, or, to adopt the conventional phrase, two "principal scenic artists;" though why not these—why not, in short, to exhaust the theory suggested by two orchestral conductors (and two directors), a double staff altogether, to emulate the rival Harlequins, Columbines, Clowns and Pantaloons in a Drury Lane pantomine—is, under the circumstances, difficult to understand.

Having set forth at length and in detail the resources, vocal and instrumental, at disposal of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, we have now to consider what has actually been done since the opening of the theatre. In the way of novelties there has been nothing to speak of. True, only two were announced in the prospectus—an opera, entitled *Esmeralda*, by Signor Campana, whose maiden effort at Her Majesty's Theatre (in 1860), produced for Mlle. Piccolomini, hardly justified the belief that he would again be put forth at one of our Italian lyric theatres as a champion of modern art, and Signor Verdi's often advertised *Macbeth*. The repertory of the Royal Italian Opera is, however, very extensive, consisting, according to official assurance, of not less than forty-nine works, and within a period little exceeding two months the directors have been able to produce three-and-twenty of them in a more or less complete and satisfactory manner. Thus, one after another, they came out:—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Fidelio*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *La Traviata*, *Medea* (Cherubini's, of cour-e), *Masaniello* (second and third acts only!), *Don Pasquale*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Faust e Margherita*, the *Sonnambula*, the *Favorita*, *Martha*, *Hamlet*, the *Africaine*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Dinorah*, the *Trovatore*, and *Fra Diavolo* How these familiar works were cast, and how performed, may be gathered from the list of artists set forth in the preamble. We shall not be expected to go over old ground; and a word or two about some of the singers, more especially about Mlle. Sessi, who, as a stranger, puts forth the highest pretensions, will suffice.

The opera which, to employ the conventional term, "inaugurated" the season was a well worn one; but the chief character being allotted to a young soprano unknown to the English public, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was heard under conditions which now-a days can recommend it. How badly off must we be for dramatic composers when such a piece as this of Donizetti's—not to speak of half a dozen other pieces of like calibre—can hold the stage of Europe as it were in perpetuity! And yet Lucia in the shape of a prepossessing newcomer, with voice and artistic acquirements enabling her to go creditably through the part, must always, until better things are at hand, be attractive.

Mlle. Mathilde Sessi, if she does not warrant the

enthusiastic laudation of French critics, boasts undeniable qualifications. Much has been said and written about her profusion of fair hair, the charm of which, unlike that of Horace's Pyrrha, is not so much in the binding up as in the letting loose; but she has other things besides an abundant natural head dress to recommend her. Her voice is of agreeable quality, especially good in the upper tones, and flexible enough to cope with the most elaborate passages of the Italian school. The music of Donizetti seems to come to her quite naturally. Her most effective display, vocally considered, is that of Lucia's madness, her least effective, perhaps, that of the signing of the contract. Without going into further details, we may add that the impression created by Mlle Sessi has been generally favorable. She does not shine as an actress; nor are her personal endowments such as to lend poetical illusion to the scene. That she is small in stature, however, says nothing—Mme. Patti and Mlle. Lucca being equally under the middle size; but there is a want of mobility in her features, which under all circumstances wear a stereotyped expression. Though by no means over-well supported by her associates, Mlle. Sessi on the night of her first appearance was received with every token of encouragement.

The few words of criticism we have given to her Lucia may apply with equal fairness to the various parts she has since essayed, ample as they prove her title to consideration. It has been asserted that Mlle. Sessi shines more in comic than in serious opera. We confess our inability to see the distinction. She has no histrionic genius; and, were it not that neither actually represents anything, her comedy might be tragedy and her tragedy might be comedy. As Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, or as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, her physiognomy is as perversely immobile and her gestures are as perversely conventional as in Lucia, Astrafiamanta, or Ophelia. Yet about Mlle. Sessi's versatility there cannot possibly be a question. Every part seems to come ready to her hands. She has not only successfully essayed the characters we have enumerated, but has added to them the lachrymose Violetta of Verdi's *Traviata*, and the lively Susanna in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*—furthermore, on a recent occasion, appearing substitute for Mme. Adelina Patti, as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, and issuing from the ordeal with untarnished laurels. That Mlle. Sessi will ever be an actress is hard to believe; dramatic instinct seems to be denied her; but that she has the means of becoming, with perseverance, a singer of almost, if not absolutely, the first class, we are convinced. It has been within the province of few to execute the difficult *bravura* music of the "Queen of Night," in Mozart's *Flauto Magico*, and that of the operas of the modern Italian school with equal facility. Such, nevertheless, is Mlle. Sessi; and as such it behoves amateurs to watch with interest her future career.

Years bring no improvement to Herr Wachtel, who is now just what he was on the occasion of his first visit to England (in June, 1862), when, with Mlle. Adelina Patti, he appeared in *Lucia* as Edgardo—*rex et praeterea nihil*. In his best days Herr Wachtel could not sing; his pronunciation of the Italian language was unpardonable; and an occasionally vacant stare—as though he was (to quote the late Mr Dickens) "looking intensely nowhere"—made up the sum total of his shifts and resources as an actor. Herr Wachtel's sudden retreat, on account of some supposed misunderstanding with Mme. Patti, to which the daily papers have given a sort of vague publicity, cannot be looked upon as a misfortune for the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera. In *Guillaume Tell*, in the *Huguenots*, and above all in *Don Giovanni* (as Don Ottavio), he had declared himself no less incompetent than in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Dr. Gunz, who has also left us, simply because his engagement was for a short period, belongs to a different school. His voice is harsh and ungrateful, but he *is* an artist, an artist of intelligence, which his performances of Jason (*Medea*) and Tamino (*Il Flauto Magico*) are enough to prove. Signor Mario's return has been hailed with unanimous satisfaction; for though his voice is now but a wreck of what it used to be, when he *does* (which is not seldom) sing a phrase in his old manner, it is a phrase sung as no other than Signor Mario can sing it; while, as an actor, at this moment he remains *facile princeps*, distancing all competitors—of which one scene in the *Favorita*, not to name his striking impersonation of Raoul in the *Huguenots*, must convince impartial judges. It is cruelty to so brilliant a singer and consummate an actress as Mme. Patti to bring her forward, evening after evening, with parts in which we have known and admired her almost from the outset of her career—Rosina, Amina, Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*) and so forth. Her almost only chance of new distinction this season has been afforded by Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, in her assumption of the demented heroine of which, Mlle. Ilma di Murska excepted, she is unrivalled. To Mlle. Patti rather than to Mlle. Sessi—who, by the way, has been taking from her many of her best characters, Lucia, Norina (*Don Pasquale*), and Maria (*La Figlia del Reggimento*) among the rest—should have been assigned the part of Ophelia, as to the only singer who had a chance of equalling, if not, indeed, of surpassing, the remarkable impersonation of Mlle. Christine Nilsson, and thus of keeping upon the stage of Covent Garden (it cannot be given at Drury Lane, being the exclusive property of the rival theatre) the grave and elaborate opera of M. Ambroise Thomas.

Mlle. Pauline Lucca has returned with all those provoking inequalities, as singer and actress, which, while themselves exercising a certain indescribable fascination, prevent her from becoming what her great and natural endowments ought to make her. That Mlle. Lucca is a genius in her way, we are ready to admit; but that she can ever be a finished artist appears to us scarcely possible. Even her best characters—Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, and Selika, in the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer—want something more to be unconditionally accepted as exemplification of legitimate art; her Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo* is a sprightly piece of acting and no more; her Leonora, in the *Favorita*, has one impressive scene (the last); her Margaret, in *Faust*, is as full of blemishes as of beauties; her Cherubino, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, is a lively caricature at the best, showing, moreover, incapability to enter into the spirit of Mozart's music, music as Orphean as it is unaffected, music utterly spoiled by such torturing of the time and overstrained expression as Mlle Lucca exhibits—for instance, in "Voi che sapete," which is nothing if not flowing. It is a pity that so much of good should find so much to counteract it, as in the talent of this lady, who possesses a soprano voice almost unparalleled in splendor; and if she could make herself mistress of the Italian language, might become an ornament to the Italian lyric boards.

Mlle. Tietjens is now what Mlle. Tietjens has been for some time—in certain respects the finest dramatic singer on the stage. It is no little to say of her that, when she retires, such operas as *Fidelio* and *Medea* must inevitably be laid upon the shelf. That this unquestionable great artist should have made herself so common by singing in and out of season is much to be regretted; and if she forms no longer the popular attraction she used to be it can only be thus explained. Mlle. Tietjens, however, has earned new honors recently by consenting to play the part of Gertrude in *Hamlet*—one undeniably of the first order. Last year, it is true, the Ophelia was Mlle. Nilsson; this year it is Mlle. Sessi, but Mlle. Tietjens, in her own department, that of high tragedy, had as little to fear from Mlle. Nilsson as she had to fear from Mlle. Sessi. We have no wish to probe the question farther. Enough that Mlle Tietjens now represents the Queen, and represents it so admirably that she not only creates the strongest impression, but, in one scene (the great scene between Hamlet and his Mother), almost, by force of example, makes an actor of Signor Cotogni—the Hamlet of the period.

On Tuesday night (since the foregoing observations were in type) Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's principal novelty for the season—the opera of *Esmeralda*—was produced. An article might with fairness be exclusively devoted to such an event; but in this instance we should have been compelled to manufacture the article out of nothing. *Esmeralda* is unquestionably the worst Italian opera ever produced in London since *Alvina*, in 1860; and as the composer of *Alvina* is also the composer of *Esmeralda*, Signor Campana may, at least, be credited with consistency. What he was ten years earlier he is precisely now. He has neither receded nor advanced. We sympathize with Signor Cimino, an Italian author of some literary distinction, who has constructed, on the whole, a tolerably good book out of M. Victor Hugo's well-known romance—though inevitably dispensing with Quasimodo, next to Esmeralda the most interesting personage.

We sympathize still more with Mme. Adelina Patti, who makes such an ideal character of the heroine as to excite regret that she has not been supplied with music as captivating as that to which Carlotta Grisi, still remembered as the pearl of "danseuses," had to mime and dance, a quarter of a century ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when, under the memorable direction of Mr. Lumley, M. Perrot brought out his famous ballet. It is as well to state here that the reported success of *Esmeralda* at St. Petersburgh is a delusion. It was given three times only—with Mme. Volpini (not Mme. Patti) as the heroine. Mme. Volpini is an extremely clever artist; but we doubt if she could have thrown half the spirit into the character, or invested it with half the poetical charm, which Mme. Patti exhibits. Twice the genius of Mme. Patti, however, would fail to secure an abiding success for music that is beneath criticism; and such is the music of Signor Campana—music as destitute of originality as it is destitute of grammar. If a man has something to say, and yet cannot say it in polished language, we forgive him, because what he says, however linguistically ill-expressed, may be something we have not heard before but if a man has nothing to say, and speaks at once both volubly and ungrammatically, we set him down as an unwelcome intruder.

It would serve no purpose whatever to attempt to bolster up Signor Campana's opera with this and that reservation. It is irredeemably bad, and should never have been accepted at such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera. If it be true that Mme. Patti was the cause of its being given, we cannot compliment her on her taste; and for that reason we are less disposed to regret the inutility of the exertions she uses to captivate her audience. What the applause, "encores," and "recalls" of "first nights," signify no one knows better than Mme. Patti herself. They meant less than usual on the occasion under notice. Mlle Scalchi who plays Estella, Emeraldi's mother (made disagreeably prominent by Signor Cimino the libretti-t), Signor Naudin who sings the music, such as it is, allotted to Captain Phœbus wonderfully well, and Signor Graziani, whose Claude Frollo is about as mysterious as his Rigoletto or his Nelusko, are burdened with less responsibility, but claim con ideration, inasmuch as they do all in their power to induce people to believe that they are in earnest.

We must credit the Covent Garden directors with the fact that the expenditure they have bestowed on the "getting up" of *Esmeralda* might be represented by the smallest imaginable amount. They have indeed done nothing whatever for it in the way of "*mise en scène*;" and, seriously we cannot blame them. Our only complaint is that, under any circumstances, they should have thought it expedient to bring out such a work. Several operas by Verdi are unknown to England; or, if Verdi is looked upon as stale, there is his successor (and imitator) Signor Petrella, of whose music not a note is familiar here; or, again, if enough has been heard of Verdi and his school, and something fresh is indispensable, there are composers among us able to write twenty times better than Signor Campana. Such an opera as *Esmeralda* can only be ridiculed by musicians and connoisseurs; while the chance of its winning favor with the general public is to the last degree remote.

Awaiting the next novelty—Verdi's *Macbeth*—we have no more to say at present about the Royal Italian Opera, which, certain deficiencies allowed for, still holds its own and may still proudly claim to be regarded as one of the first lyric theatres in Europe. Our next notice will be devoted to some account of what has been done, up to this time, at the rival establishment at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mignon at Drury Lane.

[From the "Morning Post," July 7th.]

The performance last night of the opera of *Mignon*, composed by Ambroise Thomas, was the most brilliant event of the season, and as great a success as it is possible to desire. The part of *Mignon* is one that displays in an extraordinary and unexpected degree, not only all the known qualities of Mdlle. Nilsson as an actress and singer, but serves to develop a power hitherto only imagined, but now completely realized, of expressing in an intensified degree all the higher and unusual characteristics of a tragic genius of rare rank. In nearly every part in which she appeared this season some individual qualities have been discovered and displayed by her, so that each performance has been to a certain extent an improvement upon a previous one, and has placed Mdlle. Nilsson, as an artist, upon the most elevated position it is possible for her to occupy, and she has strengthened that position by her thorough originality. In many of the characters played by her, her wonderful voice and style alone affect her hearers; but in *Mignon* the voice, singing, acting, appearance, and depth of pathos reach straight to the hearts of all. The greatest homage was paid to her last night by the audience, not always by applause, but in many instances by a silence that was almost breathless. She was recalled, with the other artists associated with her, at the end of each act, and at the conclusion she appeared twice; the second time almost dragging the composer upon the stage to share the plaudits with her, which honor he seemed to take unwillingly, as though he owed the successful reception of his work to the genius of the *prima donna*, and was unwilling to lessen the obligation he owed her. But, great as Mlle Nilsson's success was, there were other artists whose exertions were as pro-

portionately successful. Madame Volpini, as Filiana, a confirmed coquette, acted and sung most splendidly; and Madame Trebelli Bettini, as Frederico, made a small part as completely interesting as possible. In the ballet or rather several ballets, which form no unimportant portion of the opera, Mdlle. Fioretti danced in a manner which gave great liveliness to the scene; and as Giarno, the chief of the strolling performers, Signor Ragner deserves a word of commendation for his effective acting and singing in a difficult part. Signor Gassier's Laertes was an excellent performance; his appearance in the costume of an ancient Greek was the summit of burlesque dressing. The singing of Signor Bettini was very pleasing and much more free and acceptable than his acting, which was stiff and unmeaning. The character which next to that of Mignon was most perfectly studied and satisfactorily rendered was M. Faure's Lothario. Graceful and picturesque in his attitudes, effective and expressive in facial expression, the part was, like nearly everything that M. Faure undertakes, finished, correct, and artistic.

The chorus was very good, and the band, directed by Signor Arditi, performed their portion of the work in the most perfect style. The opera has been well put on the stage, and with some attention to correctness of costume. It may be, however, open to doubt whether the zebra pattern parasols were as generally known in the last century, in which time the action is supposed to take place, as their liberal use in the opera would lead the audience to suppose. The scenic effects are in general excellent, and the whole opera is placed upon the stage in a creditable manner.

In the scoring of the music M. Thomas repeats many of the effects already familiar in his *Hamlet*, but as a rule the instrumentation is excellent and clever. There are many lively and taking melodies in the work, which will make it a perfect treasure to the "arrangers" of waltzes, galops, and other dance tunes. The concerted music is exceedingly weak, but many of the songs are beautifully constructed. M. Thomas is as fashionably original as most modern composers, and has succeeded in producing an opera which will always be pleasing when performed as it was last night. The story or plot has been considerably varied from Goëthe's Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, one character being mixed with another in a most wonderful order, or disorder. It is enough to say that whether the idea be taken as Goëthe's or as the free translation of Messrs. Carré and Barbier, it makes a plot of unusual power and interest, and has inspired M. Thomas to write music in the execution of which last night a combination of genius was displayed which makes the first performance of *Mignon* a most unusual event to chronicle.

Michael Kelly.

This well-known singer and composer was born at Dublin, 1762, and died in London, 1826. His father was an eminent wine merchant in Dublin, and for several years master of the ceremonies at the castle. At a very early period young Kelly displayed a passion for music; and as his father was enabled to procure the best masters for him, before he had reached his eleventh year he could perform some of the most difficult sonatas then in fashion on the pianoforte. Rauzzini, when engaged at the Rotunda in Dublin, gave him some lessons in singing, and persuaded his father to send him to Naples, as the only place where his musical propensity would receive proper cultivation. At the age of sixteen he was accordingly sent there, with strong recommendations from several persons of consequence in Ireland to Sir William Hamilton, the then British Minister at the Court of Naples. Sir William took him under his fostering care, and he was placed in the Conservatorio la Madonna della Loretto, where for some time he received instructions from the celebrated Finetti. Sir William Hamilton also did Kelly the honor of introducing him to the King and Queen of Naples, who particularly noticed the young Irishman. Having had the good fortune to meet Aprili, the first singing master of his day, that great artist being then under an engagement to visit Palermo, offered to take Kelly with him, and to give him gratuitous instruction while there. This proposal was, of course, gratefully accepted, and he received Aprili's valuable tuition until the end of his engagement at the theatre. The Neapolitan's kindness, however, did not terminate there, for he sent Kelly to Leghorn with the strong recommendation of being his favorite pupil. From Leghorn young Kelly was engaged at the Teatro Nuovo, at Florence, as first tenor singer. He then visited Venice and several of the principal theatres in Italy, in which he performed with distinguished success. He was next engaged at the Court of Vienna, where he was much noticed by the Emperor Joseph II. He had likewise the good fortune to become acquainted with Mozart, and was one of the original performers in his "Nozze di Figaro." Having obtained a year's leave of absence from the Emperor for the purpose of visiting his father (at the end of which time he was to go back to Vienna, where he was in such favor that he might have ended his days happily), he returned to England by the same opportunity as Signora Storace. In April, 1787, Kelly made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in the character of *Lionel*, in the opera of "Lionel and Clarissa." Here he remained as first singer until he retired from the stage. He was, besides, for several years principal tenor singer at the Italian Opera, where he was the stage manager. The death of his friend Stephen Storace, in the year 1797, first induced Kelly to become a composer, since which time he composed or selected music for upwards of sixty pieces for the different theatres. Among these we may enumerate as among the most popular, the following: Castle Spectre, 1797; Blue Beard, 1798; Of Age To-morrow, 1800; Love Laughs at Locksmiths, 1804; Deaf and Dumb, 1804; Youth, Love, and Folly, 1805; Forty Thieves, 1806; Adrian and Orilla, 1806; Wood Demon, 1807; Foundling of the Forest, 1809; Nourjahad, 1813, etc. It has been truly observed that a joke of Sheridan's, which has been quoted ever since, has unduly depreciated Kelly's services to the music of the stage. When he embarked in trade as a wine merchant, Sheridan proposed that the inscription above his door should be, "Michael Kelly, composer of wine and importer of music." Kelly, though a shallow musician, had a highly cultivated taste. His own airs, though slight, are always elegant; and his knowledge of the Italian and German schools, not very general among the English musicians of his day, enabled him to enrich his pieces with many gems of foreign art. The popularity, therefore, of Kelly's numerous pieces had a very favorable influence on the taste of the public. As a singer his powers were by no means great, but his intelligence, experience, and knowledge of the stage rendered him very useful.—*London Choir.*

Dickens's Home at Gad's Hill.

The spot is one of the loveliest in Kent, and must always be remembered as the last residence of Charles Dickens. He used to declare his firm belief that Shakespeare was specially fond of Kent, and that the poet chose Gad's Hill and Rochester for the scenery of his plays from intimate personal knowledge of their localities. He said he had no manner of doubt but that one of Shakespeare's haunts was the old inn at Rochester, and that this conviction came forcibly upon him one night as he was walking that way, and discovered Charles's Wain over the chimney just as Shakespeare has described it, in words put into the mouth of the carrier in King Henry the Fourth. There is no prettier place than Gad's Hill in all England for the earliest and latest flowers, and Dickens chose it, when he had arrived at the fulness of his fame and prosperity, as the home in which he most wished to spend the remainder of his days. When a boy he would often pass the house with his father, and frequently said to him, "If ever I have a dwelling of my own, Gad's Hill Place is the house I mean to buy." In that beautiful retreat he has for many years been accustomed to welcome his friends, and find relaxation from the crowded life of London. On the lawn playing at bowls, in the Swiss summer-house charmingly shaded by green leaves, he always seemed the best part of summer, beautiful as the season is in the delightful region where he lived. In a letter written not long ago to a friend in America he thus described his home:—

"Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss châlet (where I write), and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

There he could be most thoroughly enjoyed, for he never seemed so cheerfully at home anywhere else. At his own table, surrounded by his family and a few guests, old acquaintances from town,—among them sometimes Forster, Carlyle, Reade, Collins, Layard, Maclise, Stone, Macready, Talfourd,—he was always the choicest and liveliest companion. He was not what is called in society a professed talker, but he was something far better and rarer.—*From* ATLANTIC MONTHLY *for August.*

A Successful Manager.

(From the New York Weekly Review.)

A successful manager has become a somewhat mythical person in this part of the world, especially in musical matters. If one would take the trouble to foot up the losses caused the last three or four years by musical enterprises, he would find the total to be a sum of such vast magnitude as to pension off a good many tenors, prima donnas, and bassos, for the rest of their lives. The losses sustained by people who have attempted but one concert are already considerable; but what are these losses compared with those arising from the vast undertakings called concert tours and operatic performances, throughout the States. These campaigns have been really the most disastrous on record, and yet in this desert of smashed managers there is the oasis of one who has been entirely successful from the beginning of his career until the present time. And this one is comparatively a stranger among us, having been in this country but a few years, and by no means enjoying the experience age can give. But an innate love of order, a fine appreciation of the details of business, and the talent of profiting by circumstances, has carried this young man over difficulties which have often been stumbling blocks to more experienced managers. Our American readers will already have guessed that we speak of Mr. Carl Rosa. He is really the most successful musical manager of the present time in this country. His career as such commenced in 1867, soon after his marriage with Mdme. Parepa. His first step was giving, on his own account, concerts and performances of oratorios, in various States, which at once proved a decided success, artistically as well as pecuniarily. Then he resolved to go to California with a complete Italian Opera troupe. This was a great undertaking, as the expenses amounted to more than eleven hundred dollars, in gold, which then had not sunk quite so low in the estimation of the people as at the present time. But a well applied and rationally supported energy will surmount greater obstacles, as the result showed in this instance. The company gave eighteen operas, partly in English and partly in Italian, among which were "Don Giovanni" and "Robert le Diable," with Mr. Carl Rossa as conductor in every instance, in which capacity he won the applause of competent judges. The pecuniary harvest reaped by these performances was not only a golden, but also a very weighty one, considering that it amounted to thirty thousand dollars in gold. After this splendid success, Mr. Rosa, encouraged by his undaunted wife, concluded to return by the overland route. At that time the blessings of the Pacific railroad were unknown, and the trip across the Rocky Mountains included hardships to which opera singers and especially ladies—were entirely unused. But the troupe bravely stood the test. It gave concerts on its way back, in every place which offered an opportunity, sang in Salt Lake City, to the immense satisfaction of the Saints as well as to its own, and arrived at last at Chicago, where the same unprecedented triumphs awaited it. It was here that Mr. Carl Rosa conceived the plan of organizing a concert troupe on a gigantic scale—an undertaking which was again crowned with the greatest success, until the artists reached Baltimore, when Mdme. Rosa became ill, and was confined to her room for about fourteen weeks. As unfortunate as this incident was, it had the beneficial effect of affording a welcome repose and an opportunity of planning the formation of the best and most complete English opera troupe ever formed either here or in Europe. It is now more than six months since this undertaking was first attempted. To give an idea of its magnitude, we will simply say that the troupe consists of seventy two members, with whom the managers have been travelling over the greater part of the East and West; that they carry with them properties to an extent unheard of in the annals of travelling companies; that they have with them all the principal scenery, including the incantation scenes from "Freischütz" and the market scenery from "Martha"; that they travel with two baggage masters and a host of agents. The expenses involved in this last enterprise are, of course, enormous; but, as the money is well laid out, the return cannot fail to be satisfactory. The artistic and pecuniary success of this last enterprise has surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The repertoire embraces well known operas by English composers, some of the French and Italian school, and "Freischütz," "Oberon," "Figaro's Marriage," and "Don Juan," a fact which, better than anything else, shows the ready will, the enthusiasm, and the good fellowship of every member of the troupe; for it is no easy matter to bring out operas of the last mentioned calibre, when the company is one week in one place and the next in another. All these operas have been given with a correctness, finish of detail, and an ensemble seldom met with in the rendering of English,

or, in fact, any other opera. And the public has appreciated such praiseworthy efforts, as may best be seen in the fact that, in Boston alone, twenty performances yielded nearly sixty thousand dollars. Mr. Carl Rosa has not only been the principal conductor, but also the soul of the whole undertaking. On his shoulders has fallen the greater burden of the management, and he has displayed a foresight, a tact, a talent, and a respect for the musical intelligence of the American people, which will readily explain his extraordinary success. That this success is largely due to the great artistic position and popularity of his wife, Mdme. Parepa Rosa, is a matter of course; but we have seen that the greatest singer will fail to be beneficial to a manager, if the latter does not come fully up to the requirements imposed upon him in this country.

Violins and their Manufacture.

(From the "Galaxy" for August.)

It cannot be denied that no creation of art has been so little understood as the violin. This wonderful instrument has always been an enigma to the musical world. That it does not understand the language of man is most fortunate, since thereby it escapes the confusion of conflicting opinions. In the interest of art, I have determined to publish the results of my long experience in relation to this subject.

It is very generally known, that until the earlier part of the eighteenth century the old Italian masters produced the best violins; and that after their period the manufacture of the instrument rapidly decayed. The violins then made attained a high price, and at this day are eagerly sought by all artists and amateurs, because it is believed to be demonstrated beyond a doubt that no violin can be constructed which will be found as well adapted for solo performances as those of the old Italian masters, until it has been used a hundred years. Many violin manufacturers have in vain endeavored to overcome this difficulty. At last Vuillaume, of Paris, invented a chemical process by which wood was rendered old, and for a time he created a furor with his instruments. It turned out, however, that after a few years his violins deteriorated, and finally became utterly useless. This failure established, it was declared, the impossibility of making violins which would prove of real value before attaining a great age. This induced Ole Bull to have an instrument made of very old wood, and at first he thought himself successful in securing his object; but he also became convinced at last, that every newly made violin must have a harsh sound unless constructed of chemically prepared wood.

Like everything else in the world, however, the art of making violins has progressed. Mr. Ole Bull will remember a violin which was shown to him in Columbus, Ohio, and his opinion asked concerning it. He pronounced it excellent, and held it to be an old instrument; and when he was informed that its maker was Mr. George Gemünder of New York, he declared that the wood must have been chemically prepared, because he held it to be impossible that a new instrument should furnish so good a tone. This fact ought to teach Mr. Bull, however, although he possesses the power of drawing from the violin its sweetest sounds, he cannot give them to it. To play a violin according to the rules of art, and to construct one according to the same rules, are two very different problems; therefore let each man stick to his trade. Nevertheless, on meeting him after a separation of eighteen years, Ole Bull, in a conversation we had about violins, ventured to deny that I was a judge of musical tone in these words:

"You are no judge of a violin tone," he said, "because you do not play the instrument."

This assertion shows that even artists are at times mistaken in their ideas. I have a hundred times as many opportunities for studying tone, through hearing daily many different violins, as an artist who hears only his own violin; and as regards performing on the violin, I can play it well enough to test it; but that is no reason why I should be an artist skilful enough to play a solo. It is not that kind of skill which makes the judge of tone or the good violin maker, but the educated musical ear, which is not always to be found among the solo performers; for if an artist cannot tell by its sound if a violin is made of prepared wood or not, he has not begun to master the science of musical tones. This belief that only players are judges of musical tones is general enough; but what an error!

Experience has taught me that sound judgment of tone and the ability to play well are rarely found united; since one who has had no opportunities of listening to different instruments, and has not had his attention drawn to their peculiarities, may, it is true, be a good performer, but he can never be a judge of their tone-quality. For that reason there are good judges of tone who, at the same time, are neither artists nor even ordinary performers. Indeed, if solo performers as a general thing were good judges of tone they would not so frequently in concerts use feeble Italian violins and violoncellos, which are either too old, or have been rendered worthless by bungling workmen to whom they have been intrusted for repairs. In this way many a concert performer has spoiled his career; and still most of them are satisfied if only they have Italian instruments. The science of musical tones has been my life-long study; without this it would never have been possible for me to do what I have done—to construct violins for the present and the future, which have proved satisfactory to the most critical artists; and, when fashioned after the style of the old classical violins, and represented to be of them, they have drawn from hearers expressions of delight at the fine quality of their tones, which are all that can be desired. For even though a violin is of the finest tone, as long as it has the appearance of being new, the opinion concerning it will always be: "The instrument will be as good as those of Italian masters after it has been played a hundred years." By this I have been convinced that the prejudice of artists is the greatest obstacle to the revival of the violin manufacture. Great musicians have not always a fine appreciation of sound; and yet they venture to criticize violins, and thereby do a great injury to progress in the construction of these instruments. The great musician, Ole Bull, declared that a violin of my make, because of the fine quality of its tones, must have been constructed of chemically prepared wood; yet it is not hard to detect an instrument that has been made of such material, inasmuch as its tones are necessarily lifeless, like those of old Italian violins after they have been spoiled through repairs by bungling workmen.

When the process of preparing wood for violins was invented, it was generally believed that by this method instruments could be constructed which would compare favorably with the best then in existence; but when the process proved a failure, the whole art received a severe blow from the reaction and prejudice thus created. After that, it was believed that every new violin, even though its tones were far better, and its material apparently of the soundest kind, must nevertheless also be made of chemically prepared wood. Such a prejudice is now a great obstacle to the manufacture of good violins, and will perhaps remain so until through excessive age the last good Italian viola—of which there are now very few in the world—has become utterly useless.

But thanks to the great masters they have laid a foundation for us to work upon in the construction of violins which includes their material. Their system, however, is understood by very few violin makers, for there are very few intelligent men who devote themselves to this art. Most of those who study it are mercenary in the extreme, while there are others like the potter who only knows that his wares will ring if struck by the finger. France is indisputably in advance of Germany in this respect. In Mirecourt, where most French violin makers are engaged in working to supply the trade, the most wonderful imitations of the renowned Italian instruments have been produced; even in the inner work the system of the Italian School may be recognized. Unfortunately, however, these instruments have been rendered worthless from the very nature of their material, since the wood of which they are constructed was previously either baked or chemically prepared.

Lupot, especially, brought the Italian method into prominence in France, and after him its influence was extended very much further by Vuillaume of Paris, whose workmanship, as long as he followed the Italian method, was so exquisite that specimens of it are today worthy of our admiration. But when he hit upon the perverse idea towards the close of his career of making the top of the violin thinnest in the middle, he showed a great ignorance of musical tone, since violins so constructed cannot be touched vigorously with the bow without the sound breaking and the vibration being shortened. Of these instruments Vuillaume spread a great number throughout the world, which were constructed in direct violation of the principles of acoustics, and they have neither been good at any time nor can they ever become so. Many who possess his instruments will now be able to comprehend that they own violins which, though made by a famous man, are still by no means good.

Besides Vuillaume, there is in Paris at present no violin maker of remarkable importance, or who has accomplished any thing extraordinary. No other violins that have been made in Paris can be compared, in point of workmanship, with those of Vuillaume. Excepting those of his make, the instruments manufactured in Mirecourt are much finer than than the violins of Paris, and greatly surpass them in tone whenever they are made of wood that has not been spoiled in preparing.

The greatest progress in Germany has been made by Baersch in Leipzig, and Bott in Vienna. The former shows great talent in the construction of violins, but still more in the manufacture of bows, in which, as a skilful artist, he has as yet shown himself unsurpassable. The musical world is under deep obligations to him, because he has spread the influence of his school throughout all Saxony, so that excellent bows are now made there; nor is his system alone followed, but also that of Vuillaume, although their imitation of the Tourt bows, from their being unable to give the requisite shape to the heads, has not been very successful.

It might be worth while to recommend that the nuts of violin and violoncello bows be constructed after Vuillaume's style, be rounded like his, and provided with the same run or course, this being a great improvement.

As for Bott's violins, they are tasteful and elegant, and constructed in full accordance with the classical models. Bott is well versed in the science of musical tones.

Many may now be interested in hearing something more definite about the manufacture of the violin by the renowned old Italian masters, since not a few are completely in the dark as to the merits of the various schools. This is owing simply to the fact that many a musician even has not acquired the technical education that enables him to tell what outline and what swells will produce a desired quality of tone, even if all the instruments of the masters were in a good condition; but inasmuch as of every school there are some that have been spoiled by botchers in repairing, and some that are yet good, it is not hard to see how the doubt and confusion have arisen.

These great masters having left for posterity a large number of models upon which no one has yet been able to improve, we must regard their designs as perfect. I have constructed violins in accordance with their systems, and in so doing have become so familiar with the characteristic tones they produce as to be able to see that each of the masters found the very tone which he was seeking for, and that each one, in his instrument, produced an interesting quality of tone. In this way they created such a variety of instruments as must satisfy the desires of every artist and amateur. Let us now consider the tone-characteristics of the great masters' best creations, or of instruments made according to their systems.

Nicolo Amati of Cremona, and his disciple Jacob Stainer of Absam, a Tyrolese, both manufactured violins which are now chiefly to be found in households. Because of their slender, rounded, sweet, silver tones, they are the favorite instruments of amateurs. This tone characteristic is the result of a small, round, and long swell, and a near outline which is somewhat smaller than that of the instruments of Stradivarius. The latter, having sought a more sonorous tone, did not make the arch of his violins so high as did the two former masters, but gave it a wider and flatter swell, by which the noblest concert-tone was attained, together with an aristocratic and majestic form of the instruments.

As long as Joseph Guarnerius worked after the system of his great master Stradivarius, the instruments of his make were similar to others of that school; but he afterwards produced models which were rather smaller, and had more circular curves, the tone of these being somewhat weaker, but sparkling, quick, and remarkably brilliant. He even gave each violin that he afterwards made a different shape and character. It is said that he spent a long time in prison, and amid great privations secretly constructed these instruments; at any rate, in all his creations his great genius is plainly to be recognized.

Duffu Prugar of Bononia lived in the sixteenth century. His violins have a large and broad form, and are tastefully ornamented with carved work. The tone corresponds with the form, and between them they produce a powerful concert tone. There being, however, very few of these instruments in existence, a great number are annually manufactured in France after this model, and sent to all parts of the world.

Maggini's violins are also mostly of large form, but of a higher arch than those of Prugar, as well as much fuller toward the end than any that have been mentioned. For that reason they have great fulness of tone, but have a deeper color of sound on the G and D strings.

Gaspar da Salo constructed very interesting violins, of widely different styles of build. His small violins have high, round and beautiful curves, and a peculiar tone, not very strong, but brilliant. His large violins, however, are flat, though not flatter than those of Stradivarius, and have a beautiful tone.

For solo performances they are far preferable to his smaller instruments.

Although each of these masters constructed violins of different models, still each one's products can be recognized by certain characteristics impressed thereon. That we find so great a variety is a proof of their endeavors to bring their work to perfection; by this means they have saved the trouble of searching and experimenting to those who desire to ascertain what shape and curve will produce a required quality of tone.

Many are still of the opinion that in the construction of a violin the determination of the quality of tone to be produced is impossible, and that the result must be purely accidental. This is perhaps true as a general thing, since most violin-makers understand their business no better than a carpenter would; for to construct a violin according to the rules of art, one must have enjoyed a thorough technical education. He who has acquired the requisite knowledge knows from what the various shades of sound arise, and how they can be produced.

To the repairer especially is this knowledge most indispensable, since he is intrusted with the most valuable instruments; but unfortunately the thoughtless manner in which persons who own such instruments frequently give them into the hands of patchers and fiddle-makers is truly to be deplored. It shows, however, what a lack of judgment there is in these matters. By such botchers most of the Italian instruments have been ruined, people being usually of the opinion that if a workman makes a neat job of what is given him, and knows well how to use the chisel, file and sandpaper, he is perfectly fit to be intrusted with such an instrument; but that is just where lack of knowledge becomes apparent. The man usually does more injury to the instrument with his neat work in a single half hour than one would suppose possible.

It does no harm to make bad violins, but bad repairing ruins instruments that masters have created. A violin-maker who cannot construct excellent violins himself cannot be a good repairer. It seems, however, that all things in nature are so wisely ordered as to allow also the little-gifted and the little learned to enjoy their life; that is, they enjoy it through the sacrifices that by mistake are put in their power.

This is a plain and simple exposition of the violin manufacture and the science of musical tones. To those who disagree with the views herein expressed we recommend further study of the subject, believing confidently that their experience will in the end bear out that of the writer.

GEORGE GEMUENDER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 30, 1870.

Richard Wagner.

Our friend of the London *Musical World* wonders that we waste our time in the translation of some passages from "that miserable piece of egotistical coxcombry and absolute nonsense, the pamphlet called *Ueber das Dirigiren*," and asks: "What, in the name of Music, does any sensible American care about such stuff?" Pray do not be alarmed; we never dreamed of undertaking to translate the whole work, or even the larger part of it; that would indeed be a thankless and a dreary task. But we have given a few of the opening chapters by way of specimens to gratify the curiosity of our readers, and because, with all their egotism, they do contain some good hints about the matter of conducting an orchestra. With the same view, we may make a few more extracts, referring meanwhile to Ferdinand Hiller's pungent criticism, which we have copied at the same time, for an *aperçu* of the general drift and spirit of the whole.

While we are by no means convinced by Wagner's theories, nor partial to his music, we have endeavored so far as possible to do him justice. So, when we can conveniently, we let him speak for himself. Often enough before—perhaps too early for our present audience—we have expressed our distrust of his principles, our distrust for his practice, and have given our reasons. Lately, during the year past, we have allowed his admirers to speak pretty freely and fully in our columns; giving place for instance to the long and glowing article about him from the *Revue de deux Mondes*, as well as to the letters of a young friend whose face is set toward "the Future." Soon we propose to translate some of what we consider the sounder criticisms of the best German writers upon music, such as the talented Otto Jahn. Meanwhile we go back to our own first honest endeavors to get at the truth, and hereby resume the thread.

We attempted years ago to give our readers an outline of Wagner's theory of Operatic composition, as developed in the three volumes of his book, entitled "Opera and Drama." We stated his fundamental criticism upon the Opera as hitherto existing: to wit, that the mistake has lain in the endeavor to construct it on the basis of absolute music, making music the end instead of the means; whereas the only true lyric drama, hitherto never realized, can spring only from the marriage of poetry and music. In his own operas, his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, he thinks to have emancipated the poet from that completely menial relation in which he has stood to the musician, merely furnishing the latter with some slight verbal text for the forms in which he chooses to compose, as recitative, arias, *ensembles*, chorus, ballet, &c.—and thus producing texts or libretti of the most empty, trivial character. Here is a double slavery; the composer cuts his music to the fashionable patterns required by the singers for the display of their voices and *tours de force*; while the poet writes to order for the composer. In the drama according to Wagner, the music is nothing but the art of expressing the thoughts furnished by the poem.

His whole thinking on the subject seems to have fallen under the control of an ingenious simile. He makes Poetry the masculine and Music the feminine element of expression. He denies to Music any power of independent production; and considers all the efforts of absolute, or purely instrumental, music as doomed to everlasting impotence, as so much barren yearning for delivery. This he thinks to be the characteristic of all our modern instrumental music, in symphony, and overture, and chamber music. Instrumental music exhausts itself in a vain struggle after definite expression. In confirmation of which criticism, he points to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the last word of instrumental music, from its genius *par excellence*. After striving in vain for utterance through the orchestra, until the instruments themselves do all but speak in human recitative, he suddenly bursts the bonds and calls in words, the "Hymn to Joy" of Schiller. And that bold act, thinks Wagner, marks the transition from the music of the past to the music of the future, from music pure, and barren, to music in its true and fruitful function as cofactor with Poetry in the living and perfect Drama. Music, according to him, can only bear, it cannot generate; the generating power is extraneous to it and resides only in the poet.

We perhaps wrong his thought in this bald statement, divesting it of all that wealth of ingenious and happy illustration with which he develops it. But we believe we give the kernel of the thought. Richard Wagner is himself both poet and musician, alike an adept at both arts; he has carefully prepared his own librettos; and it must be a satisfaction for once to have librettos which, when only read, amount to real poems. His practice, too, in this double character of poet-composer, may be better than his theory. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* may be works of genius;—genius enough to save them from the consequences of the worst preconceived theory of composition. But we must say, this theory hardly chimes with musical experience. We do not think that any true music-lover, who has had personal experience of the power with which Beethoven's symphonies address the deeper instincts of the soul, would willingly exchange them for any amount of the best poetry skilfully set to Recitative. We do not think it will be owned, by true music-lovers, that instruments have failed, in *those* instances, to convey some meaning; that those Adagios and Scherzos are not *bonâ fide* live creations, real deliveries of divine brain-children, or that they convey to you no adequate expression of the tone-artist's inmost life and purpose. Nor is it at all true to history that instrumental or pure music exhausts itself in a vain effort and is on the decline. On the contrary, the age runs into instrumental music; no music has such power over a community at all musically cultivated, as that in the grand orchestral forms; and it is matter of almost universal experience, that as we grow more musical the love for instrumental music gains upon, sometimes outlives the love for vocal. Music may correspond to the feminine principle:—so far we do not quarrel with Wagner's analogy. But what is the feminine principle in the soul? It is Feeling, Sentiment, as contrasted with the colder masculine principle of Intellect or Reason. Words are the language of the intellect, tones are the language of the heart. Love and Wisdom, (no one disputes the axiom of the Swedish seer in this) are the feminine and masculine principle in the universe. But Love is first, before and deeper than Wisdom. And so the poet says:

> "Thought is deeper than all speech,
> Feeling deeper than all thought," &c.

It is this Feeling, this *something deeper* in us than words can utter, or than can ever take the definite forms of thought, that seeks its utterance in music as its only natural language. It is this that necessitates the art of music in the life of man. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven never had existed but for these experiences in human souls of something deeper, finer, more essential than words were ever framed to utter. Vague are they? But the very definiteness of words perverts their sense and puts their heavenly influence to flight. Why do our deeper moods love silence? Music is but the audible breath of such full silence. Hence there may be, there should be profound moral and spiritual culture in listening sympathetically to great instrumental music. You want no words; you do not ask a literal meaning; you enter into the spirit of it, which is somehow wondrously in harmony with deeper depths than you were perhaps aware of in *your* spirit. No, Herr Wagner! the great tone-poet does not need the word-poet to impregnate his creative genius, or to furnish him the wherewithal to express himself. Pure music is a very subtle, perfect medium of expression. Its fluid, universal language conveys the deep and universal sentiments, the sense of the Infinite, the

spiritual part of us, in which we are all most deeply related to one another and to the source of all, as words with their limitations and distinctions never can do. No human being, not even Coleridge, or Goethe, or Shakespeare, lives more fully revealed, expressed, communicated to mankind, than Beethoven, the meaning of whose life and character flowed almost wholly into instrumental music.

Those symphonies may not be rendered into words; yet who that loves them deeply does not feel that he *knows* Beethoven? Dumb otherwise, as he was deaf, almost, yet what great soul has succeeded better in making himself understood? And should the Choral Symphony become universally recognized as the greatest, will that be at the expense of the other Symphonies? shall we love the Fifth and the Seventh and the "Pastoral" *less*, that we love the last one *more*? Did the orchestra in that one outburst into human speech yield up its soul forever, and pronounce pure instrumental music henceforth obsolete? The musical genius of mankind says no; it plunges more and more deeply into the mysteries of instrumental music, *because* it has more to utter than words and voices can convey. It remains to see whether the zest of symphonies and overtures and quartets will sicken under the new charm of the interminable Wagner recitative, shaped to the mould of cunningly contrived alliterative verses, borrowing from them its only melody or rhythm, and for modulation knowing no key-note, but swimming ambiguously in all keys at once.

But we anticipate. We must see how Wagner theoretically arrives at and justifies these peculiarities of style, or rather of musical structure. The generative power of the poet, he says, manifests itself chiefly in the *formation of melodies*. Not that he supplies the melodies ready made to the musician's hand. He says repeatedly, to be sure, that the melody is already implied in the versification of the poem; but then he explains this to mean that the poet in his verse gives the musician the fructifying seeds; "the fruit is matured and moulded by the musician according to his own individual means." "The risings and fallings of the melody must conform to the risings and fallings of the verse; the musical time or measure is governed by the expression designed by the poet; and the musical modulation brings out as clearly as possible the bond of relationship between the single tones or keys of feeling, which the poet could only indicate to a limited extent by means of *alliteration*." As an instance of a melody thus springing immediately out of the word-verse, he cites the manner in which Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony has set the words: "*Seid umschlungen, Millionen*, &c. ("Mingle in embrace, ye millions"). In *Lohengrin* all the melodies are made upon this principle.

Wagner proclaims a sort of revolution in the sphere of Modulation. Hitherto it has been supposed essential to any unity in a piece of music, that all its harmonies should pivot as it were upon one prevailing key; that the deviations therefrom should keep as much as possible within the *next* related keys, as those of the Dominant and Subdominant, Relative Major and Minor, and so forth; and that, however exclusive or centrifugal the movement, everything in it should still gravitate back to the central key note and starting point. A certain family affinity of keys, with only exceptional intermarriages of now and then a branch into a remoter race, has been an essential law of all good music. Wagner throws down the barriers of this *patriarchal* system of modulation, as he calls it. He wants the whole range of keys: these are to the musician what the vowels and consonants are to the poet, who intimates affinities and contrasts of feeling by alliteration; and the musician has to show the ground-relationship of all the keys of feeling. Thus Wagner makes a formal declaration of independence against the patriarchal regime: "All keys are equal, and essentially related; the privileges of tone-families are abolished." In his *Lohengrin* he has practiced accordingly. All who have heard that opera admit that "he has fully succeeded in abolishing all individuality of keys;—F sharp minor sounds like G minor, and G minor like C sharp minor; he carries you from D major to G major, through A flat minor; the mixture of the tri chords of B flat, G flat and A is a very common modulation with him; in short he actually allows us to hear nothing but the monotonous "ground relationship of all keys."

A striving towards a similar result is truly said to characterize the music of our time. Composers like Schubert, Chopin, Schumann and Robert Franz seem to chafe against the limits of our diatonic scale and the modulation it prescribes; they blend the different keys together, as if to make out one more rich and universal. But Wagner was the first to raise this to a principle. Having to bridge his way so often in the shortest manner from one to another of all twenty-four keys, he naturally has recourse to perpetual employment of the chord of the *diminished seventh*, which is the transitional element *par excellence* in harmony, binding the most heterogeneous keys together. *Lohengrin* is full of Diminished Sevenths, accompanying the recitative: indeed it is said there is a scene in it, occupying sixteen pages in the piano-forte arrangement, where you hear absolutely nothing *but* diminished sevenths. It must be like tossing on the restless sea of harmony without course or compass.

Carl Rosa.—An article which we copy on another page presents this well-known artist, one of Boston's favorites, in the character of "A Successful Manager," giving him due praise. Certainly it was in quite another character that he first won our sympathies. When the blushing, modest, thoroughly German looking youth, resembling the young Mozart, as so many fancied, drew his bow before an audience in the Music Hall, in the first of the Parepa concerts, the impression made was purely that of an ingenuous, sincere, and genial votary of Music, one dedicated to Art for Art's sake. The sweet, true tones of his instrument, and his manly style, marked him as a violinist of a noble school, one who had not known Joachim in vain. And this impression was confirmed in the very first of the Harvard Symphony Concerts, to which Carl Rosa lent new interest by his fine rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and the Chaconne of Bach. This was the young artist's free-will offering to the first foundation a permanent series of good concerts in this city, and to that good act we are in part indebted for their success that dated from that moment.

But there is not necessarily any inconsistency between the two characters. If Carl Rosa, upon marrying Parepa, entered on a new and strange career, sharing the more enterprising and exciting fortunes of a famous prima donna, and finally becoming her conductor and her manager, it does not follow that the artist spirit was extinguished in him. Developing a new talent he has not renounced his finer nature; on the contrary his enthusiasm for what is purest and highest in Art still burns undimmed, as all who know him well can testify. And in this new sphere has he not shown it by the triumphant zeal and energy with which he has brought an English Opera Company to such good performance of works like the "Marriage of Figaro," "Oberon," and "Don Juan"?

Rosa is young. Born in Hamburg, March 22, 1842, he began the study of the violin when he was six years old. Lindemann was his first teacher. He made his first appearance in public in 1850, at the age of eight, playing a Concertino by Lausa. From that time the boy played frequently in concerts; went on a concert tour to Scotland in 1854, and returned there three successive seasons. In 1858 he went to the Conservatory at Leipzig, where for about three years he studied the violin under David and Dreyschock, Counterpoint under Hauptmann and Richter, &c. He was a favorite with students and professors, and it was always a point of interest to hear him in the *Musikunterhaltungen* (or evening musical entertainments). There we remember meeting him in the Spring of '61 at the hospitable house of Moscheles, and with what interest he evidently was regarded. From Leipzig he went to Berlin to complete his general education, as the phrase is, and heard lectures at the University. Thence, in the same year, to Paris, for further study of his instrument at the Conservatoire; and in that city he gave several concerts, followed, the next year, by a concert tour through Germany and Denmark. He was called in '62 to Hamburg as Concertmeister of the Philharmonic Society, and remained there two years, during which time he gave concerts of Chamber music, in connection with the singer Stockhausen; Madame Schumann, Brahms, and other noted artists sometimes taking part. Both in Germany and in London he enjoyed the intimacy of the great violinist Joachim, in whom he had the best of models. It was in 1865 that he went to London for the season, and there played in a concert where Mme. Parepa sang. With her he was engaged by Mr. Bateman for the Concert tour in America, which led to their return here, their happy union by the most intimate of all ties, and their identification of themselves ever since, and we trust for many years to come, with this country; for Rosa has taken the first steps to become naturalized as an American citizen. They are now seeking summer rest in England. Should they in the autumn essay English opera there too before returning to us in the winter, we doubt not they will meet with warm reception.

Michael Kelly.—The sketch of this clever musical Irishman, who knew Mozart, which we copy on another page, strangely omits to mention that very interesting book of "Reminiscences," which he published in his later days, and which was even reprinted in this country many years ago. Copies are rare, but it is well worth reading.

Supervisor of Musical Instruction.—Mr. Julius Eichberg has been appointed by the School Board Supervisor of Musical Instruction in the Public Schools of Boston, and is to conduct the teaching of that branch personally in the high schools. His term of service will commence at the beginning of the next school year, September 1st, and his salary has been fixed at $2000 a year. This office has been newly created. The place could not be filled by a more worthy incumbent than Mr. Eichberg.

Our Singers Abroad.

Mrs. C. A. Barry.—The Florentine journal *L'Italie*, of June 28, has the following account of the performance of Rossini's Mass, in which our townswoman bore a distinguished part.

"The Philharmonic Hall which now covers the spot where once stood the gloomy prison of the Stinche, was filled on Friday last with the new and masterly harmonies of the *Messe Solennelle* of Rossini. We listened religiously to this religious music, and many times felt ourselves transported to a divine and supernatural world.

"Religious music is very difficult—because it is for the masters themselves very difficult to distinguish the limit which separates the sacred from the profane; but Rossini, in the *Messe Solennelle*, appears to have traced very clearly the exact limits; it is therefore truly a religious music, destined to raise souls to a contemplation of eternal truths. The various pieces are not all stamped with the same grandeur of character, but it is true of them that they are far removed from things terrestrial, and make us to forget profane music.

"The chorus *Cum Sancto* is something sublime and superhuman; the concord is so perfect, the notes so copious, the harmony so majestic that no one escapes the influence of this music, which speaks to the heart even more than to the soul. The chorus singers were greeted with such enthusiastic applause that they had to repeat this piece; but, one is more deeply moved by the *Sanctus* and *Benedictus*. One does not lose these harmonies which conduct the soul by a sublime ascent till within the infinite spheres. Here it is not enthusiasm alone—it is an abandon in which the heart is buried. The *Qui tollis* and *Agnus Dei* pleased us very much; they were certainly very remarkable, but somewhat eclipsed by the sublimity of the preceding pieces one has just listened to.

"Mme. Barry and Mme. Albertini-Baucardé interpreted their *rôles* with great dignity and grandeur, and the Orchestra, directed by M. Mabellini sustained itself nobly through the difficult task.

"We must praise the initiatory step of the Society of St. John the Baptist, who wish to raise up the love of the great works, and the aesthetic sentiment of the Art, honoring thereby the immortal names which are the glory of our country.

"The *Messe* will be repeated Wednesday, the 29th. This repetition of a most admirable work will satisfy the curiosity of those persons who could not attend the performance on Friday last."

And the following naive extract from a private letter from a young American in Florence appears in the *Transcript:*

"But I must tell you about Mrs. Barry. She is setting the Italians crazy with her beautiful voice. Vannucini (the teacher) pronounces her a great *master* of music, and I doubt if there is much for her to learn. Yesterday she made her debut in the Philharmonic Hall in this city, in Rossini's 'Messe Solennelle,' and carried the day. You know the Italians are very demonstrative, and if they like you, will show it to the utmost; and if you are disliked, they always hiss. But there was no end to the '*Evavas*,' 'Ahs,' and general applause; and it ended in their giving her the most gorgeous bouquet I ever saw. It measured two yards in circumference, with the initials 'C. A. B' on it, and each of these letters was six inches in length, formed of white pinks on a scarlet centre of the same flowers, surrounded with a border of Cape jessamines as large as our roses, and as strongly and as delicately perfumed as tube roses. The Italians speak of her affectionately as 'Il Americana Contralto.' Not many Boston musicians can say that they have sung in the presence of royalty, and have had a prince and his wife so perfectly delighted with one as they were with her(!) The Prince and Princess are going to call on her some day at two o'clock, which is looked upon as a great honor."

The Paris *American Register* says:

"Miss Minnie Hauck, the American artiste of whom we have already spoken in our columns, has been gaining repeated and brilliant success before critical and appreciative audiences in Vienna. She made her first appearance on the 6th of May, in the rôle of Marguerite in Gounod's 'Faust.' Her youth, her graceful acting, added to the extreme power and richness of her voice, at once enlisted the sympathies of the entire house and confirmed the opinion we had already formed, that her artistic career is certain to be a series of successes. The clearness of her low notes surprises and captivates the hearers. The German press was unanimous in predicting for our fair countrywoman as high, if not higher reputation than that obtained by Sontag. Miss Minnie Hauck's subsequent Zerline in the opera of 'Don Juan,' represented on the 20th of May, before an overflowing house, was most enthusiastically applauded. Rarely, if ever, were the musical lovers of Vienna favored with such a thorough artistic impersonation of Zerline. Miss Hauck's acting is free from all staginess. Her delineations show deep study; and yet, withal, she preserves intact that youthful freshness which appeals so strongly to the spectator. Her Marguerite had raised expectations that were fully, we may indeed say, more than realized, by the immense powers that she puts forth in Zerline. As an operatic vocalist, Miss Minnie Hauck is evidently called on to fill a high position; and we are but too happy to be afforded an opportunity of congratulating her on her recent success in Vienna, thus according our meed of praise to American talent, as so well represented by this lady."

Madame Cora de Wilhorst (Miss Withers that was, of New York) has been singing with moderate success in Paris; and has now been engaged for the Italian Opera at Homburg, to sing, with Patti, such parts as *Margaret of Valois*, in "The Huguenots," and *Donna Elvira* in "Don Giovanni."

Mlle. Nilsson and the Approaching Musical Season.

The coming of Mlle. Nilsson, now so near at hand, is looked forward to with all the more interest from the fact that it is so long since we have been visited by a really great prima donna. Those we have had have become almost traditions. Grisi and Sontag were of the number, but both of these illustrious singers were past their prime when they arrived in this country. Grisi helped out her failing powers as a vocalist by her noble presence and fine acting, but at times it was the reverse of pleasant to listen to her endeavors to repeat her former triumphs in some great aria that had already passed beyond her reach. Bosio and Patti were young when they went from here, and it was reserved to Europe to mature their powers and hear them at their best. Steffanone was great but unreliable. La Grange stayed long enough to let us all witness the decay of her fine powers. Miss Kellogg, charming singer that she is, has never been able to cope successfully with the great tragic parts, and has given us satisfactorily only the comedy side of the lyric stage. Parepa was accepted as a prima donna on account of her great ability as a vocalist, but it was always somewhat under protest and with much shutting of the eyes to the many obvious incongruities and shortcomings.

But Nilsson comes without any drawbacks. She is in the prime of her youth and beauty, in the meridian of her powers as a singer, at the full tide of her triumphs upon the European stage. She comes of a people who have already given to us certainly one of the greatest singers that ever lived, being born of humble parents in the south of Sweden. She is the eighth child of the family.

As has been almost without exception the case with all truly musical natures, hers was one of inheritance, and, as has always happened, the musical instinct manifested itself at a very early age. Her father was an ardent lover of the art, and had charge of the music at the church in the little village of Husaby. He was but a peasant, but his life was refined by this beautiful art. He taught his son Carl the violin, and Christine, the little sister, would get the boy's fiddle, and pick out for herself on it the tunes she had heard him play. Her proficiency soon became so great that the neighboring people came to listen and admire, and finally Carl took her with him to the country fairs at the market towns, and there she attracted great attention. Happily, she attracted that of the good Thornerhjelm, a magistrate of Ljunby, who offered to provide for her musical education. The offer was accepted, and Mlle. Valerius, afterward Baroness of Lenhusen, became her earliest instructor. The little peasant was soon put to school, and afterward sent to Stockholm and placed under the care of a composer and teacher of talent, Mr. Franz Berwald. From Stockholm she went to Paris, and there studied carefully for three years before she went upon the stage. Her debut was made in 1864, in Verdi's "Traviata," a character not specially to her taste, and in which she failed then to make a great success. Mozart's music suited her better, and in the "Magic Flute" she gained her earliest triumph. From that time to the present her career has been one of uninterrupted success. *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust," *Alice* in "Robert le Diable," *Cherubino* in the "Marriage of Figaro," *Lucia* in Donizetti's opera, and *Ophelia* in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" have been among her important roles. Of late she has been singing at Drury Lane, in opposition to Patti at Covent Garden, and has, so far as popular enthusiasm goes, certainly borne away the palm. The marvellous purity of her voice, her great beauty, the excellence and loveliness of her private character, the charm of her acting which gains constantly in fervor, seem to be the principal elements of her success.

That she will be fully appreciated in this country there can scarcely be a doubt. Her renown as an oratorio singer is in no way inferior to that she possesses as a prima donna. At the Handel Festival in 1868 at the London Crystal Palace, and at the Birmingham festival of the previous year, she took the same position that Mme. Parepa holds with us. It is sincerely to be hoped that the company that supports her will be a good one, and that the whole success of the enterprise may not be made to depend upon her single talent. If she is really well supported we may look for a more brilliant season of opera than we have had since the days of the Havana Italian company.—*Sun.*

Auber.—The *Figaro*, of London, indulges in this style of gossip about one of the most distinguished of living composers; "M. Auber, now in his eighty-ninth year, thinks it time to retire from the direction of the Conservatoire Imperial de Musique, Paris. The illustrious composer is at length beginning to pay the penalty of great longevity. Somnolence has laid hold of M. Auber, as loss of memory, or dotage, lays hold of persons of his age. He passes his days, both in public and private, fast asleep. M. Auber nodded through a session of a Fine Art Committee, appointed by M. Maurice Richard, to inquire into the state of the drama and the lyrical stage in France. He nods over his plate when he dines at the Tuileries, and may be seen any day, between two and five, fast asleep in an open carriage in the Bois de Boulogne. "*Ce diable de sommeil*," as he calls it, interferes with an opera M. Auber is composing. M. Auber is liveliest at breakfast, when his muse is most propitious in inspiring him with fresh melodies for his forthcoming score. As he has not voice enough to hum them to his musical secretary, he calls to the servant to bring him without delay writing materials. But the pen is scarcely put in his hand when he falls fast asleep over his task. M. Auber was all his life a great sleeper. His most graceful compositions, he himself admits, were torn from him between sleeping and waking.

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Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 766 BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1870. Vol. XXX. No. 11.

Further Specimens of Wagner on Conducting.

Translations, for this Journal, from "Ueber das Dirigiren," by Richard Wagner

III.

Having shown that the right *tempo* must be sought for in a thorough understanding of a composition and of the whole way of rendering it, Wagner proceeds:

The old musicians, such as Haydn and Mozart, had so true a feeling in this matter, that they used for the most part very general indications of the tempo; "Andante" between "Allegro" and "Adagio," the simplest possible gradation, nearly exhausted all that they deemed necessary. And with Sebastian Bach we find the time actually not marked at all, which in the genuine musical sense is the most correct way. In fact he said to himself something like this: "If one does not understand my theme, my figuration, does not feel for himself its character and its expression, what can such an Italian time mark tell him?"—To speak from my own individual experience, I may mention that I furnished my earlier operas, which were given on the stage, with verbal indications of the tempi, and still further fixed them unmistakably enough (as I supposed) by means of the metronome. The consequence was that, whenever I heard a stupid tempo in a performance, say of my "Tannhäuser," the conductor always defended himself against my recriminations by declaring that he had followed my metronome marks most conscientiously. From this I saw what an uncertain guide the Mathematics are in music, and from that time I not only dropped the metronome, but contented myself with general indications of the principal time measure, bestowing my sole care upon the *modifications* of that measure, since of these our directors know as good as nothing. But latterly, I find, these general indications have confused and vexed the conductors again, the more so that they are expressed in German, and the gentlemen, accustomed to the old Italian patterns, are puzzled about what I mean, for example, by "moderate" (*mässig*). I had an annoyance of this sort lately on the part of a Kapellmeister, thanks to whom the music of my "Rheingold," which in the rehearsals, under a conductor guided by myself, lasted two hours and a half, stretched itself out in the performance, according to the report in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, to three hours. In like manner I was once informed, by way of characterizing a performance of my "Tannhäuser," that the Overture, which, as I conducted it in Dresden, occupied twelve minutes, here took twenty. These remarks apply of course to the regular bunglers, who show an uncommon awe in the presence of the *Alla Breve* time, steadily adhering to four correct normal quarter beats per measure, in order to keep alive within themselves the consciousness that they are really conducting and are there for something. How these four-footed creatures have crept out of the village church into our opera theatres, God only knows.

But "dragging," on the other hand, is not the peculiarity of the elegant conductors of these later times; on the contrary they have a fatal fondness for hurrying and dashing through a thing. * * *

Robert Schuman once complained to me in Dresden, that in the Leipzig concerts Mendelssohn had spoiled all his enjoyment of the Ninth Symphony by a too rapid tempo, especially in the first movement. I myself have only once heard Mendelssohn conduct a Beethoven Symphony, at a rehearsal in Berlin. It was the eighth Symphony (F major). I observed that he singled out a detail here and there—almost at random—and labored with a certain obstinacy upon the clear delivery of that, succeeding so admirably with that one detail, that I was only puzzled to comprehend why he did not bestow the same attention also upon other *numbers*. On the whole this incomparably cheerful Symphony glided away smoothly and entertainingly to an extraordinary degree. Personally to me several times he expressed himself to the effect that a too slow tempo does the most harm, and that he always recommended, rather than that, to take a piece too fast; that a really good rendering was at all times something rare; but one could deceive an audience about it, by simply not allowing much of it to be remarked, and this was best done by not dwelling long at any point, but hurrying swiftly over it. Mendelssohn's own pupils must have heard more, and with more precision, from the master on this subject; for it cannot have been a chance suggestion merely expressed to me, since I had afterwards occasion to learn the consequences, and finally the reasons of that maxim.

Of the first I had a live experience in the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society in London. Mendelssohn had conducted this for a long time, and here they had expressly held fast to the tradition of the Mendelssohnian way of rendering, which on the other hand was so well adapted to the habits and peculiarities of the concerts of this Society, that the suspicion must seem unavoidable that the Mendelssohnian rendering was given to the master by this orchestra. As an uncommon quantity of instrumental music is used in these concerts, but with only one rehearsal for each concert, I was myself obliged often to let the orchestra just follow the tradition, and thereby I learned to know a manner of delivery which most vividly reminded me of Mendelssohn's remarks to me. The music flowed like water from a town pump; any holding in was not to be thought of, and every Allegro ended as an undeniable Presto. It was painful enough to try to make any headway against this; for with a correct and well modified tempo, for the first time, other faults of rendering, hidden beneath the general water flow, revealed themselves. The orchestra in fact played never otherwise than *mezzo forte*: it never reached a real *forte*, nor a real *piano*. So far as possible in the important case, I made it a point at last to insist upon what seemed to me the proper rendering as well as the corresponding tempo. The sound musicians had nothing to say against it, and rejoiced sincerely in it; it evidently seemed to suit the public too; only the critics were enraged about it, and these so frightened the Directors of the Society, that on one occasion I was actually begged by them to let the second movement of the E-flat Symphony of Mozart be played through again with the same reckless speed that they had been accustomed to, and as Mendelssohn himself allowed it.

But finally the fatal maxim took a precise verbal form in the request made to me by a very genial elderly contrapuntist, Mr. Cipriani Potter (if I mistake not), whose Symphony I had to bring out, and who earnestly besought me to be sure and take the Andante quite fast, since he had great fear lest it might prove wearisome. I assured him that his Andante, however short its length, must certainly in any case be tedious, played in a tame and unexpressive manner; whereas it might enchain the audience, if the very pretty naive theme were rendered by the orchestra somewhat as I hummed it over to him, first at any rate he had intended it. Mr. Potter was much moved, admitted that I was right, and excused himself only by remarking that he was no longer in the habit of taking that sort of orchestral rendering into the account. In the evening, just after that Andante, he pressed my hand most joyfully.

I have been really astonished to find how little of this true sense of tempo and right rendering our modern musicians show: and this experience I have got, alas! among the very chiefs and Coryphaei of our musical life of to-day. Thus I found it impossible to make Mendelssohn understand my feeling of the perverse way in which they generally spoil the tempo of the third movement of the F-major Symphony (No. 8) of Beethoven. This is one example out of many, that ought to open our eyes to a terribly questionable side of our musical art sense.

We know how Haydn, using the form of the Minuet for a refreshing transition from the Adagio to the final Allegro of his Symphonies,—particularly in his last masterworks in that kind,—went so far as to quicken its tempo quite decidedly, and contrary to the peculiar character of the *Minuet*. Clearly he adopted into this movement, especially for the Trio, even the "Ländler" of his day, so that the designation "Menuetto," as regards the time at least, was no longer appropriate, and the title was preserved merely for tradition's sake. In spite of this I believe, that already Haydn's Minuet is commonly taken too fast; it is certainly so with that in Mozart's Symphonies, as one must very clearly feel, if he should hear, for example, the Minuet of his G-minor Symphony, or, still more, that of the one in C, played in a more moderate tempo; in which case the latter, commonly dashed through at *Presto*

speed, receives a wholly different expression, at once graceful, vigorous and festive,—whereas otherwise the Trio, with the thoughtfully held

becomes a mere unmeaning rush of sound.

Now Beethoven, for his 8th Symphony, as well as in some other works, had in mind a real genuine Minuet; this he places, by way of complement and contrast to a preceding *Allegretto Scherzando*, between two large principal Allegro movements; and, that there may be no doubt about his purpose in regard to the tempo, he marks it, not *Menuetto*, but *Tempo di Menuetto*. Now this new and unusual characteristic of the two middle movements of a Symphony has come to be entirely overlooked: the *Allegretto Scherzando*, it was supposed, must represent the customary Andante, and the *Tempo di Menuetto* the customary "Scherzo;" and, since this conception would not work with either of them, the result was that the whole wonderful Symphony, whose middle movements yielded none of the usual effects, came to to be looked upon by our musicians as a sort of incidental side work of the Beethoven muse, who after the severe exertion of the A-major Symphony thought she would do something light for once. Accordingly they always drag the *Allegretto Scherzando*, and then with unwavering resolution treat the *Tempo di Menuetto* as an enlivening *Ländler*, and you never know what you have heard when it is done. But commonly one is glad when the torture of the Trio is over. This most charming of all idyls, with the usual swift tempo, and with its triplet passages for the violoncello, becomes a veritable monstrosity: this accompaniment is accounted one of the most difficult of all for violoncellists, who work away up along and down along with its hurried *staccato*, without producing at the best anything more than an extremely painful scratching. But even this difficulty solves itself naturally and of itself, just so soon as the right tempo, corresponding to the tender song of the horns and clarinets, is taken; while those instruments, on their part, surmount all the difficulties to which the clarinet, particularly, is so painfully exposed, that even its best artist must be constantly in dread of a so-called "squawk" (*Kicks*). I remember how all the musicians seemed to breathe again when I made them play this piece in the right moderate time, by which means also the humoristic *sforzando* of the Basses and Bassoons

immediately made its intelligible effect, the short *crescendi* became clear, the soft *pianissimo* of the closing bars became effective, and indeed the main part of the movement acquired its right expression of an easy, comfortable gravity.

Now once I was present with Mendelssohn at a performance of this Symphony under the conductorship of the late Kapellmeister Reissiger in Dresden, and we conversed together about the dilemma I have just described; I told him I believed that I had come to an understanding with my colleague there beforehand, as to its right solution, for he had promised me to take the tempo slower than usual. Mendelssohn admitted that I was perfectly right. We listened. The third movement began, and to my dismay I had to hear the same old *Ländler* tempo; but before I could express my indignation, Mendelssohn smiled to me, rocking his head in a contented way, and exclaimed: "Yes, 'tis good so! Bravo!" So from dismay I fell into astonishment. Whether Reissiger was open to severe blame or not—I could readily see that he might have relapsed into the old tempo from reasons which would lead me into farther explanations—Mendelssohn's indifference to this strange artistic proceeding naturally awoke in me the doubt, whether anything distinguishable presented itself here to him at all. I seemed to look into a very abyss of superficiality, into an utter void.

Honor to Beethoven.

[From the London Orchestra, July 15].

The centennary festival is the declaration, by general consent, of what a man is and what he is not. The Art world resigns the gratification of carping and despising, for the luxury of praising and patronizing. Individual reprobation passes into collective admiration. The innate power of genius has reconciled its enemies, time has leavened the lump, the right decision has been communicated to all, and the poor, misunderstood, degraded, crack-brained artist—crack-brained, because he could and did see inconceivably above every one around him in his day and generation—is at last admitted into the goodly company of apostles and prophets as one who has portrayed passions that all can feel, and manifested truths which all willingly and gladly recognize. No doubt there is somewhat of pretension and affectation in these high solemnizations in honor of the individual artist; but the ceremony is commonly founded upon justifiable pride and honest science, and accompanied with much self devotion and very general affectation.

A hundred years ago—a week before the Christmas next coming—there came into this world of ours the Beethoven, who in his lifetime was received only by the few, but whose popularity now is as deserved as it is universal. He appeared in the musical world at an epoch when the colossal giants—having discovered that music meant infinitely more than mere art in sounds, and was one of the highest means of giving outward expression to the soul of man—had resigned the practice of simply obeying directions and working in ordinary forms, and taken to the higher effort of illustrating emotion, describing passion, and grasping the gamut of sounds as the medium of illustrating their analysis of the entire range of the human heart. Handel had turned the accustomed current of harmonical combination into a way of his own, chiefly distinguished for its marvellous unalterability. He knew much and felt much; had settled within himself what would assuredly move, and what was simply necessary to carry on. Whatever his state of mind, he was ever ready to cover so much paper in his own grand and steadfast manner; accurate, reflective, and when necessary discharging the suppressed electric light of his well balanced and thoroughly-held-in-hand imagination. The passion never disturbed him, it only forced out the corresponding expression. He saw all that was necessary, and declined to see more than was necessary. Every great composer in writing draws upon a certain amount of stock kept at command for ready and instant use. Is he gay or melancholy, passionate or enthusiastic? He has the illustrations lying in his brain and memory for each of these feelings; he may do something that he did not do before, but he is not taken off his balance, and is prepared to do all that is required of him. This was essentially the case with Handel, and his accurate perception always led him to a right use of the enormous stock he had treasured up in his youth. Bach had never the means, nor indeed the opportunity of accumulating the funds in reserve like Handel. He had never been to Italy, petted by Cardinals, adored by the bright stars of vocalization, worshipped by instrumentalists of world-wide renown, and pondered over and marvelled at by all contemporary composers. Bach was a dweller in small towns, occasionally a visitor at miniature courts, a player on rough and roaring organs, a teacher of inaccurate and occasionally impracticable amateurs, an inhabitant of small cottages, a husband of a wife who brought him children enough for five wives, and thus his opportunities for self-reflection were not apparently very great, and his means of knowledge resulting from observation and compassion were exceedingly limited. These things he found to be right and lovely, and amid much of trial, much of delight, he set to work to do that which lay before him to do. Here he had the advantage over Handel—the calls of the Christian year—real, good, bettering work, work that must be done, and by the best part of his being. As an amateur, he tried the science of music in his own way, beginning with the possible—almost the childish. But work for his choir, food for his congregation, the motet for the day's festival, was his business, the occupation of his life. Not for him was the occasional anthem for a royal wedding, or the burial of a royal consort, or the crowning of the new monarch; his grand Bishop was the humble pastor of his well known parishioners; his audience—tradesmen and the poor; his choir and band—the children from his own school; and the only romance, the only enthusiasm he could get was from the calls for the next Sunday, or the nearest forthcoming feast-day. He needed no more, for they drew from him all that prejudice and foresight, all that learning and judgment, all that heart and imagination could supply. His business was work for the sanctuary—not one of rare doings, high celebrations, gorgeous dressings, and scenic bowings and genuflections—but the sober, decorous, and unpretentious formalism of the Lutheran. He attempted to do well—to do his best, kept on, and ultimately determined the problem—that the legitimate employ of imitative counterpoint was a progressive thing and illimitable—end or perfection, impossible. He had large means as to performance, and there was no necessity to be economical as to time. He started determined to be true to himself and his mission, and was enabled to fulfil it. No living man could take up his mantle. With him died a power that no self-taught man has ever before or since accumulated in one person. The all of difficulty and excellence in the massing of sounds together had been drawn out of him. He obeyed the laws lying in nature for the combination of sounds, and used them with purity and just judgment for the exhibition of thoughts which it has taken a century and a half to understand and appreciate. As the high prophet in music of the Christian life he well painted the best and holiest feelings of our nature. Of the quick dash of Handel in fixing in sounds the lower feelings—the more mundane states—he knew nothing. It was not required of him; but he put into musical forms of love and devotion, of faith and hope, of joy and grief, more than the world had before ever dreamt of. He proved that there was a true life in sounds, and that there was another language besides words for the development of all the best portion of the human heart. Of Bach's children—and he had over a score—none could follow him, and his best taught son, Emmanuel, turned court devotee and walked not after the footsteps of his father. Emmanuel eliminated a courtly system of forms and fashions out of the manuscripts of the old Lutheran Cantor, and opened models for Haydn. The old world spirit and the Christian devotion were lost. Mozart discovered it in his last career, and did just enough to direct the spirit of Beethoven.

But Beethoven in his manhood was not concerned in the music of the sanctuary. He pleaded and worked for truth and heart in musical art, but whether sad or smiling, anxious or weeping, he was outside the work—the true work, doubting and defying, if not absolutely scoffing. And the rancour of the hatred was at times the more intense and fearful from his own knowledge that his real place, his proper duty was only to be found in the sanctuary. His songs, quartets, operas, cantatas, overtures, and symphonies are only so many *avant coariers* of his grand illustration of the Eucharistical service—the climax of all his work—and only marred by his too great desire to teach its poetry and its faith. To the unbeliever it is merely so much dust and ashes—the confusions of a thoughtful but ill regulated and unbalanced intellect; to the pious in church harmony it is rank heresy; to the conventional artist it is morbid thinking and miserable working. It has no padding, no straw stuffing—there is no dishonor of this sort. But it is Beethoven as Beethoven always was.

If writing the Pastoral Symphony, he made a church of his garden, or of the forest, and was worshipping in his own strange way, for his heart was one reservoir of reverence. By the closing of his outward ears he was shut out of the world, feeding upon his own full feelings with all the simplicity of a child. He more often wrote in a passion, in an agony than aught otherwise, with a vague notion that man was his brother and God his Creator, and it was his duty to instruct the one and honor the other; and his temper was not a little embittered by the perception that his thoughts were mistaken and his purposes rendered of no avail. He held in hatred all hollow and untrue composition, and in some sense with him all music should or ought to be holy music.

His characters in the opera of the "*Fidelio*" are all decided and real, but they are more like beings of a

superior world, and have the true Shakespearean impress. They discuss, open prison doors, dig graves, attempt murders, sing joyful pæans, as if the inmates of some monastery in the wilderness standing out in all its silent serenity, and knowing nothing but its own recluse world within. Beethoven, like Bach, has left no Elisha; we are in the dark ages—the times of brown—for the tinsel is too transparent to produce any other feeling than the most intense melancholy. There will be no progress without more of the Beethoven faith and the Bach mode of work.

Liszt's "St. Elizabeth."

A writer in the *Globe* (London) makes the following remarks upon the cantata of the Abbé Liszt, which has recently been performed at the New Philharmonic Concerts:

The story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whether viewed from the ultra-Catholic side of the Count de Montalembert, or from the ultra-Protestant side of Canon Kingsley, is an interesting and beautiful story—one whose principal incidents are eminently fitted for artistic treatment. As subjects for the pencil, they have been treated again and again; but the idea of working them into a dramatic poem fitted for musical illustration has seemingly first occurred to, certainly been first carried into effect by, Herr Otto Roquette and the Abbé Liszt. Whether their combined achievment is to be regarded as a final one, admits of a good deal of doubt—doubt only to be satisfactorily resolved in the "future," when almost everything which musicians have hitherto called music has ceased to give pleasure, and not till then. Meanwhile, an opportunity of making acquaintance with the kind of art which is to take the place of the art of Haydn and Mozart has been afforded to those who have not done so already in a performance, under the direction of Dr. Wylde, of the work to which we have referred, "The Legend of St. Elizabeth," tastefully advertised as "the most sensational musical work of modern times"—a title likely, it might have been thought, to be disputed for some of the musical works performed by certain "colored" vocalists who occupy the lower room in St. James's Hall. We go to the hearing of a new musical work, if not always with the hope, certainly with the desire of being pleased with it; and the task of recording and justifying disappointment is as little agreeable to us as disappointment itself. To say that the Abbé Liszt's share in "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" is altogether devoid of beauty or freshness, that there is nothing in it which we recall with pleasure, and over which we would willingly linger in a future inspection of the score, would be to say a great deal too much. The introduction, for example, though unduly protracted, is elegant and agreeably instrumented. A chorus of children in the first scene is fresh and characteristic, and, taken at a somewhat slower pace than it was taken by Dr. Wylde—"*con grazia*" as it is marked by the composer—would make a good effect. The treatment, also, of the principal *motivo*, towards the end of the same scene, is graceful and ingenious. But what are a few oases in a desert such as that over which we travelled on Wednesday night, mocked too, as we were so often, till bitter experience taught us better, by so many mirages? Regarded as a whole, the music of "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" is deficient in form and coherence, and disfigured by a greater number of hideous effects than have, it is to be hoped, ever before been included in the same limits of time or space. Choruses, every few bars of which are in some different key or time, are connected together by passages seemingly interminable of *aria parlante*—suggestive of nothing but astonishment that any singers should ever have been able to execute them with approximate correctness. How far use might reconcile us to some of the combinations which the Abbé Liszt has essayed, we are not in a condition to say. Use will reconcile men, as it is said to reconcile a certain class of *anguillidæ*, to a good deal which, without it, is assuredly very hardly borne. But even the worm—not "used" to torment—will turn on its tormentor; and the audience of Wednesday, *patiens injuriæ* as they had so far proved, rose against a certain Crusaders' March at the end of the performance, a certain double pedal in which irritated them after a while past endurance. It is needless to say that "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" does not contain anything that could by any figure of speech be called an *aria*. The rigid exclusion of all such concessions to human weakness is an essential part of the system on which the composer has worked. "When a man talks to me of his system," said Lord Byron, "I give him up." We do not give up the Abbé Liszt, for we are not without hope of hearing him once again on the piano forte—not, however, in his own music.

Music in Race.

Mr. Henry F. Chorley read a paper some time since, with this quaint title, before the Anthropological Society of London. We are indebted to the *Choir* for the subjoined report:

He began his remarks by apologizing for having made the attempt to deal with so vast a subject as national music in the limits of a single paper. In a course of lectures at the Royal Institution he had some years ago dealt with the subject at greater length. These lectures he had prepared for publication, but had purposely held them back because of the unsettled condition of some parts of the subject. All he could offer at the present time would be fragments, not completed work. The difficulty of knowing how much of national music so called is genuine, was great. His experience convinced him that genuine national music exists in smaller quantities than has been believed. Then how often were airs incorrectly written. Notation, it must be remembered, was a modern art, and could not be accepted without caution. If poets commit errors in writing the ordinary words of their poems, how much more common are mistakes in the multiplicity of signs in musical notation. Of the travellers to whom we are often indebted for the notation of national airs, nearly all are amateurs, and many are ladies. Then as to the ancient pictures of musical instruments, it was a mistake to accept them as correct. Literal truth in art was a thing only recently gained, and this had no doubt been obtained at the expense of imagination. He would not therefore of necessity believe in the pictures of preposterous harps, played by preposterous men, on the walls of Egyptian palaces. While speaking with gratitude to all those who had investigated this subject of national music, he would say that he thought the instruments of the ancients had been too much overlooked. The modification which accent and rate of movement produce in music is very great. Who would suppose that the stirring "Scots wha hae" and the plaintive "Land of the Leal" were the same air? The pastoral air from "Messiah," "He shall feed his flock," was then played, and repeated in double quick time with the accent strongly marked, producing an excellent and pretty dance tune.

In the music of worship, said Mr. Chorley, we must distinguish between what is mystical and what is congregational, between what is witnessed and what is partaken of. For himself, he had never been moved so deeply by gorgeous ritual music such as he had heard at Cologne and Vienna, as he had been by the simple, unisonous singing of a vast congregation, which came upon the ear like the voice of many waters. Here he would notice that in German oratorios, whenever a psalm tune or chorale occurred in the music, it was the custom of the congregation to lift up their voices and swell the sound of choir and orchestra. But in England these oratorios were turned into mere concert music.

After a short reference to the music of the synagogue as the most ancient service music in existence, Mr. Chorley passed on to say that the social conditions and the varying character of different nations affected their music. For example, France and Italy have in their national music nothing to correspond with the German students' songs, while the madrigal comes from the south. He knew of no more vivid expression of nationality in music than was to be found in the German songs of the table. He had in his time done a good deal in adapting English words to German music, but the result has always been unsatisfactory. This could not be helped. To each, his own. The strong, stirring, muscular songs of the Germans have no equivalent. In the early history of nations, as must be evident to all, music did not keep pace with art and manufacture. Witness the curious productions of Eastern mosaic, when compared with the cacophony, the mere drum music, in which the people delighted. Some of the most beautiful national airs come from the north—from Russia, Denmark, Norway, etc. The airs of Servia were equally noted for beauty. The music of chimes and bells must by no means be overlooked in the study of national music. Their purpose was no doubt originally to warn, and to collect men in cases of danger. Here he could not but be reminded of Miss Ingelow's poem, "The High Tide in Lincolnshire," where the summons from the belfry tower was described with so much force and picturesqueness. The music of bells was so free and so changing that he believed it had suggested many effects in melody. A Norwegian air, evidently indebted in such a way, was put in as an example. In the Low Countries it was the custom of organists to play on the bells, and he had himself tried the art in Holland years ago, but found it to require much more physical strength than he possessed. He had said nothing of the music of our own islands. He was reminded of the old story of the man who wrote a book on Ireland, one chapter of which ran as follows: "Chap. VI. On Snakes in Ireland.—There are no snakes in Ireland." With British national music the predicament was of a precisely opposite kind. There was so much to be said that he could not now deal with it to any advantage. He might hope, however, at some future time to resume the subject on which he had so imperfectly spoken that night. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Chorley for his paper.

How to Form an Art Museum.

Here is the conclusion of Mr. Charles C. Perkins's very valuable article on Art Museums in the last number of the *North American Review*:

At the Archæological Congress held at Dresden in 1852, the Baron d'Aufsess exposed his long cherished scheme of establishing a collection of material relating to German history, literature and the fine arts, from the earliest times down to the middle of the seventeenth century, including an archæological and artistic library, and of rendering these treasures useful by publications, manuals and other means. He offered to loan his own vast collections to the museum for a period of ten years. This noble project was received with enthusiasm, and Nuremberg was selected as the city in which it should be carried out. The next year Bavaria approved the resolution, and the Diet at Frankfort decreed that the museum should be called "National." Four years after its foundation it had become so prosperous, through the liberal gifts of King Louis and the kings of Bavaria and Prussia, that its directors were enabled to purchase the noble old Carthusian convent, where its collections, including those purchased from Baron d'Aufsess in 1864, are now arranged. Here are pictures, engravings, tissues, *faïences*, goldsmiths' work, medals and seals, the most remarkable of which have been reproduced in a series of drawings, photographs and engravings, already 100,000 in number; 60,000 tracings and drawings illustrate secondary classes of art (as, for instance, all forms of the bed from Roman times to the present day), and the history of eminent persons is followed up through portraits, coats of arms, seals and medals. At present such laudable enterprises are subordinate to the purchase of the masterpieces of the past, which are becoming more and more rare. The directors wisely spend their available funds in this way, because they know, to borrow the words of M. Muntz, that *when America shall enter into the lists*, they will no longer have the opportunity.

This reflection is one which, as Hamlet says, "should give us pause," at least long enough to express the hope that America will not wait until Europe shall have gathered all the harvest of the past into her museums. It strikes us the more, because we have lately met with it elsewhere, even more forcibly expressed. As, for example, in the *Chronique des Arts*, which counsels France to secure all French masterpieces for her national and municipal museums before America, recognizing the necessity of forming museums, shall compete for them and increase their already enormous value. "The day cannot be far distant," says the writer, "when the United States will desire to form collections, for it is impossible to admit that so intelligent a people can long continue to ignore the fact that fine arts make men moral by raising them to a comprehension of the beautiful, and that they increase the wealth of nations by developing good taste in their artisans."

Accustomed to a central authority which has the power to lead, decree and foster such institutions, we cannot wonder that Europeans are unable to comprehend our backwardness in imitating their example. They forget that individual exertion must here take the place of government action; that the will of many must be first influenced instead of the will of one, and that when this is accomplished we have no palaces and castles to supply us with works of art. They do not recognize that we are called upon to solve a new problem, and to discover some way of overcoming the obstacles which are created by our position.

The history of many ancient and mediæval cities governed by democratic forms, and actively engaged in commercial pursuits, proves that these are compatible with the utmost splendor of art attainment. Athens, Argos and Sparta in antiquity, Florence, Venice and Genoa in the Middle Ages, were all commercial and all republican. They were led by men who gave the impulse to popular taste and fostered its growth; Pericles made Athens the artistic glory of Greece, and Cosmo de' Medici decked Florence with art's brightest jewels. Being themselves monarchs in disguise, they formed a radiating centre which illuminated the whole body politic in matters to which democracy and trade are necessarily indifferent. In avowed monarchies we find always the

same cause of artistic life or death; namely, the presence or absence of a central directing spirit, whether inspired by selfish motives, and patronizing art to enhance the splendor of a reign, or by noble motives; with these it is one of the most elevating and civilizing influences which can be brought to bear upon a people. In either case the leader must impose it upon his subjects until they have learned to love it, and can no longer exist without it. Munich would still be the insignificant and unattractive capital of a second-rate European kingdom, had not King Louis been filled with an enthusiastic love of art, and a consequent determination to make it one of the richest centres of art upon the continent. While still Crown Prince of Bavaria he employed agents to point out and obtain for him all available masterpieces, and thus the marbles from Ægina, the Barberini Faun, and many other treasures found their way to the Glyptothek instead of the British Museum. So also in England all the growth of industrial art may be traced back to the action of Prince Albert. So also the power vested in the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Bavaria, has been made use of by enlightened men in their dominions to create the new museums of which we have spoken in these pages.

But where are Americans to find a substitute for this apparently necessary centre of action? This is a question which we have not hitherto been called upon to answer, and which demands our gravest consideration. We cannot hope to find it at Washington, nor in our State governments (though these may eventually aid us by making the study of drawing obligatory in the public schools), nor can we look for it in unassisted individual action, which must be limited and comparatively feeble. Our only hope lies in the stronger action of universities and educational institutes. Harvard and Yale, by founding art professorships, and by aiding art projects to the extent of their ability may put into willing hands the lever with which to move the American world. We look to them for aid as we look to no other source, because we know that they can most reasonably be expected to understand the importance of the work which art museums and schools of design are capable of accomplishing. Our hope for the success of the proposed Museum of Art in Boston, for instance, is mainly grounded upon the consent of its educational institutions to take an active part in its government, and to loan it their art collections. If art is a unit, so is education; the cause of cultivation is one, and whether we labor for it through letters or through art, we are equally serving the same noble end.

If European speculators upon future art collections in America cannot fairly estimate how the absence of a central authority is felt when the attempt is made to found them, neither can they sufficiently enter into our national character to know our dislike of taking such slow, well calculated steps as are necessary to insure their success. The course taken at Kensington and at Vienna, of planting an acorn with hope that it may grow into an oak, does not tally with our impatient desire to *realize* our ideas at once in full splendor. We need art in America, and some one immediately proposes to purchase the Villa Albini, transport its matchless bas-reliefs from the spot where Winckelman's fostering care united them, and turn the Casino into an American Academy, which shall at once stand on a par with the French Academy at the Villa Medici. We want museums, and our tendency is to spend all our money in erecting a huge building whose empty halls will do but little to help us toward the end we have in view. What we shall do if we are wise is to begin by building only for the purpose of placing collections already bought or given; or better yet, by hiring for this purpose some vacant rooms, where they can be kept until we have matured our plans and found out exactly what we want. The Kensington Museum began in "the Brompton Boilers," and iron sheds were added to cover new acquisitions; so also the collections at Vienna have been for years kept in the rooms of the Imperial "Ball Haus" awaiting the completion of a building fitting their present importance. So again the collections of the Nuremberg Museum were temporarily placed for eleven years before its directors purchased the Carthusian convent to receive them.

All these examples teach us that our motto should be, "Festina lente." Given that we start with a few rooms full of really good objects,—a collection of Chinese or Japanese lacs and enamels, for instance, which it would always be easy to form in this country,—and with works of art loaned for a time by public institutions or private persons, supplemented with as many originals and reproductions as our funds will allow us to purchase, we cannot fail, if we open our doors freely by day and in the evening to the public, to excite an ever increasing interest which will lead to gifts of money and works of art, and eventually to the erection of such a building as will be an honor and an embellishment to any city.

No man ever regretted the time spent upon a work which when finished was pronounced perfect, and no one ever gauged a result, whether bad or good, by the hours or years spent over it. The only important thing is that when done there should be no cause for regret. Better never have museum buildings than have bad ones, for if they are so they will give the lie to that clause of our programme which professes to serve the cause of art through architecture, the oldest and one of the noblest of arts.

A Mass in the (French) Country.

The *Saturday Evening Gazette* translates the following, which shows what church music comes to sometimes in old Catholic countries.

If the *Fête Dieu* lasts fifteen days in the Paris suburbs, the Military Mass lasts all the year round at Bourges, says a writer in a late number of *L'Opinion Nationale*. Imagine the imposing effect produced in the immense Gothic cathedral by a detachment of twenty-two soldiers escorting the regimental band. The little altar bell tinkles freely. *Por-r r tez armes!* cries the officer, and at once there begins a "religious" fantasia on themes from Gounod's *Faust* with solos for the cornet; the music echoes under the sacred arches, and accompanies, without intermission, the morning service. One can hear but little of a *Faust* fantasia, without murmuring the words of the song, without recalling Goethe's poetic phantoms, without looking round as if for the lost friends whose voices are heard afar off. "Pleasures for me, *les folles maîtresses*"—sing three trombones in unison, while the priest intones the *Kyrie Eleison*. *R'ppsez v's armes!* shouts the captain, to give a little unity of effect. The priest has hardly finished before the flageolet sighs: "Allow me to offer my arm, my beautiful girl," etc. You cast your glances round to see to which Marguerite Faust may be speaking, but you only detect a sapper slyly holding out a snuff-box to a comrade who can hardly reach for a pinch with his gloved fingers, and he swears perceptibly in his beard. The priest has meanwhile been reading some terrible lesson on eternal punishment, and the captain, knowing the absolute need of keeping up a unity of impression, cries in a terrible voice: *Por-r r r tez armes!*

A ray of sunlight comes through the windows of the choir, and you see illuminated a crowded world of the old saints: Saint Cecilia, leaning on her dumb harp, "the musician of silence," as a contemporary poet has called her; Saint Mark, reclining on a lion; Saint John, with the eagle bearing his pen; Saint Stephen, stoned to death; all of the heroic legends of the primitive church—the period of the martyrs before that of the executioners. The paintings in the windows were spread extensively over the pavements by the light which passed through them, and all the painted figures seemed to breathe. "Let me look at thy face," sings the cornet, and the vision is gone. Faust and Marguerite again pass before you. "Let me look at thy face," insists the cornet, just at the moment when the chorister raises the chasuble of the priest. "To your knees!" says the captain. They beat a salute. "*Vive l' Emp*—" begins a heedless soldier, who is immediately hushed up. The little bell sounds oftener, but not less feebly. The Faust fantasia is stopped just at the point where a religious sentiment enters into Gounod's work, and the mass is over. The twenty-two soldiers put their twenty-two guns on their left shoulders, and the crowd slowly melts away before them.

A Sketch of the Troubadours, Trouveres, and Minstrels.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

[From an interesting Series of Articles in the "New York Weekly Review."]

In Provence, on the flowery shores of the Durance, in the land where Grecian culture, tended by the Romans, had never wholly been destroyed, where the arts of peace had long flourished, and yet more richly after the migrations of the nations, and in emulation of the Spanish Arabs; under the brilliant heaven of Southern France, where nature, womanly beauty, manly courage, and courtly manners lent their highest charms to life, the luxuriant flower of lyric song first sprang forth among the troubadours. It is true that the music and poetry of the troubadours was a natural outgrowth of that epoch of stirring life, of love, longing, hatred, joy and melancholy; but every mental growth demands its appropriate soil. And only in the highest circles could an appropriate field for lyric song then exist among men set apart from, and above the merchant and laboring classes, subject to King and Church, yet devoid of asceticism and inspired with a love of freedom and order; accustomed to splendor, beauty, and ceremony from childhood, and yet regarding the culture of letters as an occupation of equal honor with that of the profession of arms. Though the profession of singer had been regarded as an honorable one since the time of the Gallic bards, and though the jongleurs, musical and poetic conjurors who travelled from castle to castle for the entertainment of barbarous chieftains, had preceded the troubadours, it was only towards the end of the eleventh century that it came to be considered as a matter of perhaps even more consequence that a youthful knight should know how to compose, sing, and play, than that he should invent verses, and read and write correctly. The Romance tongue or Provençal language, afterwards called the *Langue d'oc*, in which the troubadour songs were written, was already formed, and accepted as the language of the people, in the beginning of the twelfth century. It had been spoken, though in an unformed state, as early as the ninth century, by Charlemagne and his successors. The art of the troubadour was entitled the *gai saber (or gaie science)*, and to the idea of gaiety a noble meaning was attached. The true chevalier, it was said, should never lose his normal feeling of enthusiasm and joy; like an interior sun, the joy of love should illuminate his life, and continually excite him to lofty actions and fortitude in trial, purifying his soul from envious, sombre sadness, from avarice, torpidity, and hardness of mind. Melancholy was regarded as a morbid feeling born of scepticism and degeneracy, a want of power to accomplish great deeds or duties. Gaiety or joy was a state of mind regarded by the troubadours as corresponding with that of religious grace. The end of their profession was the service of religion, honour, and woman, in deed and in song; one of their mottoes was "Love and religion protect all the virtues;" another ran, "My soul to God, my life for the king, my heart for my lady, my honour for myself." Now, as once before, in apostolic times, Christianity displayed its creative power, and in a territory apparently opposed to its own aims and the ascetic tendency of the church—the domain of profane honour and love—the life of which was expressed in songs whose freedom was antagonistic, as their mysticism was related, to the spirit of early Christianity; songs so exalted in character, so devoid of vulgar licentious feeling, that they seem to float like forms of light above the troubled waters of those troublous times.

Although the aristocratic element certainly preponderated among the troubadours, they often allowed poetic genius to atone for lowness of birth, bestowing the order of Knighthood, and admitting to their ranks men who did not possess the distinction of nobility. North of the Loire, the citizens and the nobility were considered as orders far removed, consequently we find only a few of what we should term professional men, and still fewer citizens, among the ranks of the trouveres of the North (the successors of the troubadours, who wrote in the langue d'oil or langue Française).

The troubadour most esteemed was he who could invent, compose, sing, and accompany his own songs; but those who were unable to play the instruments of the period—the harp, lute, viola, or citara (the ancient Irish rota or crowth)—were accompanied by a salaried minstrel, who perhaps also arranged the accompaniment which he played; in the South, the minstrels were termed jongleurs, or violars. If a troubadour was not gifted with a fine voice, he employed a singer (cantadour or musar) to perform the songs which he could create, but not sing. Many among the troubadours and their successors, the trouvères of the North, were so gifted as satirists, that their satirical songs (sirventes) were dreaded in the highest quarters, and became social and political weapons, not unlike, in their influence, the leading articles of our principal journals to-day. They also mingled, with the recital of recent actions, that of the great deeds of Charlemagne, Charles Martel, and other renowned soldiers; though they sometimes ridiculed even these, and made them serve as mere foils to the virtues of a conventional and imaginary hero. With these exceptions, the same general mood is to be found in the songs of the troubadours, which seem to have been written from the same point of view, and only differ in form, where they display very great variety. The songs of the trouvères, modelled on those of the troubadours, in spite of being written in a different idiom, the *langue d'oil*, cannot be said to have originated another school, but followed the type which the *langue d'oc* so finely coloured; they all treat of a mistress, insensible to the cruel, yet pleasing torments which her charms have inspired, and to her lover's misery in absence; or they contain praises of the pleasure felt in supporting the pain and sacrifices imposed on the lover by the honored lady. We find metaphysical and abstract obscurity enough, in some of the later specimens of those poems, written after the use of allegory became com-

mon; but nearly all of the earlier ones betray the fire of veritable passion and inspiration. The palm of purely lyric, musical song properly belongs to the Southern troubadours, however; the trouvères, who drew greatly on the primitive Saxon and Celtic traditions, excelled in longer romances, such as the Roman du Rou, the Perceval, and many others, which were afterwards imitated by the German Minnesänger.

The merit of the troubadours and trouvères in furthering the progress of music as an art, was, that they liberated melody from the fetters of calculation, gave it the stamp of individuality, and bore it, on the wings of fancy, into the domain of sentiment. They had the further merit of introducing new and peculiar rhythmic changes of time, which, apparently irregular, were really forcible, symmetrical, and original. It is also more than probable, as I have already remarked, that the troubadours received new ideas in regard to melody, from the East, as they found among the Arabs not only a different system of tones, but many fanciful vocal ornaments, then unknown in Europe, and which they introduced in their own songs, on their return from the crusades. But as harmony was in that day yet undeveloped, the flowing vine of melody received little support from it, and therefore often appears weak. The rules of composition were then highly complicated and ill classified, yet they were well understood by the best educated troubadours, and though their earlier songs were stiff, closely resembling the Gregorian chant in form and style, in some of the latter ones, especially those of the Northern trouvères, we find graceful melodies that leave little to be desired, and that possess more real variety and individuality of character than do the words attached to them. Their charm is, to the musician, unique, genuine, healthy, vigorous and sweet as the songs of a choir of birds, heard on a spring morning in the heart of a fresh and dewy wood, when the wind is blowing, and the sun shining.

Music Abroad.

London.

Honor to Beethoven by the Philharmonic Society.—A hundred years ago Beethoven was born, and Beethoven commemorations are just now in fashion. In Germany their number will be legion before the actual birthday arrives next December; while even New York has found time to keep the feast, burning gunpowder, hammering anvils, and singing "Hail Columbia" in honor of the mighty master, with as much zest as Boston displayed, not long ago, when making a similar noise in honor of peace. Observing all this, English music-lovers have been anxious about the credit of their own nation, which cannot afford to let the event pass unnoticed. There was good cause for anxiety. The Crystal Palace, rarely backward in stimulating hero worship, kept, as it still keeps, silence, and the programme of the festivals at Birmingham and Hereford showed, as it still shows, a neglect of Beethoven utterly unaccountable. Happily the Philharmonic Society came to the rescue, and on Monday last honored itself as well as the master by giving a special performance of certain representative works. Our oldest musical institution could do this with singular propriety and grace. It had relations with Beethoven himself of the most honorable sort; engaging his services in health, and, when his countrymen neglected him in sickness, easing the burden of care laid by scanty means upon a sensitive nature. "Say to these worthy men that if God restores me to health I shall endeavor to prove the reality of my gratitude by my actions." This was all the acknowledgment Beethoven could make; but the Philharmonic Society may well regard it as the greatest distinction earned during fifty-eight years of labor. A connection begun thus, and sustained by frequent performances of the master's works, imposed an obvious duty upon the society which has been discharged with eminentness and success.

The programme showed the different styles of the master at several stages of his career; and did so in a manner to which little or no objection could be made, bearing in mind the conditions under which it was drawn up. With regard to several selected dates works more thoroughly representative might have been chosen; but the limits of a single concert are far too narrow for the adequate illustration of even a part of Beethoven's career. All things considered, therefore, the Philharmonic programme was a satisfactory scheme. It began with the Symphony in C, No. 1 (1800), and ended with the Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (1823), the years between being represented by the Choral Fantasia (1808); the overture to *Leonora*, No. 3 (1806); the *scena* "Ah! perfido" (1796); the *terzetto* "Tremate, empi, tremate" (1801); and the Dervish chorus from the *Ruins of Athens* (1811). Both symphonies were well, if not perfectly given, the purely orchestral movements of No. 9 showing especial care in performance. As a matter of course the *Ode to Joy*—for which it is vain to wish a faultless rendering—tried the choralists somewhat; but its difficulties were overcome with more than average ease, while the solos, entrusted to Miss Arabella Smythe, Miss Elton, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, could hardly have been in better hands. The *Leonora* overture calls for no remark, but the Choral Fantasia has seldom been performed in a fashion more worthy of its surpassing beauty. Mme. Arabella Goddard's rendering of the solo part, for example, was distinguished by exquisite taste and brilliant execution to a striking degree, and fairly won for the accomplished pianist a demonstrative recall. An encore was awarded to "Ah! perfido," which Mlle. Nilsson sang with a dramatic power leaving absolutely nothing to desire; and a like honor fell to the Dervish chorus.

It deserves to be noticed, in conclusion, that during the Philharmonic season Mr. Cusins has directed the performance of all Beethoven's symphonies; and that, as a special feature of Monday's concert, a bust of the great musician, surrounded by flowers, had a conspicuous place.—*Musical World*, *July* 16.

Royal Italian Opera.—The operas given since we last referred to the doings at this theatre have been *La Sonnambula*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (followed by acts 2 and 3 of *Masaniello*). *Don Giovanni* (with Signor Mario, *vice* Herr Wachtel, as Don Ottavio—a change of which few would be likely to complain), *Fra Diavolo*, *Dinorah*, *Hamlet*, *Le Domino Noir*, and *I Puritani*—all but three of them repetitions. Amateurs of the old school, who remember that until Mr. Lumley introduced his famous "long Thursdays," which combined singing with dancing in almost equal proportions, the nights for Italian opera were two (Tuesdays and Saturdays), may reasonably look with amazement at the present state of things. During one week (the week before last), there were no less than ten performances of Italian opera—six at Covent Garden, and four at Drury Lane. If these ten performances were all more or less productive, the conclusion must inevitably be adopted that, from a luxury, Italian opera has become a necessity. However our inclination might tend that way, we are, nevertheless, unable to think so. Necessities are not to be paid for at opera prices, any more than bread and beer are to be paid for at [illegible] and champagne.

As Elvira in the *Puritani*—not often vain yr vived [illegible] opera of Bellini.—Mme. Adelina Patti has won a new triumph. That she could sing the music to perfection no one ever doubted, any more than that she would give dramatic significance to a part however in itself devoid of significance, which may be said more or less of all the [illegible] in the *Puritani*. Mme. Patti does [illegible], and if any artist now living could impart new life to Bellini's last opera it would be this young and gifted lady. The other parts are sustained by Mlle. Locatelli (Henrietta), Signor Vizzani, the new tenor (Arturo), Signors Bagagiolo, Graziani, Rossi, and Tagliafico (Riccardo, Giorgio, "Sir Bruno," and Walton). About these, Signor Vizzani excepted, there is nothing new to say; but to the Elvira of Mme. Patti we hope to return. Enough just now that her reception was throughout enthusiastic.

The operas which have been given this week are the *Puritani*, second time (Monday), *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Tuesday); and *Don Giovanni* with Mme. Lucca, for the first time in England, as Zerlina (Thursday). To the Zerlina of Mlle. Lucca we may return. The opera announced for this evening is *Il Barbiere*.—*Pall Mall*, *July* 16.

Drury Lane.—The *Orchestra*, of July 22nd, says:

At Drury Lane, on Wednesday afternoon, an over-crowded house, despite the torrid heat, hung delightedly on Mlle. Nilsson's accents in *Marta*. The tenor was a new comer, Signor Perotti, who was received, without a rehearsal, on a part which he had not sung for two years. His *début* was very favorable; he possesses a voice of good quality, and an easy intelligent style; the *Faust* indeed was by no means a pendent to the *Margherita*. The names of Mme. Trebelli Bettini (*Siebel*), Santley (*Valentine*), and Faure (*Mephistopheles*), show the excellent cast which, in conjunction with the Swedish singer, made the representation perfect in all respects.

The other operas at Drury Lane which have filled up the week have been "*La Sonnambula*"—Mlle. de Murska as *Amina*—"*Otello*" with Mlle. Nilsson's charming *Desdemona*, and "*Il Trovatore*" with the Hungarian prima donna as *Leonora*. Interest centres upon the production of "*The Flying Hollander*" on Saturday. This work—in the earliest style of Wagner—contains none of his latest mannerisms, but abounds in music not only of a high but as easily appreciable order.

On reading the accounts published of the magnificent scenery secured, after being expressly stipulated for, by Herr Wagner for his opera of "*Walkyrie*," one is tempted (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) to inquire how it is that a composer who, in his critical writings, is never tired of inveighing against the depraved and sensual character of modern operatic representations, and of proclaiming his own idealist expositions, should condescend to rest his chances of success to so great an extent on the splendor of mere decorative accessories. When the "*Rheingold*" was about to be produced last year, it may be remembered that Herr Wagner stopped the rehearsals, and put off the first representation of this work for some considerable time, on the ground that the scenery was insufficient; and, in fact, the scenery, when the opera was at last brought out, was worthy of a Porte St. Martin feerie or, better still, of a Drury Lane pantomime. It cannot be said that the musical element was neglected in the "*Rheingold*," for a series of curiously contrived tableaux were unfolded and exhibited to a continuous musical accompaniment, which lasted four hours. This mere "prologue," as Herr Wagner called it, was, it is true, divided into four acts, but the acts were separated only by dioramic effects, during which the music was carried on without any interval of repose, without even such breaks as are mercifully interposed between the movements of symphonies. We can well understand that an opera by Herr Wagner would be very trying without magnificent scenery, but before he can be said to have attained a legitimate success as a musical composer he ought to be tested even as that object of his scorn, Rossini, even as the contemptible and scarcely to be named Donizetti, have been tested—by having some one work performed in which the scenery will be as gorgeous as that of "*Il Barbiere*," the costumes as picturesque as those of "*Don Pasquale*." Meyerbeer, taunted with the important part assigned in his works to scenery, ballets, processions, and *mise en scène* generally, replied, when he had leisure to do so, by composing "*Dinorah*," the simplest and certainly one of the most charming operas in existence. "*Der Fliegende Holländer*" (or "*The Damned Dutchman*" as the opera by Wagner announced for performance at Drury Lane is called in the Italian version) is not a true Wagnerian work or no manager unsupported by a subvention would think of bringing it out. Its melodies have, like Italia, "the fatal gift of beauty." It is, in fact, written in the first manner of Wagner, whereas he is now in his third or fourth—new developments of style being visible, it is said, in each of his two last operas, "*Rheingold*" and "*Walkurie*." It is a remarkable fact that in experimenting with Herr Wagner managers have thought it expedient to "try back." After "*Tannhäuser*" (1845) no Paris manager could be found rash enough to make a still more advanced demonstration with "*Rheingold*" (1869). The director of the Theatre Lyrique, confirmed Wagnerist as he was, would not even risk "*Lohengrin*" (1850). He preferred to go back all the way to "*Rienzi*" (1842), the first of Herr Wagner's operas; and now the manager of Drury Lane, instead of the once contemplated "*Tannhäuser*," wisely contents himself with such an early work as "*L'Olandese Dannato*," otherwise "*Der Fliegende Holländer*"—Herr Wagner's second opera, produced immediately after "*Rienzi*," at Dresden, in 1843, when the composer was chiefly under the influence of the thoroughly melodious Weber.

The Birmingham Triennial Festival will be held on the 30th and 31st of August and the 1st and 2nd of September. Much complaint is made because the programme is made up with so little thought of Beethoven's Centennial birthday; and as a consequence, the "scheme" has been modified so far as to give up one half of one evening concert to selections from the master's works. Truly a small allowance! For the rest:

Its leading features are identical with those of the preliminary programme already noticed, but some of the minor arrangements are modified and others are entirely new. The principal artists will be as follows:—Vocalists—Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Mlle. Ilma di Murska, Mme. Patey, Mlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Vernon Rigby, W. H. Cummings, Santley, and Signor Foli. Instrumentalists:—Mme. Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, and Mr. Stimpson. The festival will open on Tuesday morning with a per-

formance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The other morning performances will be Costa's *Naaman* on Wednesday, *The Messiah* on Thursday, Benedict's new oratorio, *St. Peter*, composed expressly for this festival, and a miscellaneous selection. On Wednesday evening, a new instrumental work by Mr. A. S. Sullivan, and a choral ode by Dr. Stewart, both composed for this festival, followed by a selection from the works of Beethoven; on Thursday evening, a new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, composed for this festival by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, and a miscellaneous selection; on Friday evening Handel's *Samson*. The President is the Earl of Bradford; the conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

MUNICH.—It is proposed to get up a Beethoven Festival here, as in other places. Herr von Perfall, chairman of the committee, has offered to contribute, at the Theatre Royal, to the programme a performance of *Prometheus*, *Fidelio*, and *Die Ruinen von Athen*, with a new text by Herr Paul Heyse. The musical direction of the whole Festival is to be offered to Herr Franz Lachner.

The grand rehearsal of Herr R. Wagner's latest effusion, *Die Walküre*, took place on the 24th June before a select few—about a thousand—who had received invitations. It lasted from twelve o'clock till a quarter past five, p.m. Of course the Wagnerites present were in raptures—in ecstasies—in a frenzy of delight, but the majority of the audience were far from evincing a similar amount of undiluted enthusiasm. To tell the truth, they did exactly the reverse, and had the bad taste to manifest unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction. It was only after the first act that there was anything approaching hearty applause. During all the second act, which, laden with bombastic fustian, musical and verbal, dragged its slow length along, for one hour and a half, by Shrewsbury—and every other—clock, there was not a hand. At the conclusion of the third, and last, act, the audience were so thoroughly worn out that it was with difficulty they could muster strength and resolution to get up a call for their fellow-sufferers, the victims on the other side the foot-lights. The pains taken in mounting the work exceeds, in the opinion of very competent judges, anything previously known, even in the case of works by the Prophet of the Future himself. Every one, even the Prophet's most fanatic admirers, must acknowledge the untiring efforts of the Intendant, Baron von Perfall, and of the conductor Herr Wüllner. Herr R. Wagner is deeply indebted to both, for, should the work succeed, its success will be attributable quite as much to the unflagging zeal and energy of these two gentlemen as to the *mise-en-scène*, splendid—and dangerous—though that is.

As a German contemporary observes, Herr R. Wagner would experience some difficulty in meeting with another Intendant, who, after such gross attacks from a composer, would devote himself, from early morning to a late hour in the night, to ensuring the success of one whose aim it was morally to annihilate him.—The first regular performance took place on the 15th of June. Of course, the Wagnerites declare it was a great success—a splendid triumph, but others not quite so blindly devoted to the master of Lucerne, are bold enough to differ, and, what is more, to say so publicly. There is, however, one fact connected with the first performance which cannot fail to gratify even Herr R. Wagner's most bitter foes: despite the "fire effects"—effects which must strike terror into the hearts of those companies with whom the theatre is insured—the building was not burned down—at least, not on the first night.

Das Rheingold is to be revived, and will alternate with *Die Walküre*.—The Berlin *Echo* says:—"For the generel rehearsal of the first act of *Die Walküre*, the theatre was completely lighted up. The scene represents 'the interior of a dwelling,' in the midst of which a mighty oak rears itself. The roots of the 'hero-tree' are hid beneath the ground, but its leafy summit spreads over the roof, which slopes down from the trunk. A room is erected around the latter; this is Hunding's habitation, and, we may add, a magnificent specimen of the scene-painter's art. On the rising of the curtain, a fearful thunder-storm is raging, and a stranger seeks refuge in the hut. He is speedily captivated, 'in increasing *smittenness*,'* by the longing glances of Siegelinde, Hunding's wife, and, on the conclusion of the song—a love-song of an undisguisedly sensual character—'presses furiously to his breast' his hostess, in whom he has found and recognized his 'bride and sister'—his sister, too, by both the same parents. Upon this the 'curtain falls quickly.' This *finale* inhabitants of Munich already know, from having heard it at a concert at which Richard Wagner introduced himself to them, in December, 1864, by giving fragments from his later works. In the second act, the famous 'ride of the Walkyres' will probably be remembered by the public of Vienna, from having been performed at one of the seven concerts given by Wagner during his residence in that capital, seven years ago. The dangerous fire-machinery in the second and the third acts, when the sleeping Brunhilde is surrounded by glowing flames, has been done away with, since, after all, people did not feel inclined to endanger the building, together with a number of human lives, even though it was for a 'Walkyre.'" The *Echo* might have interpolated "most" before "dangerous." There are still enough fire-effects left to satisfy a Guebre himself.—*Mus. World.*

* A pleasing Wagnerian neologism; Teutonicè: *Ergriffenheit.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 13, 1870.

Jules Pasdeloup.

In the want of other matter during the utter musical suspension, while war is raging abroad and the dog star here, we translate, from the *Signale* of Leipzig, a sketch of the originator and leader of the Popular Classical Orchestral Concerts in Paris, of which we have heard so much:—Not a man of the highest type of artistic character, by this showing; for while his diplomatic managerial gifts, his art of pushing himself forward in the world, are celebrated, not much is said of his intrinsic musicianship. That such a "man of the world" should go in for Wagner and new fashions is quite natural: but whether this is the kind of endorsement they are most in need of?

"*Pas-de-loup* (literally the German *Wolfgang*) is unquestionably one of the most interesting musical personalities who have come up in the epoch of the second French Empire. Thoroughly a child of his time, he knows just its needs and wishes; has a fine sense, not only of the now reigning, but also of the next to be expected direction of public opinion; understands how to seize the right moment, and how to choose his man. He trusts his star as he trusts himself, and makes others too believe in it. A man of the initiative, he possesses character and persistency enough to put through much which he perhaps could not accomplish merely by his talent. But he dares and wins. His motto is: *Audentes fortuna juvat.* He is the man of musical state-craft and diplomatic stratagem.

"Pasdeloup's youthful history is veiled in an impenetrable obscurity, which we have tried in vain to clear up. He himself refuses to give any information about it, and he may have his reasons for such silence. Not even can the year of his birth be ascertained exactly; but Pasdeloup must, so far as we can reckon, have been born in 1817. We know that he, as a pupil in the Conservatoire of Paris, in the year 1833 received a prize in Zimmermann's class for pianoforte playing. In the class of the excellent harmonist Leborne he studied the theory of composition, without getting very far along in it. His musical education seems to have been at that time but a superficial one; when he left the Conservatoire he earned his living in a modest way by giving lessons on the piano and by—dance compositions, which he was prudent enough, however, not to publish under his own name.

"Then came the revolutionary year of 1848, for him the year of fortune. He had given music lessons, among others, to the son of a M. Marie. This gentleman became a member of the provisional government. Pasdeloup understood how to turn his family acquaintances to some political account, and he became—*Gouverneur* in the palace of St. Cloud. But this position came to a speedy end with the end of the Republic. The approach of the *Coup-d'Etat* gave Pasdeloup a new watchword. He knew how to make himself agreeable to the family of President Napoleon, and succeeded in becoming the organizer of musical soirées at the house of the Princess Mathilde. There too he made the acquaintance of Count Nieuwerkerke, whose musical soirées at the Louvre he likewise helped to organize, and who has ever since remained his warm protector. In the same way Pasdeloup ingratiated himself with the then all-powerful Prefect of the Seine department, Baron Haussmann, whose lasting protection he secured no less.

"Through these influential channels Pasdeloup became Professor in the Conservatoire. He was entrusted with the direction of a class for *ensemble*-playing; in which the orchestra composed of pupils, became acquainted with the classical masterworks. Again did Pasdeloup turn this honorable musical position to account with his usual skill in getting upward. In all probability, it was in the capacity of Director of this *ensemble* class, that he first learned how to direct himself; but he went on building up an orchestra of his own out of the Conservatorists placed at his disposal, with which he gave concerts, which formed the beginning for the *Concerts Populaires* which afterwards became so celebrated. Immediately after the *coup d'état* he founded the '*Société des jeunes artistes du Conservatoire imperial de musique et de declamation*,' the first concert of which took place in the Saal Herz on the 20th Feb., 1851. This Concert Society lasted nine years; but, in spite of the high protectors who shielded and supported Pasdeloup's undertaking, it failed to acquire any independent vitality. An enthusiastic, wealthy friend of Art, whose name is universally known and respected in Paris, supported these concerts in the most generous manner, spending not less than 80,000 francs upon them during the nine years.

"Then Pasdeloup conceived the happy idea of quitting the little Saal Herz, and transporting his young Orchestra to the Cirque Napoléon, which can conveniently hold 5,000 persons. Of course his orchestra had to be strengthened for this purpose, and the whole plan of the undertaking became a new one and much greater. Thus arose the *Concerts Populaires*, whose great success soon bore the name of Pasdeloup beyond the boundaries of Paris and of France.

In the founding of this Concert institution Pasdeloup proceeded upon entirely correct calculations. By the low price of admission he enabled even those of small means to attend these classical concerts, upon which there still rested a certain reflected glory of the Conservatoire. While he thus covered himself pecuniarily, he at the same time gave in his allegiance to the Napoleonic-democratic principle of universal suffrage in music, to which he imparted the requisite imperialistic coloring through the selection of the concert hall, which bore the Emperor's name. But in an artistic point of view he arrayed himself in silent, if not express, opposition against the aristocratic, conservative concerts of the mother Conservatoire, who had to lend him her own pupils for the purpose. Pas-

deloup is altogether a man of musical progress,—whether from deep inmost prompting, or only in consequence of a correct perception of the tendency of the times and the conviction, that for him a new and large arena was only to be won in this way, we know not. Nor does it matter which. Already the fact, that Pasdeloup has seized the banner of musical progress with success, and held it high for ten years without wavering, proves to us evidently, that the epoch of the musical Future has come for France also, breaking ground for itself triumphantly. Moreover Pasdeloup has personally the sincerest reverence and warmest sympathy for Richard Wagner; he is a Wagner enthusiast from inmost conviction. The other new and newest composers he adopts not less frequently into his programmes, recognizing that a normal Art institute of the present day cannot and ought not to ignore such any longer. He is not deterred by opposition, nor by seeming failure in the first trial of new works; often his energy and his persistency convert the failures into actual successes.

"It is purely on business grounds that Pasdeloup has been less lucky as director of the Theatre Lyrique. He undertook the charge of Carvalho's Opera establishment in September, 1868, in a very dilapitated condition; and, although protected here too by the Seine Prefect, Haussmann, he was only able, with severe exertion, to postpone the long expected fall of the Theatre Lyrique for a year and a half, but not prevent it finally. That Pasdeloup lost his great suit against Carvalho, and Haussmann lost the Prefectship, served to hasten the catastrophe.

"But Pasdeloup cannot be expected to rest a great while; he must soon be coming forward with some new undertaking. He is not the man to haul in his sails so soon and quit the scene. His *Concerts Populaires* have raised up various imitations, both abroad and in Paris itself, doing the original establishment so far more good than harm. When Gounod resigned the direction of the 'Orphéon,' Pasdeloup became his successor there. Since 1861 he has been a knight of the Legion of Honor."

In Memoriam.

The celebration of the centennial year of BEETHOVEN is not confined to musical festivals and concerts. These have occurred and will occur in many places throughout Christendom, and at various dates throughout the year; though possibly the war may seriously interfere with some of those in Germany, particularly that, which did bid fair to be one of the most interesting, at his birthplace, Bonn upon the Rhine. Let us hope, however, that the prompt way in which the Germans thus far have repelled invasion and turned the tables on Napoleon, may give them breathing time, and render them more prompt than ever to remember that the author of the Nine Symphonies was a great German and a hater of all forms of despotism. Did he not tear up the dedication page of his *Eroica*, when the *first* Napoleon became Emperor!

But besides the Festivals, the year is distinguished by memorial publications in the name of Beethoven. One now lies before us, which is perhaps the most elegant, artistic specimen of musical publication that has yet appeared. It is an *edition de luxe* of his unique and only opera, "Fidelio," (for voices and piano) issued by J. Rieter-Biedermann (Leipzig and Winterthur). Externally the book is most attractive; a large quarto, bound in scarlet cloth, very richly gilt and embossed; printed on smooth, heavy paper of the finest texture; while the music engraving and the type of the reading matter are simply perfect; so too are the impress and the even blackness of the ink. Opposite the exquisite title page is a portrait, engraved from careful comparison of the best existing likenesses with a mask taken from the face of the composer after death. It is the most impressive portrait of him that we have yet seen. Then follow: a poetical tribute "An Beethoven!" by Paul Heyse; a Preface both in German and in French; two pages of facsimile of the autograph score of the music, as it exists in the Royal Library at Berlin; and the complete libretto, first in German, then in French, since the story was originally taken from that language. The book is furthermore illustrated by beautiful designs from the pencil of Moritz von Schwind, embodying (somewhat in the style of Kaulbach) some of the leading scenes in the opera.

The arrangement of the music has been made expressly, with the greatest care, from the full score published in the Complete Works of Beethoven by Breitkopf and Härtel. There are frequent indications of the orchestration; and it is undoubtedly a much better pianoforte arrangement than we had before. Both the common Overture in E, and the great one in C (No. 3), are prefixed, arranged for four hands. Verily it is a luxury to recall the wondrous harmonies as you turn over pages all so beautifully perfect to the eye. Such a volume is most timely, and doubtless many a Christmas present next December among music lovers (in Germany at least) will take this form. What the cost of the book might be, imported, we know not; but in Leipzig it costs less than ten dollars of our paper currency.

A curious contribution is mentioned in the *American Bookseller's Guide*, as follows:

From E. J. Gunther, of Leipsic, who is about to issue a new cheap edition of *Beethoven's Life* by L. Nohl, we have a most elegantly got up little volume entitled *Beethoven's Breviary*, being a collection of the passages from poets and authors extracted and annotated by himself, together with a sketch of Beethoven's intellectual development, edited by the author just mentioned. "Those who know Beethoven's eagerness to obtain new ideas by reading, and his invariable habit, in creating, of following some poetical idea, will at once appreciate the importance and interest that attaches to this selection of Nohl's." Nothing, indeed, could afford a better insight into the great master's mind; his moral and religious notions and his views of life are here laid bare. The principal extracts are from Shakespeare, Homer, Sturm's Reflections (Beethoven's solace for many years), Goethe's *West Eastern Divan*, besides others from Müller, Werner, Seume, Herder, Schiller.

We also read that Mr. J. Towers, of Brighton, England, is preparing for publication during the year a Life of Beethoven, based on the contributions of Ries and Wegeler, Moscheles, A. W. Thayer, and others, and containing a correct chronological catalogue of the composer's works. This latter field has been, one would suppose, pretty nearly exhausted by Thayer, of whom Mr. Towers has been an intimate associate. Probably Mr. Towers intends merely a short and popular biography to serve until the completion of our friend Thayer's great work. Could we only hope to see *that* complete, and in English too, before the centennial birthday, it would be indeed a timely monument in which we all should heartily rejoice!—This reminds us of a neglected duty, namely, to correct the erroneous impression conveyed by a paragraph which has been widely circulated in the newspapers of late. It is taken from an interesting letter by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, of New York, about the "Beethoven Jubilee" farce (as it turned out) in that city, and is as follows:

Later in the year the Germans will commemorate Beethoven by a festival of their own. It is to the honor of America that the best life of Beethoven is that written by Mr. A. W. Thayer in the German language, and published at Berlin in 1866—though it is to our discredit that it has not found a translator, and a market in the author's native land.

Under the circumstances, it cannot properly find a translator, for the reason that Mr. Thayer writes his book himself in English. The first volume, in which he only gets the young Beethoven fairly settled in Vienna, he had translated into German by a German friend in Bonn, under the eye of the lamented Otto Jahn, and published in Berlin in 1866, in order to call out the German criticism upon that important part before completing the work; his intention being finally to bring it out both in German and in his own English.

Here too we would call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. L. Prang & Co., Art Publishers, who propose to issue, "in time for the Centennial," a Chromo portrait of Beethoven, after the celebrated original by Schimon in the Royal Library at Berlin; to be sold by subscription only.

And here again we are reminded that the Boston Music Hall has within the past year added to its valuable collection of original portraits of Beethoven's contemporaries in Vienna, an admirable copy in oil of the portrait painted there by Mähler, and which Mr. Thayer considers the best of all the portraits. This, like its companions, was the gift of Mr. Gardner Brewer.

SCOTCH MUSIC.—Mr. Macfarren, in his essay on "The National Music of our Native Land," printed in the London *Musical Times*, says that many things which we are wont to call Scotch have nothing Scotch in them but the calling. Much of the music called Scotch came from Ireland. Here are a couple of extracts:

The proximity of the north of Ireland to the western shore of this island, so facilitated intercourse between the inhabitants of the two regions, that, down to the time of Elizabeth, that is for a thousand years there appears to have been a constant influx of harpers into North Britain, many of whom are named among the bards of Scotland. Subsequently, when the arts of peace supplanted those of war, when commerce took the place of conquest, the natural ease of transit, increased by improvements in navigation, induced many a man from this side of the sea to cross over to the other in pursuit of profit. The characteristics of the music and the principles of its construction had been imported hither, with the instruments on which it was played; many of the tunes, modified by what I have called the editorship of the people, were now carried back. Hence, the difficult distinction between Scotch and Irish tunes has increased in difficulty, and lessened in distinctness. Such tunes as "Farewell to Lochaber," (the march of James II when he returned to Ireland), and as "Gramachree" and "Aileen Aroon" of earlier date, are samples of the confusion.

The particular tendency of the Reformation in North Britain was most pernicious to music. All singing, but of hymns, was accounted carnal and sinful, and to sing even sacred songs from written notes, was regarded as Popish and abominable. To read from note being forbidden, to study music was of course neglected, if indeed it was not included in the legal proscription. The use of musical instruments was interdicted in the churches and it ceased to be practised in the people's homes. The vident epithets applied to dancing are shocking to an unprejudiced reader, and the horror in which this exercise was held compelled the silence of dance tunes. Bagpipe playing was restricted to marches, to military service, and to festival, if not to state occasions. One among many examples of this musical intolerance is the magisterial prohibition, in 1630, of the town piper to pipe at Aberdeen, "It being an uncivil form to be used in so famous a borough." In those days, a girl would be subject to the ducking-stool, were she found singing a ballad in the public street. Such principles have held ground from the days of John Knox to our own, and it is only quite lately that the public performances of Oratorios and the use of the organ in divine worship have been suffered in Scotland. Art withers without cultivation, and it could not but be that, under its circumstances, music fell soundly asleep, if not died out in the North.

By natural consequence, the Scotch apt ear to have been indifferent to their own tuneful wealth, if not unaware of its existence, until advised of it from England, which advice was of questionable authenticity.

Congregational Singing—Is it Possible?

[From the London Choir.]

The great problem which faces religionists of every creed is, how to induce the people as a whole to raise their voices in the service of song, and to unite heartily and yet "with the understanding" in the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" which form so important a part of the worship of every body of Christians. Various are the methods adopted to secure this result. The Romanist borrows from the theatre and the concert-room the most ear catching melodies and weds them to the hymns of Newman or of Faber. The Ritualist in the English Church puts forth the Gregorian tone as the most successful musical formula for inducing congregational singing. The Low Churchman, while uttering a protest against anything in which the people cannot unite, invites them to join in Jackson in F, or in that most melan-

choly introduction to Divine service, "I will arise." The Dissenter, unfettered by tradition, and not unfrequently more catholic than all, takes things new and old, securing in very many chapels a closer approximation to the people's song than any church, Roman or English, can boast of. And yet, practically, all fail alike; and it is, after all, but a miserable apology for heartiness at which we arrive in any one of the cases we have mentioned. The question thus arises, whether congregational singing is impossible of attainment, whether it is one of those fictions which clerical enthusiasts and musical dreamers fondly persuade themselves to be within reach, but which is in reality a thing beyond us and above us, and only to be arrived at under totally different conditions as to musical education from those which govern us at the present time. To this many of our readers will at first sight be inclined to answer with a strong affirmative; and we are not prepared to deny that in so doing their grounds are strong and their position far more capable of defence than that taken up by those who urge that the effort has not yet been made with sufficient earnestness, and that before the attempt is given up in despair much more must be done than has yet been done. At the same time, although looking at things as they are the prospect is far from cheering, and admitting that where anything approaching to general singing, even in psalms and hymns, is attained, it is too often a mere noisy shout, we are inclined to agree with the view that something far higher than we have yet obtained is within our grasp, and that too with nothing more than a fair and honest use of existing means.

But as the mere advocacy of this duty is insufficient unless some practical plan is provided for uniting the people in a general effort worthily to fulfil it, without which the mere enthusiasm created by an earnest sermon on the subject will soon pass away, or at the best result in a few solitary and scattered endeavors, we are glad to have the opportunity of calling attention to a scheme which is being tried with success in Scotland, and might with advantage be adopted in this country. Recognizing the duty of congregational singing as incumbent upon all Christians, some of the lovers of music in Aberdeen recently set on foot a series of great choral gatherings open to all persons without distinction as to creed, except the agreement on the great fundamental truths enunciated in the hymns and anthems sung at the practices. At these meetings a monster choir of twelve hundred voices, including members of the congregations of all the churches and chapels in the town and its vicinity, has assembled for some weeks; and, as a proof that not the slightest ill feeling has ensued from the varying faith of the choristers, we may mention that upwards of thirty of the clergy and of the ministers of the various denominations have taken part in the proceedings. For those who were unable to join the choir, admission has been provided at a nominal sum, and the proceeds have been given to the funds of the Royal Infirmary, by the Treasurer and Secretary of which the whole of the music has been conducted. The hymns, chants, and anthems, with the music for each evening have been provided a week in advance, in order to give time for home practice; and, from a glance at the programmes and music sheets, we are inclined to think that the choice has been wisely made. The majority of the numbers have consisted of hymn tunes and chants of a popular character, many from *Hymns Ancient and Modern* finding their way to the front; but easy anthems have not been omitted, and some of the fine old tunes from the Scotch and English psalters have served to give tone to the selection. The effect of the large mass of voices may be easily imagined; and we can scarcely feel surprised at the statement that, although the number of the choir was to have been limited to 1,000, it was speedily found necessary to enlarge it to 1,200. The success of the movement has of course been largely due to the ability and tact of the director, who has been entirely unassisted by an organ accompaniment. Out of the ten pieces sung at each practice the whole audience have been invited to join in two; but at the same time it must not be imagined that the choir itself has been composed of choristers, for the majority of the members have really been selected from ordinary congregations.

This is a brief outline of the system which has been pursued, and we cordially commend it to our readers' consideration. Its main feature, and indeed its chief element of success, has been the opportunity it has offered for a union of people ordinarily separated by religious differences, but who have been thus enabled to meet together and promote what must be to each and all an object of direct and practical importance. It seems to us to be a peculiarly happy idea; and, if in Scotland, where distinctions are at any rate quite as clearly drawn between kirk and kirk as they are with us, it is possible thus to sink divisions and unite in one grand service of song, it is equally within our reach in England. That some people will dismiss the scheme at once as unpractical because of "the religious difficulty" is only natural, and doubtless in doing so they will be actuated by the highest motive; but it seems to us that all fears on this score are groundless. As we have virtually a common hymn-book, used alike by Churchmen and Nonconformists, so we believe we may with advantage have such united assemblies as these for practice of congregational singing. If rightly followed up by the establishment of elementary classes in connection with the various churches and chapels, they can hardly fail to increase in a large degree the number of those who are able to take an active part in the worship of God, and, from a merely artistic point of view, to effect a vast improvement in the rendering of choral services. In some places, perhaps, it may be desirable to adopt variations on the scheme so successfully inaugurated at Aberdeen by Mr. Carnie; but its leading features may be safely copied, and we cordially advise its trial wherever it is practicable. Reserving for the choir-practice the music used in the distinctive services of each church or sect, all can join in the hymns which are rightly esteemed to be the property of "all who call themselves Christians," and by this means secure that inspiring influence which invariably follows the union of a large body of voices. Our Choir Unions have done much to improve the singing of choirs; but a similar work still remains to be done among congregations, and we therefore trust that the plan will have a fair test.

Mannheim, fortunately, had its Beethoven Festival before war was declared. It was properly the regular *Musikfest* (the 7th) of the Middle Rhine, and occurred on the 3d and 4th of July. The programme for the first day (evening) contained Beethoven's Overture in C, op. 124 ("*Weihe des Hauses*"); and the great *Missa Solemnis* for soli, chorus and orchestra. The solos were sung by Frl. Wilhelmine Ritter, court opera singer at Munich; Fr. Ullrich-Rohn, do. at Mannheim; Heinrich Vogl, do. at Munich, and Karl Hill, Chamber Singer at Schwerin.—Second Concert, July 4, at 4 P.M.: Overture to *Genovera*, Schumann; Air for Tenor, sung by Herr Vogl; 114th Psalm for eight-part chorus, Mendelssohn; Concert Aria: *Ah! perfido*," Beethoven, sung by Frl. Eugenie Pappenheim, court opera singer at Brunswick; *Crucifixus* for eight-part choir, by Lotti; Chorus: "*Jesu dulcis memoria*, by Vittoria; Aria for Bass and Duet for Soprano and Bass from Weber's *Euryanthe*, by Herr Hill and Frl. Pappenheim; Miriam's "Song of Triumph," for soli, chorus and orchestra, Schubert; Symphony in C minor, Beethoven.

For the following items we are indebted to the *Gazette*:

—From a friendly letter just received, we gather that Master Richard Coker, the boy soprano who delighted Boston five years ago, is now in Peterborough, England, though he hopes to return to this country in the fall. He is now 18 years old, tall, and greatly improved in appearance. He sings in the same good style but more beautifully than ever. His voice is fast maturing into a powerful tenor or high baritone. He also plays well. It is his own and his father's desire that he should be brought out first in America.

—Max Strakosch has effected an engagement with the celebrated violinist, Vieuxtemps, to accompany Nilsson in her proposed concert tour in this country. Herr Strakosch has also engaged Verger, the French baritone, who enjoys a good reputation.

—It seems that there is to be no performance of the Oberammergau Passion-Play this year after all. Twenty four of the performers, including the players of the principal parts, have been called to join the army reserve. But for the war there would have been quite a pilgrimage from England to witness the representation.

—The composer of "*Piff! Paff! Pouff! Tara pa poum! Oh je suis le Général Boum!*," has written a French war-song called "God speed the Emperor?" and somebody has expressed surprise thereat, because Offenbach is a German. It is true that he was born in Cologne, but he has lived in Paris since he was a boy, and is as truly a typical Parisian as the gayest native of the gay capital. But whatever he is, the *Tribune* thinks he ought to cry "God speed the Emperor." "Just think," it says, "what an opera bouffe he can make out of the imperial bulletins!"

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Ball. 5. G minor to g. *Peruzzi.* 40
Another of the charming Nilsson airs. Beginning with a gay "Tra-la-la," in G minor, it suddenly changes to E major with a delightful effect.

I heard a Spirit sing. 2. E♭ to e flat. *Taylor.* 30
A pretty melody, easily sung.

O teach me the past to forget. 3. E to e. *Swanzey.* 35
"O teach me the past to forget,
Though strewn with the rose leaves of love,
And deem that we never had met,
'Till meeting each other above."
A lover's sad and expressive lament.

Sweet is the Dream. (Guarda che Bianca Luna). Duett. 4. C to f. *Campana.* 40
An improved adaptation of English words, in an easy key, of this beautiful duett.

A Loving heart, so pure and true. 3. E♭ to f. *Wm. H. Clarke.* 30
A touching song which vividly pictures the living experience of many.
"A loving heart, so pure and true,
Inspired my young and happy hours;
Each passing day was dreamed away
In fancy's land of blooming flowers"

Land of the Swallows. Duett. 4. B♭ to *g*. *Masini.* 40
A splendid two-part song with English and German words.

Lonely Hours. 4. F to f. *Fuller.* 30
A very beautiful melody, with a chorus for mixed voices.
"Lonely hours come often stealing
O'er me with a holy charm,
While mem'ry's bells are softly pealing
Forth some dream of days by-gone."

Instrumental.

Rondino. Caprice. (Récréations Characteristiques). 3. G. Op. 118. *Leybach.* 40
A graceful and easy theme, particularly facile for the left hand.

Night Song. (Nachtgesang). 3. E♭. Op. 270. *Baumann.* 30
An andante maestoso in sostanuto chords opening in the religious style, with the theme afterwards taken up with the left hand in chords, closing with the left hand in arpeggio octaves, with the theme in the right fortissimo

La Danse des Naïades. Caprice. 4. B♭. Op. 118. *Leybach.* 60
A delicate allegretto movement in 6-8 time, not difficult to execute and very pleasing, both to the performer and hearer.

Dreaming of Home. 3. E♭. Op. 23. *Wilson.* 50
A quiet andante theme, turning memory back on the dreamy past. This American composer is quite happy in all his arrangements for the piano

Third Air Varié. For Violin and Piano. 6. E. Op. 3. *DeBeriot.* 1.10
A piece found in the repertoire of the finished violinist, and which no amateur of merit should be without.

Books.

Baker's Harmony and Thorough Bass. *B. F. Baker.* Cloth, 2.00
A work which enters minutely into the analysis of Chords, Scales, Modulations, &c., calculated to be of great assistance both to the student and musician.

Silver Wings. A new collection of Sabbath School Music. Boards, 35 Paper, 30
A Collection, which, like the title is extremely happy in its adaptation to the wants of Sabbath Schools. It will secure a warm welcome from lovers of this class of sacred music.

The Sabbath Guest. An entirely new collection of Anthems, Opening and Closing Pieces, Sentences, Choruses, &c. By *L. O. Emerson and J. H. Morey.* Boards, 1.60

Reed Organ Companion. A new collection of Popular Instrumental and Vocal Music, arranged expressly for Cabinet Organs and Melodeons. *Wm. H. Clarke.* Boards, 2.00

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 767. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 12.

Specimens of Wagner on Conducting.

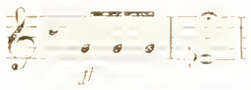
Translations, for this Journal, from "Ueber das Dirigiren," by RICHARD WAGNER

IV.

The same experience which I had with Reissiger, in regard to that very third movement of the eighth Symphony, occurred to me again soon after with another noted Conductor, one of Mendelssohn's successors in the direction of the Leipzig concerts. He too had pledged himself to my views about this *Tempo di Menuetto*, and promised to take the correct slow time of this movement in a concert to which he invited me. Droll enough was his excuse for not keeping his word: smilingly he confessed that, distracted by all sorts of cares of conductorship, his promise to me did not occur to him until after the beginning of the piece; of course he could not suddenly change the old accustomed tempo then, and so he was obliged to go through with it in that way! Much as this explanation pained me, I was pleased at least to find a person who admitted the distinction I had pointed out, and did not seem to think that it was all one whether we took this tempo or the other. I do not think I could tax the conductor in this case with wanton thoughtlessness, as he accused himself of "forgetfulness"; indeed the reason for his not taking the tempo slower was, unconsciously to himself, a very good one. To have sensibly changed such a kind of tempo at random between the rehearsal and the concert, would certainly have shown a most questionable levity, from the very evil consequences of which the conductor's fortunate "forgetfulness" saved him this time. Once accustomed to a rendering suggested by the quicker tempo, the orchestra would have lost all self-possession had a more moderate tempo been imposed upon them; for that of course would have required a wholly different style of rendering.

And here lies just the important and decisive point, which must be clearly apprehended before we can come to any profitable understanding about the rendering of our classical compositions, now so often very much neglected and so spoiled by evil habits. The vicious habit has a plausible right to insist upon its own tempo, inasmuch as a certain correspondence of the rendering with the tempo has formed itself, which on the one hand conceals the real evil, while on the other hand a simple change of time, without a change of rendering, would only make the matter worse and even unendurable.

To make this clear by one of the simplest of all examples, I select the beginning of the C-minor Symphony:



After a short hold upon the *fermata* of the second bar, our conductors start off, merely using this delay as it were to concentrate the attention of the musicians upon a precise seizing of the figure of the third bar. The note E flat is commonly held not longer than a *forte* lasts in a careless stroke of the bow with the stringed instruments. Now suppose the voice of Beethoven calling from his grave to a conductor: "Hold out my *fermata* long and terrible! I wrote no *fermatas* for fun, nor in despair to gain time to think of what was to come after; but the long, full tone in my Adagio,—tone to be completely sucked in—and which is there the expression of the full luxury of feeling,—that same tone, if I use it, I fling into the midst of the impetuous, swift figured Allegro as a prolonged spasm of ecstacy or terror. Then the life of the tone should be sucked out to its last drop of blood; then I arrest the billows of my sea, and let you look into its abyss; or I check the movement of the clouds, I part the confusing streaks of mist, and give a glimpse for once into the pure blue ether, into the sun's dazzling eye. For this I set *fermatas*, suddenly entering, long held notes, in my Allegros. And now mind, what a wholly definite thematic purpose I had with this prolonged E flat after the three short stormy notes, and what I meant to say wherever the same prolonged notes occur in what follows."—If now our conductor, in pursuance of this warning, should all at once require his orchestra to make that bar with the *fermata* as significant, and *consequently* as prolonged, as Beethoven intended, what would the immediate result be? Truly a lamentable one. After the first vigor of the bow had squandered itself, the tone, under the necessity of longer holding out, would grow thinner and thinner, ending in a desperate *piano*: for,—and here I touch upon one of the evil consequences of the habits of our present conductors—nothing has become more foreign to our orchestras than the *uniform strong holding out of a tone*. I exhort all conductors, that they require of any and every instrument in the orchestra, an even, full, sustained *forte*, so that they may learn by experience what an astounding novelty this requirement will produce, and what an obstinate persistency of practice it will cost to properly succeed in it.

Yet this uniformly strong sustained tone is the basis of all Dynamics, in the orchestra, as well as in singing. From it alone is it possible to attain to all the modifications, whose variety mainly determines the character of the rendering. Without this foundation an orchestra gives plenty of noise, but no power; and herein lies a first mark of weakness in most of our orchestral performances. Since our present conductors know as good as nothing of this, they make much on the other hand of the effects of an *over-soft piano*. This can be got from the stringed instruments without much pains; but it is very hard to obtain it from the wind instruments, particularly from the reeds. From these, especially from the flutists, who have transformed their once so gentle instruments into real reeds of might, it is now scarcely possible to get a soft, sustained *piano*,—with the exception perhaps of the French oboe players, since they never overstep the pastoral character of their instrument, or of the clarinetists when the *echo* effect is required of them. This dilemma, which we meet in the performances of our best orchestras, raises the question, why, if the blowers of wind instruments are incapable of any even, smooth *piano*, why not give greater fullness to the over soft play of the strings, now so often sounding in most ludicrous contrast with the wind, so as to restore some fair proportion? But evidently this false proportion quite escapes the minds of our conductors. The fault lies in great part in the character of the *piano* of the stringed instrument: for, as we have no true *forte*, so too we lack the true *piano*: fulness of tone is wanting in either case; and here our violinists, &c., might learn something from our blowers. For it is very easy to draw the bow right loosely over the strings, so as to set them softly whispering and murmuring; while on the contrary it requires great artistic control of the breath to produce a distinct, pure tone by blowing very moderately upon a wind instrument. Therefore the violinists ought to learn the true *piano*, full of real tone, from the distinguished players on wind instruments,—these having first acquired it from great singers.

Now this soft tone, and the strong sustained tone before indicated, are the two poles of the whole Dynamics of the orchestra, between which the performance has to move. How will it be then with the rendering if neither the one nor the other has been rightly cared for? What sort of modifications can it have, if the two dynamic extremes are neither of them clearly marked? Doubtless they will be so very faulty, that the Mendelssohnian maxim, to which I have alluded, of gliding swiftly (and imperceptibly) over a passage, must needs prove to be a very happy makeshift; on which account it has been elevated to an actual dogma by our conductors. And it is this very dogma, which just now possesses the whole Church of our Conductors with their followers, so that all attempts at a correct rendering of our classical music are decried by them as downright heresy.

The Songs of the War.

[From the Orchestra.]

Song, which is the handmaiden of religion, is also a powerful stimulant of the most irreligious of human aspirations—the passion for cutting one another's throats. To prove what influence song has always exercised upon the pugnacity of mortals, we need quote neither David nor Homer nor Ossian; for all History tells the same tale. Poetic narrations of the doings of the mighty men of old, mingled with thanksgiving to the local deity—Jehovah, or Wodin, or the Great Twin Brethren (for murderous humanity has ever been anxious to obtain supernatural sanction for its outbreaks)—inform the progress of all wars. The stronger the combative feeling is aroused, the more does the nation incline to sing. When the sympathies are but half excited, song flags. The Crimean war, for example, stimulated a natural desire in the British breast that the British cause should win: but there was no underlying fire and fervor of patriotism. Hearths and homes were untouched, and no bellicose song-literature had birth. We sang the old martial strains, it is

true, much as we sang—or rather hummed—Garibaldi's hymn when that patriot was escorted along the Kennington Road, and with about as much excitement. Or as we tried (and failed) to sing the Brabançonne to the brave Belges two or three years ago. Very different is it with our neighbors at the present moment. There is no mistake about *their* singing; no half-heartedness about *them*. As yet there has scarcely been time to fashion a new lyrical literature to fit the immediate occasion. But it would be a mistake to suppose they "cannot sing the old songs." They can and do, and with extreme heartiness; and without being too particular as to applicability. Thus fervid France shouts the Marseillaise, that implacable song whose cause and effect was a frantic desire to exterminate all kings and emperors; and even calls now and then for the Carmagnole, a brutal and indecent explosion against a French monarch. The Chant du Départ, too, Chenier's verse to which Méhul set music amid the noise and bustle of a saloon full of patriots, commemorates the taking of the Bastile, and has the following refrain, thoroughly inappropriate to the present time:

La République nous appelle,
Sachons vaincre ou sachons périr:
Un Français doit vivre pour elle,
Pour elle un Français doit mourir.

But France at the present moment is too excited to think of the verbal sense. There is little doubt that if under the Emperor she were led into a war with the United States, she would sing the self-same verse with equal gusto and contempt of the *àpropos*.

On the other hand Prussia is driven back to Arndt and Körner, the songs of 1813, and the memory of Blücher. At the present moment it seems curious that Germany, concerning the stout Field Marshal, should be reminded that—

Oh Katzbach on-the Water was glorious to him:
He gave the French a lesson, and taught them to swim,
Good-bye, pretty Frenchmen, to Baltic land and wave,
The fishes are ready to furnish you a grave.

With a rattling refrain of:

Juchheisassasa!
Und die Deutschen sind da,
Die Deutschen sind lustig,
Sie rufen hurra!

In the next verse another bitter pill is handed to France:

At Leipsic-on-the-Plain was a glad and gallant fight:
To grief he turn'd their glory, to mourning brought their might.
All breathless they lay there when that stout fight was won.
And Blücher was created a Field Marshal anon.

This song was composed too early to include Waterloo in its reminiscences; but for all we know, a supplementary verse may have been added by this time.

One of the most popular, if not the superlatively popular song of the German side is Arndt's "Was ist des Teutschen Vaterland," to which Reichardt set music. In order to define the German's Fatherland, the poet proceeds on the exhaustive principle, by showing what it is not. As the whole is greater than its part, the Vaterland is presumed to scorn the supposition that it is composed of any individual portions. It is a grand totality, with lingual instead of political boundaries.

What is the German's Fatherland?
Or Swabia's hills or Prussia's strand?
Or on the Rhine where vine-cups pearl,
Or on the Belt where seamews whirl!
Oh no, no, no,
His Fatherland must greater grow.

What is the German's Fatherland?
Bavaria green, or Styria grand?
The title may not Austria claim,
So rich in honor, rich in fame?
Oh no, no, no,
His Fatherland must greater grow.

What is the German's Fatherland?
Oh tell me where its bounds expand:
Helvetia's peaks or gay Tyrol?
Their land, their peoples glad my soul.
Oh no, no no,
His Fatherland must greater grow.

Finally the question is answered, and the frontiers poetically fixed thus:—

As far as e'er the German tongue
To God in heaven sings its song,
So far alone,
O gallant German, call thine own.

It is not often that the war-singers of belligerent nationalities exchange the retort discourteous. We English should be astonished and perhaps somewhat discomposed, if in answer to our musical assertion that "Britons never shall be slaves," an enemy burst forth with "Oh, but Britons often have been." Yet a parallel case is Alfred de Musset's retort to Nikolaus Becker, which all France is now singing. "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien teutschen Rhein," wrote Becker. "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand," returned the mocking Frenchman. The following excellent translations of both songs are from the pen of Dr. J. P. Steele, and first appeared in print in the year 1866, when the Luxembourg demand and the rectification of frontiers threatened to precipitate the present state of affairs between France and Prussia. Of de Musset's retort we may remark that the allusion to the German maidens welcoming the French soldiery and being glad to pour out for them the thin white wine of the country (*le petit vin blanc*), is a little fiction contrary to history, morality and oinology.

THE GERMAN VIEW.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Tho' raven-like she glances
And croaks her foul design.

So long as calmly gliding
It wears its mantle green,
So long as oar dividing
Its mirrored wave is seen,

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as youth enhances
His fervor with its wine.

So long as, sentry keeping,
The rocks its margin stud;
So long as spires are steeping
Their image in its flood;

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as festive dances
Its lover-groups combine;

So long as angler hingeth
Its lusty trout to shore,
So long as minstrel singeth
Its praise from door to door.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine.

THE FRENCH VIEW.

Your German Rhine has been ours before?
He has served our wassail bowls to fill.
Can sing its praise from door to door
Efface the hoof-prints, legible still,
Of our cavalry charge that bathed its left bank in your gore!

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
On its breast the wound yet gapeth wide,
Which conquering Condé made, when he tore
Thro' its mantle of green to the farther side:
Where once the sire has ridden, shall the son not ride once more!

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
Of your German virtues what remains
When across its flood our legions pour
And the Empire over-clouds your plains?
When all your men have fallen, have ye other men in store?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
If ye your annals would fain forget,
Your daughters remember the days of yore.
And wish the Frenchman among them yet,
For whom your vintage white they were always blithe to pour.

If your German Rhine be yours once more,
Then wash your liveries in its tide;
But pitch your arrogance somewhat lower! . . .
Can ye recall with generous pride
Your myriad raven-beaks that drank the dying Eagle's gore?

May your German Rhine flow evermore
In peace; and modestly may each spire
Be mirrored fair in its glassy floor!
But, oh! keep down your bacchanal fire,
Which, else, may rouse to life again the victor hearts of yore.

In the latter translation Dr. Steele has adopted a metre foreign to French verse, but admirably fitted to convey the rollicking *verve* of the original.

One of the shrewdest moves in connection with this war on the part of the Emperor was the impressment into Imperial service of the "Marseillaise"—a chant ever associated not only with red republicanism, but with undying hostility to Napoleon personally. To enlist the "Marseillaise" was to excommunicate Rochefort's paper, the very name of which would thus be struck out of the revolutionary register. The trick succeeded: Rochefort threw up his hand, and the literary *Marseillaise* has ceased to appear. The vocal "Marseillaise," too, is having such a surfeit of popularity, that satiety will probably soon set in, and Paris will shelve the tune until—the next revolution. It is a grand but unhappy air. It was conceived—according to Lamartine's story—under the influence of wine and genius and moonshine and cold; its strains accompanied its author into banishment, and the man in whose house it was created to the guillotine. Rouget de Lisle, an officer garrisoned at Strasburg, composed it one cold night in the house of Dietrich, the mayor of the city. He had been drinking: his head was hot, his frame cold; and he tottered, says Lamartine, "into his lonely room, slowly seeking inspiration, now in his patriotic soul, now in his harpsichord; sometimes composing the air before the words, sometimes the words before the air, and so combining them in his thoughts that he himself did not know whether the notes or the verses came first, and that it was impossible to separate the poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the expression." Then he fell asleep over the harpsichord. The next day he noted down the composition with difficulty, and took it to Dietrich, who summoned his family to hear the new song. Their enthusiasm broke out of all bounds: the hymn of the country was found! A few months later Dietrich went to the scaffold to the sound of those notes; and a year or two afterwards de Lisle, proscribed as a royalist, and flying through a pass in the Upper Alps, asked his guide what was the name of that hymn, heard in the distance. "La Marseillaise," was the reply. The people of Marseilles had adopted the air, which afterwards bore their name. "The weapon," says Lamartine, "recoiled against the hand which had forged it; the revolution in its madness no longer recognized its own voice."

The following translation, whose fidelity is its chief merit, is by the practised hand of Mr. John Oxenford.

Come, children of your country, come;
New glory dawns upon the world.
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standards have unfurl'd;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand,
March on—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those banded serfs, what would they have,
By tyrant kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen—you they would enchain:
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.
Then up and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand,
March on—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those marshalled foreigners, shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand,
March on—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare:
Against their will they are our foes.
But oh! those despots stain'd with blood,
These traitors leagued with base Bouille,
Who make their native land their prey—
Death to the savage tiger brood!
Then up and form your ranks; the hireling foe withstand,
March on—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Come, love of country guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might;
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory
Called by thy stirring accents haste.
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up and form your ranks; the hireling foe withstand,
March on—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

The fault of the above translation is that it does not sing easily. Now the "Marseillaise" is nothing without the tune: it is that which lends it all the expression. But Mr. Oxenford's first line gives "Come children" to quavers, "of" to a crotchet with a strong accent, the first in the bar, and 'your country co-o-ome," spreading the latter word (in French a dissyllable) over D B and G. The result is very awkward. To be fair to Mr. Oxenford, he expressly puts forth his version as a reading translation, not a singing one; only in a poem like the "Marseillaise" one involuntarily hums the air in reading the verse. It is the air which invests with infinite pathos the third line in the last verse.

"Liberté, liberte, chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs."

An apostrophe which is terribly weakened by the "dearest liberty" of the translator; which sounds like the beginning of a love letter.

Rouget de Lisle lived till 1836—long enough to see another revolution and another revolutionary chant—"La Parisienne," of Casimir Delavigne, to the sounds of which the throne of Charles X. tottered, and the Monarchy of July was established. Eighteen years later this dynasty also went, and Alexandre Dumas and Auguste Maquet took up the lyre and chanted the republic into fashion with "Mourir pour la patrie." Curiously enough, these three songs—the products of different epochs, but each abounding in savage invocations against French monarchs and all such as aid French monarchs—are sung at the present time in defiance of a foe whose crime is to have insulted the Emperor of the French.

A Contribution to the Beethoven Festival.

Professor Heinrich Dorn has published in the *Post* the following interesting article:—

According to an official report in the *Voss Zeitung*, the Berlin Musikverein and the Berlin Tonkünstlerverein have applied to Herr von Hulsen, and requested him to act as chairman of a new Festival Committee, about to be formed. Very sensible!

We well know that Herren Bumke, Phillip and Thadewald are most worthy men and sterling musicians; their efforts, by means of a *Compagnation* which they founded, to improve the pecuniary circumstances of the poorer class of musicians, have already been attended with material benefits to the performers in small bands, and to the members of the Musical Exchange (*Musikhause*) as it is called; but to do anything successfully in Berlin at the present moment, when the eyes of the whole artistic world are directed hither, and after Bonn, as the birthplace, and Vienna, as the residence, of the deceased master, have made every preparation for a Musical Festival of an extraordinary description—there needs a brilliant name, which these gentlemen do not possess, while the institution they represent does not enjoy sufficient credit to accomplish the task they would undertake. The intention, too, expressed in their address: "Of laying, with the surplus from the Beethoven Festival treasury, the foundation of a Concert Hall on a grand scale, shows only too plainly that they are as far from having formed a correct idea of the expenses to be incurred, as they have of other points, unless Herr von Hülsen were obliging enough to forward to a different address from the customary one the Operahouse receipts of *Fidelio*, and the Theatre Royal receipts for *Egmont*. Let the enterprising gentlemen, who have already retired, console themselves with the consciousness that their intentions were good, and let individual members of the Musikverein support, to the best of their ability, the forthcoming performances.

Just in the same way, the Berlin Tonkünstlerverein had no excuse for placing himself at the head of such an undertaking, save the very justifiable one, that some body or other must take the initiative. Its former partner, the Musikverein, was, it is true, in a position to get up, unaided, grand musical performances, and consequently to assist effectually in any performances of the same nature; but this power is utterly wanting to the Tonkunstlerverein; the very small number of members able to play any instrument save the piano are either members of the Royal orchestras, or their substitutes, and so little independent that no reliance can be placed upon their promises of co-operation. As I myself, in my character of ex-president, am still an honorary member of the Verein in question, I am well acquainted with the praiseworthy efforts made by it, and I fully appreciate them; but I cannot see in them the foundation on which to raise a Beethoven Festival Committee for Berlin. I, therefore, repeat my firm conviction that it is a very sensible proceeding to change the whole plan, and, with Herr von Hulsen as chairman, form a fresh committee, with which—in just consideration of the original promoters, and also because he would make a most able secretary—Dr. Alsleben should be associated as delegate of the two Associations.

Other names are now mentioned on the committee: Herr von Hulsen, Joachim, Radecke, Ries, and Taubert; these are men whom all Germany knows; men who have not first to be looked up in the *Berlin Directory*; men with whom it is certain that the artistic notabilities in the commercial world, and among the aristocracy, will gladly ally themselves. For this reason we can no longer doubt that Julius Stern, though not at present in Berlin, will not refuse another invitation to co-operate in the undertaking. Without vigorous support from Stern's Verein and the Singakademie, it would be difficult to get up a really imposing Beethoven Festival. In order to ensure the co-operation of the last named body, its chief director, Professor Grell, was, of course, also appointed a committee-man, though, on account of his health, he gratefully declined the office, which must necessarily entail great fatigue. The writer, too, of the present lines did not deem it becoming to accept the honorable call made on him; it is sufficient that the future conductors, and the virtuosos who will cast a lustre over the Festival, should be invited by the practical musicians to attend the preliminary deliberations; there is always ballast enough on such occasions—but the vessel must not be needlessly overladen. It certainly would not have been so by a man like Tausig, had he, in this instance, joined the cream of our artistic contemporaries in Berlin; but the set off for his proposed co-operation was: that Richard Wagner should be offered the chief direction of the Festival. This ridiculously pretentious project was naturally enough rejected, and Herr Tausig subsequently thought fit to return his diploma as honorary member of the Berlin Tonkünstler Verein.

What a strange thing it is that certain persons never learn to distinguish what is becoming from what is unbecoming! For instance, the Vienna Committee asked Herr R. Wagner to be one of the conductors at the Beethoven Festival. Scarcely had the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of the 18th June published the fact that Herr R. Wagner, 'with grateful appreciation of the honor done him,' declined acceding to the invitation, than that gentleman trumpeted forth, in the columns of the Vienna papers, that he did not write and answer the committee, but had conveyed his refusal orally through a friend (because certain persons, not fanatic Wagneritos, were on the committee). That a man may be a celebrated composer, and yet not observe the slightest measure in his behavior, is a fact which—as all the world knows—Wagner has sufficiently shown for years past. This incident, not in the least surprising on the part of the composer of *Tannhäuser*, would, therefore, hardly have been touched upon here, were it not so different from the conduct of another great artist who behaved in a diametrically opposite manner under similar circumstances. The Vienna Committee requested Herren Wagner, Liszt, and Lachner, to conduct the most important works; Herren Joachim, Laub, and Mme. Clara Schumann, to add lustre to the Festival, by taking part in it as solo instrumentalists. In consequence of the rude expectoration of a man like Wagner, Joachim, the master, stated that though he much regretted it, it was impossible that he should respond to the flattering invitation. He might easily have assigned some material circumstance or other as a pretext for his refusal, if, out of consideration for the persons included in the same invitation, he had not deemed it his duty to be truthful; he would, he said, have gone, had he seen a possibility of his being able to co operate joyously.

'Had, for instance, the direction of the concerts been confided to one of the local conductors of Vienna, I should not, on such an occasion, have cared about the greater or less amount of partiality I feel for one name or the other, but simply, like a pilgrim inspired by a hearty wish to dispose my best offerings on the holy shrine, have quietly accommodated myself to existing arrangements. But the direction of the concerts has been confided to artists from other places and with strongly expressed tendencies, and, though I must confess that it would have been impossible to select more celebrated names, I cannot, unfortunately, shut my eyes to the fact that in my opinion, the picture of Beethoven's sublime and simple grandeur, which in plain moral majesty has gradually subjected the entire globe, is thereby disturbed. As, under such circumstances, it would be impossible for me to enter, heart and soul, into the joyous work, I am, doubtlessly, acting in the spirit of the honorable Committee by keeping away from the Fesval, in order not to interfere with the unanimous feeling of rejoicing."

This is the language and the behavior of a true artist!

Though our Berlin Committee, at its first meeting, on the 12th June, selected the 17th December, and following days, as the date of the Festival, their decision may be considered merely temporary. As regards the Theatre, it is, perhaps a matter of indifference whether the Festival is held shortly before or long after Christmas; but for the concert-room, and all the conveniences connected with it, the proximity of old Bonn, otherwise so profitable, might be attended with a certain amount of danger. *Videant consules ne detrimentum respublica capiat.*

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" in London.

(From the Orchestra, July 29).

The production of Wagner's opera "*L'Olandese Dannato*" at Drury Lane, has, despite the late period of its performance in the season, and the disturbing influences of political excitement, aroused a large degree of interest. The first sensation upon hearing it was, as far as the outside public was concerned, wonder that music of this kind should be stigmatized as crude, incomprehensible, and unattractive. The audience found everything to understand and much to admire. They did not care to differentiate between Wagner's earlier and later manner; they only felt that this work was lofty and emotional and marked by genius. The libretto is itself a piece of high workmanship. It is founded on a story of strong psychological interest; it is written by the maestro himself in exalted style, contains excellent German verse, and preserves that intimate *rapport* between poem and music which exists at its best when composer can write and librettist compose. The old legend of Vanderdecken receives plain and straightforward illustration. The doomed man—doomed to endless restlessness on earth for having impiously sworn to outwit the elements, with the chance of rescue made conditional upon his finding a woman who will love him truly until her death—is thrown up n the coast of Norway in one of those septennial respites which are granted him for the purpose of finding the said daughter of Eve. Every seven years he has come to shore with the object of finding his guardian angel in a woman's love. Many women have given him their hearts, only to break troth afterwards, and lose their own souls. Hopeless of ever finding release from doom under conditions so hard, the *Dutchman* lands in the Norwegian bay. There he encounters a fisherman whose sloop is stranded, and who has a daughter *Senta* at home. The *Dutchman* asks for her hand, promising vast treasure. The Norwegian skipper is delighted at the prospect of gaining a wealthy son in law, and promises to guide him to his home and recommend him to his daughter. So ends the first act, which is musically made interesting by the elaboration and contrast of sombreness and gaiety suggested by the Norwegian's vessel and the doomed Dutch craft lying alongside in the bay. Constant change of time and rhythm are all in Wagner's mannerism—curious abandonment of a commenced phrase, and a gliding to something new and unexpected. The fault of the music is its tendency to repetition and to long involved soliloquies unbroken by dramatic incident and interesting only from the psycho analytical point of view. But a fine duet between the *Dutchman* (Mr. Santley) and *Daland* the Norwegian (Signor Foli) created a good impression and brought down the curtain well. The second act leads us to the chamber of *Senta*, the daughter spoken of, surrounded by spinning girls, whose *Spinnlied* in rhythmic measure is altogether

popular and *deutsch*, and very little Wagnerisch. This charioting movement caused general pleasure. *Senta* herself neither spins nor sings; she is absorbed in dreamy contemplation of a portrait on the wall—that of the doomed *Dutchman*, with whose wierd history she is conversant. This *Senta*, who is of a melancholy and cataleptic temperament, tells her companions the fearful story of the sinner's condemnation; until the awful nature of the doom so works upon her imagination that she vows to achieve his rescue by sacrificing her love and life to him. On this mood her lover *Erik* breaks, and is naturally perturbed at such devotion. The return of *Daland* is announced and the girls flock off to prepare for the sailors. *Erik* presses his suit, but his old love has little effect upon *Senta* now. *Daland* returns and introduces the *Dutchman*; and a scene of intense but unexpressed earnestness follows—a fascination which finds vent in words only when *Daland* retires, and *Senta's* devotedness is answered by the triumphant joy of the doomed *Dutchman*. The duet in which this expression takes place opens with a dreamy unison passage for the *Dutchman*, chiefly unaccompanied, in which he seems to recognize the realization of past visions; then proceeds to some smoothly written cantabile, lying well for Mr. Santley's voice; followed by concerted passages for the two, coming to a temporary close with a cadenza for both, in which the brilliant voice and execution of Mlle. de Murska (as *Senta*) was most effectively displayed. The subsequent portions of the duet, involving several changes of time and rhythm, express the devotion of *Senta*, and the joy of the lover at his hoped for release. Each phase of this important movement is replete with dramatic conception and powerful handling, coupled with a mastery over orchestral varieties and combinations that should suffice to establish Wagner's claims to recognition as a remarkable, if not a great composer. A burst of applause at the end attested that such music can command ready appreciation even among an audience strange to Wagnerism. From this duet we are led without interruption to a trio—the two lovers and *Daland*—which brings the second act to a highly effective close; and the three singers were twice called before the curtain. The third act opens with a lusty chorus of the Norwegian sailors, anchored in their vessel alongside the silent Dutch ship. Maidens from shore bring provisions to the Dutch vessel, which they hail in vain, a *replica* being supplied by the "chaff" of the Norwegian crew. The antique build and outlandish rig of the strange sail and her imperturbable stillness receive from the jolly Norwegian crew such ridicule as this:

> "Say, have you no message nor letters for land?
> To our great-great-grandfathers all such we will hand."

No response however is vouchsafed. The stage being clear, *Erik* and *Senta* enter in agitation: the former reproaching his affianced with her altered affections. The colloquy is overheard by the *Dutchman*, who releases *Senta* from her vow, and prepares to sail wearily away, his hope of salvation ended. But *Senta* is not to be outdone in generosity. She casts herself into the sea, after the Dutch vessel, crying out that she is true until death. The spell is broken; a true woman is found: the doomed vessel sinks, granting kindly death to the crew; and an apotheosis of *Senta* and her lover follows. The third act is not so powerful as the second, but it is full of exalted music, and the stage effect is very good. The opera was admirably filled. Mlle. de Murska realized to the life the trance-given maiden with her intense ideality and singleness of heart. Mr. Santley looked and sang like a hopeless and life-weary sufferer, stricken with inexpressible woe. *Mary*, *Senta's* friend, and *Erik*, her lover, were placed in the hands of Mme. Corsi and the new tenor Sig. Perotti, who has abundant merits. Sig. Foli, as stated, was *Daland*, and a helmsman with a single song received the attention of Sig. Rinaldini. The Italian translation, by Sig. Marchesi, is an accurate and meritorious version of the German text. To Sig. Arditi is due the credit of great and successful pains in the rehearsing and direction of the work.

[From the Musical World, July 30.

The long-promised Italian version of Herr Richard Wagner's romantic opera, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, under the title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night, with every mark of success. Thus Mr. George Wood has, though late in the season, redeemed another promise, and again justified the confidence reposed in his management. The utmost care has been taken in putting the opera upon the stage; while, to judge from the result Sig. Arditi must have bestowed even more than his accustomed diligence in preparing the music, which, like all Herr Wagner has written, even his earliest known dramatic work, the grand opera of *Rienzi* (brought out some time ago at the Paris Theatre Lyrique), is trying in equal degrees for orchestra, chorus, and solo singers. The abandonment of the first idea of introducing Herr Wagner as an operatic composer at our Italian Opera by his *Tannhäuser*, and substituting his *Fliegende Holländer*, was, we think, judicious; for though between the composition of *Tannhäuser*, and that of the *Fliegende Holländer* there was only an interval of three years, the Thuringian opera is far more than three years in advance of its immediate predecessor. In the *Holländer* the composer may be said to have first tried the new system afterwards destined to make such a noise in the world, and to lead to such bitter and acrimonious controversy.

Having thus felt his way, he developed it more elaborately in *Tannhäuser*; and from *Tannhäuser* to *Lohengrin* was another step towards the goal which, through the successive stages of *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, was ultimately reached in the trilogy of the *Nibelungen*. If we are to welcome such music and ultimately to adopt the Wagnerian doctrine of the "*Art-work of the Future*," it is as well to begin from the beginning—with an opera, in short, composed when the Prophet was more like other men. We have always thought, moreover, that Herr Wagner's very best, because less extravagant, dramatic work, was the *Holländer*, which, amid much that is incoherent and formless, contains much genuine music, and the promise of much more to come. Every step since taken in advance of it seems to us a step in the wrong direction

The opera is powerfully cast at Drury Lane, and in Senta and the nameless Dutchman, to save whom from perdition the Norwegian maiden sacrifices her life, Mlle. Ilma di Murska and Mr. Santley are provided with parts which have, already in one performance, enabled them to win the highest possible distinction. The other characters are supported, and well supported by Signor Perotti (Erik the Hunter), Signor Foli (Daland, the Norwegian skipper), Signor Rinaldini (the Helmsman,) and Mme. Corsi (Maria).

Strange to say, considering the attraction one might suppose would attach to an opera by a composer who, in one way or another, has been the incessant talk of the musical world for more than 30 years, and scarcely any of whose dramatic music, occasional selections at concerts allowed for, is known in England, the house was not very full. In revenge, however, the audience was uproarious from first to last. The overture which provides material for all the most important dramatic situations of the opera, was loudly encored; and no wonder, the executants being beyond reproach.

Happily, Herr Wagner allows few opportunities for encoring in the course of his work; and had Signor Arditi been satisfied with acknowledging the applause, instead of repeating the overture—perhaps the least coherent, certainly the noisiest piece of the whole—he would have acted more discreetly. However, almost every piece was applauded with more or less heartiness; and this may in a measure be explained by the fact that the audience, from the drawing up of the curtain and the exhibition of the Norwegian vessel at anchor, to the self-immolation of Senta and the disappearance of the Dutchman's ship in the last scene, found themselves in the presence of something quite new and strange, something for the greater part unlike anything whatever they had previously witnessed. The calls for the principal singers at the termination of each act were hearty and unanimous.

The operas performed during this week (the last of the season) have been *Otello* (Monday); *L'Olandese Dannato* (Tuesday); and *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Thursday). A composite entertainment—including an act from *Traviata*, an act from *Martha*, and an from *Lucia*—for the benefit of Mlle Nilsson, and her last appearance in England before her visit to America, is announced for this evening—the last performance of the season.

[From the Same].

APROPOS OF THE HOLLAENDER.

"But there arose a colossal genius, a flaming spirit, to whom was decreed a crown of fire and gold." The speaker is Abbé Liszt; the individual spoken of, Herr Richard Wagner, whose star, last Saturday night, was visible above the English horizon for the first time. Previously, nothing but scintillations of its brightness could be detected; and not a few sympathetic souls chafed under the deprivation. Let us hope that, at last, they are happy.

One or two general reflections arise out of the production of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and may be best dealt with at the outset. We shall probably hear many quotations of "Magna est veritas," &c., and many remarks to the effect that the English press, having kept Wagner out of the country for years, has at length been overcome. There will be great jubilation at the supposed victory of truth over prejudice, and great kindling of hope, now that the Apostle of Future Music has gained a footing in the land. The sight of happiness is always agreeable to a well-constituted mind, and we have not the smallest desire to interfere with the pleasure of young Anglo-Germany. It must be stated, nevertheless, that the idea of journalism keeping Wagner out of England is a chimera, only a little less wild than the poet-composer's own theory as to the opposition he encounters

Herr Wagner went to sleep not long ago, and dreamed of a ubiquitous and omnipotent organization of Jews, which met him at every turn, eager to be avenged upon the man who sneered at Mendelssohn, and called Meyerbeer "the most despicable music-manufacturer of the period." With regard to England, Herr Wagner saw in his dream that our religion, being largely influenced by the Old Testament, made us very susceptible to the operations of the Jewish league, and secured for his enemies an easy victory. Waking up, he wrote a pamphlet, in which these fancies were put forward as realities; and his disciples naturally imitate their master; but the latter was not more self-deceived than are the former. Supposing, however, that the charge made against the press were true, there is an obvious and sufficient justification. It is possible to look upon Herr Wagner's music as destructive to the interests of art; and therefore, as music upon which all art-conservators should wage war. To establish a sanitary cordon, in hope of keeping out such poison, would be, therefore, an act of which the doers need feel no shame. We should question its policy, nevertheless; at all events, with reference to the fully-developed Wagnerian theory and practice. Pope's dictum,—

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

is thoroughly applicable to the art-vice of which we speak—applicable enough even to disprove the sequel; for under no circumstances should we "first endure, then pity, then embrace," say, *Tristan und Isolde*. It follows that Herr Wagner's opponents can desire no better thing than the production in England, of all his works, and if a manager could be found willing to sacrifice a fortune on their account, he would deserve recouping from the national treasury, with a bonus added.

The foregoing observations are, however, very nearly beside the mark when connected with *Der Fliegende Holländer*. Whatever the fate of this opera, it can bear only in a slight degree upon the Wagnerian controversy—for the sufficient reason that the opera itself but faintly illustrates Wagnerian doctrines. The inventor of future music, if Herr Wagner be the inventor (which those will doubt who read the curious parallel between him and Lully in Riehl's *Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten*), is no Minerva, s rung, fully developed, from the brain of Jove. Like Beethoven he has had "styles," commencing with the Italian French *Das Liebesverbot* and *Rienzi*, just "feeling his feet," to use a nursery expression, in *Der Fliegende Holländer*—where, also, he came in contact with his beloved legends—and finally running off on his own account in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and the *Nibelungen*. It is probable, therefore, that Herr Wagner now looks upon *Der Fliegende Holländer* as Goliath of Gath might have looked upon the toy-spear of his youthful days, and we can imagine how regretfully the composer of Lucerne has heard that London selected what he did at thirty years of age in preference to an illustration of his riper genius. Herr Wagner may, however, console himself with the thought that *Der Fliegende Holländer* is very good milk for babes, and that, when the digestive powers of English amateurs are stronger, a cry will be raised for something more substantial.

Under the circumstances we have detailed, there is no need to argue for or against Herr Wagner's distinctive theories, which his third opera but dimly foreshadows. To those, however, who, knowing somewhat of their realistic character, are attracted by daring novelty, we would commend the words of Lortzing: "If art is to be anything at all, it must indulge in a great many things that are unnatural; and herein lies the charm of art, that, notwithstanding its heterogeneous means, it can bring about an illusion that shall resemble real life." To these remarks may fittingly be added those of Goethe: "Herein lies the dangerous demon for you youngsters: You are quick to create new ideas, but how about giving them shape and form? *Every branch of art has its weak point in theory, which must be retained in practice, because by suppressing it you come too near to Nature and art is made inartistic.*" The passage we have italicized may be used as an exorcism, and ought effectually to "lay" the ghost of Future-Music whenever it appears.

THADDEUS EGG.

[From the Musical Times.]

So thoroughly has the public been warned off accepting the music of Wagner in this country, that we could scarcely wonder at the number of empty stalls which met the eye on Saturday the 23rd ult., when the curtain rose for the first performance of "Der Fliegende Holländer," or, as the title has been Italianized, "L'Olandese Dannato." But, in spite of much opposition, even concert frequenters have been now and then made acquainted with some of the works of the great prophet; for the overture to Tannhäuser has been often performed at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, young ladies play the March from the same Opera on the pianoforte, and the Introduction to "Lohengrin" has been re-demanded with acclamations at the Philharmonic. All this of course shows that the public is gradually taking the liberty of judging for itself; and although, therefore, as we have said, the house was thin on the production of his Opera for the first time in England, there can be no doubt that Herr Wagner has made his mark here, and that it will not be very easily effaced. This was first apparent by the burst of applause which could scarcely be restrained until the overture had finished; and the encore which was most positively insisted upon almost unanimously. The original, we might almost say eccentric, instrumentation of this Prelude so strongly indicates a mind unaccustomed to be bound by the conventional rules of art that, were it not for the obvious power which underlies his innovative tendencies, the music would be simply thrown aside as worthless. Judged, however, as a characteristic foreshadowing of the romantic story which is to come, there is a dramatic feeling so strangely weird and thrilling in parts, so full of that sense of the supernatural throughout, that it is impossible to resist its fascination. The whole of the first act, although somewhat gloomy, from the nature of the subject, is remarkably dramatic, the only objection being that the passages of mere declamation are somewhat too much lengthened. The best music of the opera is in the second act, which opens with a charmingly fresh chorus of young girls, who are discovered spinning. Then comes the legend of the "Flying Dutchman," related by the half demented *Senta*, who believes that she is destined to remove the curse from the roving seaman by remaining constant in her attachment to him. The broken phrases to which this legend is set, are truly in sympathy with the words; and there is also some clever and effective writing in the Duet with the Hunter *Erik*, which follows. But the gem of the work is the grand duet between *Senta* and the Dutchman, in which she declares her love, and pledges her faith to him. The varied feelings throughout this long and elaborate duet are so felicitously expressed in the vocal parts, the instrumentation is so richly colored, and the situation itself has such deep interest, that the applause at the conclusion was loud and prolonged enough to amount to a positive Wagnerian demonstration. The last act opens with a chorus of Norwegian sailors, the theme of which is prominent in the overture. The music which follows has much dramatic interest; but it is so little moulded on the operatic plan of detaching portions of the action of the piece for the manufacture of songs, duets, trios and quartets that we can hold out but small hope for the music shops. How far the composer has gained in effect by throwing over the usual conventionalities of the lyrical drama is a question which on one hearing of this remarkable Opera, we are not competent to pronounce; but that every one of the audience felt under the influence of a man who had struck out an original path for himself, and had power enough to make others accompany him, was apparent by the deep interest with which every note was listened to, and the enthusiastic applause with which the various pieces were received. Be it remembered, however, that "L'Olandese Dannato," is not to be accepted as an exponent of the developed style of Wagner, for it is an early opera, and contains much that he would now willingly expunge.

From "Tannhäuser," of which we know but little, to "Walkyrie," of which we know nothing, he has worked upon a theory which, for good or evil, has materially influenced public musical feeling in Germany, and is now likely, at least, to cause much division of opinion in England. That he may have a fair trial is our earnest wish; and we cannot but thank the manager of Drury Lane for giving us a chance of hearing even an immature specimen of the style of this much abused composer. In every respect the execution of the Opera must be commended in the highest degree. Mr. Sauvley, as the Dutchman, and Mlle. Ilma di Murska as *Senta*, achieved a real triumph in the great duet in the second act, and indeed sang the whole of the music with a perfect mastery over its extreme difficulties. Signor Foli was an excellent representative of the Norwegian Skipper, *Daland*, and Signor Perotti (who lately made a successful *debut* as *Faust*), created quite an enthusiasm as *Erik* the Hunter. The Opera was well placed upon the stage, and Signor Arditi contributed much to its success by his watchful and intelligent conducting.

Provisional Statutes of the School for Practical Musicians in Connection with the Royal Academy of Arts, Berlin.

I.

In connection with the Royal Academy of Arts, besides the school founded, in virtue of a Royal Order of the 31st March, 1833, for musical composition, there has existed, since October 1st, 1869, a School of Practical Music, in which school instruction is now given on the violin, tenor, violoncello, and pianoforte, as well as in musical theory. The power is reserved of extending the school by establishing classes for solo and choral singing, and of completing the plan of study by including other instruments and other subjects.

II.

These several courses of instruction constitute together an Academic High School of Music, the objects of the said school being the maintenance, propagation, and development of a model classical style, by imparting as perfect an education as possible, to such students of talent as may entertain the same objects and be willing to carry them out, either as public artists, as composers and teachers, or in private life, by practising, spreading, and promoting art in this sense.

III.

With regard to the Academic School for Musical Composition, that will be carried on, until further notice, in conformity with the arrangements made by virtue of the regulation of the 30th July, 1833, affecting the musical section of the Royal Academy of Arts, and the regulation and plan of study, of the 4th September, 1834, affecting the Academic School for Musical Composition, provided such regulations be not subjected to revision.

IV.

Such persons only will be received into the Academic School for Practical Music as are in a condition to prove that they possess a previous education rendering them capable of higher efforts. Elementary musical instruction will not be imparted in the High School, except in so far as it may be in certain branches indispensable as a complement of general musical education, over and above the principal subject of study.

V.

As a rule, the qualifications for admission into the School for Practical Music are, that:

1. Candidates must have completed their sixteenth year.
2. They must prove they possess a general education, equal to that given to male pupils of the second class in a high school.
3. They must give a specimen of what their musical capabilities are.

VI.

The entire course of instruction in the School commences at the beginning of the month of September, and is continued uninterruptedly till its conclusion in the second week of the month of July. There is, however, a week's holiday at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, respectively.

Persons desiring to be admitted as students must address all communications to Professor Joachim, to whom they must, at the same time, forward a slight sketch of their life, written by themselves, and proofs of their fulfilling the necessary conditions.

VII.

The annual grand examination of candidates takes place during the first days of the month of September, but is more precisely fixed by the Director. It depends upon the will of the latter, and the necessities of the case, whether or no pupils, after a preparatory examination, shall be admitted also at Christmas and Easter.

If the examination prove satisfactory, and the conditions enumerated in Statute V. be fulfilled, the Directors will notify the fact to the Curators of the Royal Academy of Arts, who will order the admission of the candidates into the School of Practical Music, acquainting at the same time the Director of the Academy of the fact.

A candidate can be relieved from conditions Nos. 1 and 2, included under Statute V., in virtue of special musical talent, the dispensation to be accorded through the Curators of the Academy.

VIII.

Such pupils as are admitted are bound to attend regularly the course of instruction; to observe and perform punctually the tasks set them; and to lead a moral life, both during, and out of, the hours devoted to study, as, also, to follow implicitly the instructions given them by the Director and the masters.

Students failing to observe these rules will be reprimanded, and, if they still continue not to observe the said rules, they shall, after having been warned without effect, be, at the request of the Directors, dismissed by the Curators of the Academy.

In urgent cases, the Director is empowered provisionally to forbid a student from attending the classes or frequenting the Institution.

IX.

The students are, moreover, bound, supposing that such is the decision of the Director, to take part in the public performances of the High School; but they must not, without his permission, perform in public elsewhere, or cause compositions of theirs to be performed.

X.

The course of study at the School lasts generally three years. On leaving the School, each student receives a certificate of his capabilities, such certificate being signed by the Director and the student's special professor.

XI.

The students of the School for Practical Music will be considered, just as much as the students of the School for Composition, students of the Academy of Arts, and may attend the artistic and scientific lectures of the Academy and the University, as well as use the Library of the Academy.

XII.

For the above instruction, the charge will be 80 thalers a year, in four equal portions, payable in advance, the first instalment to be paid on the student's admission, and each of the following three on the 2nd January, 1st April, and 1st July respectively. In the case of necessitous students of unusual talent, the charge may be remitted, or lessened, by the Curators.

XIII.

Advanced artists, desirous of attending the High School temporarily, can, after signifying their intention and paying the sum of 50 thalers, be received for half a year. But, like the other students, they bind themselves to follow the usual course of study, and the special instructions of the Director, as well as to co-operate in any public performances which may be given during the said period by the Institution, either as soloists, in the chorus, or in the band. The same rule applies also to such amateurs as have not chosen to practise the art as the business of their life, though, they may, of course, seek admission to the entire course of instruction imparted in the School (Statute VI., X.), on their engaging to submit to all the conditions prescribed (Statutes VIII., IX., X., XII.), from certain ones of which they can be exempted only by the Director, if he shall judge fit.

XIV.

The Director of the School for Practical Music will, with the approbation of his Majesty the King, be appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction. Other permanent teachers are appointed by the Minister, on the recommendation of the Director. The other teachers are named by the Director with the approval of the Minister, who may, however, withdraw that approval.

XV.

The Director and the Professors of the School of Music hold the same position in the general organization of the Royal Academy of Arts, more especially as relates to the Director and the Curators, as all other professors of the Academy, having an equal share in the rights and advantages of the latter, without detriment to the especial position with regard to the Senate, of those who are at the same time members of the Musical Section of the Academy.

XVI.

The masters appointed to the School for Practical Music are, as such, placed immediately and directly under the authority of the Director. They engage to give punctually the lessons they have to give in accordance with the plan of study, and to conform to any other instructions they may receive from the Director.

They constitute, under the presidentship of the Director, a College of Masters, which, as often as it may deem fit, shall meet to advise on the general affairs of the School of Music, and to decide on any thing else requiring its attention.

The masters are bound to support, with their talent, the public musical performances got up by the Institute.

XVII.

The masters in the School must not be at the same time masters in other public Musical Institutions in Berlin. Nor must they, without notifying the fact to the Director, and obtaining his consent, take part in any public musical performances in the said capital.

XVIII.

At the suggestion of the Director, public quartet performances will be given by the Instrumental Class of the School for Music, performances which will be carefully prepared and carried out by the masters, as models for the students and as a source of gratification to the public.

The students belonging to the Quartet-Class of the School of Music will be admitted free to the public quartet performances. The proceeds of these performances will, after the deduction of the expenses, and of the sum set aside for the Director and the Masters, be appropriated for the benefit of the School of Music, the Director having the right to propose how such proceeds shall be expended.

XIX.

The direction of such more important public performances, to be given by the School of Music, as may afterwards be decided on, is guaranteed to the Director of the Institution.

MUEHLER.

Minister of Religion, Instruction, and Medicine. Berlin. 16th June, 1870.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 27, 1870.

Handel's "Messiah."

How a great work of genius came to be,—how the flower springs up in a night, or the diamond in the cave became so full of light—is evermore a mystery. It is the same with the immortal masterworks of Poetry and Art, the same with "The Messiah." About the origin of the dear and noble Oratorio, among critics, there are several theories; as with the Iliad of Homer, and all works which live forever, there is mist and uncertainty about its beginning, though it is scarcely a century and a half old. The author, it is true, is known. But when and how did it originate in him? That is the question.

One theory makes it a mere money speculation of the harassed and brave composer. Having fairly used up and exhausted the soil of Italian Opera in London, he broke in upon new ground, and turned to more successful account his peculiar talent in the Fugue and great church style.

The usual account is this: Finding his operas fail, and weary with such trivial work, feeling that it was time now to do something far more worthy of his genius and more fitting his years, as he was getting old; having always had a religious turn; a staunch Luthern in creed, well-read in his Bible; particularly fond of the prophets and of St. Paul, and impressed with the one pervading theme of the Scriptures, the fall and redemption of man, he resolved to put forth all his powers, and draw from all the resources of his art, to make an eloquent exposition of his faith in music, and interpret the Bible thus to the hearts of all men. In such a work he would discard the words and inventions of men. He would draw from the genuine fount of Inspiration, and from the Scriptures themselves cull out pregnant sentences, and arrange them in an epic unity, in which the whole great drama should lie hid, needing music only to warm it out into full life. The story goes, that an English Archbishop, hearing of his intention, sent and begged him to wait a while, and he would write the words for him. But Handel replied indignantly: "Does he think that he can write better than prophets and apostles, full of the Holy Ghost? or, that I have not read and loved my Bible as well as he?" So he chose for himself such passages as a he wanted, and having set them all in due order, till they filled out the circle of his thought, began at the beginning and turned it into music.

So far as this is historical fact, it must not be disputed. But in the main point, namely, as regards its being a work of deliberate design on the part of Handel, it is evidently conjectural. If it was so, it was an exception to almost all great works of genius.

Far lovelier to the imagination is theory which supposes it the result of slow successive accretions, or rather that it had a fragmentary and accidental origin; that it had long existed in parts, scattered through his whole past life, till finally in one glowing hour of genius they were all fused into one perfect whole, to the surprise of himself as of every one. This makes it seem more as if the design lay in the eternal counsels of Fate and God, as if the work were the culminating flower, or fruit, of the man's whole nature, and not the arbitrary manufacture of his will. The view is thus naturally stated by Zelter, perhaps the first of musical critics in his day, in a letter to Goethe:

"Herder has somewhere called the Messiah a Christian *Epos*, and that is the very word for it. In fact, this work contains in its fragmentary composition the whole convolution of his Christianity, as faithful and reverential, as it is rationally poetic.

"The intention of the whole, taken as one work, I have always supposed to have arisen accidentally, and I can not wean myself from this opinion.

"The high festivals of the Church in Handel's time gave the composers an opportunity to set to music verses from all parts of the Bible, and from amongst it all some of the finest single pieces must have arisen. Handel, who had taste enough to reject the miserable church text of Broch, Picander and others, on which he and Bach and the rest had worked themselves weary, finally collected together the choruses which related to the Passion into one convolution, got some clever man to make the connecting hooks and rings between them, if he did not do it himself, and so there arose a cyclical work, which I divide into four or five parts, &c."

"+ * * The good Rochlitz deserves great thanks, but his history of the origin of the Messiah *a priori* looks to me like all history (so called). The history of a work of Art (and every work of Art has its proper history) cannot be counted on the fingers, if Nature herself takes a thousand years to manufacture one such creature, who *then*, after all, seems to make his appearance accidentally. Necessity itself cannot exist without accident. Let every one think for himself: for *me* this accidental character is an indispensable beauty in every work of genius. I find it more convenient for my enjoyment of the piece; it does not require me to excuse anything."

Still better is Goethe's response to this suggestion:

"Your view of the rhapsodical origin of this work coincides with mine entirely; very naturally the soul may build up a funeral-pile of fragmentary elements, which it knows how to touch with its own fire at last, and send it blazing up, a pyramid, to heaven."

And again:

"I am not disinclined to the thought that it is a collection, and bringing together from a rich treasury of simple things; for at bottom it is all the same, whether it acquire its unity at the beginning, or at the end; it is still the soul that brings it out; and in the Christian Old and New Testament sense it lay there long ago all ready to his hand. So we may say about Homer," &c., &c.

This is simply saying, what in one sense is a truism, that a great work of genius and of Art is (spiritually, essentially) of no age, and no one can tell its birthday. For such a work is always new, and cannot lose its freshness. Just so in conversing with a great, true man, you forget to think what age he may be of; a white-haired octagenarian, still he seems younger than yourself, younger (in feeling, in appreciation, in lively interest in all things) than the fastest specimen of "Young America."

THE NATIONAL MUSICAL CONGRESS, which was organized in this city a year ago, mainly through the zeal and energy of Mr. Tourjée, the head of the New England Musical Conservatory,—with a view to greater unity of purpose and of method in the musical development of the American people,—will hold its second annual Convention at Steinway Hall, New York, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next week (Aug. 30, 31, and Sept. 1). The following Programme of Exercises for the three days is given in the Circular of the Committee of Arrangements: Messrs. Henry C. Watson, John Stephenson, James Pech, Henry L. Stuart and Eben Tourjee:

Tuesday, August 30.

10 A.M. Transaction of Business, including the Appointment of Committees, Announcements, &c.

2.30 P.M. Opening Exercises. Addresses of Welcome. Response and Address, by the President.

A Paper, by Henry C. Watson, Esq., New York. Subject. "The National Musical Congress; its Duties and its Objects."

4 P.M. A Paper by L. H. Southard, Mus. Doc., Director of Music, Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md. Subject: "Musical Criticism."

8 P.M. A Paper by James Pech, Mus. Doc. Oxon., Senior Organist of Trinity Parish, New York. Subject: "Academical Degrees in Music."

Wednesday, August 31.

10 A.M. A Paper by Theo. F. Seward, Esq., Orange, N. J. Subject: "What can this Association do to Revive an Interest in Elementary Musical Instruction?"

11 A.M. An Illustration, by Luther Whiting Mason, Esq., Boston, Mass., of "The Method Employed in the Public Schools of Boston, in Teaching Vocal Music to Young Children," with practical exercises by a class of children from the Primary Schools of New York.

2.30 P.M. A Paper by Geo. F. Root, Esq., Chicago, Ill. Subject: "Philosophy of the Elementary Principles of Music."

4 P.M. A Paper by John P. Morgan, Esq., New York. Subject: "The Study of the Theory of Music, in its legitimate Relations to General Education."

8 P.M. A Paper by J. O'Neill, Esq., Boston, Mass. Subject: "The Voice Considered as the Organ of Æsthetical Feeling in Art."

Thursday, September 1.

10 A.M. Miscellaneous Business.
A Paper by S. A. Emery, Esq., Boston, Mass. Subject: "The Popular Taste."

11 A.M. A Paper by C. C. Converse, Esq., New York. Subject: "The Moral Influence of Music."

2.30 P.M. A Paper by Rev. E. Wentworth, D.D., Pittsfield, Mass. Subject: "Congregational Singing; its Advantages and its Difficulties."

3.30 P.M. A Paper by J. H. Cornell, Esq., New York. Subject: "Appropriate Music for the Church Service."

4.15 P.M. An address by John Zundel, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., upon the same subject to be followed by a Discussion.

P.M. A Paper by Prof. Geo. J. Stoeckel, Mus. Doc., of Yale College, New Haven, Conn. Subject: "Dramatic Music."

Closing Exercises.

Each Paper presented to the Association will be open for discussion for the members.

Valuable Papers from W. S. B. Mathews, Esq., Chicago, Ill. Subject: "The Art of Piano-Forte Playing," and from Carlo Bassini, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y. Subject: "Vocal Culture," have been contributed, and will be read during the Anniversary.

The Exercises will be interspersed by Vocal and Instrumental Music of a high order by leading artists.

How is This? We have not been present at the Great Organ "Noonings" lately, and we print the following complaint in the hope that, in so far as it may be just, it may prompt to a reform.

"Mr. Editor: A stranger in this city, I went to the Music Hall this noon, expecting to hear a musician-like exhibition of the capabilities of the Great Organ, and was most signally disappointed. The selections of music were not made in good taste, the rapid passages were badly blurred, and the music was not played *in time*. It was simply impossible for my ear—though it is a trained one—to distinguish in what kind of time the pieces were written, and what were the time combinations used. Making long waits in order to adjust the stops, and recommencing phrases in order to rectify mistakes in combination, were faults in the performance.

"Can you not exert your influence to make the Organ performances a credit to the musical culture of the city, and a pleasure, instead of a bitter disappointment, to musicians who may attend them?

Mystery."

Boston, Aug. 17, 1870.

Parisian Notes. The gay metropolis has no thought now for its Opera Grand or Comique, its Pasdeloup Concerts, *Cafés Chantants*, Musard and the rest, but waiting in sullen fear and rage for quite another kind of music. Even the Marseillaise and other war hymns must have lost the exulting tone with which they were sung two weeks ago; the roar of besieging cannon and the hiss of bombshells threaten soon to set their wild strains to a gloomier harmony. Of musical items we find chiefly such as these:

According to one of our French exchanges, the progress made by the Prussians in the present war is entirely due to the fact that the King of Bavaria, being the proprietor of the copyright of Wagner's operas, and with an eye to business, has managed to introduce the melodies of these operas into the military bands of the Prussians. According to our contemporary, the French troops could stand the needle gun but not Wagner's music.—*Weekly Review.*

MM. Auber and Mme. Veuve Scribe have given up their authors' rights (500 francs a night) in *Masaniello*, so long as the *Marseillaise* is sung during the performance. Here is the letter of the distinguished composer, addressed to M. Perrin:

"Mon cher ami,—Moi aussi, je veux apporter mon obole. N'étant plus assez jeune pour voler à la frontière, je pense avec attendrissement à ceux qui, plus favorisés, vont défendre le drapeau, et je renonce en leur faveur à mes droits sur les bénéfices de la *Muette*, tant que la *Marseillaise* lui refera un succès. —Amitié,—Auber."

M. Gustave Bertrand, writing to the *Nord*, recommends the orchestra of the Imperial Opera House to adopt the accompaniment written by Hector Berlioz for the "Marseillaise." It is, he says, not only characterized by musicianlike effects, but its publication was dictated by a genuine spirit of patriotism, of which a proof is given in the assignment of the chorus to "every one who has a voice, a heart, and blood in his veins."

The annual free performances at the Parisian theatres on the 15th of August (Emperor's fête day) will not take place, but the ordinary prices of admission will be charged, and the entire proceeds devoted to the Patriotic Fund for the Sick and Wounded.

A singular illustration of heriditary talent for music has just been furnished at the Paris Conservatoire, where the first prize for singing, for opera, and opera comique, has fallen to Mlle. Blanche Thibault; her sister, Mlle. Gabrielle, being also one of the *lauréats*. These young ladies, who last year obtained prizes for pianoforte playing, and are good practical musicians, are the daughters of the chief of the band of the National Guard, one of the most popular artistes in Paris.

The announcement that Paris is in a state of siege, coupled with the news that the workmen on the exterior of the new opera-house have nearly completed their task, suggests some unpleasant reflections as to the use which the new and much talked of building may be put to. To those who remember the lessons of history and are acquainted with the versatility of a French mob, the prospect must, to say the least of it, be filled with gloom for the architect and the chief decorator.

The most curious musical manifestation which the war has produced is that by Offenbach, who has composed an Imperial battle-song, called "Dieu, garde l'Empereur." As Offenbach is a native of Cologne, his future career in Germany will be closed by this composition.

The subject of the following more cheerful notice made many warm friends and admirers in musical circles here in Boston a few years ago:

Report says that there is now studying under M. Roger (the well known tenor of the Grand Opera), an American young lady, whose career as a songstress he predicts will be unusually brilliant. He has a private theatre, in which the pupils frequently appear. The audience is composed of managers of operas, composers, and musical critics, and is as competent an assembly as could well be collected. They confirm M. Roger's predictions. The young lady is Miss Mackie, and she has adopted for the stage the pseudonym, Mlle. Gaetano. She passes in Paris generally for a Spaniard, and she looks like a daughter of Seville. Her admirers also accredit her with great beauty.

The *Orchestra* cites a couple of grim specimens of the excited French Muse; to wit:

The religious aspect which the war has to a certain extent assumed is oddly illustrated by some verses entitled "Les Français au Rhin," which have appeared in the French press. The lines might be taken for a burlesque were it not that they originated with the *Cuirass*. The sombre gaiety of the Catholic organ, is, it must be confessed, more curious than pleasant:—

Les Rhénans, *tribu catholique*,
Tremblent sous *un roi protestant*,
Dont le seul code est une trique,
La schlague le maître argument.
Bismarck veut Metz, Bitche et l'Alsace,
Pour y faire adorer Luther;
Ce démon vomi par l'enfer
Veut nous réduire à la besace.
Sur le Rhin
Portons notre frontière!
Plantons notre bannière
Sur le Rhin!

A Paris journal publishes in its first page the words and music of a war song worthy of the aborigines of New Caledonia. The second verse commences with these amiable sentiments:

Si l'ennemi dort dans la grange
Mets-y le feu, sans hésiter,
Pour balayer pareille fange.

The poet then expresses the hope "Qu'ils râleront sur nos fumiers," &c.

The musicians in Paris, amidst the din of arms and wars' alarms, have been busily engaged in the distribution of musical prizes—at the Conservatoire, under the President Auber; at the School of Religious Music, by its founder (1853), Louis Niedermeyer; and at the seventy-seven communal schools of Paris, for singing, under the direction of Pasdeloup. The above institutions, collectively, give gratuitous musical instruction, in various branches of the art, to some three or four thousand students of both sexes. When shall we see similar institutions?

Elmira Female College.

[The State of New York, it seems, has more than one largely endowed College for young women, in which musical instruction is made of great account. We have received the following communication.]

This College, located at Elmira, New York, is to the south-western part of the State what Vassar is to the Eastern. It was founded in 1855 by Simeon Benjamin, Esq., whose donations amounted to $80,000. During the last year there has been an appropriation of $25,000 by the State Legislature of New York, which had been depending upon the raising of $50,000 by citizens of Elmira. There is also, in addition to this, an Aid Fund of $25,000 for the encouragement of young ladies of limited means. Its total property is upwards of $200,000. It has provided a Course of Study, with advantages of libraries, observatories, apparatus, literary societies and lectures.

By the terms of its Charter it has the right of Conferring Degrees, Academic and Honorary, and every year it sends out its Bachelors of Arts (generic term including maidens) with Diplomas delivered into their hands, after a truly classical formula, by the worthy President, Rev. A. W. Cowles, D.D.

The Musical Department of the College has many advantages not enjoyed in any other institution for young ladies in our country. A very superior organ from the celebrated establishment of Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of Boston, has recently been added to the Department. This instrument is pronounced by the most competent judges to be unsurpassed for excellence of tone and finish, by any instrument of its size and volume in the country. It has two banks of keys with full compass from CC to A in Alt, fifty-eight notes, with pedal twenty-five notes. It has seventeen of the most approved stops, with all the modern improvements, which have rendered the Messrs. Hook & Co., distinguished as organ builders.

The fourth story of the octagon of the building, containing sixteen rooms, is devoted to the practise of Vocal and Instrumental Music (Piano and Guitar). During the past year the College has been furnished throughout with new pianos. Dumb Pianos are used for the practise of exercises, as in European Conservatories, to correct bad habits in fingering and position of hands.

There is a Course of Study in both Vocal and Instrumental Music. Pupils are requested to finish the first part of the Course, after which they can proceed with it, or abandon the practise of exercises. That the greater part prefer to continue the Course is encouraging to those who are endeavoring to create an ambition for thorough practice, and to establish a high standard of music in the College.

Of the Music Department the Elmira Gazette of June 24th says:

"The deservedly high reputation of the musical department of the College has been attained under its present management with Miss Laura A. Wentworth, Instructor and Directress.

"To this estimable lady, an unsurpassed worker in this field of labor, all the excellence this department now possesses must be attributed. Her energy, inde-

fatigable industry, rare tact and splendid attainments in music, have raised the department to its present high rank.

"The Choruses during the present Commencement Week have illustrated her success as an instructor and directress as gratifyingly as her solo singing evinced her rare attainments in fine vocalization. The time was excellent, the concord exact. They were sung with fine expression and, what with good time is of the utmost importance in choruses, there was the most distinct enunciation."

The following pieces were sung during Commencement weeks of 1869–70.

PIANO SOLOS.

Sonata Pathetique.....Beethoven.
Murmures Eoliennes.....Gottschalk.
Erl King.....Liszt.
Andante.....Thalberg.
Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn.

VOCAL DUETS.

"Return of Spring".....Kücken.
"Greeting".....Mendelssohn.

VOCAL TRIOS.

"Tu sol quest Arina".....Verdi.
"Lift thine eyes".....Elijah.
"Protect us through the coming night".....Curshman.

VOCAL SOLOS.

"Una voce poco fii".....Rossini.
"Echo Song," with Flute Obligato.....Bishop.

OVERTURES.

To "William Tell," "Don Giovanni," "Barber of Seville," "Der Freischütz," "Dichter und Bauer," and "Jubel" Overture for Organ and Pianos, sixteen and eight hands.

CHORUSES.

"The Heavens are telling".....'Creation."
"Hallelujah".....'Messiah"
"Our land is Free".....'Moses in Egypt."
"Green be your fame forever".....' "
"Hark, again the thrilling horn".....Cinderella.
"Mighty Jehovah".....Bellini.
"Gloria".....Mozart's 12th Mass.

FLORENCE.—A grand concert lately given in the Principe Umberto Theatre, by Dr. Hans von Bülow, has created quite a sensation. Works by Cherubini, Mozart, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and von Bülow, were executed by an orchestra of a hundred performers. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which had never before been given here on so grand a scale, produced a deep impression on all present. The concert may justly be said to be a triumph for German classical music in Italy.—The Boccherini Quartet Association celebrated Beethoven's Centenary by a performance of the Quintet in C major; the "Kreutzer" Sonata; selections from *Fidelio*; and the Septet.

Herr Joseph Strauss died on the 22nd July. He was born on the 22nd August, 1827, in the St. Ulrich suburb, Vienna, and was, therefore, in his 43rd year. It is a well-known fact that the father, Johann Strauss, was strongly opposed to Joseph and his two brothers cultivating music, even as a relaxation; but their mother had them taught secretly. Herr Joseph Strauss first appeared before the public in the year 1853. He has composed about 300 different pieces.

A short time since, in consequence of a second communication, Herr Wagner replied to the Committee of the Beethoven Festival at Vienna. His letter was not, however, addressed to the Committee itself, but to the vice-chairman, Herr Dumba, personally. According to the *Alte Presse*, it ran as follows:—

"In reply to your especial enquiry of the 24th June last, I regret having to inform you, in writing, that I consider as not existing any written or printed document bearing either of the names, Hanslik, or Schelle. However honorable the other names of which a committee may boast, immediately the above two names are among them, any invitation from such a community is, for me, as though it had never been sent. If the Imperial University, and Press selected these two individuals as their representatives, neither side can really suppose that there was ever any serious intention of inviting me. As, however, I mean no longer to put up with jokes in certain quarters, I beg, my dear Sir, that you will understand it is impossible for me to answer the invitation sent."

Professor Hanslik has published his view of the matter, in the shape of a *feuilleton*, in the *Neue Freie Presse*.

The *Athenæum* speaks very well of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," which was produced in London on the 23d of July, for the first time on the English stage. In this opera Wagner "has adhered strictly to conventional rules in the composition; he has violated no laws in the setting of the legend; he has simply followed in the beaten track of his predecessors in operatic writing. His score is laid out in routine order; his overture is a prelude to the leading themes of the singer; his numbers are divided in the orthodox fashion of recitative and cabaletta; nay, more, he has even maintained the *point d' orgue*, so completely is his air or scena noted like other reasonable musicians. *O si sic omnia!* The musician who could wr te such a second act as that of the "Fliegende Holländer" might have entered the lists with the master-minds of any epoch." While Wagner was engaged upon this opera, and doing miscellaneous work for the Paris music publishers, his "Rienzi" was trying in vain to get admission at one opera-house after another. At last, through the influence of Mme. Schröder-Devrient, the celebrated singer, it was accepted at Dresden; but, when the news reached the composer, he was so poor that he had to sell the libretto of the "Flying Dutchman" for 500 francs, to pay his travelling expenses to the Saxon capital. The text he thus relinquished was set to music by M. Dietsch; but this gentleman's work proved an entire failure. "Rienzi" was received so favorably at Dresden that Wagner was encouraged to produce another opera; and accordingly finished the present work, and brought it out with entire success in 1842. The performance in London seems to have been mediocre. The scenery and mechanical effects were indifferently arranged, and none of the principal artists satisfied the critics except Mlle. Ilma di Murska.

A MS. composition by Handel has been discovered by Mr. Brinley Richards, in the British Museum. It is a concerto for the triple-stringed harp of Wales, written by the great composer for Powell, the harper to King George II., and consisting of an allegro, a larghetto, and a rondo finale. It was performed recently at a concert of Welsh music given by Lady Llanover, Herr Sjöden playing the harp part, and the *tutti* being two violins, a viola, a 'cello, and a double bass.

Hector Berlioz and Friedrich Wilhelm IV.

Speaking of the late king of Prussia Hector Berlioz, in his *Memoirs*, says:—"But I must now tell you about a dinner at Sans Souci, to which the King sent me an invitation through Meyerbeer. Among the guests were Alexander von Humboldt, Count Wielhorski, and the Princesses of Prussia. After the dessert coffee was served in the gardens. The King walked about, holding his cup in his hand. Having gone up the steps of a summer-house, he suddenly caught sight of me, and called out:

"'Hi! Berlioz, come here. You shall tell me about my sister, and your journey to Russia.'

"I hastened to fulfil his Majesty's wishes, and soon, I forget by what mad ideas, put my august Amphytrion in a most merry humor.

"'Have you learnt Russian?'

"No, your Majesty; all I can say is: *Na prawa, na lave* (to the right, to the left), to make myself intelligible to a sledge-driver, and *Dourack*, if the conductor is wrong.

"'What's *Dourack?*'

"'Blockhead, your Majesty!'

"'Blockhead, your Majesty! Oh! that is splendid! Your Majesty, Blockhead; Blockhead, your Majesty.' And his Majesty shook so with laughter that all the contents of his cup became acquainted with the ground.

This merriment of the King's, in which I shared without affectation, made me suddenly an important personage. Several officers, chamberlains, and others, who had been watching the scene, deemed it advisable to put themselves on a good footing with a man who had just laughed so heartily and unreservedly with the King. I was quickly surrounded by a crowd of grand gentlemen, whom I had not previously remarked, and who, for their part, had not taken the slightest notice of me. They bowed to me, and gently breathed in modest accents: 'I am, sir, Prince ——, and shall feel happy to make your acquaintance.' 'Sir, I am Count ——, allow me to congratulate you on the success you have just achieved.' 'Sir, I am the Baron ——; I had the honor of meeting you six years ago in Brunswick. I am delighted,' &c., &c.

"I could not imagine to what I was all at once indebted for this nimbus at the Prussian Court, when I recollected the scene in the first act of *Les Huguenots*, where Raoul, after receiving the note from the Queen, finds himself surrounded by cavaliers, who all offer him their friendship in the most pressing manner. He is supposed to be a favorite of her Majesty's. Oh! how comic is the little world which is called the great!"

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Village Blacksmith's Bride. Ballad. (Mein Liebster ist im Dorf der Schmied). 4. A to *a*. *Hölzel*. 40

"My Lover is the village smith,
I love him well and true!
As up and down his hammer beats,
My heart beats with it too."

An effective song with English and German words, modulating in pleasing changes, with a very *striking* accompaniment.

Sunset on the waters. 3. B*b* to f. *Lyle*. 30

"The golden sun is streaming
Across the waters bright,
Where gentle wavelets playing
Are crowned with golden light."

An Andante con affettuoso movement, with a fine melody and good accompaniment.

Dying Alone. Song and Chorus. 3. A*b* to f. *Fuller*. 35

"Homeless and sad I have wandered along,
No one to help me in all the gay throng;
Hopeless and heartsick, in tears and despair,
Bowed with misfortune, and sorrow and care.

A melody well adapted to express the words.

Instrumental.

Etudes de Style. For the Piano. Book I. 6. Various Keys. Op. 14. *Ravina*. 1.50

Book I. contains 7 Etudes, viz.: 1. Allegretto volteggiando. C.—2. Tempo giusto e lusingando. A*b*.—3. Allegretto sciolto. A.—4. Andantino e con sentimento. G*b*.—5. Moderato e con garbo. A minor.—6. Allegro agitato. B minor.—7. Fanfare. Allegro spirituoso. E*b*.

Fantasia on Scotch Airs, for Six hands (Three performers). 5. G. *Czerny*. 1.25

Grand Offertoire de St. Cecile. No. 2, for the Organ. 6. D. Op. 8. *E. Batiste*. 1.00

A very beautiful composition in the Free Style of Organ Music. The melody is first given out with the Pedale coupled to the full manuals in an Andante maestoso movement followed by a brilliant Allegro in D minor, preparatory to the introduction of the touching theme for the swell oboe, with an accompaniment of arpeggio chords on the choir organ, after which the first allegro is again taken up and finally modulates preparatory to introducing the theme on the Vox Humana in chords with the Tremulant, for the left hand, with a series of liquid arpeggio runs for the right hand on the choir manual. At the close of this fascinating phrase, the stops are gradually added until the full power of the organ is attained, when the grand theme is taken up in D major, with full chords in both hands and the pedals in rolling notes through the whole scale, giving the most majestic effect conceivable.

Books.

HENNING'S VIOLIN SCHOOL. Book 2. Containing 94 daily and progressive exercises in the various keys. 1.50

MERCADANTE'S MASS IN B*b*, for Three Voices (First and Second Soprano, and Bass) with Latin and English Words. Paper, 75 Cloth, 1.00

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 768. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 13.

The Battle.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching come,
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the cold, grim dice of the iron grave.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt
Gallops the major along the front.
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors silent halt.

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving,
God be with you, children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the drum and fife—
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone;
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouted signal circles round,
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall,
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes—
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.

They kneel, as one man, from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank;
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by ball is rent;
O'er the corpse before springs the hindmost man,
That the line may not fall to the fearless van;
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground!
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!
Brother, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come we may meet once more!

The dead men are bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What? Francis!"—"Give Charlotte my last farewell;"
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—oh, God! are the guns so near?
Ho, comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!
I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell;
Sleep soft, where Death thy lost descendeth in vain,
The friend thou forsakest, thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward, reels the fight,
Dark and more darkly, day glooms into night.
Brethren, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying,
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe;
Their thunder looms in dying—
Victory!
Tremor has seized on the dastards all,
And their leaders fall!
Victory!
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight,
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph, already, sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another in which we shall meet you once more.

Music a Means of Culture.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for September.)

Our musical history has been peculiar. We were in no sense a musical people forty years ago. Nothing could be further from the old New England character and "bringing up," we will not call it culture. But, strangely (and not much in accordance with the common theory that the way to elevate the taste is to begin with what is light and popular), the first real and deep interest in music awakened here in Boston was an interest in the greatest kind of music. Handel, and then more irresistibly Beethoven, were the first to take deep hold on thoughtful, earnest, inherently musical souls. This was when the new spirit of culture, in the fullest, truest, highest sense, became in various ways so rife in this community. So that it is scarcely paradoxical to say, that music in this country, or at least this portion of the country, "came in with the conqueror." That is to say, the love for the highest kind of music (for it is only the love of it, not the creative gift as yet), which had for some time been imported to this once Puritanical Boston and the regions spiritually watered from it, came in with the conquering *ideas*,—with the ideas of spiritual freedom, of self-reliance, of the dignity of human nature, of the insignificance of creeds compared with life and practice, of social justice, equal opportunities to all, a common birthright in the beautiful,—ideas which from the time of Channing began to quicken the whole thought and conscience of the young Republic, and which were glowing with fresh fervor of conviction in the light of that ideal philosophy which, where it made one mystic, made a dozen practical and sound reformers,—ideas fitly summed up in the one idea of CULTURE, in the nobler sense in which it then began to haunt the mind, as something distinct from, and superior to, the barren routine of a narrow, utilitarian, provincial, and timid education; culture in the sense of free unfolding of intrinsic germs of character, of conscious, quick, sincere relationship and sympathy with all the beauty and the order of the universe, instead of in the old sense of a more makeshift clothing upon them with art with approved special knowledges, conventional beliefs and maxims, and time-honored prejudices. Intimately implied in this idea of culture is the æsthetic principle. For what is culture without art? — art, the type and mirror of ideal, complete life, the one free mode of man's activity, wherein he may become partaker in the Divine creative energy? And what form of art, what ministry to the æsthetic instinct, was so peculiarly the need and product of our age, so widely, easily available, as music? It was not strange that it should come in with the conquering ideas, as we have said.

At all events, it is a fact of some significance that the interest here felt in Beethoven began at the same moment with the interest in Emerson, and notably in the same minds who found such quickening in his free and bracing utterance. It was to a great extent the young souls drawn to "Transcendentalism" (as it was nicknamed), to escape spiritual starvation, who were most drawn also to the great, deep music which we began to hear at that time. For, be it remembered, the first great awakening of the musical instinct here was when the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven was played, thirty years ago or more, in that old theatre, long since vanished from the heart of the drygoods part of Boston, which had been converted into an "Odeon," where an "Academy of Music" gave us some first glimpses of the glories of great orchestral music. Some may yet remember how young men and women of the most culture in cities, whom the new intellectual dayspring had made thoughtful and at the same time open and impressible to all appeals of art and beauty, used to sit there through the concert in that tawdry upper gallery or sky-parlor, secluded in the shade, and give themselves up completely to the influence of the sublime harmonies that sank into their souls, enlarging and coloring thenceforth the whole horizon of their life. Then came the Brook Farm experiment; and it is equally a curious fact, that music, and of the best kind, the Beethoven Sonatas, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn, got at, indeed, in a very humble, home-made, and imperfect way, was one of the chief interests and refreshments of those halcyon days. Nay, it was among the singing portion of those plain farmers, teachers, and (let for such cheer) domestic drudges, that the first example sprang up of the so-called "Mass Clubs," once so much in vogue among small knots of amateurs. They met to practise music which to them seemed heavenly, after the old hackneyed glees and psalm-tunes, though little many of them thought or cared about the creed embodied in the Latin words that formed the convenient vehicle for tones so thrilling; the *music* was quite innocent of creed, except that of the heart, and of the common deepest wants and aspirations of all souls, darkly locked up in formulas, till set free by the subtile solvent of the delicious harmonies. And our genial friend who sits in Harper's "Easy Chair" has lately told the world what parties from "the Farm" (and he was "one of them") would come to town to drink in the symphonies, and then walk back the whole way, seven miles, at night, elated and unconscious of fatigue, carrying home with them a new good genius, beautiful and strong, to help them through the next day's labors. Then, too, and among the same class of minds (the same "Transcendental set"), began the writing and the lecturing on music and its great masters, treating it from a high spiritual point of view, and seeking (too imaginatively, no doubt) the key and meaning to the symphony, but anyhow establishing a vital, true affinity between the great tone-poems and all great ideals of the human mind. In the "Harbinger," for years printed at Brook Farm, in the "Dial," which told the time of day so far ahead, in the writings of Margaret Fuller and others, these became favorite and glowing topics of discourse; and such discussion did at least contribute much to make music more respected, to lift it in the esteem of thoughtful persons to a level with the rest of the "humanities" of culture, and especially to turn attention to the nobler compositions, and away from that which is but idle, sensual, and vulgar.

The kind reader will grant plenary indulgence to these gossiping memories, and must not for a moment think it is intended by them to claim for any one class the exclusive credit of the impulse given in those days to music. Cecilia had her ardent friends and votaries among conservatives as well. But is it not significant as well as curious, that the free-thinking and idealistic class referred to (call them "Transcendental dreamers" if you will, they can afford to bear the title now!) were so largely engaged in the movement, — that among the "select few," constant to all opportunities of hearing the great music in its days of small things here, so many of this class were found? The ideas of those enthusiasts, if we look around us now, have leavened the whole thought and culture of this people; have melted icy creeds, and opened genial communion between sects; have set the whole breast of the nation heaving, till it has cast off the vampire of at least one of its great established crimes and curses; have set all men thinking of the elevation of

mankind. These are the conquering ideas, and with them came in the respect for music, which now in its way, too, is leavening, refining, humanizing our too crude and swaggering young democratic civilization. A short pedigree! but great ideas, by their transforming power, work centuries of change in a few years.

The great music came in then because it was in full affinity with the best thoughts stirring in fresh, earnest souls. The same unsatisfied, deep want that shrank from the old Puritanic creed and practice; that sought a positive soul's joy instead of abnegation; that yearned for the "*beauty* of holiness," and for communion with the Father in some sincere way of one's own without profession; that kindled with ideals of a heaven on earth and of a reign of love in harmony with Nature's beauties and the prophesies of Art, — found just then and here unwonted comfort, courage, and expression in the strains of the divine composers, of which we were then getting the first visitations. It was as if our social globe, charged with the electricity of new divine ideas and longings, germs of a new era, were beginning to be haunted by auroral gleams and flashes of strange melody and harmony. Young souls, resolved to keep their youth and be true to themselves, felt a mysterious attraction to all this, though without culture musically. Persons not technically musical at all would feel the music as they felt the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. They understoood as little of the laws of one as of the other fascinating and prophetic mystery. Beethoven, above all, struck the key-note of the age; in his deep music, so profoundly human, one heard, as in a sea shell, the murmur of a grander future. Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, found no more eager audience than among these "disciples of the newness" (as some sneeringly called them), these believing ones, who would not have belief imposed upon them, who cared more for life than doctrine, and to whom it was a prime necessity of heart and soul to make life *genial*. This was to them "music of the future," in a more deep and real sense than any Wagner of these later times has been inspired to write.

All this, to be sure, does not prove us to be a "musical people." It does prove that the great music, into which great, earnest men like Beethoven breathed the secret of their lives, had a magnetic, quick affinity with the great thought and impulses beginning at that time to renew religion, politics, society, and the whole spirit and complexion of the age. With the casting adrift from old authorities and creeds came this instinctive feeling forth for Art, as for a tangible assurance of the essential "substance of things hoped for." The æsthetic instinct woke in us (to music's touch more quickly than to any other) to save this radicalism from sheer discomfortable, boisterous, quarrelsome negation, from the rude, antagonistic, and destructive attitude, from that hard, dry, killing *prose* of life, unquickening, discouraging, conceited, overbearing, which is of the very essence of atheism, and overturns the altars of the old religions only to worship self and the all mighty dollar. True radicalism is positive, affirmative, not negative; a seeker of agreement, unity, and not of difference; a puller down of only what obstructs the rising of a more divine and universal temple. Resenting imposition and authority, it has respect for all sincere beliefs, and loves to find the truth there is or ever was in each. Now much of that transcendental radicalism was of this temper, and naturally found a reconciling, saving grace in Art; in music, most of all, as the most fluid, subtile, sympathetic of the arts; the Christian, modern, youngest art, which, weaving airy motion into forms immortal, best illustrates life's perpetual *becoming*, and does not stand a milestone of arrested progress; the art which, while it is infinitely expressive and suggestive, does not limit to precise interpretations, to mere word meanings, or too inquisitive *thought* meanings; does not tie us down to definitions.

We were but babes in music, doubtless, and capable of little scientific understanding of the works we heard with rapture. Shall it be said, then, that this love was mostly affectation, or illusion? What was the so great need of understanding? Are great poems written, are great pictures painted, were the old cathedrals planned and reared, only for those who have themselves the knowledge and the power to do the like? The picture in the window which all passers stop to see was not made solely or mainly for professional enjoyment, but for mere laymen also, ignorant of the art that made it, yet open, it may be, to the full influence and beauty of the thing made. Is nature spread out only for astronomers and physicists and chemists, or to rejoice and raise, refine and harmonize, the unscientific heart and soul of you and me? The least instructed of us may like the greatest kind of music, for the same reason that he likes the greatest kind of man; for the same reason that we enjoy real poetry more than that which is weak and commonplace, or find ourselves happier with Shakespeare than with Tupper. May not a community which prefers an Emerson for its lecturer be credited with all sincerity in choosing to sit under the influence of Beethoven rather than of Verdi, finding itself more warmed thereby? And if you are personally attracted to a fine, deep, genial nature, rather than to a shallow creature of convention, why should you not be to the music into which some finer, deeper natures put their very lives? It is not our own fault, surely, if we find that we love Mozart, as we love Raphael or Shakespeare, and turn to such when we most need strengthening refreshment, while we should be simply bored by miscellaneous concerts, pot-pourris of the hackneyed sentimentalities or flash fancies of third and tenth rate composers. And if a man insist that this is all sheer self-illusion, and that we really do not like the thing we think we do, of what use can it be to argue with him? Friend, be you true to your love, as we too would be true to ours! We will not quarrel.

[To be Continued].

Calvin on Music.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TONIC SOL-FA REPORTER.

SIR, — The curiosities of history sometimes startle us. When we began to examine for ourselves we feel that too often histories have been written rather to conceal or pervert, than to record the truth. When you and I began to study the history of our country, all we could find written of Oliver Cromwell or John Knox impressed us very much with the idea that these worthies should be classed with Draco or Bluebeard. The researches of Macaulay, Carlyle, and M'Crie have wrought a wonderful change by bringing the truth to light.

In studying musical history nothing has surprised me more than its perversions and fallacies, arising from prejudices and preconceived notions. I could give you many examples — at present only one. An early historian of Martin Luther gravely writes that he could not pollute the French language by expressing in it much of the history of his life, therefore he records it in Latin, and it is a mercy that such a record can only be found in the libraries of the curious, and in languages which comparatively few can read. In one particular, however, all historians of Luther are agreed, viz., that he was a great musician, and in this respect a perfect contrast to his contemporary John Calvin. The concentrated essence of musical history regarding Calvin as a musician may be found embodied in the history recognized in our Government examinations, where all that is said about him is contained in the following sentence (see Hullah's History, page 73): —

> Indeed Calvin, unlike Luther, seems never to have recognized music as a means of religious expression, scarcely even to have appreciated it as an aid to devotion; and the music of his followers has suffered accordingly.

Founded upon such historical statements, so able a lecturer as the Rev. Henry Allon addressed the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall in 1862 as follows (see Lectures, page 304):

> Calvin was utterly destitute of musical sensibility as every page of his works and every element of his character indicate; he was too much of a theological formula to have much of the genius of song. And this unhappy defect has deprived his writings of the broad human sympathy which so characterized Luther's, and has entailed upon all the churches that bear his name such musical asceticism and poverty. In no Calvinistic Country — American, Scotch, Dutch, and in so far as it is Calvinistic, English, is there a church song. The musical Luther has filled Germany with rich church hymnody; the unmusical Calvin has impoverished Puritan and Presbyterian worship, that its rugged, inartistic, slovenly psalmody has become a bye word and a needless repulsion; for surely there is no piety in discord, nor any especial devoutness in slovenliness; our nature craves something better than the traditional psalm singing of the inharmonious "meeting house." Our affinities are with whatever is best, whether in eloquence, poetry, or music.

And yet, strange to say, it is to Calvin that we owe the introduction of metrical psalmody into the reformed churches of France.

Strange indeed, but let Calvin answer for himself, first by his labors for psalmody, next by his preface to his Psalter.

In 1538–40, Calvin, Miles Coverdale, and the Wedderburns met in exile in Saxony and sat at the feet of Luther. The German singing of praise surprised them all, and each set to work to do for his own countrymen what Luther had done for the German speaking people. Calvin began by putting into French metre the 25th and 46th psalms. He got them set to music at Strasbourg (presumably by Guilleaume Franc) and printed a number of copies which he brought to his own congregation on his return to Geneva. They became so popular that he, through a friend in Paris induced Clement Marot to apply his poetical powers to the rendering of David's psalms into French Metre. Marot completed fifty-one before his death, and the remaining ninety-nine were, at Calvin's urgent request, supplied by Beza. Luther had only rendered sixteen into German metre, so that to Calvin belongs the honor of being the first man at whose instance the whole book of psalms was rendered into metre for praise in any living language.

Again as to the music. While the psalms of Luther, Coverdale, and the Wedderburns were sung to the most popular ballad tunes of Germany, England, and Scotland, Calvin's soul revolted from such words being so desecrated, and he set to work to get music supplied suitable for, and worthy of them. He employed first, for this work, Guilleaume Franc of Strasbourg, and next Claude Goudimel of Rome. So in music as well as in words he was the first who ever supplied a true and distinctive psalmody. His Psalter is a monument of beauty, which all ages following have used as a mine and a model. The Old 1, Old 44, 46, 68, Old 100, Old 113, 119, 124, 134, 137, 148, and others are familiarly known to all lovers of psalmody as unsurpassed for simplicity, beauty, and grandeur in any country or in any age.

But Calvin not only produced the first French psalter, he also produced the first *English* one. The title-page bears his name and his express sanction. It was printed at Geneva sn 1556, for the use of the English-speaking congregation of which, at that time, John Knox was minister. This psalter was brought to England and Scotland on the return of the exiles and was the foundation of Knox's psalter, published in Edinburgh, 1565, and of the English psalter published in London in the same year.

Calvin's labors in this work began in 1538, and did not cease till his "fully HARMONIZED psalter for use in public worship" appeared in 1561; thus he labored during twenty-three years of his life in this cause.

The first edition, containing 51 psalms with music, appeared at Geneva in 1543, bearing a remarkable preface, which appeared with all the numberless future editions of this work, but which, surely, historians and critics have either shut their eyes to, or been unable to read.

Let it speak for itself. No more thorough, hearty, comprehensive, and exalted views of psalmody have ever been expressed. Let his-

torians and critics reconcile them with their own expressed statements as they best can.

C. B., Ewing Lecturer on Music,
Andersonian University, Glasgow.

July, 1870.

[Extract from Calvin's preface to the Genevan Psalter].

* * * * * * *

To all Christians, lovers of the Word of God, greeting. — As for public prayers, there are two kinds of them — the one is expressed in words only, the other with song; and this is no recent invention, for from the first origin of the church this has been the case, as appears in history. And even St. Paul does not speak of verbal prayer alone, but also of singing. And in truth, we know by experience that song has great force and power in moving and inflaming the heart of man to invoke and praise God with more vehement and ardent zeal.

It should always be seen to that the song should not be light and frivolous, but that it have weight and majesty, as saith Saint Augustine; and also that there is a great difference between the music that is employed for the enjoyment of men at table, and in their houses, and the psalms which they sing in church in the presence of God and his angels. But when the form here given is rightly judged of, we hope that it will be found holy and pure; seeing that it is simply constructed for the edification of which we have spoken, as well as that the use of singing may be greatly extended. So that even in the houses and on the fields, it may be to us an incitement and an instrument or means to praise God and raise our hearts to Him; and to console us in meditating on His power, goodness, wisdom, and justice, which is more necessary for us than we know how to express.

For the first, it is not without cause that the Holy Spirit exhorts us so carefully, by the Holy Scripture, to rejoice ourselves in God, and that all our joy should rest there as its true end. For He knows how truly we are inclined to please ourselves in vanity. Thus while our nature draws and leads us to seek all means of foolish and vicious enjoyment — on the contrary, our Lord, to separate and draw us from the allurements of the flesh and of the world, presents to us every possible means to fill us with that spiritual joy which He commends so much to us.

But amongst other things which are suitable for the recreation of men, and for yielding them pleasure, music is either the first, or one of the chief, and we must esteem it a gift of God bestowed for that end. Therefore, by so much the more, we ought to see that it is not abused, for fear of soiling and contaminating it; turning that to our condemnation which was given for our profit and good. Even were there no other consideration than this alone, it ought to move us to regulate the use of music, so as to make it subservient to all good morals, and that it should not give occasion for loosing the bridle of dissoluteness, that it should not lead to voluptuousness, nor be the instrument of immodesty and impurity.

But further, there is scarcely anything in this world which can more powerfully turn or bend hither and thither the manners of men, as Plato has wisely remarked. And in fact we experimentally feel that it has a secret and incredible power over our hearts to move them one way or other. Therefore we ought to be so much the more careful to regulate it in such a manner, that it may be useful to us, and in no way pernicious. For this reason, the ancient doctors of the church often complained that the people of their time were addicted to disgraceful and immodest songs, which, rightly without cause, they esteemed and called a deadly and satanic poison for corrupting the world.

But in speaking of music I include two parts, to wit, the words, or subject and matter; secondly, the song or melody. It is true that all evil words, as saith St. Paul, corrupt good manners, but when melody is united to them, they much more powerfully pierce the heart, and enter in just as when by a funnel wine is poured into a vessel, so poison and corruption is infused into the depth of the heart by the melody.

What then is to be done? It is to have songs not only pure, but also holy, that they may be incitements to stir us up to pray to and praise God, and to meditate on His works, in order to love Him, fear Him, honor and glorify Him. But what St. Augustine says is true, that none can sing things worthy of God but he who has received the power from Himself. Wherefore when we have sought all round, searching here and there, we shall find no songs better and more suitable for this end than the Psalms of David which the Holy Spirit dictated and gave him. And therefore when we sing them, we are as certain that God has put words into our mouths as if He Himself sang within us to exalt His glory. Wherefore Chrysostom exhorts all men and women and little children to accustom themselves to sing them as a means of associating themselves with the company of angels; further, we must remember what St. Paul says that spiritual songs cannot be sung well but with the heart; but the heart requires the understanding and in that, saith St. Augustine, lies the difference between the song of man and that of birds; for a linnet, a nightingale, and a jay (*papagay*), may sing well, but it will be without understanding.

But the peculiar gift of man is to sing knowing what he says. Further, the understanding ought to accompany the heart and affections, which cannot be unless we have the song imprinted in our memory, that we may ever be singing it.

This present book, for this cause, besides what otherwise has been said, ought to be particularly acceptable to every one who desires, without reproach, and according to God, to rejoice in seeing his own salvation, and the good of his neighbours; and thus has no need to be much recommended by me, as it carries in itself its own value and praise. Only let the world be well advised, that instead of songs partly vain and frivolous, partly foolish and dull, partly filthy and vile, and consequently wicked and hurtful, which it has heretofore used, it should accustom itself hereafter to sing these heavenly and divine songs, with good king David.

Touching the music, it appeared best that it should be simple in the way we have put it, to carry weight and majesty suitable for the subject, and even to be sung in church as has been said.

GENEVA, 10th June 1543.

Bethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas.

From Domenico Scarlatti down to Frederick Chopin, a series of cembalists, clavichords, and pianists, rich in talent, art, and genius, have produced such a collection of select works, that the like of it can probably be shown by no other branch of musical literature. But there are two collections pre-eminent above the rest in this almost store of rich musical creations: the *Fugues and Preludes* (the *Wohltemperirtes Klavier*) of Johann Sebastian Bach and the *Sonatas* of Ludwig Beethoven. Both works have been so fully discussed and so fully analyzed; such varied meanings have been attributed to them; they have been so celebrated and praised from so many different points of view, that every person who thinks about the matter must come to the conviction that they are inexhaustible. And so they are. They are a never-failing source of study for the composer and the pianist, and of delight for the educated listener. At present, however, our business is confined to the Sonatas of Beethoven, and these we will now proceed to consider.

Most of our German composers have grown up at the piano. They learned to employ practically this compendium of instrumental sound, vocal melody, harmony and polyphony, and it became for them an organ, a second tongue, a part of themselves. Upon it they could adequately render even the slightest musical emotions—could, so to speak, lend words to every momentary mood of their tone-filled soul. What Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven expressed upon the piano in their hours of solitude, excited probably, in purport, if not in finished form, anything they ever noted down. But this confidential intimacy between a composer and his instrument, strikes us in no case with such marvellous clearness as in that of Beethoven. If, in his mighty Symphonies, he speaks like, as it were, some ideal popular orator to the masses, raising them to the highest sentiments of refined humanity; and if, in his stringed Quartets, he endeavors to attain almost dramatic multiplicity of form, in his Pianoforte Sonatas he talks to himself, or, if the reader prefers it, to his instrument, as to his most dearly loved friend. He tells his most secret joys and woes, his yearnings and his love, his hopes and his desiring. We perceive, bared before us, an entire, full, genuine, inward human life—healthy, solid and manly. Whether Beethoven gives way to the outpourings of passion, or to mournful laments; whether he jokes, plays, dreams, laughs or weeps, he is always simple and true. We discover in him nothing far-fetched, nothing stilted, nothing affected, and nothing falsely sentimental; the profoundest things appear before us unvarnished and unpretentious. There are some great and extraordinary men who utter the most important things, without desiring them to be heard; and, at the same time, have no reason to dread anyone hearing their slightest utterance—and this is the case with Beethoven in his Pianoforte Sonatas.

We frequently come across people who have a notion that, contrary to other composers of the highest rank, Beethoven is more especially the singer of sorrow and of mourning, of the most violent and passionate anguish of the soul. Nothing can be less true. It is certainly a fact that he has lent the night sides of the mind such tones as no one ever lent it before. But, if we glance over his compositions as a whole, we find, even in his latest and most rugged ones, that the most prominent features in them are vigorous cheerfulness, good natured joy, pleasing reflection, serious and resolute vitality. How often does he sink into blissful dreams! how often give himself up to the most childlike enjoyment! The high spirits of a youth seize on him, even after he has attained ripe manhood; the battle of life renders him serious, and sometimes gloomy, but never downhearted, far less sick of existence. "He was a man—take him all in all," we never looked upon his like before.

The application of what has been said to the various Sonatas separately would lead to nothing. Just as it is indisputable that these Sonatas run through an endless circle of human sensations and moods of mind, it would be difficult to designate, in the case of each one, those sensations and moods, by words, the assumed precision of which would in the end prove insufficient after all. It is no empty phrase, though it has been so often repeated, that music commences where speech leaves off, provided, of course, that the former is content to exercise sway in its own proper sphere. How often would the character of different compositions, even though a man possessed Goethe's copious vocabulary, have to be described by similar, nay, by counterpart, words; and yet how great would be the variety of tone-forms apparent to the most musically ignorant hearer!

A much more important occupation than discovering or accepting expressions portraying our various mental moods, is, without a doubt, for those who intend devoting themselves to the study of Beethoven's Sonatas, the task of obtaining a clear idea of the structure of those Sonatas, both in the general outlines and in the details. By doing this, they will more easily understand the Sonatas, and derive higher intellectual gratification from them. Is it not something elevating to see how the boldest fancy, after seeking sustenance in the deepest recesses of the soul, willingly performs a subject's duty under the ordering mind? Never, not even in what was apparently the wildest flight of his genius, never did Beethoven lose the reins; however high the regions to which his Pegasus may rise, he is able to guide and manage him.

No serious, conscientious teacher should neglect explaining to those entrusted to his charge the principles and nature of the laws developed, for centuries, by a sort of natural necessity, in the forms of instrumental music. They are so simple that their leading characteristics may be made clear to the most childlike intellect—every step forward will of course enable the student to penetrate into them more deeply. That Beethoven, in close connection with his great predecessors, submitted to these laws renders him doubly great; he did not come to annul the law, but to fulfil it.

Would that our art, which is more full of soul than any other, were not bound by so many tight bonds to matter! Would that Beethoven's Sonatas were as accessible to every educated man, as the poems of our great lyric poet! But the nature of our art not only forbids this—it even deprives the majority of those who busy themselves with music and the piano, of the full enjoyment of these high works, at least in their entirety. For these works make demands upon the executant which it is not easy to satisfy. The necessary natural gifts are found here and there; would that the indispensable seriousness and industry were always found with them!

Beethoven's pianoforte music—even leaving out of consideration the few extraordinarily difficult pieces—requires thoroughly good and solid execution. But the first requisites of such execution are, likewise, almost the rarest—a vigorous, and yet soft touch, and the greatest possible independence of the fingers. Beethoven never writes difficulties in order that the executant may gain laurels by overcoming them, but he is deterred by no practical inconvenience which may be necessary to express decisively and clearly his idea. Thus we meet in works, which are reckoned among his easier ones, detached passages presupposing a tolerably high degree of digital dexterity; and if a fine style of execution always demands, properly speaking, that whatever the performer executes should lo half play to him, this is an almost indispensable condition with compositions of such intellectual profundity as Beethoven's. It is, therefore, not advisable that his Sonatas should be taken by, or confided to, hands not properly prepared for them. If anyone is so far advanced as to be able to master their execution, he will derive double pleasure, and double advantage from a thorough study of them, and be able to raise himself without hindrance by their aid.

The most essential figures employed by Beethoven are based upon the scale, and upon broken chords. They belong to that style of playing which is desbrined more especially as the Clementi-Cramer school. The *Studies* of these noble representatives of sterling pianoforte playing will always constitute the best foundation for playing Beethoven's works, and the practice of the former should be uninterruptedly pursued with the study of the latter.

Fortunately, Beethoven's fertile creative powers have produced fruit for every epoch of life, and—of pianoforte playing. We may reward even the zeal of a studious child by letting him play the two short Sonatas published after the composer's death, Sonatas which seem to us rather as though written for beginners, and not by a beginner. But care should be taken not to offer young minds, while too immature, pieces which, though easy (but, in some degree, easy only apparently) as far as absolute execution is concerned, demand a power of conception and of realization far beyond the demands which can be made on the fingers. What person with any experience of musical life does not remember, for instance, having heard the Pathetic Sonata played with a *naïveté* of style proving how near the Sublime and the Ridiculous lie to each other! Such mistakes are of every-day occurrence.

We have endeavored to append to these lines a list of Beethoven's Sonatas, arranged with regard to the demands they make on the heart and mind, as well as upon the fingers of the performer. It is hardly necessary to say that such a list could not be drawn up with mathematical accuracy, and that, besides this, it was necessarily influenced by personal views, perhaps more so than was right. What is more or less easy to master or to comprehend, depends, in every case, on different premises. But if our well-meant experiment simply resulted in our rendering the task of selection more easy for anyone, or in our saving him from any very great mistakes, we should not consider the pains we have taken as being thrown away.

The present system of music publishing has facilitated, in a manner which would formerly have been incredible, the acquisition of our classical masterpieces. New editions of them, especially of those by Beethoven, are published everywhere. Any one can purchase his Beethoven for a very little. It is only to be hoped that the master will be as frequently played as purchased, and realized by the fingers as beautifully as by the graver; in which case he will become an inmate not only of every house but of every heart. FERDINAND HILLER.

Beethoven as a "Postillon D'Amour."

In an article headed "A Contribution to the Beethoven Festival," in the *Neue Freie Presse*, appears the following account of the meeting of Beethoven and Herr Ludwig Löwe, of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna. The circumstance was known probably to but very few, and was never before published.

Ludwig Löwe—says the writer of the article in question—that everlastingly youthful artist, who is quite as captivating a *virtuoso* in narrating in private, as he is in impersonating on the stage, told me a good deal of his eventful life one evening as we were sitting in the gardens of the jovial "Spezi-Wirth," at Velden, on the banks of the Wörthersee. We were about separating, when Löwe stopped me by exclaiming, "Halloa! I must tell you about my acquaintanceship with Beethoven." What! did you really know Beethoven?" I enquired with joyful curiosity. "Aye, that I did. He was my *postillon d'amour* at Teplitz." Taking a complacent pull at his pipe, Löwe continued: "It was in the summer of 1811. I was a perfect novice, and obtained an engagement at Prague, under the celebrated manager, Lachich. At his order, I began, however, my professional duties at the watering place of Teplitz, where a part of his company performed during the summer. I used to dine regularly at a modest inn called the Blue Star, between the 'Platz' and the Post Office. It is no longer in existence. The landlord's daughter, a well behaved, charming creature, used, in the old patriarchal fashion, to wait upon the customers. She and I soon took a liking to each other; our glances kept meeting more and more frequently, and growing more and more expressive, but the number of other customers, who were impatient and wanted to be served, rendered all conversation between us impossible. 'Come at a later hour,' she whispered to me one day, 'when the other customers are gone. At three o'clock you will seldom find any one, except Beethoven, the composer, and he will not be in the way. His hearing is bad.' I joyfully took the hint, and used to go every afternoon at three o'clock, Beethoven, who dined at a side table, really being the only person there. As he paid little attention to us, he proved not merely not to be in the way, but was even welcome as a means of diverting suspicion. My liking for the maiden was profound and passionate, and it was my intention to marry her. Her stern parents looked, however, askance upon her acquaintanceship with the poor young actor, and at last, without more ado, forbade me their house. How great was our despair! We wanted to correspond secretly, but through whom? Suddenly I thought of my neighbor at table, Beethoven. He would help us. Despite his serious taciturnity, he had struck me as not being unfriendly. A gleam of kindly feeling frequently shot from out his bold and defiant face. He was accustomed to take a walk every morning at eleven o'clock, in the most retired part of the Park. I lay in wait, and approached him with a most respectful salutation. He recognized me instantly, and inquired why I did not dine any more at the Blue Star. The question greatly facilitated the introduction of the subject for which I had come. With the utmost frankness, I told him all about the state of my heart, and my expulsion from my Paradise, concluding with a timid interrogation as to whether he would not take charge of a note, and give it, unobserved, at dinner time, to the maiden. 'Why not?' he exclaimed, seemingly pleased at my confidence in him. 'You mean nothing wrong, so hand it over.' With these words he stuck the note in his pocket, and was again about to set off at a trot. 'I beg your pardon, Herr van Beethoven,' I said, detaining him,, 'that is not all.' 'Oh! what else is there?' 'You must also bring back the answer.' 'All right! Then wait for me to-morrow in the walk.' I really received the coveted answer through Beethoven. In this manner, like a good fellow as he was, he carried our love-letters backwards and forwards for five or six weeks, until he—and, shortly afterwards, I myself—was obliged to leave Teplitz."

Such was Löwe's story; I cannot convey in writing the charm with which it was told, but (with Löwe's express permission) I have given a correct account of its purport. I have simply to add that Löwe corresponded for a year or so with the landlord's pretty daughter. Typhus, the unfailing follower of a period of sanguinary war, carried her off. Löwe, whose brilliant talent had soon displayed itself at Prague, obtained an engagement, in 1824, at the Burgtheater, Vienna. He lost no time in visiting Beethoven. He found him very much aged; broken physically and morally, and completely deaf. Beethoven did not recollect his visitor, who despite all his endeavors, could not make himself understood. So their second meeting was their last. But Löwe preserves a grateful remembrance of the service which Beethoven rendered him at Teplitz, and which was probably one of the most original and friendly episodes in the great composer's life.—*London Musical World.*

Mr. Benedict's St. Peter.

The critic of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, after attending the band rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival, thus reports of the new Oratorio:

"Mr Benedict's *St. Peter*, which constituted the second and weightiest subject of rehearsal yesterday, is still in too imperfect a state to allow of detailed description or definite judgment, more particularly in the absence of the choral effects; but it is evident, by the care and elaboration bestowed on the instrumental parts, and the general elevation and refinement of the principal vocal themes, that the composer has laid himself out in this instance for a test work—one that may bear the same relation to his *St. Cecilia* as Mendelssohn's *Elijah* did to his *St. Paul*. The theme is certainly a suggestive one, and worthy of the loftiest effort of musical art which it may inspire. Mendelssohn long ago recognized its suitableness for musical treatment, and in a long and thoughtful letter which he addressed to Pastor Schubring, the friend to whom he was so deeply indebted for suggestions and contributions for *St. Paul*, he discusses at considerable length the merits of the theme. 'Several outward reasons,' he observes, 'are in favor of choosing St. Peter for the particular festival he had then in view; but independently of these, he had a great wish in connection with some plan for a later oratorio "to bring the two chief apostles and pillars of the Christian Church side by side in oratorio"—in short, that he should have a *St. Peter* as well as a *St. Paul*. There were sufficient internal grounds to make him prize the subject, chief among them being the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, which he thought should form the central point or chief object; but he was apparently in doubt if the position occupied by St Peter in Scripture, and apart from the dignity he enjoys in the Catholic and Protestant Churches as Pope and Martyr, would suffice for the basis of a symbolical oratorio, and it was chiefly to resolve this doubt that he consulted Pastor Schubring. What was the issue of that consultation we are not informed, but, inasmuch as the projected oratorio was never begun, we may assume that Pastor Schubring's reply did not favor the possibility of a libretto of *St. Peter* derived entirely from Scripture. As Mendelssohn's ideas of the manner in which this subject should be treated necessarily possess great interest in connection with Mr. Benedict's work, we extract the passage in which his difficulties are expressed. It is as follows:—'The question, therefore, is, and this you can decide far better than I can (because you possess the knowledge in which I am deficient, to guide you), whether the place that Peter assumes in the Bible, divested of the dignity which he enjoys in the Catholic or Protestant Churches, as a martyr, or the first Pope, &c., &c.,—whether what is said of him in the Bible, is alone and in itself, sufficiently important to form the basis of a symbolical oratorio. For, according to my feeling, the subject must not be treated historically, however indispensable this was in the case of *St. Paul*. In historic handling, Christ must appear in the earlier part of St. Peter's career, and, when he appears, St. Peter could not lay claim to the chief interest. I think, therefore, it must be symbolical; though all the historical points might probably be introduced,—the betrayal and repentance, the keys of heaven given him by Christ, his preaching at Pentecost—but all this, not in a historical, but prophetic light, if I may so express myself, in close connection' * * * * 'The chief thing, however, is the first point, for I am still in the dark about it; in fact, about the possibility of the whole undertaking. Write to me as soon as you can on the matter. In thinking it over, my first idea was that the subject must be divided into two parts: the first, from the moment of forsaking the fishermen's nets down to the 'Tu es Petrus,' with which it must close; the second to consist of the feast of the Pentecost only; from the misery after the death of Christ and repentance of Peter, to the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.' We have been thus circumstantial in setting forth Mendelssohn's views as to the mode in which the theme might be treated, not only on account of the interest always attached to the plans of so accomplished a master of oratorio, but because we are still in the dark as to that which Mr. Benedict has followed. At present, our only information regarding either the text or the music, is derived from the vocal solos and band parts rehearsed in London, yesterday; and even these, we understand, were not complete. Under these circumstances it would be manifestly impossible to furnish any outline of the oratorio, and we can only speak in the most vague and general terms of its distribution and style. As well as can be gathered from the skeleton programme contained in the Festival scheme, the work consists altogether of some fifty-four numbers, comprising, besides the more ordinary elements and combinations peculiar to oratorio, an orchestral interlude suggestive of evening prayer, followed by the rising of a storm, a dead march, a choral recitative, an unaccompanied quartet, and choruses, for male and female voices separately. Many of the most effective numbers consist of solos accompanied by, or interspersed with, chorus—a combination to which Mr. Benedict is very partial. Even a *catalogue raisonnée* of so lengthy a series of movements would be beyond our time and limits, besides being unfair to the composer in the present stage of his work: and we must therefore defer all analysis. We may observe in general terms, however, that the writing is in a much stricter style than any of the composer's works. The fugal form is freely employed in more than one of the choruses, and in all the ideas are developed with great thoroughness and elaboration, and with every diversity of contrapuntal treatment. Although

the composer appears to have chosen for his oratoria the historical, in preference to the symbolical form favored by Mendelssohn, and to have relied mainly, if not wholly, on Scriptural texts, the treatment is less dramatic than might be supposed from the known predilections of Mr. Benedict. Nevertheless there is a striking example of tone painting in the orchestral interlude already referred to, and the accompaniments to the contralto recitative: 'But the ship.' All the phases of a sea storm are here suggested in forms as impressive as they are artistic and appropriate; and not even the composer's old master, Weber, could have depicted the fury of the winds, and the trouble of the waters, the flashing of the lightning, or the rolling of the thunder with more vividness and vigor, than they are here represented. The unaccompanied quartet which ushers in the final chorus of the first part is remarkable chiefly for the skill and ingenuity of its modulations; but its melodic beauty is not in proportion to its harmonic subtlety, as the extreme difficulty of the music for unaccompanied voices renders a certain loss of tonality in the course of the performance scarcely avoidable. Though the chorus was absent yesterday, the general effect of some of the choral numbers could be fairly gathered from the instrumental performance; and among these may be mentioned as specially impressive the opening chorus, 'They that go down to the sea,' an exceedingly graceful and captivating movement, in six eight time; the so-called 'chorus of Benediction' commencing 'The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet,' a sweet and soothing *andante* very charmingly instrumented; the descriptive storm chorus, 'The deep uttereth;' the grand final chorus of the first part, 'Praise ye the Lord,' which is developed with impressive breadth and vigor; 'How art thou fallen!' an exceedingly spirited and dramatic *allegro*, in six eight time; and the angry and not less dramatic chorus, 'They are all revolters,' with its fine antiphonal effects and agitated accompaniment. All the solos and concerted pieces are of great merit, and several of them are exceedingly captivating. There is an exceedingly brilliant and effective *bravura* for the soprano voice, with chorus, 'The Lord hath His way,' in which Mdlle. Tietjens yesterday produced a great sensation; and in a different style the tender, plaintive, wailing air, 'I mourn as a dove,' for the same voice, is also deserving of high praise. For the chief contralto there is abundance of excellent recitatives, in addition to a fine air in triple time, 'O thou afflicted,' which is as melodious as it is plaintive and expressive. Madame Patey's fine voice was heard to great advantage yesterday in this music. In the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves from the rehearsal, we can only faintly imagine how his voice is likely to be suited in the principal tenor music of *St. Peter*; but the composer, at all events, has provided ample opportunities for the tenor voice in the airs, 'I am the voice,' 'O, house of Jacob,' and 'The Lord is very pitiful' to say nothing of numerous recitations and concerted pieces. Mr. Santley, who is always in earnest in what he attempts produced a great impression by his singing of the fine baritone airs, 'How great, O Lord,' 'Now know I,' 'Though all men shall be offended,' 'O that my head,' 'Remember, O Lord,' 'Lead soon Thy race,' and the solo, with chorus, 'As thy soul lies.' Indeed the baritone voice has been specially favored by Mr. Benedict.'

The "National Musical Congress."

(Reported for the New York Tribune.)

First Day, Aug. 30.

PAPERS BY MESSRS. HENRY C. WATSON, L. H. SOUTHARD, AND JAMES PECH.

The second annual meeting of the National Musical Congress began yesterday at Steinway Hall. At the business session held in the morning, the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read, and the standing committees were appointed. Among the leading musical gentlemen were Mr. Eben Tourjée of Boston, Dr. J. G. Barnett, of Hartford, Mr. T. F. Seward of Orange, N. J., Mr. S. A. Emery of Boston, Dr. E. Wentworth of Pittsfield, Mass.; Mr. Benj. Jepson of New Haven, Mr. C. C. Converse of Brooklyn, Mr. John P. Morgan, organist of Trinity Church, and Samuel Jackson of New York, besides others who took part in the public exercises. Fifty ladies and gentlemen assembled in the afternoon. After an organ voluntary by C. B. Schuyler, the meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock by L. H. Southard of Baltimore, who made a few remarks concerning the objects of the Congress. The Rev. Charles F. Deems of the "Church of the Strangers" then offered prayer, and Henry C. Watson of New York followed with a paper entitled "The National Musical Congress—its Duties and its Objects."

These unpretentious Conventions have done missionary work in music, and laid a deep foundation, on which we hope to raise a beautiful structure whose breadth and individuality shall, at no distant day, command the attention and admiration of the world. Besides these gatherings, the Peace Jubilee at Boston in 1869 was a great link in the chain of events which led to the formation of what I believe will be the most important musical organization in the world, namely, the National Musical Congress. This body has several important objects. *First:* It aims to bind in one bond of brotherhood all the musicians of the United States. To do this it proposes to aid and promote the formation of choral societies wherever sufficient singers can be found to combine together for practice and performance. Such societies, affiliating with the Congress, will be furnished with the necessary music for practice at cost price. Other assistance will be granted when the funds of the Congress admit, and advice will be promptly given as to the balance of voices, the music to be studied, and the best method of practice. *Second:* To urge the universality of musical instruction by note in the public schools. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually spent on the pretext that our public school children are taught singing, and all we have to show for it is an occasional vocal exhibition. *Tinsel and the [illegible]!* This instruction is all a lie and a sham, a fraud which it will be the duty of this Congress to expose, and, if possible, remedy. The teachers [illegible], and the fault really lies in the system, and in the [illegible] Board of Education. In Massachusetts the children are taught to read notes in the public schools with remarkable and admirable facility. *Third:* Musical instruction for working men and women. The Germans, much wiser and happier than the Americans, number their singing societies by hundreds. Our City Government has ordained that the tired laboring men and women shall stand up two hours each afternoon, if they choose, to listen to the performance of a wind instrument band. The time appointed almost precludes the true laboring class from enjoying this music. These entertainments are costly and practically of little service. The authorities might much better give the use of some public buildings and rooms, for instance, where working men and women could assemble and receive gratuitous instruction in sight-singing and music. *Fourth:* To establish a standard of musical taste in sacred and secular music. The present general standard of musical taste is at the very lowest ebb, owing in large measure to the flooding of the market with [illegible] grammar, maudlin in sentiment, and wretched in taste. It should be the duty of this Congress to discourage [illegible] compositions, and to endeavor to create a pure taste. Moreover the market is flooded with bad church music books, and even where the taste of the people is [illegible], [illegible] quate [illegible]. The Congress may assume, in connection with [illegible] leading the [illegible] church [illegible] as well as vocal and instrumental [illegible]. *Fifth:* [illegible] in the [illegible] of the National Musical Congress. It is young yet, only a year old but its present strength, numbers over 2,000 members, is an earnest of what it will be in a few years. We shall yet see every man, woman, and child in the country who has a voice [illegible] in [illegible] choral harmony, and then the mission of the National Musical Congress will be [illegible] accomplished.

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, a leading Boston pianist, played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, and Mr. William Mason of Orange, N. J., played a Ballade by Chopin in A flat, op. 47, and a little piece entitled "Silver Spring," of his own composition.

L. H. Southard, Director of Music at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, then read a paper on Musical Criticism. A musical literature, a musical criticism, is an indispensable necessity toward a national school of art and a cultivated popular taste. Without [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] musical [illegible], and the elevation of musical art to its proper place [illegible] thought and life of the people. [illegible], we must not lose sight of the fact that to a very [illegible] extent the public [illegible] for what [illegible] in the musical press of the day. But [illegible] little or no demand for [illegible] and instructive articles, there will certainly be but a small supply. It is beyond question that we have [illegible] four leading musical journals, and attached to a few of our most influential newspapers, gentlemen fully capable of writing with keen insight and just discrimination, and who sometimes give us articles which justly deserve to become part of our standard literature. But it cannot be denied that they reach a comparatively small class of readers, and that any marked improvement in popular taste must be [illegible], or at least accompanied by a corresponding change in the method of treatment of musical matters by the average daily press. Let us urge then upon those who undertake to enlighten the public, the duty of making themselves at least a little acquainted with the estimation of elaborate works; of freeing themselves completely from all merely personal professions or prejudices, of merging the artist completely in the art itself, and of separating the private interests of the individual from the public interest so far as they may be incompatible.

Nor is the essayist's influence in educating the public taste and appreciation of less importance than the critic's. A great composer must have a proper musical atmosphere or his works die of suffocation, and it is the peculiar province of those who lead public opinion through the press to furnish such an atmosphere; which is obviously not to be done by merely accommodating one's self to the average taste of the general public. It is the critic's duty to pry the public out of those ruts to which it continually gravitates if left to itself, to make it feel the ugliness of tinsel and commonplace, and appreciate the sublime and beautiful. In doing this he becomes at once a public benefactor. No amount of merely material prosperity, wealth, or enterprise alone constitutes a great nation. There must be added to these a love for science and art in their highest forms, and a general love for them as most important elements in the formation of national character. As a young nation, with heretofore urgently imperative geographical and political problems to solve, with hundreds of thousands of square miles to prepare for human habitation, and with gigantic public works to construct, it is not at all discreditable to us that we have as yet produced no Shakespeare or Milton, no Michael Angelo or Brunelleschi, no Handel or Beethoven, as indeed there has been no atmosphere for them. But the time seems to be ripe for a movement to prepare for such an atmosphere.

The attendance in the evening was nearly as large as in the afternoon. The Rev. Dr. E. Wentworth presided, and, after a voluntary on the organ, by J. H. Cornell, Dr. James Pech of New York, read an able paper on "Academical Degrees in Music," in which he aimed to refute the objections urged against professors and faculties of music, and urged forcibly that great advantages would result from the establishment of choirs of music and collegiate courses of scientific musical instruction.

Second Day, Aug. 31.

PAPERS BY MESSRS. T. F. SEWARD, S. D. TILLMAN, C. P. [illegible], AND J. O'NEILL.

The sessions of Wednesday were well attended, and the proceedings were interesting throughout. At the opening of the morning meeting Theodore F. Seward of Orange, N. J., read a paper discussing the question, "What can this association do to revive an interest in elementary musical instruction?" Mr. Seward, while admitting that in the higher forms of musical culture the progress of this country during the past twenty-five years has been truly wonderful, said that the foundation of the superstructure has been gradually crumbling away till there is scarcely anything left to be seen. The results may be observed on every side. Many choir members, who sing in excellent style and taste, cannot analyze the simplest tune, and give an intelligent account of the characters by which it is represented. The grand cause of the lack of elementary knowledge is that the old fashioned singing school is passing out of existence, and nothing has arisen to take its place. It is true that much of the instruction at such schools was inexpressibly bad, yet there was with it much thorough practice, and so a knowledge of the subject was finally gained as a result of prolonged exercise. The remedy is the holding of short, continuous courses of instruction in different places, in which meetings shall be held every night for two weeks, or such time as may be found most practicable. Such courses are termed "Musical Institutes." The advantages of the system are: 1st. That communities can be more thoroughly aroused and interested by such a special effort than by an ordinarily weekly singing school. 2d. It has been demonstrated by actual experience that at least one-half more can be taught in a given number of daily lessons than by the same number of lessons occurring but once a week. 3d. The remuneration of the teacher will be greatly increased. The only way in which congregational singing can be built up and sustained is by a plan like the following: 1. Let the the services of a thoroughly competent musician, who is also an earnest Christian, be secured. Let the musical interests of the congregation be committed to his care, just as its spiritual interests are given into the care of the pastor. 2. Let the salary be large, that he may be free to spend whatever time may be necessary for the training of classes and of individuals. 3. Let it be understood that this arrangement is a *permanent one*. Then in course of years the good

results will follow just as surely as harvests follow seed-sowing. He proposed that a committee of three be appointed to organize musical institutes, the chairman of such committee to report at each annual meeting, stating the number of institutes held during the year, the increase of the work over the preceding year, the number of persons who had been led by the direct influence of the institutes, or of the backers conducting them, to lead the music of the church or the Sunday school, and any other items of interest.

Mr. Seward closed by moving the appointment of a committee of three, one from Boston, one from New York and one from Chicago, to promote and sustain musical institutes on behalf of the congress, as recommended in his paper. Dr. Wentworth doubted the feasibility of this enterprise, for who would pay the teachers? He recommended a bureau of correspondence in New York or Boston for the purpose of establishing communication between such communities as desire musical instruction, and such teachers as desire employment. Mr. Seward, Mr. O'Neil, Mr. Tourjée, Mr. Emery and others shared in the discussion, and the motion was finally referred to a committee of three, consisting of Mr. Seward, Mr. Emery, and Dr. Wentworth.

Professor S. D. Tillman of New York read two papers, one explaining an improvement in the solfeggio, and another upon a new musical notation. The later was lately read before the American Association at Troy.

At the afternoon session, Dr. Wentworth presided, and Carlyle Petersilea of Boston read a paper on "Reform in the Method of Teaching the Piano-forte." He deprecated the want of systematic arrangement, of accuracy, and of order in our piano-forte instruction books. The contrast between a mechanical finger-stroke and the melodious touch is not even hinted at, and yet it is the most important matter in the whole course of instruction. The mechanical touch is simple; the melodious touch complex. The former, therefore is naturally and absolutely suitable to the beginner, while the latter ought to be taught at a more advanced period of time. It is hence injudicious to awaken a feeling for melodic expression too early, by selecting such pieces for study as require expression. Artificial means which prevent faults and insure certain success should not be despised. The hand-rest is one of them—the metronome another Another great error seriously interfering with a good mechanism is the neglect of the memory. There is no doubt that without the power of retaining musical ideas, a correct conception of the whole piece, and, of course, a correct performance, is impossible. In teaching, never expect too much of a beginner. Do not crowd different things together. Everything must be simple, perfectly understood and done, before another step can be made. There is no need of perplexing a child with the name of every note, and even different clefs. Everything is to be learned, but only at a time when it is wanted.

At the close of his paper, Mr. Petersilea was asked to give an example of his method, and responded by playing Liszt's concert paraphrase of Mendelssohn's wedding march and fairy-dance, which was received with applause.

In the evening, John O'Neil of Boston read a paper on "The Voice Considered as the Organ of Esthetical Feeling in Art." The speaker aptly compared the human voice to an organ which perpetually shifts its sounding board, and adjusts itself to the true position and proper degree of tension for every note in the scale. And here we find a philosophical analysis of the musical scale afforded by no other instrument, and based on the nature and operation of the passions. All profound emotions of the heart tend to the exclusion of objective imagery and are subjectively absorbed in the contemplation of themselves, while the passions of joy and pleasure abound in all the outward illustrations which nature and the intellect afford. Hence the brilliant high notes of the vocal scale sound in the direction of the head, the seat of fancy and thought, while the grave, deep notes, excluded as it were from the diverting influence of fancy, are directed downward by this intelligent organ to seek their natural dwelling in the breast, the seat of the heart and the passions. Here, then, we perceive a philosophical explanation of the use and import of the ascending and descending series of notes in the musical scale, and this is the first step to the understanding of the voice as the organ of feeling. It is very important to comprehend the effects of passion on the human body and the human voice, if we would acquire the power of giving vocal expression to æsthetical feeling.

Third Day, September 1.

PAPERS BY S. A. EMERY, JOHN P. MORGAN, AND OTHERS—RESOLUTIONS AND OFFICERS.

The Musical Congress at Steinway Hall opened its last day's session yesterday morning with about forty ladies and gentlemen in attendance. C. C. Converse of New York presided, and R. W. Husted read an interesting paper written by Geo. F. Root of Chicago on the "Philosophy of the Elementary Principles of Music." Geo. W. Haselwood of Providence, R. I., sang "In Native Worth," from *The Creation*, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Petersilea. S. A. Emery of Boston followed with a paper on "The popular taste of America." The subject, said he, assumes at once a paramount importance when we justly estimate the intellectual, moral and religious power of music, and remember the intimate connection of the popular taste with all departments of musical composition and performance. Regarded as a people, Americans must be considered musical, talented, in fact, judging by what they have accomplished. But now arises an important question. Assuming to be true that, as a nation, we are musical, we must candidly ask ourselves if our music be of the best school, so that it shall exert the legitimate influence of true music, refining and elevating us. For the shame I feel I could wish this question to remain unanswered. America, that in all things else requiring profound learning, indomitable enterprise and consummate skill, equals the world, leading in truth, is yet behind all the great nations of the earth, save one, in the Divine Art

It would be humiliating to rehearse the facts—how songs possessing absolutely no intrinsic merit have reached a sale of many thousands of copies; how meaningless combinations of notes have proved almost fortunes to their owners; how illustrated title pages of "Songs and Dances" have filled the pockets of men whose only music was the ring of a dollar. We all know that popular music is trash. "Old Hundred" is popular, to be sure, in a certain sense, and its solemn goodness, so strong and pure and steadfast, will never cease to make men better. So, too, though in different ways, are "Home, Sweet Home," "America," and scores of other such productions truly popular. But what is known as "popular music" includes none of these. It is even unworthy of the name of music, and yet it must be accepted as the taste of the mass of American people, for it finds a readier and larger sale than all the rest united. It is a national disgrace, and the sooner we regard it in its true light, the sooner we may hope to have it remedied.

John P. Morgan, organist of Trinity Church, was then introduced, and read a paper on "The Study of the Theory of Music in its legitimate Relations to General Education." What question is there, he asked, that our choirs should learn, intellectually as well as instinctively, to refer the tones they sing to their harmonies and to follow intelligently the leading of all the voices or parts? The idea is a false one that a great amount of time is needed for this study. We are convinced that twenty minutes in each week's rehearsal of two hours' duration, if devoted properly to this purpose, would be sufficient to accomplish very great good, no dependence being placed upon study outside of the rehearsals, and the singers would benefit by the rest afforded to the voices. Look at the sad results of the mechanical, unmusical method of conducting the exercise of a choir, as they may be seen in the fate of our *used up* choir boys. Under the present system, even its best application, a boy enters the choir, perhaps as a soprano, at ten or twelve years of age The choir-master is faithful in the performance of his duty as he has been led to view it by the universal practice of choir-masters. The boy learns to read music, that is, to read his part He hears good music, and, having a musical soul, learns to love it, he knows not why. Had he any opportunity of learning the laws of composition, so as to be able to compare one work with another, and understand the details of each, even if his knowledge during his course as a choir boy should extend no further than harmony, simple counterpoint, and the outlines of the simplest modulatory forms, he would have learned something of music in such a manner that all his life would have afforded him an intellectual and not a mere sensuous enjoyment. We are in favor, of course, of the introduction of music as a branch of study into our schools. Our children should learn musical notation as they learn to read letter press. But is this learning music? No more than learning to read letter-press is becoming well-informed in literature; it is only acquiring the means by which one may begin to study music. We are convinced that to rescue the mass of young people who innocently suppose that they are studying music from the slavery to mere mechanical labor under which they are suffering is the great work to be done *now*. Let the study of the principles of composition be once generally introduced as an essential part of our choir practice, and let our young people, who suppose they are studying music, actually begin to do so, and it will not be long before the introduction of the study of musical philosophy as a profound science into our colleges will be a matter of course, and a man with defective musical organization will be considered among the learned equally unfortunate, at least, with one having no natural perception of mathematical relations or logical sequences.

Mr. Stephenson proposed, and the Congress adopted, some modifications of the Constitution, fixing the rate of life membership at $10, making women eligible as delegates to the Congress, and allowing any choral society to join the Congress upon payment of one or more dollars, and to send to the annual convention a number of delegates equal to the number of dollars in its annual payment. A resolution, presented by Mr. Emery in favor of appointing a committee of three to promote musical institutes, was referred to the Board of Managers. The following named persons were admitted as life members of the Congress: Parepa Rosa, C. Louise Kellogg, Christine Nilson, Adelina Patti, Anna Mehlig, John Stephenson, M. Enger, E Tourjée, T. F. Seward, G. W. Pettit, C. Petersilea, J G Barnett, J. P. Morgan W. Lee Batterson, J. O'Neill, C. C. Converse, H. C. Watson, and C. J. Stoeckel. At 12 1 2 o'clock the Congress adjourned to attend, by invitation, an organ concert at St. George's Church. Mr. Geo. W. Morgan and Mr. Charles B Schuyler were the organists and Mrs. Watson and Miss Powell the vocalists. Mr. Morgan played Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" the overture to Rossini's "William Tell," Benedict's "By the Sad Sea Waves" and his own arrangement of "God Save the King." Mr Schuyler played the "Toccata and Fugue" No. 2, Vol. 3, of Bach and Dudley Buck's organ arrangement of the Star Spangled Banner. Mrs. Watson sang the Ave Maria of Gounod and Miss Powell the Ave Maria of Kücken.

In the afternoon E. Tourjée presided, and the Rev. E. Wentworth, D. D, of Pittsfield, Mass., read a long and interesting paper on "Congregational Singing—Its Advantages, and its Difficulties." After some remarks on the church music of Germany, by J. P. Morgan, a useful paper was read by J. H. Cornell of New York, on "Appropriate Music for the Church Service." Another discussion ensued, in which the average church music of the present day was soundly berated, and its publishers and composers were alike set down as "mercenary individuals."

The following officers of the Congress were elected for the ensuing year:

President—William Mason, New York.

Corresponding and Recording Secretary—Eben Tourjée, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer—B. K. Oliver, Salem, Mass.

Vice Presidents—J. H. Cornell, Dr. R. Ogden Doremus,—in short, "all the world and the rest of mankind"

Directors—John P. Morgan, John Stephenson, Carl Bergman, Geo. F. Bristow, Theo Thomas, Henry C. Watson, Jas. Peck, Mus. Doc, Otto Singer, Theo. F. Seward, Charles W. Harris, Chas. C. Converse, R. J. Johnson, New York; John K. Paine, P. S Gilmore, S. A Emery, Luther H. Holden, Carl Zerrahn, Boston; Charles Jarvis, Philadelphia; Hans Balatka, Chicago; J. J. Barnett, Mus. Doc., New Haven.

The programme for the evening included a song by Miss Nettie Sterling, and papers by Prof. G. J. Syhedkel of Yale College on "Dramatic Poetry" and C. C. Converse of New York on "The Moral Influence of Music."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 10, 1870.

The Coming Season in Boston.

We have promise of a great abundance of good music from the first week in October until June. Our home organizations, choral, orchestral, and those for chamber music, are laying their plans and making ready to begin. Doubtless, too, the number of classical Piano-forte Concerts, by individual artists, of whom we have so many of a high grade, will be even larger than last winter. And artists from abroad, Nilsson especially, will come to bring us new sensations,—perhaps something better.

The Prelude to our season will be furnished from New York, and doubtless will be stimulating and instructive for our own musicians in the solid Acts to follow. Pleased with his brilliant "raids" on Boston last year, both before and after our own concerts,

THEODORE THOMAS, with his model orchestra, announces himself again in greater force. With orchestra increased to nearly sixty instruments, and with Miss ANNA MEHLIG for pianist, he will give ten "Symphony and Popular Concerts," in the Boston Music Hall, during the first half of October, beginning on Tuesday evening, the 4th, and following it up night by night, besides Saturday afternoon, until Monday evening, the 10th; then three more on Friday evening, Saturday afternoon and evening, on the 14th and 15th. The programmes are mainly of the same mixed character as before, but with a somewhat larger portion of the field allotted to the classical element,—to Beethoven especially, in recognition of the centennial anniversary of his birth. Borrowing a hint from the plans of the "Harvard Concerts, which we announced early in the summer, Mr. Thomas will devote one of his evenings and one of his Saturday afternoons to works of Beethoven,—naturally enough anticipating in a great degree our own Beethoven programmes; but there can be no harm in double opportunities of listening to these noble works. For instance, the "Eroica" and 8th Symphonies, the 4th and 5th Piano forte Concertos, the Choral Fantasia, the Overtures to "Egmont," "Coriolan," and "Leonore" (No. 3), are set down for both orchestras. Mr. Thomas will also give of Beethoven: the Pastoral Symphony; portions of the Septet (with all the strings); Andante and Variations from a stringed Quartet, op. 18; the "Kreutzer" Sonata for piano and violin; and the Overture to "King Stephen."

Other classical works in the Thomas programmes are: of Bach: Concerto for 3 violins, 3 violas, 3 'cellos and Contra Bass (first time). Gluck: Ballet music from "Paris et Helene." Mozart: Piano Concerto in D minor; Overture to "Magic Flute." Weber: Overtures to "Euryanthe," "Freyschütz"; Concertstück for piano. Schubert: Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C; Ent'racte from "Rosamunde" (new); "Reitermarsch." Mendelssohn: Overture to "Ruy Blas." Schumann: Piano Concerto; Overture to "Genoveva." Spohr: part of the "Weihe der Töne" Symphony. Rossini: Overtures to "Tell" and "Siege of Corinth." Ferd. Hiller: Piano Concerto in F sharp minor (new). Henselt: Piano Concerto in F minor.

There will be such familiar light Overtures as: Nicolai's "Merry Wives," Herold's "Zampa," Suppe's "Poet and Peasant," Flotow's "Stradella;" and other Overtures quite new to us, as: "Mignon" by A. Thomas, "Medea" by Bargiel, "Semiramis", by Catel (whether the old Professor in the French Conservatoire we are not informed.

The Liszt-Wagner element is to assail our unresponsive ears again, this time with more and heavier siege batteries. Of Liszt, we are to have: "Die Ideale," a Symphonic poem; the "Mephisto Walz" an episode from Lenau's Faust; "Gretchen," a character portrait from the Faust Symphony; and two Piano Concertos. Of Wagner: Vorspiel to "Lohengrin;" "A Faust Overture;" Overtures to "Flying Dutchman," and to "Rienzi." Of Berlioz March of Pilgrims in his "Harold" Symphony —— With these exceptions, there would seem to be less of the positively noisy element than before; noteworthy is it, that the name of Meyerbeer is utterly withdrawn; he figures neither by "torchlight" nor by Parisian Grand Opera gas daylight. On the other hand, the dear little *pi…ssimos*, the "Träumerei's," &c., will win young sentimental hearts not the less surely, though unheralded by such obstreperous thunder. Of the Strauss Waltzes, Polkas, and the like, there is liberal promise; and of course, with such an orchestra of virtuosos, there will be no lack of solos* (for trombone, 'cello, oboe, French horn, flute, &c.,) to please the lovers of such feats of skill. In precision, fineness, brilliancy, and general good style of performance, the Thomas Orchestra will no doubt more than hold its reputation.

Next in order of time comes the opening of the SYMPHONY CONCERTS (Harvard Musical Association), on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 3,—*ten* in number, to be continued once a fortnight, regularly, (with two exceptions), ending March 23, 1871. Pains are taken to make the orchestra as much better as possible, both by more careful selection and by more rehearsals. This involving new expense, the subscription price of season tickets has been placed at *ten dollars*. We have already mentioned that three of the Concerts will be devoted to the recognition of the CENTENNIAL YEAR OF BEETHOVEN, namely, the opening (Nov. 3), the fourth (Dec. 15,—just before the birthday, 17th), and the closing Concert (March 23). On each of these occasions one of his great Symphonies will be given; besides which the Beethoven offerings will include the Dedication Overture (op. 124), the Overtures to "Egmont," "Coriolanus," and, for an instructive novelty, *all the four* Overtures which he composed for *Fidelio* (or Leonore) in four successive concerts, the great No. 3 to come in the birth day week; also the two greatest of the piano Concertos, No. 4, in G, and No. 5, in E flat, and (first time for many years) the Fantasia for Piano, Orchestra and Chorus. As this chorus contains the first hint of the Ninth Symphony, it may be expected that the Handel and Haydn Society will perform that great work, for their share of the Beethoven week, on the Saturday or Sunday evening following; and, to make the Festival complete, that all our classical Societies and Clubs,—the Quintette Club, the Listemann Quartet, as well as several of our leading pianists—will each give a Beethoven Concert, at some hour of day or evening that week.

The Symphonies for the seven concerts before and after the birthday concert will represent Beethoven's great predecessors and followers in that line, in their historical order. Thus for the second concert, Haydn in C minor (first time); for the third, Mozart in C ("Jupiter;") then BEETHOVEN, No. 7, in A; after which Schubert (the great No. 9, in C,—and also, later, if the parts arrive in time, another in C, arranged by Joachim from the Grand Duo, op. 140, which is so symphonic in ideas and plan), Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Gade (a new one, No. 3, in A minor).

Other choice selections (many for the first time) have been made from the orchestral works of Bach, Gluck, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Gade, Rietz, Liszt, Wagner, Rossini, Raff, Grimm, Volkmann, &c.;—from Concertos and Solos by Bach, Viotti, Spohr, Moscheles, Chopin, &c.; besides some vocal pieces. It would be premature as yet to enter into more particulars. The Orchestra will be, as before, under the direction of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, with Mr. B. LISTEMANN for leading violin.—The time for the sale of season tickets (not before the middle of October) will be duly announced.

The Swedish singer, CHRISTINE NILSSON, biggest star that has risen on Europe since the Lind, they say, and now in the ascendant, will soon be in this country. Her concert troupe, conveyed by Maurice Strakosch, includes Vieuxtemps, the famous violinist; Miss Anna Cary, our Boston contralto, who has sung for a year or two past with much success in opera in Europe; Del Canissa; a new baritone, Verger by name; and well-known Brignoli for tenor, who has been losing neither flesh nor voice. Their first Boston concerts will be given in the Music Hall on the 21st, 22d and 25th of October.

It is understood that the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are making arrangements to give three or four Oratorios with Mlle. NILSSON in November, about Thanksgiving time. *What* Oratorios, it is not yet decided, though there can be little doubt that among them will be "Elijah" and "Judas Maccabaeus."—Of course the old society will give the "Messiah" and something else at Christmas time; and then they will be preparing for their great Triennial Festival, which comes round next May. What noble *new* tasks this involves, we have not learned. The government *had* set their hearts strongly upon "Israel in Egypt;" which resolution, we trust, will remain firm, so that at last we may hear the whole of this great oratorio worthily presented. With all this extra work, we suppose we must be resigned to the postponement of the noblest plan of all, the bringing out of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, for still another year. But we would ask if it be not practicable, as well as in every way desirable, that one part of one of the Festival concerts should be devoted to a judicious series of selections from the Passion music,—say, just the selections which were studied last winter, and which interested most of the singers very deeply, to wit:—the opening chorus, *perhaps*; the chorus with tenor solo: "O grief," and "I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway;" the thunder and lightning chorus, and by all means the concluding chorus; by all means, also, several of the unspeakably beautiful Chorales;—these, interspersed with two or three of the fine solo Airs, and scenes of wonderfully expressive Recitative. Think of it, brethren, and think seriously.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club; the Listemann Quartette; the pianists: Perabo, Leonhard, Lang, (who is on his way home), Parker, Miss Mehlig too, no doubt,—will all be giving concerts singly or in combination; and the Vocal Clubs (Parker's, Cecilia, Orpheus), will be heard from. But neither their plans, nor those of the operatic raids, are yet sufficiently mature to be announced.

DEATH OF THE MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE. Not a few musical Americans, who have been in London, have pleasant recollections of Mr. Bowley. The *Orchestra*, of Aug. 27 just received, contains the following sad intelligence:

Our readers will hear with regret of the sudden and accidental death of Mr. Bowley, the well-known indefatigable manager of the Crystal Palace, and treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society. He fell into the water from the deck of one of the river steamers, near Greenwich, yesterday afternoon, and although he was quickly extricated by Inspector Goode of the Thames Police and taken to the shore, life was extinct notwithstanding all possible restoratives were applied.

We find this in the London *Musical World*:

The sketch of Michael Kelly, who knew Mozart—says *Dwight's Journal of Music*—strangely omits to mention that very interesting book of *Reminiscences*, published in his latter days, and even reprinted in this country many years ago. Copies are rare but it is well worth reading. A reprint of this interesting book will shortly be commenced in the *Musical World*.—Ed.

WAR NOTES. A correspondent writes from Munich: "We have just had the last performance of the Ammergau Passion Play. The Christus has had to join the artillery; he had an interview with the king to beg to be allowed to retain his long hair, so that, when the war was over, he might be able to resume his part. The request was granted."——The representative of Peter, also, is in a light-horse regiment; instead of the ear of Malchus, he may now hew off a score of ears from Frenchmen, says a German paper.

Of the Berlin theatres the only one which successfully struggles against the depression produced by war, which has closed most of the others, is the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtische Theatre. And this flourishes by reason of the traitor Offenbach's "*Kakadu*"—that Offenbach who has renounced his country and written a "Hymn to the Emperor." And patriotic Prussia supports him!

Owing to the war in Germany, Dr. Hiller has been unable to conduct the rehearsals of his cantata for the Birmingham Festival, and they have in consequence been taken by Sir Michael Costa.

The amateurs interested in the Beethoven Festival which was to be given in Germany may be glad to learn that the war will not prevent the performan-

ces from taking place at the various cities recently specified, namely, Vienna, Berlin, and Bonn.

We hear from Vienna of the death of Gustav Vogt, well known as an oboe player, at ninety years of age. He was a bandsman in the Imperial Guard at the battle of Austerlitz.

We translate from *Le Menestrel*, July 31.—At a concert in the Champs-Elysées, M. Besselievre anticipates events; he has performed, alternately with the *Marseillaise*, a triumphal march entitled: *Entrée à Berlin.*

—Here is the patriotic programme every evening of the *Alcazar d'été* in the Champs Elysées: "La Marseillaise," "Le Rhin Allemand," "Les Girondins," "Le Reveil du Lion," "Les Prussiens," "A nous le Rhin," "La Française," "Nos Ennemis," "Le Bataillon de la Moselle," "A la Frontière," "Vive la France," and "La Garde Mobile." Needless to say that all these French songs are received with acclamation every night, though drowned in floods of German beer!

It is stated that during the past musical season in Paris more than three hundred concerts were given, exclusive of those of the Conservatoire, the Sunday Popular Concerts, the choral societies, matinées, &c.

Two Suggestions.

(From the Philadelphia Morning Post.)

In an excellent article upon "Music as a Means of Culture," published in the September *Atlantic*, the author, John S. Dwight, who has not yet received all the credit due him for his unceasing, intelligent labor in the interests of music, touches upon several points worthy of more extended notice and attention than is possible in newspaper limits. One of his suggestions, that Beethoven and Emerson dawned upon New England at the same time, and that the transcendentalists were very influential in the recognition of the true mission of music, not only furnishes data in the æsthetic history of the country, but gives opportunity of doing justice to one or two writers who are passed over in musical history, but who had a strong contemporaneous influence. We would hardly rank Emerson among musical pioneers, for his feeling toward it is not active. He appreciates it as he does everything that is beautiful, and recognizes its utility, but it is not a necessity with him, and certainly has had very little share in shaping his life or works. But he deserves this credit: he put his whole strength into the task of opening the gates to all forms of liberal art and thought, and music owes much of her freedom to his power. But when we count up the names of those who were really active in the cause, we think, among the first, of Margaret Fuller. She had for weapons talents as a writer and a musical soul. Her art education was necessarily defective, as she grew up in a land where music was known only as a part of church service, and where it rarely went above "Dundee," an arrangement from a Gregorian chant, or a slow opera air. She had access to very limited musical libraries, and Bomber, and a few authors of his class, made up her sources of information. But she had so kindred a spirit that she interpreted the meaning of their lives and works as no American had done before, and few since, and the one paper on the "Lives of the Great Composers" is still suggestive and useful. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the musical author to the art and to society. He stands between the two as a priest between the oracle and the worshippers, and understanding the utterance of the one and the ignorance of the other, brings the first into a more intelligible form and the other into a more intelligent appreciation. It is a profession that needs not only special natural qualifications, but also a special education. Margaret Fuller had the one, not the other; but by the force of genius she worked herself into a position of both power and usefulness, and ought to receive credit for it.

Another topic which Mr. Dwight touches only too slightly upon, ought to be more frequently dwelt upon by the critics of the daily press who have a conscientious regard for a right progress in music. (We say the daily press, for it is only through it that the public can be reached; art journals have too limited a circle of readers.) And this relates to the order of programmes. If we concede that music is something more than a sensuous expression, that it addresses itself to the intellect as well as to the ear, we will see that it is necessary to have some regard to congruity and harmony in the programme; but even for the ears' sake it is improper to open with Beethoven's septet and close with a *potpourri* from "Stradella." This pretty little opera is good enough in its way, but its pale pink fades when contrasted with the vivid crimson of Beethoven's music. There are two rules that are, however, strictly observed by concert-givers; one, that the instruments must alternate; the other, that the heaviest music must open or close the performance. The spirit of the compositions is very rarely taken into account; and if the pianist plays Chopin and the vocalist sings Schumann, the violinist will probably play them a Shoo fly tremolo, or something as elevating, and is applauded by the crowd, while the Schumann solo falls flat, and reasonably enough, for the train of feeling has been diverted, for shoo-fly melodies are hardly fit to prepare the mind for Schumann or his peers. But that audiences have souls, concert givers rarely consider; they like them to have pockets, and to bring their hands and feet with them. Their hearts and heads are secondary considerations. But ask a conductor why he gives his most important, perhaps his most delicate work first, and he will tell you that the performers and audience are more fresh. This is nonsense. No programme should contain the element of weariness to such an extent, and we all know we warm up to music as it progresses. No one can listen or play properly when a crowd is coming in or going out, and this should be remembered in making up programmes. The great fault, however, is in the slovenly, thoughtless way in which musicians try to please everybody, and loading their programmes with all sorts of incongruous selections ruin the whole effect, prevent the appreciation of the separate performances, and are at last as successful in suiting every one as the man and his son who tried to manage their donkey so as to please the crowd.

Dr. Hiller's Nala and Damayanti.*

The poem, *Nala and Damayanti*, is founded on a Hindu poem of great antiquity—the *Nala*, which is itself only one of the episodes of the *Mahabharata*. The two great epic poems of Ancient India, the *Mahabharata*, and the *Ramayana*, bear something like the same relation to Hindu literature, with respect to national importance, as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to the literature of Ancient Greece. The *Mahabharata* is an aggregate of epic poems founded on popular legends. Though impossible to fix the date, it may be mentioned that the compiler is said to have been Vyasa, who lived about 500 years before Homer.

The episode of *Nala* occurs in the *Mahabharata* as incidental. A holy Brahmin, to restore hope to a fallen prince, ruined by gambling, relates to him the history of the Raja, *Nala*, who, in older times, had, like him, lost everything at two games at dice, and nevertheless had not sunk into despair. This episode is the subject of the third of eighteen cantos, or parvas, of the *Mahabharata*. King Bhima has a fair daughter, Damayanti. Nala hears praises of Damayanti, and the Princess like praises of Nala. Though at a distance, they fall desperately in love, and miraculous swans convey tidings of fondness. The king desires to marry his daughter, there is a competition of princes for her hand, but Damayanti will not accept any one but Nala. Nala appears at last in person, but has a message to deliver from the gods, who have bound him to declare to Damayanti that she must choose one of the immortals. Fortunately the gods do not insist. The marriage takes place, and Nala conducts his wife to the kingdom of Nishadha. Misfortune comes. The god, Kali, jealous of Nala, induces him to play at dice with his brother, and Nala loses all—wealth, chariots, robes, kingdom and wife. Nala flies to a wild forest; his wife will not forsake him, but he cannot bear the idea of dragging her into his misfortune. He flies again from her. Damayanti wanders in search of him; each encounters dangers and sufferings, racked by the thought of the possible fate of the beloved one. The constant lovers, wife and husband, at last succeed in finding each other, and, by a fortunate occurrence, Nala wins again his treasures and his kingdom, and lives happily with Damayanti.

The subject of the dramatic cantata, set to music by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, is the earlier part of the story of the loves of Nala and Damayanti. It comprises the desolation of the princess, dreaming of her unseen lover; the ceremony, ordained by King Bhima, of disposing of her hand by choice among royal suitors; the communication of the behest of the gods to Nala; Nala's despair; his appearance on the scene of competition at the climax of Damayanti's anxiety, only to give his stern message; Damayanti's refusal and choice; the appearance of the gods, offering her immortality, and their retirement before the unflinching resolve of the Princess; the cantata concluding with the union of Nala and Damayanti.

*To be performed at the approaching Birmingham Festival.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

At Ten o'clock To morrow. 4. *Eb to g.* *Lyle.* 35

"There are lilies in bloom in the valley to-day,
Where the sun leaves a golden trace;
But the light my spirits and life obey
Is the sunshine of thy face.
The springtime is breathing a soft farewell,
And summer its wealth will borrow:
Then good-bye love, we'll meet in the dell,
At ten o'clock to-morrow."

The Vivandiere. Song and dance. 3. A to c sharp. *Maas.* 30

Suggested by the spirit of the times in Europe.

"You see I am a Vivandiere,
The pet of the whole Brigade,
The men salute me as I pass,
When they are on parade."

The Ball. 5. G minor to g. *Perozzi.* 40

Another of the charming Nilsson airs. Beginning with a gay 'Tra-la-la,' in G minor, it suddenly changes to E major with a delightful effect.

Sweet is the Dream. (Guarda che Bianca Luna). Duett. 4. C to f. *Campana.* 40

An improved adaptation of English words, in an easy key, of this beautiful duett.

Land of the Swallows. Duett. 4. Bb to *q.* *Masimi.* 40

A splendid two-part song with English and German words.

Instrumental.

Original Polka. 3. D. *Bassenius.* 30

A decidedly interesting Polka. This composer always succeeds in striking the popular vein.

Lucile. Mazurka Sentimental. 4. Eb. *Frey.* 40

A graceful composition in very pleasing style.

Rondino. Caprice. (Récréations Characteristiques). 3. G. Op. 118. *Leybach.* 40

A graceful and easy theme, particularly facile for the left hand.

Dreaming of Home. 3. Eb. Op. 23. *Wilson.* 50

A quiet andante theme, turning memory back on the dreamy past. This American composer is quite happy in all his arrangements for the piano.

La Danse des Naïades. Caprice. 4. Bb. Op. 118. *Leybach.* 60

A delicate allegretto movement in 6-8 time, not difficult to execute and very pleasing, both to the performer and hearer.

Books.

LIBRETTO OF "ROSE OF CASTILE." 30

SILVER WINGS. A new collection of Sabbath School Music. Boards, 35
Paper, 30

A Collection, which, like the title is extremely happy in its adaptation to the wants of Sabbath Schools. It will secure a warm welcome from lovers of this class of sacred music.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Music a Means of Culture.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(Concluded from page 203.)

Our point is simply: The great music has been so much followed and admired here, not by reason of any great musical knowledge in said followers, not because we have any technical musicianship or proper musicality, but purely because the music was *great*, deep, true, making itself felt as such; we love the music for the great life that is in it. Let the emphasis fall on the word *great*, —*great* music,—if you still find it hard to credit our capacity of pleasure in mere music pure and simple.

From such beginnings, by degrees, and for a long time through the medium of very poor means of performance,—which only confirms our theory, that it was some inkling of the divine ideas, the life within the symphony, that first caught the imagination of listeners not very musical, it might be,—there grew up here a pretty deep and general love of noble music; until, at length, for better or for worse (we think for better), music occupies this people's time and thought quite largely, yet not so largely as it will and must do. What may be called a "musical movement" is making headway. Much froth about it, no doubt, there is; much vainglory, *splurge*, and sounding advertisement; too much passion for excitement, for the extraordinary, for "big things." Our great choral societies, for example, may shrink from the real great work, from the sincere, quiet, outwardly unrewarding tasks, which build up the artistic character, which are the true tests of sufficiency in art, in favor of the easier enterprise that carries with it more *réclat* and advertisement. They may postpone solid everyday excellence to exhibition splendors, festivals, and jubilees on some unprecedented scale. But all this implies a genuine heart-life in music somewhere. Where there is smoke there must be fire. Fuss and feathers make the greater show and catch the vulgar; but it is because heroes have been and will be again when God and a great crisis call. Do not charge all the egotism and vanity of musical artists, their catering to low tastes by cheap display, their grandiloquent announcements, their jealousies of one another, to music, or even wholly to themselves. It is the speculating, sordid, money-getting fever of the whole world around them that does the mischief, sets the singers at loggerheads, lowers the standard of composers and performers, and tempts the artist soul to sell its birthright and become a travelling thaumaturgic virtuoso. Music would make all this better, could she become ten times the public mistress that she is.

So much by way of introduction to the real purpose of this paper, which is to show THE WORTH OF MUSIC TO THIS PEOPLE AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.

But for the present we confine ourselves to culture in a general sense, too well foreseeing that it will require a special paper to exhibit music as a type of law, a revelation in its way of the divine organic movement through all spheres of matter and of mind, hence as a means of *Intellectual Culture*; and still another, to deduce from this the right of music to be regarded as a *Universal Language*, and therefore as the native language, pure and perfect, of what in man is universal and most human, *The Religious Sentiment*.

Music must become a great part of our common, we may say our atmospheric education. It has already gone too far for us to doubt it. Let its importance but begin to be appreciated, and the next Peabody will feel his way to general gratitude by liberal endowment of an art of vital interest to millions, where only tens of hundreds can know how to care for some of the learned branches for which professorships are founded. Money will yet be poured out freely for true colleges of music, as it has been for those of literature and science. Is it not worth as much fostering as a boat-race, international or other?

1. Consider, first, the simplest, *primitive* claim of music; consider its civilizing agency, as far as it may become part of the popular, the public education.

We, as a democratic people, a great mixed people of all races, overrunning a vast continent, need music even more than others. We need some ever present, ever welcome influence that shall insensibly tone down our self-asserting and aggressive manners, round off the sharp, offensive angularity of character, subdue and harmonize the free and ceaseless conflict of opinions, warm out the genial individual humanity of each and every unit of society, lest he become a mere member of a party, or a slave of business or fashion. This rampant liberty will rush to its own ruin, unless there shall be found some gentler, harmonizing, humanizing culture, such as may pervade whole masses with a fine enthusiasm, a sweet sense of reverence for something far above us, beautiful and pure, awakening some ideality in every soul, and often lifting us out of the hard, hopeless prose of daily life. We need this beautiful corrective of our crudities. Our radicalism will pull itself up by the roots, if it do not cultivate the instinct of reverence. The first impulse of freedom is centrifugal, to fly off the handle, unless it be restrained by a no less free, impassioned love of order. We need to be so enamored of the divine idea of unity, that that alone,—the enriching of that—shall be the real motive for assertion of our individuality. What shall so temper and tone down our "fierce democracy?" It must be something better, lovelier, more congenial to human nature than mere stern prohibition, cold Puritanic "Thou shalt *not!*" What can so quickly magnetize a people into this harmonic mood as music? Have we not seen it, felt it?

The hard working, jaded millions need expansion, need the rejuvenating, the ennobling experience of joy. Their toil, their church and creed, perhaps, their party livery, and very vote, are narrowing; they need to taste, to breathe a larger, freer life. Has it not come to thousands while they have listened to or joined their voices in some thrilling chorus that made the heavens seem to open and come down? The governments of the Old World do much to make the people cheerful and contented; here it is all *laissez faire*, each for himself, in an ever-keener strife of competition. We must look very much to music to do this good work for us; we are open to that appeal; we can forget ourselves in that; we blend in joyous fellowship when we can sing together; perhaps quite as much so when we can listen together to a noble orchestra of instruments interpreting the highest inspirations of a master. The higher and purer the character and kind of music, the more of real genius there is in it, the deeper will this influence be.

Judge of what can be done by what already within our own experience has been done and daily is done. Think what the children in our schools are getting through the little that they learn of vocal music,—elasticity of spirit, joy in harmonious co-operation, in the blending of each happy life in others; a rythmical instinct of order and of measure in all movement; and a quickening of the ear and sense, whereby they will grow up susceptible to music as well as with some use of their own voices, so that they may take part in it; for from these spacious nurseries (loveliest flowers and as apple-orchards in full bloom, say, on their annual *fête* days) shall our future choirs and oratorio choruses be replenished with good, sound material.

Think what unconscious culture, what refining influence, the people of a city might breathe in with the common breath of life from concerts in the open air, from military bands, and, better still, from civic bands, if only our king and lord, the People aforesaid, in its corporate capacity, would make enlightened provision for these things, and institute a competent commission, or commissioner, a "Philostrate, master of the revels," of real taste and judgment, to see to it that the bands be good ones, the programmes of a kind to elevate and civilize, and not demoralize by brutal bray of everlasting brass; and that the *repertoir* be made up of models of enduring beauty, instead of specimens of every foolish reigning fashion in its turn. Such an office should be of high honor, of careful appointment, and safe tenure, like a judgeship.

Think what revival of the best enthusiasm, what enriching of the inner man's resources, what a lift to thought and feeling, may be given, has been given, by great festivals of music, and even "great jubilees," could their ambition be a little sobered, and all the claptrap and extravagance left out.

Think, above all, how much of the best kind of culture, though it be undefinable, undemonstrative, a silent absorption, as it were, through all the pores and into every finest spiritual fibre, may be found in the stated series of concerts of the highest order, where to listen well is to take part, and where every person present both in body and in soul "assists," in the French sense of the word. All that is necessary to this is, that, besides rich material, there shall be a pure artistic *spirit* pervading the whole concert; the programme ought to be an art-work in itself, with nothing miscellaneous about it, it being not enough that it should contain fine things; it should contain them so placed that they shall not jostle one another, each obliterating the impression of the last; and that their spell shall not be broken by bringing them into incongruous company with things of so irreconcilable a spirit that one can carry home no clear impression of the concert as a whole.

But of the good influence of music in the more popular and public way the half is not told, so long as we have not hinted how much fitly chosen music may do, has done, though too seldom, as an element in public celebrations of great events in human progress, in commemorations of great men, or in aid of noble charities. On such occasions its chief efficacy depends upon significant, appropriate selections to be played or sung; upon the close affinity or correspondence of each strain of music, both with the spirit of the hour and with whatever spoken thought or ceremony it may prepare or follow; in a word, upon a certain artistic unity of programme, of which it catches by quick sympathy the key-note, dictates in some way the order, moulds all into symmetry, tenderly guards throughout the unbroken continuity of meaning, and serves as frame and background to the whole. She, Music, should be called in at the first inchoation of the plot as the most sympathetic, subtly appreciative, suggestive confidante; and when it comes to the fulfilment, her's is the part of chief interpreter, as well as of disposer of all minds to the right mood of expectation and the right impression after. Commonly we do quite differently. We call in music upon such occasions, not as an equal, a co-working intelligence, but rather as king's jester, to supply a little idle recreation in the pauses. We employ a band of instruments, mostly military, to discourse

loud polkas, pot-pourries from operas, or what not, selected without rhyme or reason, and so rudely break the spell and rob the hour of character and meaning. Art would reform this. Art knows nothing miscellaneous.

We are not quite without examples of the better way; our Boston Music Hall, within a few years, has been witness of a few which might be followed. Who that was present will forget that welcome to our noble Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation on that first of January, when Emerson first read his thrilling "Boston Hymn" of liberty and justice; and when music, furnishing first the darker prelude, in allusion to the days of bondage and of hope deferred, through the Overture to "Egmont" and that exciting number from "The Hymn of Praise," in which to the anxiously repeated question, "Will the night soon pass?" the clear soprano, like a stream of sunshine, startles with the cry, "The night is departing!" and the glorious *crescendo* of the chorus floods the world with light and carries all before it in a blaze of high-pitched harmony and trumpets,—then proceeded in the lofty vein of heroism and of holy triumph, by making heard, in such significant connection (not to name all), the glorious Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; the chorus from "Elijah," full of comfort to the long-suffering, "He watching over Israel"; Handel's sublime Hallelujahs; and finally the patriotic "sun-burst" of the Overture to "William Tell"?

Think, too, of the part that music bore the day we listened to the eulogy of our good Governor. How the organ whispered peace in those sweet strains of the concluding chorus, sung at the tomb of the Saviour, of Bach's Passion Music; and how the mournful effect of that grandest expression of a people's grief, bereft of a true hero, the Funeral March from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, was tempered by the chorus, full of comfort, from "St. Paul," "Happy and blest are they who have endured"; then by the heavenly *andante*, reassuring and uplifting, from the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; and then, to sum up all in one grand lesson, the strong, confiding choral, harmonized by Bach, "What God does, surely is well done!"

Think, too, how music lent new meaning and new beauty to that commemoration of a great man of science, when our Agassiz paid noble tribute to the life and labors of his great friend and teacher, Humboldt; how the music and the spoken word shed light upon each other; how Mozart's chorus of the Priests of Isis sang of the consecration of the noble youth to Truth, wherever she might lead him; and how the wondrous Overture to "The Magic Flute," and the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, by their fascinating hint of the perpetual pursuit of unity through all the labyrinthine windings of variety, fitly prepared and followed a discourse of which that was the very theme!

Now out of all these ways of popular exposure to the influence of good music, as well as from private, even solitary communion with its master spirit, comes much valuable culture; not in the sense of musical or any other knowledge, technical and special; not a direct conscious culture, as such, of the memory or of the reasoning faculties; not scholarship, perhaps, nor ease and elegance of manners nor address; not force of will or quickness of decision; but, nevertheless, a culture moulding us insensibly, a sort of atmospheric culture, weighing gently upon each and all, like wholesome air, expanding the chest, warming the heart, putting the nerves in tune, disposing to unconscious courtesy and kindness, prompting each to fill his place cheerfully and unobstructively, forgetting self in the harmonious whole, weaving a sympathetic bond, making us all feel like happy, trustful children, free and not afraid.

We may learn something from our German fellow-citizens in illustration of this important chapter in the art of life. We as a people seem somehow to have lacked this art. We court prosperity like anxious bond-slaves, fearing to call a moment of our lives our own, fearing to *live*, in our unceasing, feverish pursuit of the mere means of living. We are enterprising to a fault; we go ahead faster than others; but it is by a centaur-like contrivance, letting a large part of our real vital, human self run down into the lower animal, or the machine that carries us. Why, O "live Yankee," O proud Westener, why waste your life in rivalling a steam-engine? Man makes himself a mere machine for generating or accumulating power, and all for what? And with what a solemn, sanctimonious, lean, hard-favored way he does it often! With what a quasi-religious and self-righteous tone he quotes his business maxims! How he amalgamates unworldly orthodoxy with the most secular showman's cant in the advertising of his wares! How he practically confounds religion with his own self-love, as generalized into prudential maxims!

We esteem ourselves the freest people on this planet; yet we have perhaps as little real freedom as any other; for we are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of discipline, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault through abstinence from very life. We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our nature. All that is not pursuit of advancement in some good, conventional, approved way of business or politics, or fashion, or intellectual reputation, or professed religion, we count waste. We lack *geniality*; nor do we, as a people, understand the meaning of the word. We ought to learn it practically of our Germans. It comes of the same root with the word *genius*. Genius is the spontaneous principle; it is free and happy in its work; it is artist and not drudge; its whole activity is reconciliation of the heartiest pleasure with the purest loyalty to conscience, with the most holy, universal, and desinterested ends. Genius, as Beethoven gloriously illustrates in his Choral Symphony (indeed, in all his symphonies), finds the key-note and solution of the problem of the highest state in "Joy," taking his text from Schiller's Hymn. Now all may not be geniuses, in the sense that we call Shakespeare, Mozart, Raphael, men of genius. But all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free, and happy method of genius; all should live childlike, genial lives, and not wear all the time the consequential livery of their unrelaxing business, nor the badge of party and profession in every line and feature of their faces.

This genial, childlike faculty of social enjoyment, this happy art of life, is just what our countrymen may learn from the social "Liedertafel" and the summer singing-festivals of which the Germans are so fond. There is no element of national character which we so much need; and there is no class of citizens whom we should be more glad to adopt and own than those who set us such examples. So far as it is a matter of culture, it is through Art chiefly that the desiderated genial era must be ushered in. The Germans have the sentiment of art, the feeling of the beautiful in art, and consequently in nature, more developed than we have. Above all, music offers itself as the most available, most popular, most influential of the fine arts,—music, which is the art and language of the feelings, the sentiments, the spiritual instincts of the soul, and so becomes a universal language, tending to unite and blend and harmonize all who may come within its sphere.

2. Such civilizing, educating power has music for society at large. Now in the finer sense of culture, such as we look for in more private and select "society," as it is called, music in the *salon*, in the small chamber concert, where congenial spirits are assembled in its name,—*good* music, of course,—does it not create a finer sphere of social sympathy and courtesy? does it not better mould the tone and manners from within than any imitative "fashion" from without? What society, upon the whole, is quite so sweet, so satisfactory, so refined, as the best musical society, if only Mozart, Mendelssohn, Franz, Chopin, set the tone! The finer the kind of music heard or made together, the better the society. This bond of union only reaches the few; coarser, meaner, more prosaic natures are not drawn to it. Wealth and fashion may not dictate who shall be of it. Here congenial spirits meet in a way at once free, happy and instructive, meet with an object which insures "society"; whereas so-called society, as such, is often aimless, vague, unedifying and fatiguing, for the want of any subject-matter. Here one gets ideas of beauty which are not mere arbitrary fashions, ugly often to the eye of taste. Here you may escape vulgarity by a way not vulgar in itself like that of fashion, which makes wealth and family and means of dress its passports. Here you can be as exclusive as you please, by the soul's right, not wronging any one; here learn gentle manners, and the quiet ease and courtesy with which cultivated people move, without in the same process learning insincerity.

Of course the same remarks apply to similar sincere reunions in the name of any other art, or poetry. But music is the most social of them all; even if each listener find nothing set down to his part (or even hers!) but *tacet*.

3. We have fancied ourselves entering a musical house together, but we must leave it with no time to make report, or picture out the scene. Now could we only enter the chamber, the inner sanctum, the private inner life of a thoroughly musical person, one who is wont to *live* in music! Could we know him in his solitude! (You can only know him in yourself, unless he be a poet and creator in his art and bequeath himself in that form, in his works, for any who know how to read.)

If the best of all society is musical society, we go farther and say: The sweetest of all solitude is when one is alone with music. One gets the best of music, the sincerest part, when he is alone. Our poet-philosopher has told us to secure solitude at any cost; there is nothing which we can so ill afford to do without. It is a great vice of our society, that it provides for and disposes to so little solitude, ignoring the fact that often there is more loneliness in company than out of it. Now to a musical person, in the mood of it, in the sweet hours by himself, comes music as the nearest friend, nearer and dearer than ever before, and he soon finds that he never was in such good company. I doubt if symphony of Beethoven, opera of Mozart, Passion Music of Bach, was ever so enjoyed or felt in grandest public rendering, as one may feel it while he recalls its outline by himself at his piano (even if he be a slow and bungling reader, and must get it out by piecemeal). I doubt if such an one can carry home from the performance, in presence of the applauding crowd, nearly so much as he may take to it from such inward, private preparation.

Are you alone? what spirits you can summon up to fill the vacancy, and people it with life and love and beauty! Take down the volume of Sonatas, the arrangement of the great Symphony, the recorded reveries of Chopin, the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, or even the chorals, with the harmony of Bach, in which the four parts blend their several individual melodies together in such loving service of the whole, that the plain people's tune becomes a germ unfolding into endless wealth and beauty of meaning, and you have the very essence of all prayer and praise and gratitude, as if you were a worshipper in the ideal church. Nothing like music, *then*, to banish the benumbing ghost of *ennui*. It lends secret sympathy, relief, expression, to all one's moods, loves, longings, sorrows; comes nearer to the soul, or to the secret wound, than any friend or healing sunshine from without. It nourishes and feeds the hidden springs of hope and love and faith; renews the old conviction of life's springtime,—that the world is ruled by love, that God is good, that beauty is a divine *end* of life, and not a snare and an illusion. It floods out of sight the unsightly, muddy grounds of life's petty, anxious, doubting moments, and makes immortality a present fact, lived in and realized. It locks the door against the outer world of discords, contradictions, importunities, beneath the notice of a soul so richly occupied; lets "Fate knock at the door" (as Beethoven said in explanation of his symphony),—Fate and the pursuing Furies,—and even welcomes them, and turns them into gracious goddesses, Eumenides!

Music in this way is a marvellous elixir to keep off old age. Youth returns in solitary hours with Beethoven and Mozart. Touching the chords of

the Moonlight Sonata, the old man is once more a lover; with the *andante* of the Pastoral Symphony, he loiters by the shady brookside hand in hand with his fresh heart's first angel. You are past the sentimental age, yet you can weep alone in music,—not weep exactly, but find outlet more expressive and more worthy of your manly faith.

A great grief comes, an inconsolable bereavement, an humiliating, paralyzing reverse, a blow of Fate giving the lie to your best plans and bringing your best powers into discredit with yourself: then you are best prepared and best entitled to receive the secret visitations of these tuneful goddesses and muses.

"Who never ate his bread in tears,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

So sings the German poet. It is the want of inward, deep experience, it is innocence of sorrow and of trial, more than the lack of any special cultivation of musical taste or knowledge, that debars many people—naturally most young people, and all who are what we call shallow natures—from the feeling and enjoyment of many of the truest, deepest, and most heavenly of all the works of music. Take the Passion Music of Bach, for instance; if you can sit down alone at your piano and decipher strains and pieces of it when you *need* such music, you shall find that in its quiet quaintness, its sincerity and tenderness, its abstinence from all striving for effect, it speaks to you and entwines itself about your heart, like the sweetest, deepest verses in the Bible, when "the soul muses till the fire burns."

Such a panacea is this art for loneliness. But sometimes, too, it may intensify the sense of loneliness, only for more heavenly relief at last. Think of the deep composer, of lonely, sad Beethoven, wreaking his pain upon expression in those impatient chords and modulations, putting his sorrows into sonatas, and wringing triumph always out of all! Look at him as he was then, morose, they say, and lonely and tormented; look where he is now, as the whole world knows him, feels him, seeks him for its joy and inspiration,—and who can doubt of immortality?

Now in such private solace, in such solitary joys, is there not culture? Can one rise from such communings with the good spirits of the tone-world, and go out, without new peace, new faith, new hope, and good will in his soul? He goes forth in the spirit of reconciliation and of patience, however much he may hate the wrong he sees about him, or however little he accept authorities and creeds that make war on his freedom. The man who has tasted such life, and courted it till he has become acclimated in it, whether he be of this party or that, or none at all, whether he be believer or "heretic," conservative or radical, follower of Christ by name or "Free Religionist," belongs to the harmonic and anointed body-guard of peace, fraternity, good will; his instincts all have caught the rhythm of that holy march; the good genius leads, he has but to follow cheerfully and humbly. For somehow the minute fibres, the infinitesimal atoms of his being, have got magnetized, as it were, into a loyal, positive direction toward the pole-star of unity; he has grown attuned to a believing, loving mood, just as the body of a violin, the walls of a music-hall, by much music-making, become gradually seasoned into smooth vibration.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Hereford Festival.

(From the Choir, Aug. 27 and Sep. 3.)

The Festival of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, was commenced on Tuesday morning at the cathedral, with a service at which Dr. Jebb, the well known author of the treatise on "The Choral Service," was the preacher. The Doctor seemed to feel the difficulties of his position as the apologist for a system, with the details of which he could not in all respects express his concurrence; and it is not too much to say that, while his sermon gave satisfaction to many among the congregation, it was felt by the upholders of the present régime to be scarcely what they wanted, or what they have been accustomed to on these occasions. The length of the service made the hour for the commencement of the first oratorio slightly late, but the beautiful music of *Elijah* was never more successfully rendered. The audience, owing to the change in the weather, was somewhat smaller than had been expected, but the artists, including those incomparable exponents of the two chief characters, Mdlle. Titiens and Mr. Santley, exerted themselves to the utmost, and were well supported by the choir. The band, consisting of the best London performers, was, it is needless to add, perfectly at home in the accompaniments. In the evening, in the place of the usual miscellaneous and secular concert in the Shire Hall, there was a second performance of sacred music within the cathedral, which was lighted, albeit rather dimly, for the occasion. The departure from established precedent—this being the first time in the history of the celebrated gatherings that an evening performance has been given within the church—was amply justified by the result, as there can be no comparison between the enjoyment to be derived from listening under the most favorable circumstances to two complete works as compared with the average concert, consisting of little more than a repetition of the most famous show pieces in which the respective artists have gained their laurels during the season. We can easily imagine that to some of the country members of the audience the change may not have been altogether satisfactory; but to those already surfeited with the ordinary programmes of St. James's Hall, the visit to the old cathedral town was rendered doubly pleasant by the change, the credit for which is, we believe, due to Mr. Townshend Smith, the accomplished local organist. The music chosen for the occasion consisted of Haydn's *Creation*, of which, however, the third part was omitted, and Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*, the sacred idyll which met with such unmistakable favor when performed for the first time under the composer's direction at his Oratorio Concerts. Here, as in London, he took the baton, and must have felt amply satisfied by the admirable manner in which his work was performed. With Mdme. Titiens as the heroine, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas to complete the trio, the solo parts were secure, and the local choir did ample justice to the choruses. While there is much that is elaborate, and evidences the pen of the skilled and thoughtful musician in every line, there is also much of that tasteful writing which has won for Mr. Barnby's anthems and part songs such a high rank among modern choral compositions; and any one who has watched his career can fail to see that he has a bright future before him. Of the performance of the oratorio which preceded the "Idyll," we need say nothing more than that in the second part Mdlle. Titiens, who had sung most magnificently the air "With Verdure Clad," was replaced by Mdme. Sinico, and that Mr. Montem Smith was the tenor.

On Wednesday morning at the Cathedral the only fault in the programme was its length, consisting as it did of three complete works, Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Mozart's Mass No. 12. The Royal visitors, the Prince and Princess Christian, arrived during the morning, but missed what may almost be regarded as the most attractive item, at any rate from the musical point of view—the *Prodigal Son*. All three works received ample justice, and the chief singers were the same as before, Mdme. Patey taking the contralto music. In the evening there was the first of the miscellaneous concerts in the Shire Hall, with some good work for the orchestra, including Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Mr. Sullivan's "In Memoriam" Overture, and selections from the *Loreley* of Mendelssohn and Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*.

The music on Thursday morning at the Cathedral was chiefly composed of Mendelssohn's works, including his "Reformation" symphony, the unfinished Oratorio "Christus," and the forty-second Psalm, to which followed, rather unhappily for the composer, a short cantata by Mr. Henry Holmes, the words by Dr. Watts. The introduction of the Symphony may be said to have marked an era in the history of these gatherings almost as conspicuously as the occurrence of the first evening performance within the cathedral walls. As to the propriety of the step thus taken, opinions were naturally diverse, for although on the principle that "all's well that ends well," the choice of this work may be justified from the fact that it closes with the famous chorale, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and that its coloring generally is of a sacred character, it cannot be forgotten that the "Allegro" is completely the reverse, and is suggestive of totally opposite associations, beautiful as it is from an artistic point of view. Leaving this question however, the hearing of the Symphony was unquestionably a welcome addition to the programme, although its execution was not altogether satisfactory, and could not be compared with its performance by Mr. Manns' band at the Crystal Palace, where it was first introduced to the English public. The fragment from "Christus" was still more interesting, and on the whole better performed, the choruses especially being sung with considerable vigor. The forty-second psalm, "As pants the hart," was fairly but roughly done, Mdlle. Titiens singing the air, "For my soul thirsteth for God," in which Mr. Crozier played the oboe obligato with admirable taste. Of Mr. Holmes' cantata, it may be said that although far from striking, it is a conscientious work, and shows traces of the pen of the educated musician throughout. The comparative absence of difficulties in the score made it easy work for band and choir, and the solos by Mrs. Edith Wynne were admirably rendered. A selection from Handel's Oratorios concluded the somewhat lengthy programme. Of the evening concert we need say nothing more than that the leading vocalists took part in it, and that the orchestra, under Mr. Townshend Smith's beat, played the overtures to *Oberon* and *Semiramide*. The usual finale, the *Messiah*, was given on Friday morning to the largest audience assembled during the week, and the ball in the evening, which failed to attract the usual number of visitors, formed the actual conclusion of the proceedings. Although not really a part of the festival proper, the chamber concert at the College Hall deserves a word of notice, more especially from the fact that the programme included a Quintet (in F, No. 1) from the pen of Mr. Ellerton, whose works have been frequently noticed in our columns. Spohr's Sestet in C Major, and Mendelssohn's Octet, with some vocal music by Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Montem Smith, completed the scheme. As a whole, the festival can scarcely be said to have been a marked success. The only novelty was a comparatively insignificant one, and financially the results were much below those of the previous meeting.

The Birmingham Festival.

(From the Orchestra, Sept. 2.)

Birmingham this week has shown a livelier front than did Hereford last week. As is the great manufacturing city in point of vitality to the quiet precincts of Gloucester or Worcester, so is the Birmingham Festival in point of importance to the Festival of the Three Choirs. The Birmingham gathering has a history indissociable from the history of musical production. "*Elijah*" and "*St. Paul*" recall Birmingham; "*Eli*" and "*Naaman*" belong to its later birth; and this year Benedict and Hiller and Barnett are seeking to follow in the ways trodden by Mendelssohn and Costa. Birmingham is likewise proud, as becomes a commercial community, of the financial success of its festival. Some ninety thousand pounds have been raised through this agency for the General Hospital, which takes the profits of the gathering, and the triennials show a satisfactory progress of receipts. Thus 1867 was better than 1864, and it is expected that 1870 will beat 1867. Exactly the reverse process has been taking place at Hereford.

The festival this year has taken place under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duke of Cambridge. The Earl of Bradford is president. The principal lady singers were Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, Madame Patey, Miss Edith Wynne, and Mdlle. Drasdil. As tenors, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Cummings; as basses, Mr. Santley and Signor Foli made up the vocal staff. Madame Arabella Goddard was engaged as the pianiste, M. Sainton as solo violinist. Mr. Stimpson presided at the organ. The chorus consisted of about four hundred voices, selected from the Birmingham Ancient Harmonic Association, the Birmingham Festival Choir, with a contingent from the other societies. The chorus masters were Mr. W. C. Stockley and Mr. A. J. Sutton. The army of executants, with Sir Michael Costa as *chef d'orchestre*, numbered thirty first violins, with M. Sainton as principal; seventeen violoncellos, with Mr. A. Howell as principal; seventeen double basses, with Mr. Howell as principal. The wind instruments, which were doubled throughout the orchestra, had as chiefs Mr. Radcliffe, flute; Mr. Barret, oboe; Mr. Lazarus, clarinet; Mr. Hutchings, bassoon; Mr. C. Harper, horn; Mr. T. Harper, trumpet; Mr. Hawkes, trombone; Mr. Hughes, ophicleide; Mr. Horton, double drums; Mr. Pheasant, side drums. Messrs. Horton and Peck were the librarians.

The Festival proper opened on Tuesday with "*Elijah*." It is befitting that Birmingham should thus honor the memory of Mendelssohn, for Mendelssohn in his life honored Birmingham. In 1837, after "*St. Paul*," he wrote: "I can not at this time attempt to describe the Birmingham Musical Festival; it would require many sheets to do so, and whole evenings when we are once more together, even cursorily to point out all the remarkable things crowded into these

days. One thing, however, I must tell you, because I know it will give you pleasure, which is that I never had such brilliant success, and can never have any more unequivocal than at this Festival." Three years after this, Mendelssohn produced at the festival his "*Lobgesang*." The next meeting lapsed without a production, but he was then engaged with the "*Elijah*," brought out a year before his death, which unhappily cut short the glorious results projected for the future.

The performance of "*Elijah*" on Tuesday leaves nothing to criticize beyond saying that the solos in the first part were taken by Mdme. Sherrington, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley, assisted by Mrs. Sutton, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. R. Mason, Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Smythson; that in the second part, Mdlle. Tietjens replaced Mdme. Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves Mr. Rigby, and Mdlle. Drasdil took the principal contralto's place; and that the choral effects were exceedingly finely rendered. With Sir Michael Costa as conductor the issue could hardly be otherwise. There was no applause, the rule of the Festival being against such demonstration; and the President did not exercise his prerogative. The attendance numbered 2227; the receipts amounted to nearly £3000.

Mr. J. F. Barnett's Cantata '*Paradise and the Peri*,' was performed on Tuesday night, under the composer's own direction, and to an audience numbering above 2000 persons. When shortly after the clock struck eight, Mr. Barnett entered the orchestra, the greeting was of the most enthusiastic kind, and was ample justification for the Committee in having solicited him to produce an original work for the Festival.

Mr. Barnett, having made a success in the "*Ancient Mariner*," was emboldened to attack the poem of Moore,—an equally fanciful work with that of Coleridge, but wanting in the strong dramatic situations and powerful contrasts with which the "*Ancient Mariner*" abounds. It is possible that in his first subject, Mr. Barnett found an *embarras de richesses*; while in the latter he had to make the most of the material provided. The two works are thus nearer on a level than would be thought probable by those who knew both poems, and their capability of musical treatment. But in truth, Mr. Barnett has in neither case set the Poem to music; he has simply taken the title and arranged the words as he thought fit, without any regard to the plan of the original author. The chief characteristics of 'Paradise and the Peri,' are melody and pleasing orchestration; the melody possibly as original as can be expected; the use made of the orchestra being in every sense popular. The composer rarely attempts grandeur of effect: never seems to care to expend the resources at command of even ordinary composers. In a word, he does not appear to have had the wish to produce a lasting work at the cost of labor, but has depended on attaining a success by appealing to the ears of the general public rather than the verdict of critical musicians. Having stated thus much of the work as a whole, we must affirm in justice to Mr. Barnett, that what he has done, he has done well; that his melodies—(the name of Barnett is a guarantee for them)—are most lovely and expressive; and that he has shown good taste, and a perfect knowledge of the delicate *nuances* to be produced in the employment of the orchestra to color his themes.

The performance was generally good, the four principal singers, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Rigby, and Signor Foli, leaving nothing to desire. The pieces encored were a tenor solo, "Oh, if there be in this earthly sphere," Signor Foli's "Blest tears," and an unaccompanied quartet, "She wept, the air grew pure." Mdlle. Tietjens was excellent in "Though sunny the lake," and "But whither shall the spirit;" as was Mdme. Patey in "Sweet was the angel." Mr. Rigby's song above noticed will probably be a rage in the next concert season. The choruses offered no difficulties, and were well executed. The composer was greatly applauded on the conclusion of the Cantata. We believe that it will be frequently heard at the meetings of our various choral societies, and that the solos will be in great demand singly in our drawing-rooms. Had the work aimed higher, it is possible that these results would have been missed: and here is some if not sufficient[t] excuse for Mr. Barnett not having drawn on his undoubted resources to the full extent.

The second part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous collection of music executed in the following order:—

Overture ("Freischutz"(.....	Weber.
Song, Mdlle. Drasdil, "Sleep, dearest, Sleep".....	Randegger.
"Carnival de Venice," Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.....	Benedict.
Trio, Mdme L. Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Mr Santley, "Dunque il mio ben" ("Flauto Magico").....	Mozart
Song, Miss E. Wynne, "Bid me discourse"	Sir H. Bishop.
Concerto, pianoforte, in G minor, Mdme. Arabella Goddard.....	Mendelssohn.
Air, Sims Reeves, "The snow lies white"	A. S. Sullivan.
Song, Mdme. L. Sherrington (organ obligato).....	Chevalier. Lemmens.
Trio, Miss E. Wynne, Mdle. Drasdil, and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Qui vi son tonti e pazzi".....	Sir M. Costa.
Airs, Mdme. Ilma de Murska (Hungarian National Airs) (Flute obbligato, Mr. Radcliff.....	
Air, Mr. W. H. Cummings, "Ah non credevi" (Mignon")	A. Thomas.
Duo, Mdme. L. Sherrington, and Signor Foli, "a la dove prende" (Flauto Magico")	Mozart.
Quintet, Mdle. Ilma deMurska, Mdle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli, "Chi mi frena" (Lucia").....	Donizetti
Overture ("Zampa".....	Herold.

The above calls for little remark, as the execution of the various pieces by the artists to whom they were allotted is generally well known. We must, however, say a word for Mdme. Goddard's magnificent performance of the G minor concerto, than which nothing could possibly be finer. Sir M. Costa conducted. The total receipts for this concert amounted to £1526.

The oratorio selected for performance on Wednesday was "*Naaman*," Sir Michael Costa's second work of the kind, composed for the Festival of 1864. Besides forming the resistance-piece at Birmingham Festivals, "*Naaman*" has been performed at Exeter Hall sufficiently often to familiarize all musicians with its general features. The dramatic skill and contrapuntal workmanship which successively illustrate the translation of "*Elijah*," the miracle of the cruse of oil, the miracle of the Shunamite's son, the healing of Naaman's leprosy, have received full confirmation; and a Birmingham Festival would be held incomplete without Costa's work. The principal singers this time were Mesdames Sherrington and Patey, Mdlle. Drasdil, Miss Edith Wynne, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Cummings and Santley; the respective efforts of whom were wholly satisfactory. The numbers for which, by the privilege vested in the President, encores were awarded were the trio "Haste to Samaria," excellently sung by Mdlle. Drasdil, Miss Wynne, and Mr. Sims Reeves; the chorus, "God who cannot be unjust," a composition full of soft sentiment, beautifully given by the choir; and the well known quartet "Honor and glory." Mr. Sims Reeves sang splendidly: his delivery of Naaman's heart-sick desire for death as a release from the leprosy, "Oh that I might die," was unexampled. Mdme. Patey also excelled herself in the Shunamite boy's air "I dreamt I was in heaven," and Miss Edith Wynne as the Israelitish maiden Adah was uniformly successful. The receipts of this performance amounted to £918.

The programme of the miscellaneous concert on Wednesday evening was as follows:—

PART I.

Cantata, Ode to Shakespeare. Prof. P. Stewart,	
Duo, Miss E. Wynne, and Mr. Rigby, "Tornami a dir" "Don Pasquale".....	Donizetti.
Aria, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, 'O Luce di quest anima" "Lucia".....	Donizetti.
Duo, Mdlle. Tietjens and Mdme. Patey, "Ebben per mia memoria" "Gazza Ladra".....	Rossini.
Overture, "Ouvertura di Ballo" (composed expressly for the Festival).....	A. S. Sullivan.

PART II.

A selection from Beethoven's works:—Overture ("Egmont"); Quartet, Mdme. Sherrington, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, "Il core la mia fa" ("Fidelio"); Song, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, "Ah perfido;" Concerto, pianoforte (in E flat), Mdme. Arabella Goddard; Song, Mdle. Tietjens, "Qual furor" ("Fidelio"); Trio, Mdme. Sherrington, Mr. Rigby, and Signor Foli, "Fin grata al ciel" ("Fidelio"); Song, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Adelaide" (with pianoforte accompaniment by Mdme. Arabella Goddard); Trio, Mdme. Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, "Tremate empi tremate;" Air, Mdle. Drasdil, "In questa tomba oscura;" Finale, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Sherrington, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. Smithson, and Chorus ("Fidelio").

Whatever merit Dr. Stewart's music possesses, it cannot have been inspired by Mr. Toole's verses. The setting is musicianly; and the Doctor displays a thorough knowledge of instrumentation and vocal writing. But there is an absence of interest, and notwithstanding the capital singing of Mdme. Sherrington and Mr. Rigby, it fell flat. It was a forlorn hope to operate on such words, but as the music is really good, quite apart from the verse, we would suggest a change of libretto, when Dr. Stewart's efforts may stand a chance of being appreciated. Dr. Stewart was warmly applauded on entering and leaving the orchestra. Mr. Sullivan's Overture contains the usual prettinesses and mannerisms which mark all his works: and in addition some very light and graceful strains which do not degenerate into triviality. The "Emperor" Concerto is the only piece we need notice in the second part. This magnificent work was magnificently performed, Mdme. Goddard transcending herself, and receiving a perfect furore of applause. The vocal pieces were well given. Sir M. Costa conducted the whole of the second part.

On Tuesday morning there was the usual crush to hear the "*Messiah*." The vocalists were Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mdme. Patey; Mr. Cummings and Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Sir M. Costa conducted. As a matter of course all went well, and the audience appeared highly delighted. The receipts of the morning amounted to £2901.

A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK.

(From the London Choir.)

When I determined at the end of June to make a tour through North Germany, no gloomy forebodings of the turmoil which was destined so soon to harrass the country, invaded my mind; fortunately, though war was declared only a few hours before I bade adieu to my friends on the other side of the water, nothing more serious than the mustering of troops and the commencement of other preparations for the coming fight occurred to interrupt my pleasant and peaceful occupation.

The start from Germany was not very propitious; the steamer "Wakefield," belonging to the Grimsby Navigation Company,—the courteousness of whose manager, Mr. Sutcliffe, many of your readers may have experienced,—being detained some six hours by the state of the weather. After this unavoidable delay, we sailed early on Sunday morning. On Monday we sighted Heligoland, and quickly reaching the mouth of the Elbe with its picturesque banks, now doubly interesting from the important part it plays in the war, we landed about three o'clock in the afternoon. I took up my quarters at the Hotel de l'Europe, beautifully situated, overlooking the Alster Basin.

Hamburg literally swarms with theatres and concert rooms. To some of these I repaired in the evening; but there is no music to be heard in these places without eating and drinking; yet all these gastronomic proceedings were carried on with such quiet and order that one's enjoyment of the music was scarcely ever marred. One of the largest of the second-class theatres (the principal ones being closed at this season of the year) is the "Theatre der Central Halle." Here (the admission to the stalls being only 4d.) after a drama, which appeared to interest the large audience amazingly, came a concert of rather a peculiar description. Eight ladies appeared on the stage, with their stringed instruments in their hands, and, accompanied by the band, played on violins and violoncellos, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," an overture, and other pieces, with a remarkable taste, precision, and effect, which elicited long and loud applause, the "Wedding March" being redemanded. The orchestra then played several pieces, and I may here observe how I was struck not only upon this occasion, but also at other times, by the excellent way in which the wood and brass instruments were played; the tone invariably being softer and more refined than that of similar instruments in most of our theatrical bands.

By the kindness of an old and valued friend, and accomplished amateur, Herr Martin Herz, I was speedily introduced to most of the organists and composers of note in the town. The first organ I heard was at the church of St. Michael, celebrated for its great size and the height of its steeple. Herr Osterhault is the organist. This fine instrument, of about eighty stops, was built by Hildebrand, the principal workman of the famous Silberman, the latter having died before he was able to carry out the plans he had designed for its erection. The interior arrangements are worthy of as much admiration as its noble exterior. The richly carved case, 60 feet in length by 60 feet in breadth, extends from one side of the church to the other, and has the towers usual to such cases, filled with brightly polished pure block-tin pipes, resplendent with gilded capitals. On the summits of these towers are gigantic figures of angels with golden trumpets; and in the centre, at the top of all, is an oil portrait of Mattheson, a celebrated composer and theorist, who bequeathed £4,000 to the organ fund. This instrument, with modifications, may be taken as a rough type of most of the large organs throughout North Germany. The variety, character, and pungency of tone in the flue work, is as admirable as their reeds and swell organs are poor and defective. The pedal organ, containing seventeen stops, possesses a power and individuality of tone rarely equalled; indeed I heard no finer in the whole of North Germany; but whilst it has a 32 feet *metal* of the finest quality, it has no 32 feet *wood* pipes, considered by so many in this country to be indispensable in a large instrument. The organist spared neither time nor trouble in exhibiting the qualities of an instrument of

which he was justly proud. In a dignified performance of a fine fugue, the full power of its grand tones permeated the whole church, but the touch and mechanical arrangements I found from my own playing to be cumbersome and ancient. It is unnecessary to describe the organs in the other churches in Hamburg, as they are similar in character to that at S. Michael's; they all, however, possess a stop called "Glockenspiel," which is a set of bells from tenor F upwards, the largest being about 6 in. in diameter, the smallest about 1 in. These are struck with wood hammers, similar to those in a pianoforte, and, when used in conjunction with light 16 ft. and 2 ft. registers, produce for certain things very pleasing effects.

In the evening I attended one of the numerous concerts given in the charming gardens which are to be found in the environs of Hamburg. We had a performance by three military bands, numbering 120 players; they played separately and unitedly, the balance of tone being in both instances remarkably even and good. Amongst other pieces Wagner's well-known March in *Tannhauser* was played by the united bands, where, at the passage of quavers in the bass towards the end of the composition, the combined brass instruments produced a stupendous effect. Individually, too, these bands executed both classical and popular music with a care, earnestness, and spirit which shewed how much personal artistic interest the different performers took in the delightful work they had in hand.

And now on the next day I had the pleasure of spending a few delightful musical hours at the house of my friend, where I had the opportunity of seeing and hearing what German amateurs can accomplish, and what an interest they take in the practice and cultivation of music in its highest and most enjoyable form. The family assembled in a large room, denuded of its carpet, that the musical sounds might be heard to greater advantage. Our host being an accomplished violinist, and each member of his family playing some stringed instrument, there was here material for the performance of much excellent chamber music. First we had a classical overture, arranged as a duet for the pianoforte and a string quartet; then a violin solo, one of those charming romances by the old Italian masters, lately reprinted in Leipzig; then a Trio of Beethoven's, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; then some vocal music, and for a finale, another overture arranged as the first. Rarely have I heard, even amongst professional musicians, better music, better rendered, or more thoroughly enjoyed. I parted with my friend at the foot of his garden, close to whose gates I embarked on a steamer that took me down the Alster Basin to my hotel, reflecting during my short ride on the water upon the happy evening I had spent, and wondering when the chorus of music will be so universally appreciated by English as they are by German families.

On the following day I was a guest at the annual dinner of the ship owners of Hamburg, Hull and Grimsby. On these occasions, after the third course, the toasts and speeches are given out between the succeeding courses; the favorite toasts are responded to musically, in a manner, I must own, very superior to our "Hip, hip, hurrah," and "For he's a jolly good fellow." All the guests sang in perfect time and tune, most of them being, as I ascertained, members of various choral and other associations for the practice of vocal part music.

The same night I left by mail for Berlin, where I arrived about five o'clock on Saturday morning. Here my first visit was to the veteran Wieprecht, the director-general of all the Prussian military bands. In his studio, a perfect model of neatness and order, was a tall cabinet reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and containing the scores of various compositions, all arranged by himself, which are played by each regiment in the Prussian army.

By his invitation I attended a performance by three of the best infantry bands in Berlin, each numbering about fifty or sixty performers. As at the military concert in Hamburg, they played with thrilling effect a programme of about twenty pieces separately and unitedly. In the music for the combined bands there was not that replication of parts so common in similar performances in England, but it was specially arranged so that each band in turn took its part accompanied by the others. The whole performance concluded with a military piece entitled the "Battle of Leipzig," in which cannons were fired at intervals with unerring precision at the beginning of the bar. This pleased me less than any other piece, but it seemed to raise the rest of the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

On the following morning, Sunday, I paid an eagerly anticipated visit to Professor Haupt, who has the reputation of being the greatest organist in Germany. On entering the parish church, where he presides at the organ, I found that the service had just commenced, and the congregation were singing, to the accompaniment of a fine organ, the favorite chorale, "Nun danket alle Gott."

Our fast organists in England, who drive their hymns at a railroad express pace, would have been astonished at the slow and dignified time in which this grand old tune was sung. Most of our readers will doubtless be aware that it is the practice of the Lutheran church throughout Prussia to sing congregational music in unison. But then everything is done to carry out this arrangement in the most efficient way—first, a really grand organ, containing from fifty to eighty sounding stops, with a full and penetrating tone, is placed in a huge gallery at the west end of the church, with plenty of space around to give the pipes room to speak; secondly, the people are furnished with books, in which are printed the melodies as well as the words of the chorales, and which, moreover, have this additional and immense advantage, that one tune is almost invariably confined to one set of words; thirdly, black boards are hung up with the numbers of the chorales distinctly printed with white chalk on them, so that those coming in late may at once know what hymn is being sung; fourthly, the knowledge of music, which all Germans are taught in one form or another at school, enables them to sing perfectly in tune. It is still the custom to play a few passing chords, similar to those in Hessel's arrangements of the chorales, between each line of the verse. The hymn is not played over, but is introduced by a short extemporaneous prelude, and the last verse is accompanied by the full power of the organ—a power which, in most cases, would be much more satisfactory, were the coarse reeds dispensed with. I am bound to add that these chorales, grand and majestic as they are, supply alone the musical part of the service; the versicles, prices, and responses of our own lovely service are not there; it would, indeed, have been a joy to have heard this relieved by the sweet and solemn tones of Tallis's responses, or by a service or anthem of one of our lost church writers. Professor Haupt was most polite, and after the sermon he made an appointment with me for the following Tuesday morning, when I could hear the organ without interrupting any service. In the afternoon at the Professor's suggestion, I visited the Church of S. Marien, a fine building, possessing one of the largest organs in Berlin, a new one built over by Herr Otto Dienel. The service and organ were both similar to those I had heard in the morning; the organ, however, was enclosed in a much handsomer and elaborately carved case. In the evening I went to the recently erected church of "The Cross," which has an immense dome in the centre, and is most richly and profusely decorated throughout. Here I found a large new instrument of four manuals, built by W. Sauer, of Frankfort on the Oder. The organist was Herr Sucro, an admirable writer of organ music, whose courtesy and kindness deserve my warmest thanks. The service began with a grand old chorale in G minor, and was of the same character as those I have mentioned above. After the service, the organist performed a "Toccata" of his own, and in other pieces displayed the various qualities of the instrument, which was not so fine in the fine work as the older organs, but much superior in reed work and mechanical appliances, the pneumatic lever being amongst the most valuable.

Almost the same remarks will apply to the large organ of four manuals, with a pedal organ of 15 stops, built in 1853 by Buchholtz and Sons, for the immense church of S. Peter, where Herr Heintz is the organist.

On Monday evening I visited the celebrated 'Kroll's' Gardens, in which there is an excellent theatre (chiefly used for the performance of operas), a military band, besides a large orchestra of fifty performers. Here I found the *élite* of Berlin. After a few *morceaux* by the military band, a bell rang, and all flocked to the theatre, where Mozart's Opera "Figaro" was performed most admirably, the orchestra especially distinguishing itself by the accuracy and delicacy of its accompaniments. After the opera, which commenced at six, and terminated at eight o'clock, there was a concert in the gardens. The programme included Weber's Overtures, "The Jubilee," and "Der Freischütz;" the so-called "Meditation" by Bach and Gounod, operatic selections, and some pretty waltzes by Strauss. The orchestra included two harps. Amongst the most attentive of the listeners were a number of Prussian officers, splendid fellows, many of whom have, I fear, since paid the penalty which a ruthless war can inflict.

(*To be continued.*)

New War Song. The correspondent of *The London Telegraph*, writing from in front of Strasbourg, says:

I inclose you a new war song, written here by a soldier, to the popular old tune of "Ich hatte einen Camerad." It is to be sung by the troops as they march into Strasbourg. Already the men have got hold of it, and sing it on march in chorus with harmonious emphasis. I heard it this afternoon chanted in unison by two battalions of the 1st Baden Grenadiers, and can assure you that the effect was excellent.

SONG OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS IN ALSACE.

In Alsace, over the Rhine,
There lives a Brother of mine;
It grieves my soul to say
He hath forgot the day
We were one hand and line.

Dear Brother, turn apart,
Is't true that changed thou art?
The French have clapped on thee
Red breeches, as we see;
Have they Frenchified thy heart?

Hark! that's the Prussian drum,
And it tells the time has come.
We have made cure "Germany,"
One "Deutschland," firm and free;
And our civil strifes are dumb.

There also, fighting see,
Ankle-deep in German gore,
We have won. Ah, Brother dear!
Thou art lost thou hear!
They shall never part us more.

Who made this song of mine?
Two comrades by the Rhine;—
A Swabian man began it,
And a Pomeranian sang it,
In Alsace, on the Rhine.

M. Crémieux and the Marseillaise. A correspondent of a London journal gives the following account of M. Crémieux, of the French Provisional Government, and a public assemblage which he attended. Having stated that the subject of M. Crémieux's speech was "The Marseillaise Hymn," the writer proceeds:

M. Crémieux is now 74, though his voice and spirited bearing showed no symptoms of this advanced age, and no less than 50 years ago he made his first bid as a rising advocate, by his defense of four prisoners accused of singing that "seditious song, the Marseillaise." From a book recording the history of his triumph, M. Crémieux read to the audience (or rather delivered over again—it was given with so much gusto and spirit) his speech as a young barrister of 24, describing with great *unction* how he horrified the Judge, but charmed and conciliated the jury, by reading in full court the "seditious song" with all the emphasis and fire of which he was capable—committing himself in fact, as it were, over again the very crime with which the client he was defending was charged. However, the ruse answered its purpose. The verdict was a triumphant acquittal, and M. Crémieux was thenceforth a made man. The jury could not have been more pleased with the young advocate than the Porte St. Martin audience were with the veteran of 74, and M. Crémieux ran apparently some risk of being encored, when he was rescued from this trying compliment by the advance of Mdlle. Agar to sing the song he had just been discoursing upon—the *Marseillaise*. Her voice was not very remarkable either for sweetness or strength, but her management of it was good, and her play of features singularly striking and impressive. Her dress was that of the classical Goddess of Liberty—a tunic of simple white drapery loosely over her figure, the expressive movements of which it neither fettered nor concealed, and leaving the arms bare. Her long black hair falling dishevelled down her shoulders, and dark eyes full of the fire of enthusiasm, gave her almost the appearance of one inspired, and when at the last stanza she grasped the tricolor flag and, kneeling down, half shrouded herself in its folds, the entire audience, which filled every corner and crevice of the theatre from gallery to floor, rose to their feet simultaneously as by the same impulse, and with one voice burst into that most magnificent of popular refrains, the "Allons enfants!"

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 24, 1870.

Some Recent Musical Publications.

"PIANO AND MUSICAL MATTER", one of the many new instruction books or manuals for students of the piano-forte, by Mlle. G DE LA MOTTE, has excited a good deal of attention during the short year of its existence, partly by the uncommonly handsome and attractive style in which the book is printed; partly by the enterprise with which it has been launched into the world and never suffered to escape the watchful and protecting eye of newspaperdom for more than a brief interval; as well as by the high reputation which the author has justly earned by her experience as a teacher, and by the clever way in which the book combines, in a small compass, a great many practical hints, historical abstracts, glimpses into fundamental principles and theory of music, with the necessary first steps and exercises in piano playing.

The Introduction tells us: "This book contains only what is absolutely necessary to be known by every one who wishes to play well on the piano." We think it contains more: for what is the "absolute necessity" of a young piano student's knowing "*proslambanomenos*," or anything at all about the old Greek modes and terminology? Yet to this are devoted three out of the six pages of Musical History, with which the work opens. For the rest the sketch is well enough, as a reminder of the dates and sequence of musical discoveries and composers down to Schumann. The important name of Dufay, however, is wanting, in the enumeration of the great men of the old Flemish school; and later, one looks, seeing Clementi and Dussek, but looks in vain, for Cramer, who certainly had something to do with the development of piano-forte music. Some little inaccuracies and ambiguities of language mar the clearness of this chapter. "Between the first and the second was a diatonic semitone, and *this* they called a tetrachord:" —*what?* the semitone? Again "the *value* of the notes" is made to mean sometimes "the *interval* between them" (!) and sometimes their length of duration,—which is certainly confusing.—But these and similar imperfections of language in other parts of the book, are not of vital consequence, nor fatal to the whole; they are pardonable enough to a French lady trying to express her thought in English. Still less important is the spelling of Terpander as "Therpander."

After the history we have "How Music exists in Nature," which is a good and philosophical beginning, showing very properly how one tone generates all tones, and the trine origin of the diatonic scale. Very briefly, but clearly; and it was well to put this first.

The next head is "Musical Sounds and their Pitch," treating of vibrations, intervals, the ruinous effect on voices of the too high modern pitch, &c. Under this head, too, are rather miscellaneously grouped useful little hints about jarring noises in pianos, and a list (*catalogue raisonné*) of the instruments which compose an orchestra;—in which, by the way, we note repeatedly the word "*timpanis*," which is plural to excess, as if we were to say *sopranis*, or *feets, geese, mens*. But when it is stated that "an Orchestra is never composed of other than the above-named instruments," we are forced to notice that the list does not include the ophicleid, bass tuba, harp, and many more which sometimes *are* used.

The next division "What Music is Composed of," treats (in less than three pages,—which is the concise and sketchy method of the whole book in its presentation of "Musical Matter"), of rhythm, melody, harmony, counterpoint, fugue, &c. Of all this, of course, it is well to have some right idea; and the terms are well enough defined, except that Counterpoint, simply, in the general, is confounded with *Double* Counterpoint.—The same division or chapter (by what association of ideas we know not) treats of "Classical and Modern Music," the "difference between a Symphony and Concerto," "What is a Partition or Score," and Maelzel's Metronome. We cannot but think it rather rash and uncalled for, in such a book, so briefly, and for young pupils, to attempt to define "Classical" music. We are told it is "that in which the laws of harmony are observed in their full severity and perfection." But that is, or should be, the case with *all* music, whether classical or not. The term is very vaguely used by all, and definition might be prudently avoided,—at least, unless one had plenty of room.

And now we come to something quite naive. "Who should take music lessons?" is the heading. After being informed that "music elevates the soul, soothes the heart," &c., &c., we are told who are the happy ones who should take lessons. They are divided into three classes: 1 those who have great musical talent; 2 those who have less musical talent; 3. those who have no musical talent, provided they have some ear. All of which points to a jolly good time coming, when business for teachers, publishers, composers, will indeed be lively.—Included also in this episodical section, are: the qualifications of a good teacher, how to learn to read at sight, how to subscribe at music stores, and how to have music bound:—practical, certainly.

And here we enter upon the strictly practical and more substantial matter of the book—that which pertains to learning to play the piano forte. Excellent rules about the economy of daily *practice*; descriptions of the different kinds of "touch," with the signs that modify it; the rules of "fingering," with well chosen illustrations; signs and abbreviations, &c,—all quite precise and clear—bring us to the heart of the matter, which is embodied in twelve chapters, which the pupil has to work upon, until, step by step, he becomes master of them all. This is the usual practical matter of piano forte "methods;" in substance like them all, but more carefully and practically presented than we often find. Indeed we know not that a better manual could be devised. The rudiments, directions, exercises, and the little pieces (few and far between, which is wise), are all to the purpose. One may wonder, however, what is gained, or what is meant, by calling the two-four measure "direct," and the three-four "indirect." All measure, musical movement, is direct; it does not turn aside. Still more must the learner be puzzled when he reads that "Rhythm is an *uneven* division of time." Doubtless the author had a right idea, but hit upon a wrong word to express it.

We cannot entirely accept Mdlle. de la Motte's theory of the Minor Scale, nor do we think that problem ever has been solved to perfect satisfaction. She properly distinguishes between the harmonic and the melodic minor scale, but concludes that "it is an impossibility to have a minor scale in its integrity;" i. e. she rejects the real, which is the harmonic, minor scale, because it contains what she calls a "forbidden" interval (of a tone and half) between the sixth and seventh. Why "forbidden," if it do actually result from the harmony, the chords of the three fundamental tones (Tonic, Sub-dominant and Dominant), which furnish the tones of the minor as well as of the major scale? Is it not more philosophical, more true to intrinsic law, to regard the harmonic as the only *bonâ fide* minor scale, the only one justified by the harmony, and to regard the melodic minor scale as merely a pleasing and convenient modification of it for mere melodic purposes. For, if you can arrange the intervals one way in ascending and another way in descending, you have already *two* melodic scales; then why not *more*, since both are arbitrary? Recall those runs in that mysterious, terrific passage in the beginning of the overture and the ghost scene of *Don Giovanni*, and you will find that Mozart knew how to use several more scales than are included under our categories of major and minor, and thereby convey a feeling as if the "great globe" were *unsettled* and the crack of doom at hand. But we must acknowledge that the author has reasoned out her case with much ability, showing insight and discrimination. Rarely have we seen so much brought to so baffling a problem.

To the twelve chapters, which bring the pupil as far as the understanding of Relative Keys, the Dominant Seventh Chord, &c., are appended a very careful and precise explanation of the various "Melodic Ornaments," an illustration of "Transposition," some good "Accented Exercises," and a good variety, cleverly harmonized, of forms or patterns of "Modulation." The list of "Piano compositions most useful in a private musical Library" is entirely classical. The whole concludes with quite a full Dictionary of Musical Terms, which is for the most part accurate, bating considerable mispelling, and now and then grammatical irrelation, as where the noun *bravura* is defined by the adverb *bravely* and the adjective *spirited*. All these things can be easily corrected as the book passes through new editions; and we are pleased to see that it has so far established itself in favor as to have already reached the fourth edition, which is improved by the addition of several more good pieces fingered and otherwise explained, from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spindler, Clementi, and others.

On the whole, the little book is "unique" in matter, as well as inviting in form, and appearance. It is a compendium, in brief, of a great many matters which every, even the merest pupil ought to know concerning music. It leads him in a sound direction as to artistic culture, so far as it goes, and to the formation of good habits in piano practice so far as a book can do it.

—This fourth edition bears the imprint of Lee & Shepard (book-sellers) as publishers; it was originally published by White, Smith & Perry (music-dealers).

Mendelssohn's music to Racine's "*Athalie*" has just been issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., vocal and piano score, making a valuable addition to their list of Oratorios in octavo form. This, with the "*St. Matthew Passion Music*" of Sebastian Bach, and Handel's "*Samson*," makes out a good account for one year. "Athalie" will be excellent practice for Oratorio Societies and Choral Clubs,—an easier and shorter task than the great Oratorios, and yet not less rewarding.

The same publishers have in press two more volumes of their series of musical literature, commenced by Leypoldt in New York, and continued here in the same beautiful and artistic style; (We need only remind the reader of the Mendelssohn Letters, Mozart's Letters, Liszt's "Chopin," the Life of Rossini, &c., &c.) One of the new works, nearly ready, will be the Lectures on Music delivered last year in New York by Mr. F. L. RITTER, of which we copied an abstract at the time, and which will be of great interest to all students of the history of music. The volume will include the musical illustrations drawn by Mr. Ritter out of his rich stores of music of all times. The other will be a reprint of a work always in demand at all our libraries, but now out of print; the LIFE OF BEETHOVEN BY MOSCHELES, based on the German biography by SCHINDLER, and published at least thirty years ago in London in two volumes. Of course it is not such a Life of Beethoven as we are bound to have eventually—at least if Mr. Thayer shall ever finish and bring out his long expected great work;—but it happens to be the *only* biography of much account that yet exists in the English language, and it is full of interesting matter, even if not so complete and accurate in all points as one could wish. The book is continually asked for, and it is time that a fresh supply of copies should be furnished.

NEW HAVEN is to have its Beethoven Festival, and on a brave and generous scale. They have organized a "Beethoven Festival Association" for the purpose, of which Hon. James E. English is President, Thomas G. Shepard, Secretary, G. J. Stoeckel, Mus. Doc., Chairman of the Committee on Music. It will be held early in December, occupying two days, with two performances each day; and the music will be wholly, or almost wholly, from the works of Beethoven. Among those mentioned are the Choral (ninth) Symphony, the Mass in C, and the opera *Fidelio*, to be given with all the dramatic effects. Truly a formidable undertaking for New Haven, or indeed for any city in America! We heartily trust it may succeed, and do honor to the musical love and culture of the City of Elms as well as to the memory of the great composer.

Mr. ERNST PERABO has laid out his plans for a series of four Piano-forte Matinées, at Chickering's new ware rooms, on the following dates: Oct. 28, Nov. 11, Nov. 25, and Dec. 9. Mr. Kreissmann will

sing in the first one (something from Bach's Passion Music); Mrs. C. A. Barry in the second; Mr. Wulf Fries will play a Sonata in the third; and Messrs. Schultze and Fries will join Mr. Perabo in a Trio on Dec. 9.—Mr. Perabo will also furnish one of the Beethoven Concerts during the Birthday week, namely a Matinée, at noon, on the actual birthday, Saturday, Dec. 17, offering among other things the great B-flat Trio, op. 97.

On the 14th inst. Mr Perabo (by request) gave a concert in Brandon, Vermont, where he has been passing a portion of the summer. He was assisted by Miss Lizzie Sanderson, vocalist, of Brandon. This was the programme:

Dedication Overture—op. 124, . . . Beethoven.
(Written for the inauguration of a theatre in Vienna).
Arranged by E. Pauer.
Songs, { A.—"The Forest Birds are Singing," op. 18 No. 6, { B.—"Good Night," op. 5 No. 7. Rob. Franz
March and Finale, from a Serenade for four hands, op. 6.
Arranged by Ernst Perabo. A. Krause.
Andante with Variations, from a String Quartet in D minor. . . . . F. Schubert.
Arranged by Ernest Perabo.
Song, "He the Best of all, the Noblest," R. Schumann.
"Home, Sweet Home"—Fantasie for Piano S. Thalberg.

Home Again. With the first cool days of Autumn the tide of genial, æsthetic life sets back again toward the city. Music during the hot summer seemed to the city-bound a dream of the past and very vague hope of the future. But with September all are here again, with busy hum of preparation. Our artists and teachers have nearly all returned.

Mr. Lang arrived on Tuesday, after a year's stay in Europe, with health thoroughly restored, enriched with musical experience and strong for the winter's work. Mr. Leonhard's genial, smiling presence is no longer missed. He has been spending two months in the bracing air of the White Mountains, at Jefferson, New Hampshire, and will soon be heard from not only in the Symphony Concerts, but we trust also in a course of Chamber Concerts of his own. Mrs. Barry, in better health and voice than ever, cutting short her rich stay in Italy, on account of the stormy outlook of the times, is again with us, already sought by pupils and by concert givers; and what indeed can Oratorio and the higher class of Concerts do without her? Mrs. Julia (Houston) West, we are glad to learn, does not intend to hide the light of her soprano under the domestic bushel. Mr. B. Listemann, our admirable violinist, will return soon from Germany, and bring with him a wife. The Symphony Concert public, as well as the friends of classical Chamber Music, rejoice to know that the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will remain at home this winter,—at least will make "the Hub" headquarters.

One thing there is to cloud the prospect. Many a circle of sincerest music lovers will regret to learn that there is small chance of seeing Otto Dresel back this winter. So pure and true an artistic spirit, so positive and quickening an influence, is more and more missed in Boston. The poor condition of his health, for a whole year past, makes his plans uncertain. May the mountain air of Switzerland, where we last heard from him, rapidly restore him! For we have always work that waits for such a man.

Christine Nilsson. The debut of the Swedish singer in New-York, last Monday evening, seems to have realized the wildest expectations. The *Sun*, of the next morning, says:

The audience that gathered at Steinway Hall last evening was certainly duly impressed with the artistic importance of the occasion. It was not a common audience, or an indifferent one, but represented fully the critical, literary, and artistic portion of our citizens. It was great in numbers, overflowing the large hall and filling half the smaller one, the connecting doors being thrown open. It was attentive, excited and expectant. The programme opened gravely and seriously. It was so arranged that nothing frivolous or even light should precede the entrance of Miss Nilsson. First came the ever lovely Oberon overture, into which Von Weber has woven so much of his romantic spirit. Then the "*Gratias Agimus Tibi*," the fine trio from Rossini's mass, full of dignity and devoutness of spirit. After these, Mr. Vieuxtemps played his ballad and polonaise—a work that he performed here in his last visit, and with which his brethren of the bow have kept his memory green at many a concert since. It is a composition nobly conceived, and was finely executed, and certainly would have won its author a recall under any other circumstances. But the audience was waiting with intensity of expectation for the *prima donna*, and all the other members of the company, even Vieuxtemps, for this evening at least, stood in her shadow. Hardly had the doors closed behind Mr. Vieuxtemps than they swung open again to admit upon the stage as fair and noble and gentle a presence as ever passed their threshold. Miss Nilsson's pictures look like her in form, but they fail even to suggest the animation and brightness and sunny beauty that glows upon her fair face. She is tall and slender and graceful. A blonde like most of her countrywomen, and yet not what Dr. Holmes calls a washed out blonde, but one in whom the color comes and goes. She was perfectly at her ease, and made herself at once at home with her audience. There are some persons, as we all know, who have the happy faculty of placing themselves at once in harmonious relation with their public, while others remain forever cold and isolated and unsympathetic. Miss Nilsson is eminently one of the former class and will carry the popular enthusiasm with her wherever she goes. As she stood before the audience, dressed with the most scrupulous simplicity in white, even the loopings of the dress and the ornaments in the hair being plain white flowers, her blue eyes looking with kindliness about her, and her face radiant with good nature, a picture was presented of purity and beauty that satisfied every expectation. The lady was greeted with the heartiest of welcomes. When these had subsided, the audience composed itself to listen.

Miss Nilsson had chosen with exceeding good taste and feeling to introduce herself to the public through the medium of one of Handel's most reverent and spiritual songs—the familiar aria, "Angels ever Bright and Fair." It was sung by Miss Nilsson after her own fashion, quite unlike the way in which it is ordinarily given—with more liberties with the time and phrasing, with greater devotion of sentiment and religious feeling. It showed the great beauty of her voice, the perfect evenness of its register, her entire command over it, and her ability for singing broad, large *cantabile* movements. Subsequently Miss Nilsson sang a great scena from Ambroise Thomas's Hamlet, full of transitional motion, being, in fact, Ophelia's mad scene. And in this she manifested so much dramatic power as to make every one regret that the prospect of seeing her in opera is so remote.

An aria from Verdi's "Traviata" completed the solos sung by Miss Nilsson. These delightful selections showed how varied were her powers; how flexible her voice, how faultless, smooth and even in tone, and also how powerful. In the latter quality it was most of all a surprise, for the reports from abroad spoke of hers as an organ of moderate power. Steinway Hall may have been peculiarly adapted to it; certainly its volume was all-sufficient there. Miss Nilsson undoubtedly stands on the threshold of as great achievements here as she has made in Europe. The close of her concert last evening was a real ovation. The stage was barricaded with flowers, from prodigious harps requiring three men to lift them on to the platform to the smallest bouquets. This was not much, however. The genuine test of appreciation was in the way in which the audience rose to meet her when she appeared in response to the final recall.

Next (says the *Tribune*) to the prima donna herself, the artist whose appearance attracted most interest last night was Miss Annie Louise Cary, the contralto. She is a Boston young lady, who has spent some years in Europe, studying under good masters, and singing with marked success in London, where she was engaged with Nilsson at the Royal Italian Opera. She has an admirable voice, full, deep, round, and mellow—a voice like that of Adelaide Phillips, with a great deal of that peculiar sweet and touching quality which seems to belong more or less to all American girls who have any voice at all. She has been trained in an excellent school, and is likely to prove a credit to her country. She sang last night the "*Nobil Signor*" from "Semiramide," and took part in the *Gratias Agimus* trio from Rossini's Mass. Mr. Vargler, the new male singer, has an agreeable and moderately strong baritone voice, ranging toward the tenor, and carefully cultivated after the imperfect French school. He was very well received.

The rehearsals of the Handel & Haydn Society, of Mr. Kreissmann's "Cecilia," and of Mr Parker's Singing Club, will be resumed in the first week of October. Each of these organizations is studying out its problem of a Beethoven concert for the centennial birthday week in December.

The Bonn Festival in honor of Beethoven, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, was to have been held last week, but "under the existing circumstances, many of the intending performers being either wounded or dead," it is of course postponed. The new Beethoven Hall, which was to have been used for it, is now occupied as a hospital.

Our Parisian contemporary, *Le Ménestrel*, in the last number we received (Aug. 28), announces a suspension during the month of September,—which probably will have to last for sometime longer. All the French musical journals, after reducing their size during the war, are now silenced altogether.

The correspondents of the daily papers give some interesting accounts of the manner in which the victorious Prussians have spent their Sundays on French territory. The celebration of the Holy Communion has been the rule even in the battle field, and the bystanders are said to have been struck with astonishment at the heartiness with which the soldiers joined in the well-known chorales, accompanied by their bands.

Wagner's Last Opera.

[A friend sends us the following private letter with permission to print.]

Munich, July, 1870.

"The Walkyrae" is the title of Richard Wagner's new opera just produced at the Munich Opera House. It is the second of a series of four, all founded upon the old German mythology and intended for representation on four successive evenings. The text was written by Wagner himself and printed eight years ago. He offered it to the public as a poem worthy of esteem for its own sake, but it is very generally and justly condemned as deficient in metrical grace, elegance of expression, and above all in clearness. It is well adapted however to singing, and is alliterative in many parts. Wagner rides a hobby, which he calls by the magnificent name of "The National Musical Drama." The "Meistersinger of Nuremberg" is the first thoroughly national comedy. The series of four operas entitled "The Ring of the Nibelungen," is, above all others, from the Wagner point of view, the culmination of true national tragedy. It is to have an immense influence over the national intellect and is to create a truly national stage. The present generation will not appreciate all this, but future generations will be sensible of their debt of gratitude to the great composer of this century. Meyerbeer, Rossini and Gounod will be lost to memory when the name of Wagner shall rise to the zenith of its glory. So says Richard Wagner, and so say his few devoted sympathizers. For the reputation of German literature, we should be sorry to consider "The Ring of the Nibelungen" as the most glorious climax of its tragedy. It certainly, however, must be considered as the climax of Wagner's peculiar ideas. His intention was to bring before the German nation a picture of their own early German Mythology, and he has therefore drawn his plot entirely from the old legends. We find them all tangled up with the Scandinavian and the Greek mythology, but telling a pretty straight and consistent story. The Edda saga or legend, the Walsunge-sage and the Niflunga-sage were collected (probably by the poet Kurenberger) in the early part of the twelfth century into the so-called Nibelungen-lieder-songs or legends.

The principal characters of the old mythology that Wagner has introduced are Wotan or Odin; who holds the relative position of Jupiter in the Greek mythology. Fricka is Wotan's spouse and the special protectress of married people. Fricka is also called Frouwa and Freia, from which comes our Friday. Her chariot is drawn, according to some of the legends, by cats, and according to others, by rams. The gods were only made and kept immortal by eating the apples guarded by Freia, the goddess of immortality, who figures prominently in the "Rhinegold."

"Wal" signifies a corpse, from which come "Walstatt," the place where the heroes die, Walhalla, the resting place of fallen heroes, and Walkure. These were the goddesses who carried the fallen heroes from the battle-field to their heavenly home in the halls of Walhalla.

The Walkyrae were nine in number, and they held the position of cup-bearers to the gods and the heroes who had fallen in single combat and had been transported to Walhalla. Brunnhild is Wotan's favorite Valkyra,—is the offspring of Wotan and Fricka, and impersonates the

Will of Wotan. Besides these personages, we find the god of fire, "Loge,"—the three Normen or fates, Fasner, the giant, Donner, or Vulcan, and a host of nymphs and fairies.

The cast of the parts was thus:

Wotan (bass.), Herr Kindermann.
Fricka (mezzo sop.), Frl. Kauffmann.
Brunnhild (soprano), Frl. Stehle.
Hunding (bass.), Herr Bauserwein.
Sieglinde (soprano), Frau Vogl.
Siegmund (tenor), Herr Vogl.

The musical prelude is only five minutes long, and in Wagner's characteristic style. It begins with a restless movement, and passes by an easy transition to a wild, stormy passage, where the effect is chiefly produced by the high and monotonous violin part being sustained, while great waves of sound made by the wind instruments and double basses continually swell and decrease. A short decrescendo follows and the curtain rises, showing a large, rudely built hall, with an oak tree in the centre, a large fireplace, an immense wooden door at the back and some primitive looking furniture. The first act is composed of uninterrupted solos. It is all in an andante recitative, becoming allegro in moments of passion and excitement. Once during the love-scene of the two who have most of the music of this act, a sudden blast is heard, the back door is blown open, showing a beautiful landscape on the Rhine, and the moon throws down its soft light on the two lovers and renders the scene supremely picturesque. Here Wagner for a moment forgot himself, and the national drama, and introduced what might almost be called a melody. The accompaniment is soft and tremulous, a perfect musical representation of shimmering moonlight.

The second act, like the first, is composed of solos only. The music becomes more agitated and offers a better opportunity for the expression of varied emotions, which for the voices are restricted, however, to the dignified andante recitative for narration and the loud, confused, and hurried movements denoting rage and excitement. The ending of the second act is a tableau of Hunding and Siegmund fighting together on the rocks while Brunnhild and Wotan are visible in the clouds above, surrounded by a flood of light. Both the warriors fall and the gods disappear.

Another short musical prelude precedes the third act. It is wild beyond expression and very premonitory; the fifes and flutes sustain an accompaniment of high runs that sound almost like human shrieks. The scene opens in a wild forest glen, with huge rocks in the centre and caverns on either side. Eight Valkyræ amuse themselves in clambering up and down the rocks, relieving the monotony of the previous solos by singing in concert. Brunnhild rushes excitedly in and calls on them for protection for Sieglinde and herself, from Wotan's wrath. The first half of the act consists of hurried, monotonous, excited questions and responses by the various Walkyræ, ending on the approach of Wotan by a stormy, agitated accompaniment to the voices. Wotan then appears, summons Brunnhild and declares her unworthy to be a Valkyra any longer. The prettiest passages in the whole opera are two octets by the Valkyræ, full of expression and almost melodious, in which they entreat Wotan's pardon in behalf of their sister; but he will not yield, and they make another final effort, which is a marvellous musical production. There is not a discordant note, and yet the effect produced is like that of a score of frightened, excited women, all begging and crying and screaming at the top of their feminine lungs. Wotan then dismisses the eight Valkyræ and retains Brunnhild. A long and tedious recitative follows, and finally Wotan kisses her eyes and she falls asleep. He lays her down under a tree on a little mound and she escapes through a trap door arrangement. Wotan draws a circle around the mound with his spear and the flames spring up. There is a mass of flame on the stage, at least fifteen feet long, that shoots up eight or ten feet, and the curtain falls.

The Orchestra was composed of over eighty musicians and performed its part with admirable precision and delicacy of light and shade. The voices were all mature and sympathetic, and sustained the many long, severe, high-pitched passages so well, that it showed how much training they had endured. No Italian troupe could have sung them.

The opera was magnificently put on the stage. The sky in the 3d act could not be surpassed. At first, it was dark with heavy cumulous clouds, that broke away imperceptibly and gave place to a lighter scirrous mass, and these became gradually lighted, up until the whole was a perfect representation of the eastern sky in a flood of glory just before the rising of the sun. The fire tableau at the close is certainly well managed, but its risk cannot be excused. The interest attached to it is merely the pleasurable excitement of danger. It shows a great lack of ingenuity to devise a spectacle whose chief and only merit is that of exciting an emotion of personal danger in the minds of the audience.

The verdict respecting "The Valkyræ" must be similar to that of the "Rhinegold." It is a superb pantomime with a grand, effective, powerful accompanying symphony. The dramatic portion displays great monotony, is spun out to a weary length, affords no scope for anything but the extremes of passive listening and wringing the hands and tearing the hair, and is badly arranged in reference to its climaxes. The musical part is graphic and impressive. It expresses almost every known human feeling. It is dignified and grand; it is wavering, doubtful and dreamy; it is victorious, agitated and wierd; it is pathetic and tender; it is never weak; it is never melodious.

"The Valkyræ" must be utterly condemned as an opera. There is not a single quartet, trio or duo in it, nor even an air that any common musician could sing after hearing the opera. It will probably never be given on any other stage than this at Munich. The curtain is up for four hours, and the elaborate mise en scène, —the elaborate orchestration of the music and the richness of the voices alone, render this grand national musical drama tolerable. The inevitable feeling that every one must experience after hearing the Walkyræ is one of regret, that the fantastic notions and theories of so great a composer as Wagner should have diverted his genius into such an unpleasing channel and deprived us of much music that might have been at once intelligible and melodious. The house was crowded, and the audience applauded loudly, but were moved to enthusiasm more from personal interest in the singers than from admiration of the "Valkyræ" as an opera.

Special Notices.

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Like clang of arms or breakers near,
Rush forward, for the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine?"
One of the inspiring German war songs.

The German Fatherland. (Was ist der Deutschen Vaterlands). 4. A to f sharp. *Reichardt.* 30

"Where is the German fatherland?
Is't Swabia, is't Prussia's strand?
Is't where the Rhine's green vineyards bloom?
Or where the Baltic sea gulls roam?"

Come over the sea. Song and chorus. 4. F to f. *Blumenstengel.* 30

"Come to me my darling, come over the sea;
I am looking and longing and waiting for thee."

A beautiful barcarolle with a graceful accompaniment.

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A lively, brilliant march, quite popular with military bands.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The London Musical Season.

[From the Musical Times, Sept. 1.]

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

The hopeful signs of the progress of music in England are by no means so numerous as sanguine enthusiasts would lead us to imagine; for if we seperate the worshippers of Art from the worshippers of artists, we shall find that the former class is in a sad minority. A record of the past session, thrown into the conventional language of the usual *resumé*, would be merely a recapitulation of so many former seasons, that it might almost have been set up in type at the beginning of the year, with a few blanks left for the filling in of names and dates. Certainly, two Opera-houses have been opened, the old established Musical Societies have given the stipulated number of concerts, and all has been done that the fashionable world requires. But where shall we turn for the proof that the appreciation of the highest class of music is steadily on the increase? At the Opera the favorite singers in their favorite parts have been the real attraction, whilst "Medea," and "Fidelio," have been given just enough to make the classicalists long for more; and the two hitherto unknown Operas, "L'Oca del Cairo" and "Abu Hassan," have been played two or three times to comparatively empty houses. It is true that Wagner's Opera, "Der Fliegende Hollander," must be accepted as a welcome novelty; but neither Campana's "Esmeralda" nor Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon" are the works which would have been chosen by a management accustomed to cater for an audience of highly cultivated taste. In the popular Oratorios, operatic singers have filled concert-rooms to overflowing, whilst comparatively unknown sacred works have been left to struggle into notice on the principle, we presume, that love of art is a virtue which should be its own reward. With the exception of the really fine performance of Mendelssohn's "Antigone" by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, and the single presentation of Beethoven's Mass in D — altered to suit the requirements of the Sacred Harmonic Society — the "Oratorio Concerts" alone have shown activity in the performance of any but the well-worn works which for years have represented the classical element; and although much interest has been excited amongst the music-loving few, by the revival at these concerts of two of the greatest compositions of the master minds in creative art, and the production of a new Sacred Cantata, by a modern composer, the many are almost unconscious that any unusual occurrence has disturbed the even flow of the London "Musical Season." Whether a steady perseverance in the good cause may eventually alter this state of things, it would be impossible to predict; but, meantime, let us not believe that the taste of musical England is rapidly improving, simply because it has so long been the fashion to say so. The fact we have stated is undeniable — no good, therefore, can be effected by refusing to believe it, and no harm can be done by boldly stating it.

At the Royal Italian Opera, the pertinacity with which Madlle. Sessi was put forward in so many parts already identified with artists actually in the establishment, must have appeared extraordinary to those who believe that the secret of operatic management should mainly consist in making the best of the material at command. That Madlle. Sessi has many excellent qualifications, both as a singer and an actress, cannot be questioned; but although the audience welcomed her in such parts as *Lucia* and *Maria*, in "La Figlia del Reggimento," it was scarcely to be expected that those who had witnessed the exquisite performance of Madlle. Nilsson as *Ophelia*, in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," should have accepted a representative of this chasacter, whose chief recommendations were a fixed resolution to overcome difficulties and a blissful unconsciousness of failure. Had Madlle. Sessi understood the limit of her own powers or placed herself under the guidance of her real friends, she would have maintained a much higher position during the season; for in many parts which did not demand more than carefully cultivated vocal execution and ordinary knowledge of the stage, she was received, as she deserved, with the utmost amount of favor. Madlle. Cari, who made her *début* as *Maffio Orsini*, in "Lucrezia Borgia," gave us but little opportunity to judge of her powers, for after this one performance, she joined the company of the rival establishment at Drury Lane. Of Madlle. Olma, who appeared in the small part of *Papagena*, in "Il Flauto Magico," we can speak most favorably; and Madlle. Madigan, in some very important secondary characters during the season, proved herself a reliable member of the company. Madlle. Titiens still reigns without a rival in those parts with which the public is now accustomed to associate her name, wisely abstaining from courting more versatility at the expense of her high reputation. This season, however, she has added another character to her already extensive repertoire, that of the Queen, in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," the whole of the music of which she sings with a dramatic power, showing how thoroughly the heart of a true artist is always in her work. Madame Adelina Patti was so effective as *Isaura*, in Campana's feeble Opera of that name, that we are almost inclined to fear that it was at her desire the work was produced. If so, this affords one more instance of the manner in which the destinies of the operatic world are ruled by vocalists, a fact which should in justice be put forward when the apparently eccentric actions of lessees have to be canvassed. Madame Pauline Lucca's singing remains as unfinished as ever; but her pleasing person and winning manner satisfy the many; and the characters which most require these latter qualities are therefore those which she should adhere to: certainly *Angela*, in Auber's "Le Domino noir," will scarcely add to her reputation. Madame Vanzini and Madlle. Scalchi have, as before, proved of much service during the season; and amongst those who have ably supported subordinate parts, we must mention Mesdelles. Bauermeister and Locatelli. The tenor department has been, as usual, unsatisfactory. Herr Wachtel, whose high chest notes and prodigious physical power have deceived many persons into the notion that he was a fine singer, departed suddenly, having previously written an explanatory letter to the papers which nobody cared about; Signor Mario has again exhibited to us how very gradual is the decay of a voice which has been properly trained; Dr. Gunz has sung well some purely German parts; Signor Vizzani, a new comer, has displayed a fairly good voice and style; and Signor Marino as *Corentino*, in Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," was highly effective; but, with the exception of Signor Naudin, always a reliable and conscientious artist, the company is as far off as ever from possessing a tenor upon whom the subscribers and the public can depend with confidence. Signor Cotogni has materially advanced his reputation by his performance of *Hamlet*, in Ambroise Thomas's Opera; and Graziani, if he had not added to, has, at least, supported his previous position. Signori Ciampi, Bagagiolo, Tagliafico, Capponi, M. Petit, &c., have been of infinite value in strengthening the cast of several well-known works; and Signor Caravoglia, a new Bass, has also been deservedly well received. The catalogue of unfulfilled promises is not this year large; but we regret that Verdi's "Macbeth" was not given; for although not passionately attached to the music of this composer, we can imagine that the *Lady Macbeth* of Madlle. Titiens must be one of the finest performances on the lyric stage. The two conductors, Signori Vianesi and Bevignani, have done their best to support a bad system, no amount of exertion, even with more experienced directors, having the slightest chance of a really successful result where the *bâton* is constantly changing hands. Whether this method will be persevered in next season, we cannot say; for it now seems certain that Mr. Gye is to reign supreme over the fortunes of the Royal Italian Opera, and that Mr. Mapleson is to become lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre.

At Drury Lane Mr. Wood assembled an excellent company: and had he not relied too exclusively upon the attraction of Madlle. Nilsson, he would no doubt have had a more successful season. The subscribers and the public, however, were taught to expect the great Swedish vocalist on most of the principal evenings; and the consequence was that when she became too ill to appear, although several well-tried works, with well-tried singers, were given, the house was comparatively empty. It is unnecessary to record the successes of Madlle. Nilsson in all her well-known parts: but we may say that her exquisite singing as *Alice*, in "Roberto il Diavolo," *Desdemona*, in "Otello," and *Mignon*, in Ambroise Thomas's Opera, has materially raised her in public estimation. Madlle. Ilma di Murska has always been accepted as an efficient and reliable artist; but we were perfectly unprepared for so excellent — we might indeed say absolutely perfect — a performance, both vocally and histrionically, as that of *Senta*, in Wagner's "Der Fliegende Hollander." To execute the music of this part was no easy task for the most accomplished vocalist; but so thoroughly to realize the conception of a composer who places as much reliance upon the actor as upon the singer, and whose every musical phrase is instinct with the accompanying dramatic action, proves beyond doubt the possession of a creative power which almost amounts to genius. Madame Volpini has done much during the season to advance herself in public favor, especially by her brilliant vocalization as *Filina*, in Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon." We expected more from Madame Monbelli, considering the effect she invariably created in the concert-room. It is still possible, however, that practise on the stage may enable her to take that place in an operatic company for which her voice and style eminently fit her. Every endeavor was made to place Madlle. Reboux in the first rank during the season; but although undoubtedly an experienced singer, the unfortunate tremulousness of her voice — which she evidently rather encouraged than repressed—prevented the possibility of her retaining the post of *prima donna*, even during the temporary indisposition of Madlle. Nilsson. Of Madlle. Lewitzky, we have still great hopes: for although her excellent singing as *Isabella*, in Mozart's "L'Oca del Cairo," excited expectations which were not realized in her *Zerlina*, she is so young, and appears to possess so much intelligence, that we confidently look forward to her successful re-appearance at some future time. No regret was felt at the disappearance of Madame Barbot, after her single performance of *Valentine*, in the "Huguenots," but Madlle. Savertal, who was announced in the prospectus, and of whom we

have heard favorable report, would probably have been a welcome addition to the company; and, at least, her appearance would have absolved the lessee from the charge of not fulfilling one of the important promises in his opening programme. Madlle. Cari (who, from some unexplained cause, came over from the rival establishment) displayed a good contralto voice, and discharged the small duties allotted to her with infinite credit. Of so consummate an artist as Madame Trebelli-Bettini, we could say nothing but what we have so often written in her praise. Signor Mongini's fine voice gave stregth, if not refinement, to the tenor department during a large portion of the season; and Signor Bettini, one of the most painstaking and conscientious members of the company, and Signor Gardoni, an old favorite, also lent most efficient aid to the general success of the season. Despite a certain hardness in the voice of Signor Perotti (the new tenor), there is much to admire in his singing; his execution of the trying music of *Erik*, in Wagner's Opera, being in many respects highly commendable. Signor Rinaldini, too, another new comer, made a highly favorable impression, as did also Signor Archinti in the little he had to do. Considering the claims of M. Faure to a prominent place throughout the season, it appears extraordinary how rarely he was heard. Why, for instance, was not "Don Giovanni" re-cast, insted of allowing his fine performance of the "Don" to be limited to one night because certain persons failed in some of the other characters? It is true that his *Lotario*, in Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," displayed his talent to the best advantage, but this work was played but seldom; and how many Operas could we name in which his co-operation would have proved a tower of strength! We would pass over the name of Mr. Santley with the usual recognition of the invaluable nature of his services, were we not compelled to record our unqualified admiration of his performance of the *Hollander*, in Wagner's Opera, a performance which not only stamped him as unquestionably the greatest baritone of the day; but proved beyond doubt that he had so earnestly studied the character as to invest it with that mysterious and supernatural coloring without which it would have merely taken its place as the conventional bass of the operatic stage. So intellectual a personation of a really difficult part is too rare to be dismissed without a special mark of recognition. Signori Verger and Ragner, considering the powerful basses and baritones already in the company, created a favorable impression, and probably may be made of more use next season. Signori Gassier, Foli, Castelli, Mr. Lyall, &c., may be briefly dismissed as too well known and efficient artists to need separate comment. So many of the Operas promised in the prospectus have been so faithfully produced, that we care only to mention one which was not — Cherubini's "Les deux Journées" — a work which we have long waited to hear in its perfect form; and, (considering that Mr. Santley was ready for the part of *Michel*, the water-carrier), one admirably adapted for the company. Let us hope that so welcome a revival is only delayed for one season. Meanwhile, we must thank the management for such revivals as Mozart's "L'Oca del Cairo," and Weber's "Abu Hassan;" and above all, for bravely venturing an Opera by that much abused, and much abusing composer, Wagner, whose unmeasured defiance of the critics, although no evidence of the possession of genius, is by no means a proof of his want of it. With a line of unqualified praise for the admirable manner in which Signor Arditi has conducted during the whole of the season, we must conclude our notice of Mr. Wood's first operatic campaign.

The concerts of the Philharmonic Society have thoroughly maintained their character in the instrumental department; but to ensure the appearance of a higher class of vocalists, we cannot help thinking that some definite arrangements should be made at the commencement of the season, so that names of eminence may be announced in the prospectus. There may be every disposition to engage well-known singers at each concert, but they are not to be procured at a few days' notice; and as second or third rate artists are constantly pressing for a hearing, there may be great danger of a still greater deterioration in the vocal department of the programmes, unless some such system as we have mentioned be adopted. Meanwhile, let us heartily praise the Directors for giving so excellent a final concert "in honor of Beethoven." Certainly, no Society had more right to represent the feeling of England on this occasion; for, apart from having been the means of introducing many of Beethoven's works to this country, it has immortalized itself by voluntarily giving substantial aid to the great composer in the hour of sickness and need.

The "New Philharmonic" Concerts, and the "Monday Popular" Concerts call for no particular notice, save a line of commendation on the efficient manner in which they have been conducted; and we may also say that the "Sacred Harmonic Society," by the production of Handel's much-neglected Oratorio, "Deborah," and the performance of a mutilated version of Beethoven's Mass in D, has at least shown a desire to introduce some novelty into their programmes.

Mr. Henry Leslie has given some very excellent concerts during the season, in which his choir has been the principal attraction — the performance of Mendelssohn's music to "Antigone," especially, being a success not easily forgotten — but we may also say that he has taken the field as a concert-giver on a more extensive scale, the principal singers from the Opera being engaged, and the fashionable, rather than the musical, portion of the London public being appealed to with a programme of Italian music, reminding us of the olden days of "Benefit Concerts." Oratorios, in which the principal parts have been sustained by Operatic vocalists, have also been given under Mr. Leslie's direction, which have attracted large audiences.

As we have already said, the two great works revived at the "Oratorio Concerts," have been really the most noteworthy events of the season. Beethoven's Grand Mass in D, and Bach's "Passion Music" have been shown to be not only perfectly intelligible to the performers, but equally intelligible to the listeners; and as we are certain that increased familiarity with these compositions will but deepen the impression which they have already made, we look forward with the utmost interest to their repetition. We must also mention the production of the Sacred Cantata, "Rebekah," written especially for these concerts by the conductor, Mr. Joseph Barnby, the success of which was so decisive, that it was selected for performance at the Hereford Festival. Whilst reviewing the series of "Oratorio Concerts" during the past season, it must in justice be said that the choir has made very decided progress both in quality of tone, and decision of attack; and when we consider that, in spite of the short time necessarily allowed for rehearsals, every promise in the prospectus has been rigidly redeemed, it may be readily imagined that a heart must have been thrown into the practice which materially lightens the labor of a conductor.

At the Crystal Palace, good instrumental works, well performed, have, as usual, ensured thoroughly appreciative audiences; and although perhaps the programmes have shown an undue leaning towards the modern German school, it is, no doubt, desirable that at least we should have a Musical Institution where novelty is admitted. We cannot forget what this establishment has done towards placing the name of Schubert amongst the great composers of the world; and provided we are not told in the books of words what we are to think of untried writers, we shall always be glad to hear what they have to say. When the choir, which certainly shows some signs of improvement, shall have been placed in as high a state of efficiency as the band, we shall hope to hear many great works which are too rarely presented in our concert-rooms in the metropolis.

The abolition of an orchestra in theatres exclusively devoted to the performance of the drama, sometime ago strenuously advocated in this journal, appears likely to be acted upon. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where all the latest refinements of stage arrangement are so effectively carried out, as a preliminary, we presume, to not hearing the instrumental performers, we have, during the last season, not been permitted to see them; and the bill of Mr. Hare's benefit, at the Princess's Theatre, announces that "there will be no orchestra," two musical friends having offered their services on the occasion. We know that "stage music" is often lugged in to heighten the effect of a "Sensation drama;" but if the abolition of the first should necessitate the abolition of the second, we need scarcely say that we shall be additionally grateful. As for the indifferent playing before and between the pieces, surely no intelligent member of an audience could desire the continuance of such a custom. A well-known Overture, effectually displaying the incapacity of the orchestra, can scarcely prepare the listeners for an elegant comedy; and when the curtain falls, the short interval for conversation or refreshment can hardly be enlivened by scraps from classical symphonies, or a common-place set of quadrilles.

In a record of the musical events of the year the honor voluntarily conferred upon Professor Sterndale Bennett by the University of Oxford, cannot be lightly passed over. So much has been said about musicians banding themselves together to raise the "status" of the English Professor, that we are glad when our theory can be practically proved that the "status" of a Professor depends entirely upon himself. Not only by his works, but by his unceasing devotion to the healthy progress of music in this country — involving sacrifices which only those intimately acquainted with him can ever know — has Professor Bennet worthily earned a distinction which, although in fact a recognition of the artist, is in effect a recognition of the art. Music in England is advancing but slowly to its true position; and as much can be done by its followers to urge its real claims upon the nation, we should be doubly thankful to those who, gifted by nature with a great power, devote that power to the highest and noblest purpose.

Beethoven, Goethe, and Michael Angelo.*

I recollect once seeing in the Pitti Palace at Florence a picture by Rubens, a magnificent, first-class painting: an "Allegory of War." Enflamed with rage, Mars is rushing out through the gates, flung wide apart, of the Temple of Janus; a wild Fury, waving a torch, is dragging him forward; Harpies are fluttering before him, and Europe (represented as Cybele with the mural crown) follows wringing her hands. It is in vain that the Goddess of Love, with flattering embraces, endeavors to hold him back. In his furious career, as God of War, he has thrown over several male figures, with the emblems of art and science in their hands, among them being a man with a lute. In the background there are all kinds of desolation and wretchedness. It is evident that Rubens painted the picture under the impression of the Thirty Years' War, then ravaging Germany with fire and sword. Late events brought this painting to my mind, and I thought to myself that the Beethoven Festival Committee, at Bonn, might very well borrow it from the Italian Government, and hang it up as a public excuse before the Festival Hall (just as theatrical mangers in Germany have red bills posted at the street corners, when there is any sudden and unexpected change of performance); the man thrown down with the lute, and Mars rushing past him would render any further explanation superfluous. But war and the tumult of war shall not prevent us from reminding our readers that in December a century will have elapsed since one of the greatest German masters of the art of music was born — the master whom we are fond of naming with Mozart, just as we are fond of saying "Raphael and Michael Angelo," or "Schiller and Goethe," when we would allude, by two names, to the highest efforts in other branches of art. If, however, matters progress as they are now progressing at the seat of war, we may yet be able to leave Rubens's picture in Florence, and perform the Ninth Symphony with the

*From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

"Te Deum" for victory and peace. God grant it may be so!

Of the bearers of the brilliant names I have just mentioned, the two great German poets, and the two great German composers, were contemporaries. Mozart and Schiller died at an early age, but fate permitted Beethoven to behold the countenance of his great predecessor, Mozart, who is said to have made on the occasion, the oft repeated remark: "Take care of him there; some day he, too, will have something to say." Goethe survived them all. He was, moreover, brought into personal communication with Beethoven, but, with regard to Mozart, we should scarcely be aware whether he ever knew of the existence of Schiller or Goethe, if he had not set to music Goethe's "Veilchen;" Heaven knows in what chance walk of his he found the lovely modest little flower, whose aromatic perfume delights us even at the present day. *Don Carlos* and *Don Juan* both belong to the same year (1787) — but could Mozart, in his Vienna, know aught about the former? It was not till a long time afterwards, when Mozart had long been in the realms of eternal harmonies, that the Vienna censure at length admitted Schiller's tragic muse into the imperial hereditary dominions. This appears rather strange to us, who have been nourished on Schiller's dramas, as on a sort of intellectual mother's milk; but let the reader put himself mentally in the place of a Vienna Censor of the Year One, and answer the question whether, when the worthy individual in question perused the *Räuber*, *Kabale und Liebe*, *Fiesko*, *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, and *Tell*, his hair must not have stood on end, even supposing him to have worn a wig. When people spoke in Vienna at that period of German literature, they meant Klopstock and Wieland, who, like Alpha and Omega, like the two opposite poles, represented the "Elevated" and the "Graceful." That so joyous a mortal as Mozart should not be particularly impressed by Klopstock's elevated bombast is something very intelligible, and he made a most furious resistance when called upon to set to music the ode, "Calpe, dir donnert's am Fuss," by a Viennese local Klopstock — Denis or Sined. The words were beautiful, anything you liked, but as for being fitted for music, such a thing was totally out of the question, he said. He was as little pleased with the pretty frivolities of Wieland; the latter, reversing the course pursued by the French who at the time possessed a French *à la Grecque*, had given the world Greek *à la Française*. Mozart was just as little edified by Wieland personally, as we learn from his Mannheim Letters.

Beethoven at first allowed himself to be talked into an admiration for Klopstock. What people in Vienna then thought of Klopstock is very amusingly shown by a picture of Abel's, to be found (if I am not mistaken) in the "new school" of the Belvidere, a copy by the artist himself being in the Picture Gallery at Prague: "Klopstock is introduced by Siona, clad in Vestal-like costume, and bearing in her hand a palm branch half a fathom long. He is welcomed by a group of Greek poets, with Homer at their head. "I regret," Homer appears to be saying, "that I am acquainted with your admirable *Messiah* only through the medium of a translation, as I do not understand German." Dante stands some distance off, under laurel bushes, but he is perfectly penetrated with a sentiment of his own nothingness, and feels ashame of his *Divina Commedia*, which must certainly have struck the wits of the Year One as a piece of barbarism. Near at hand sits Petrarch with his Laura. — The whole resembles a parody on Raphael's Parnassus, from which, indeed, the one Muse has been rather unceremoniously taken.

Beethoven, as he afterwards told Rochlitz, when the latter called upon him, was incessantly reading Klopstock's Odes. Who knows that he was not first excited to the Pastoral Symphony by the "Frühlingsfeier," which is really powerful and moving? When he became acquainted with Goethe's poems, he spoke no more about Klopstock. "He always began in D flat major — always from upwards downwards." What he thought of Schiller is proved by words with which, according to his first plan, he meant to introduce the final movement of the Ninth Symphony. "Let us sing the song of the immortal Schiller: "Freude, schöne Götterfunken.'"

But Goethe probably was more highly prized by him. The highest and crowning task of his life struck him as being the composition of music to *Faust*: he wanted with this to conclude his artistic labors. His chorus, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," was dedicated by him to the author. Though this composition cannot, perhaps, be called one of his best, his melodies to some of Goethe's lyrical poems are so much the more magnificent: "Kennst du das Land?"—"Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?"—"Trocknet nicht, Thränen der ewigen Liebe"—"Was zieht mir das Herz so?"—no man ever composed finer songs, not even Franz Schubert. The words and the tune are so blended that it is impossible to imagine them apart; it seems to us as though something is wanting if we accidentally come upon the verses alone when turning over an edition of Goethe's works. And, lastly, the music to *Egmont*! Kayser of Zurich (Goethe's composer in-ordinary before Zelter came) composed, in Rome, where the poet had sent for him, some music for *Egmont*, which was just completed. In one of his letters, Goethe praises it as "very appropriate." This may have been the case, for we must confess that Beethoven's music to *Egmont* is "very inappropriate;" it appears to subordinate itself so modestly to the poetry; it appears to give in a more sketchy form the emotions that are musically rendered (let the reader compare with this Meyerbeer's intrusive show-music to his brother's *Struensee*); and yet—yet—with all respect for *Egmont* and the great poet, we must say that the music outshines the drama; the frame is, in this instance, finer than the picture, fine though the latter be.

Goethe appears to have been as deaf to all these beauties, intellectually, as the composer was physically. He made Beethoven's acquaintance at Teplitz, but appears to have been inwardly little impressed by Beethoven's intellectual grandeur. We may say: without even having a suspicion of Beethoven's greatness, he beheld in the composer scarcely aught else than a man with whom it was difficult to keep up a communication, in consequence of his deafness, and who, from his hurtling roughness and melancholy pining, was but slightly sympathetic. To Bettina's enthusiastic epistle Goethe answered, "cool to his inmost heart;" — with a gracious nod, and half deprecatingly he admits, "Beethoven's talent, which will show him the right way." When young Mendelssohn played him the first piece of the C minor Symphony upon the piano, the old gentleman evidently did not feel at all comfortable. "This is music which would cause the roof to fall in if performed by the whole orchestra at once," he muttered.

Though taking the purest and deepest interest in plastic art and in music, nay, more, though perfectly capable of appreciating both most thoroughly, Goethe unfortunately had advisers by his side medio critici like Heinrich Meyer and Zelter. To what a degree his immeasurably larger and believingly submitted to the guidance is strikingly proved, for instance, by his allowing Zelter graciously to accord him Sebastian Bach's music. He would certainly have been able to comprehend Beethoven's music ten times better! The "Sonata Pathetique" was, at any rate, something which could penetrate ten times more confidentially to his heart than the Chromatic Fantasia. After Goethe had become acquainted in Upper Italy with Palladio, and in Venice with all sorts of specimens of the Antique, he solemnly renounced the Gothic principle, and himself threw down the monument that he had erected, "dois manibus Erwini a Steinbach." But the Gothic, or rather that Christian, and, at the same time, profoundly and significantly mysterious principle of art, organically constructing to the sharpest sense the principle which created the "frozen music" of the Gothic style of architecture, melodiously dissolved in the "thawed architecture" of Bach's Preludes, Toccatas, Fugues, and Fantasias, while the "heathen" Goethe knelt believingly before these revelations, or rather, "he went to bed, and let the organist, von Becks, play him Sebastiano." Zelter praised this highly: "So he is; he must be overheard, as it were, by an eavesdropper!" According to this rule, when "Sebastiana" are for the future announced in the programme, the public will do well to run directly out of the room and listen at the key hole, not to hear (according to the proverb) their own shame, but Sebastian's glory.

In the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter frequent mention is made of Beethoven. Zelter speaks of him in pretty much the same way that a blind man, hearing a peal of bells, would calculate the height of the steeple in which they hang. On one occasion, he even says, "We might, perhaps, compare Beethoven, at a distance, to Michael Angelo." That was a great thing to say to Goethe. For Goethe wrote from Rome after seeing the frescoes of the Sixtine Chapel: "I am at this moment so captivated by Michael Angelo, that not even Nature pleases me after him, for I cannot see with such great great eyes as he does. (Parenthetically remarked, it is a strange fact that Goethe never says a syllable anywhere of the Moses or Medici Digger, &c., &c.) Zelter hazarded the comparison, but only timidly; he places Beethoven at his proper "distance," that is, considerably *under* the great Florentine. We, having clearly before our eyes all Beethoven did, and knowing all his importance, shall not think Michael Angelo's truly Titanic mind less, but we consider what he created as analogous to only one side of Beethoven's labors. When parallels have been drawn between Mozart and Raphael—Rochlitz began it, and was followed by von Hentel, Ulrici, and Alberti—there is a great temptation to play the Plutarch between Michael Angelo and Beethoven, and placing them back to back, as we sometimes place Jack and Gill, to see which is the taller of the two. Such comparisons are, in reality, not worth much, they are games of wit rather than aught else, with which superficiality pays itself court. For instance, Rochlitz, who had certainly seen nothing of Raphael beyond the Dresden Madonna, could not possibly possess a correct standard by which to judge the master. When, therefore, we see such points adduced as: each died young; each left his last and most highly prized work unfinished, and it had to be completed by the hands of novices, &c., &c., such silly nonsense having nothing to do with the essential attributes of the masters—we look about to see whether we are not also informed that: "Both were exceedingly fond of such and such a dish." With regard, however, to Beethoven and Michael Angelo, the idea of employing the one to explain the other, recurs in the writings of exceedingly able critics, such as Lubke and Hermann Grimm, and we may as well have a glance at it.

[To be continued.]

Birmingham Festival.

[Concluded from the Orchestra.]

The evening concert of Thursday was well attended, a great degree of interest being felt in the production of Ferdinand Hiller's cantata entitled "*Nala and Damayanti*." The high position held by the composer in Germany, and the strength of his reputation among our own musical men, many of whom are his personal friends, were sufficient to arouse this interest and to justify the curiosity to see how Dr. Hiller's work would be received in England.

[Here follows an analysis of the libretto, which we have already copied from another source.]

The musical working out of the above theme is as favorable a specimen of the German progressive school as could be obtained. It is marked by originality of idea, elaboration of effects, great capacity for contrasts, breadth of conception, and delicacy of workmanship. Occasionally the sentiment rises to intensity: nowhere is it common-place and nowhere are the parts contemptible for their case. On the contrary, the cantata presents difficulties which it was the artists' victory to have overcome. Miss Wynne, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, who were the principal singers, did admirably. Miss Wynne, indeed, gained a wealth of commendation for the remarkable *élan* with which she assailed her task. Her singing of *Damayanti* was exalted, impassioned, fine: and Dr. Hiller, who conducted the work, led her gratefully on to share with him the honors of his reception after the performance. Mr. Cummings and Mr. Santley also acquitted themselves to universal satisfaction. The applause greeting the composer was loud and prolonged.

The great feature of the Festival was reserved till Friday, when Mr. Benedict's new oratorio, "*Saint Peter*," was performed. To enter upon the claim which Mr. Benedict can put forth for consideration as a representative master-musician of the time would only be to recapitulate what everybody has accepted long ago, and from which no dissident could be found. By work carried on among us for many years he has gained a high and undisputed position. He carries the credentials of a pupilage under Weber; but his best credentials are his own activity. Chamber music, orchestral compositions, and operas of a high musicianly stamp have established his title; and these results of what may be called his home work—compositions of the study and chimney corner—have been supplemented by indefatigable and interminable out-door work: endless assistance at concerts and festivals and private gatherings, labor from which, were it high or low, pompous or homely, Benedict was never known to shrink, if only the appeal was made. Strange to say—though perhaps a reason may be found in his enormous and unresting occupation—Mr. Benedict had hitherto abstained from attempting the highest field—sacred composition. This he has reserved for his maturity. Four years ago he made his first essay in the sacred drama, and in the "*Legend of Saint Cecilia*" demonstrated perfect qualifications. Rendered confident by the reception of that work and the universal recognition it attained, he has now taken rank among the masters of oratorio by virtue of a really great work—"*St. Peter*."

The groundwork on which Mr. Benedict builds is not entirely dramatic. It is rather didactic, and does not thrust the hero prominently into the foreground. In fact, as Mendelssohn said, the difficulty in treating such a subject historically lies in the fact that Christ

occupies the central place in Peter's earlier life, and the Master would necessarily displace the disciple. The method in which Mr. Benedict has handled the subject is thus analyzed:

"The Divine Call; Galilean fishermen are preparing to rest from the labors of the day, when John the Baptist appears, urging them to 'Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' After the forerunner comes the Master, who commands Peter to leave all and follow Him. Peter obeys, expressing his firm confidence in the goodness of the Lord, and departs amid the benedictions of his friends and neighbors.—Trial of Faith; The Saviour having sent His disciples to 'the other side,' retires to a mountain apart to pray. While thus engaged the storm rises and the little ship is in distress. Jesus appears walking on the waters, to the terror of his disciples, whom He speedily re-assures, bidding them not to fear. Peter obtains permission to leave the ship and go to Jesus; but his faith fails him, and 'beginning to sink,' he is sustained by the hand of his Lord. They reach the ship and immediately the storm ceases. A chorus of praise and thanksgiving then brings the first part to an end.—Denial: Peter declares his resolve to follow the Master at all hazards, but when Jesus is taken before the high priest the disciple is found 'afar off.' He enters the servants' hall of the high priest's palace, where a crowd of attendants are expressing their hatred of the 'Nazarene,' and Peter is three times charged with being a follower of Jesus. Three times he denies the accusation.—Repentance: The procession escorting Jesus to the Roman governor passes through the hall where Peter is, and the Lord turns and looks on His erring disciple. Touched to the heart, Peter repents 'with strong crying and tears,' the anguish of his soul being heightened by each successive scene of the great drama which then passes before him. He hears the lamentations of fellow-disciples, and the mournful song of his Lord's mother; he watches the procession to Calvary, and listens to the taunts of the Jews as they mingle with the wailing of the 'daughters of Jerusalem.' Weeping 'for all these things' and for himself, the hope of the Christian comes to his aid, and he is assured that death will be swallowed up in victory.—Deliverance: Peter lying in the dungeon where Herod had thrown him, is visited by angels, who assure him of Divine help, and release him from captivity. He acknowledges the goodness of God, fully relying upon which he expresses confidence as to his ultimate entrance into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour. Rejoining his fellow-believers he is received with gladness, and a song of hope and joy forms the conclusion of the work."

The oratorio opens with an overture descriptive of evening by the Sea of Galilee—calm, placid, typical, with admirable orchestral undertones suggestive of the rippling of the waters. The first chorus, "They that go down to the sea in ships," opened by the basses, is a skillfully constructed and captivating *moderato* in six-eight time, and in the key of E flat. On the words "these behold the works of the Lord," both the key and the subject change, and a bolder strain, with simple chord accompaniment, is introduced. At the words "the Lord will preserve their going out," the chorus effectively changes its character, being sung only by sopranos and altos, and a further change in key and time takes place at the words "We will lie down in peace;" but the chorus concludes wirh the same motivo which commenced it. A few chords for the wind instruments usher in the tenor voice, calling upon the people in the language of John the Baptist, to "repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." The chorus reply in agitated fashion, and the Baptist urges his mission with tremolo accompaniment. The tenor solo here, "O House of Jacob," was magnificently sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. The text, "He will teach us of His ways, for out of Zion shall go forth the Law and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem," is set to a very pleasing melody in triple time, in the key of G, commencing in *pianissimo*, and gradually increases in power and intensity, until the words are reached "For out of Zion shall go forth the law," delivered in detached phrases, intersected by bold *staccato* chords, when the original time is resumed, and the air ends *pianissimo*. A following chorus has some excellent four-part writing, contrasted with florid violin passages in the accompaniments. A chief gem of the work is that which follows, descriptive of the calling of *Peter*. It commences with a recitative, "And Jesus walking by the sea of Galilee," followed by a dignified baritone air in B flat, opening with sustained chords for the brass, "How great, O Lord," which is in its turn succeeded by a delightful chorus, "The Lord be a lamp," melodious and hymnal in character. Hereon follows the "Trial by Faith." The Evening Prayer at sea and rising of the storm comprise a highly effective scene. It opens *pianissimo* in the key of E, with short tranqui phrases for the violins *con sordini* and in unison, then after some skilful modulations, gradually increases in breadth and power, with episodical phrases for the flutes and oboes, suggestive of the rising wind, culminating finally in the grand chorus in 12 8 time, led by the ba ses, "The deep uttereth his voice and lifteth his hands on high," in the accompaniment of which the other resources of the orchestra are reinforced by drums and cymbals. The helplessness of the sailors at the mercy of the storm is graphically shown in this writing. The soprano air and chorus, "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind," the soprano part admirably sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, has a grand and striking theme. It increased in intensity until the solo voice was heard soaring above band and chorus, producing a marvellous impression. Then a short contralto recitative, "And in the fourth watch of the night," introduces the scene of the apparition of Jesus walking on the waters, and the incident of the sinking of St. Peter. In this scene one of the most striking numbers is a dramatic and mystically colored chorus for male voices, "It is a spirit," opening with alternate phrases for the tenors and basses, in the key of C sharp minor. Peter's gratitude for his rescue is expressed in a baritone air in G minor, with *staccato* accompaniment, "Now know I that the Lord saveth His anointed," and a contralto recitative, introduced by a very charming prelude, but itself chiefly unaccompanied, announces in antique church tones the subsistence of the storm. A chorus, "O come let us sing unto the Lord,,' was encored on Friday; and the next chorus, "Praise ye the Lord," exhibiting Mr. Benedict's contrapuntal skill in the boldness of the harmonies, and the scholarly fugue, brings the first part to a successful conclusion.

The second part, comprising Denial, Repentance, and Deliverance, commences the illustration of the first section with Peter's assurance, confided to the baritone voice: "Though all men shall be offended," the music of which is wholly in keeping with the confident spirit. The comment on the above text follows in a chorus, "They all forsook him and fled," and we come to what is one of the highest successes of the work, a contralto air, "O thou afflicted and tossed by the tempest," sung by Mdme. Patey; the effect was irresistibly touching and exquisite. The final denial of Christ follows, and the angelic rebuke: "How art thou fallen, O son of the morning," which is curiously out of character with the sentiment, for the music is absolutely joyous. The pathos, however, is supplied in the tenor, "The Lord is very pitiful," after the second and third denial of the Saviour; which Mr. Sims Reeves touchingly sang. Christ being led to the judgment-hall, the air which immediately follows is supposed to be sung by Peter, "Oh, that my head were waters." It is full of passionate anguish and contrite sorrow, and is the best baritone air in the oratorio. Omitting a gloomy chorus, a dead march, and we come to a double chorus for disciples and Jews, the great and original effect of which lies in a contrast of band accompaniment with organ, each illustrating the opposing sentiments of Hebrew persecution and Christian mourners. A soprano solo, "I mourn as a dove," is an exquisitely touching melody in A major, with flowing accompaniment, which, sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, was encored. The remaining effect lay in another pathetic tenor air, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me;" a grand eight-part chorus, in triple time, *allegro maestoso*, "He will swallow up death;" a stirring *bravura*, in E flat, for soprano, "Gird up thy loins and arise;" a chorus of angels, with harp accompaniment, "Fear thou not, for the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand;" another fine baritone air, of a jubilant character, "The Lord hath sent His angel, and delivered me;" and the grand final fugal chorus, "Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His," which, skilfully wrought, is a noble number and worthily concludes the oratorio. The verdict passed upon the work as a whole was unanimously flattering to its composer. On the conclusion, loud and long-continued cheering, accompanied by clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, broke out in all parts of the Hall—the band and chorus joining in the demonstration. Mr. Benedict again and again bowed his acknowledgements, but it was some time before the public would allow him to escape their well-merited congratulations on the success of his really fine oratorio. For us it remains in chronicling the production of an able and conscientious musician to second the plaudits which on Friday were so freely bestowed.

After a short interval, Mozart's "*Requiem*" was proceeded with, the solo parts devolving on Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. The performance was worthy of the music. Band and chorus, under Costa's leading, were admirable, and the vocal principals were all in excellent voice, and sung with great spirit and precision.

The audience at the evening performance was quite equal in point of numbers to that of the morning. The concert was entirely given up to the execution of Handel's oratorio, "*Samson*," the solo parts of which were taken by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Sig. Foli, and Mr. Cummings. The great successes of the evening were accomplished by Mr. Sims Reeves in "Total eclipse," by Mdme. Patey in "Return, O God of Hosts," and by the chorus in "Fixed in his everlasting seat." This last chorus by the bye is stated by a Daily critic to have been utterly ruined by the slow time in which Sir Michael Costa took it. Sir Michael Costa's time, we take it, is Handel's time: so well known traditionally in the case in question that an octogenarian chorus-singer of the "London Concerts" and the smallest cathedral choir-boy would agree in the *tempo*. We should be glad to have the critic's view in metronomic formula, or perhaps at the next Festival he will undertake to conduct it.

The following figures show that, like Hereford, the Birmingham Festival this year in financial respects exhibits that law of decline on which we commented a week ago.

	1864.			1867			1870.		
Receipts.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Tuesday....	2135	2	4	2684	11	7	4530	8	0
Wednesday	2980	18	3	3058	12	5	1681	4	9
Thursday ..	4246	0	11	4301	5	0	2842	13	5
Friday	3200	0	0	3226	0	8	3302	11	4
	£12,562	1	6	£13,270	9	8	£12,356	17	6

From the above statement it will be seen that the receipts of the Festival of 1870 have fallen short both of those of 1867 and 1864.

Mr. Benedict's "St. Peter."

Mr. Chorley, whilome musical critic of the London *Athenæum*, writes as follows to the *Musical World*:

During thirty-five years of rather busy life as a journalist, and attempting original composition, I have, on principle, avoided obtruding my own personality on the public. It is with no common reluctance, then, that, at the eleventh hour of my career, I feel myself obliged to state a case which concerns every literary man who writes for music.

I have always held that, in an oratorio, no intermixture of secular words with those from Holy Writ was in accordance with reverence or good taste. The two greatest works of the kind existing—the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt"—were constructed on this principle. I have never been able to comprehend how any one could venture to dilute or eke out the text of the Bible, or to acquiesce in the introduction of verses from the Psalter or Hymn Book into Scriptural stories, such as occurs in the oratorios of Sebastian Bach—unless, indeed, these be performed according to their author's intention, that is, with the audience joining in, congregationally. The admirers of Mendelssohn, who admit no fault in his judgment, will be displeased at my saying that the objection applies in yet fuller force to his "St. Paul"—because there no such assistance on the part of "the people" was contemplated. Be these wire-drawn scruples, or convictions worthy of consideration, I have acted on them whenever I have attempted to arrange a Biblical subject for music; as in the book of my friend Mr. H. Leslie's "Judith," and with greater care and pains, because on a more extended scale, when I treated the story of St. Peter.

This *was* the work to have been performed at the late Birmingham Festival; and my completed book, having been submitted to and accepted by the committee, was handed over to Mr. Benedict, who had been selected to compose the new oratorio for the year 1870, early in the last year. Mr. Benedict, both personally and in writing, expressed himself (to speak moderately) entirely satisfied with what was set before him; and thus not only to myself, but to other persons. It was further expressly agreed on, in terms of the most perfect amity, that no alterations or modifications of the text were to be made save by myself. It was subsequently suggested by me that, should time fall short, only the first two parts of the oratorio should be performed at this year's Festival.

The past year went on, and I heard not a word of the oratorio, which was to be delivered for rehearsal at Birmingham on the 1st of March, 1870. I returned to London permanently, after occasional absences (always within reach of recall), on the 16th of October, 1869. Becoming curious, not to say anxious, with regard to a work of extent and pretention, suggested by myself, and in which I had expended some research and contrivance, I wrote to Mr. Benedict, on the 15th of November, to inquire how matters were proceeding; announcing that I intended to be

absent from England for two months of the early spring of this year, and that I was anxious to leave nothing incomplete or requiring reconsideration. On the 10th of last January I learned, for the first time, that Mr. Benedict (who had answered my note) had shown portions of the music of "St. Peter" to more than one person, and that he had disposed of the oratorio to a publisher. In reply to my request for an explanation of conduct so strangely savoring of contempt to myself, I was favored, on the 15th of January, with direct information from Mr. Benedict, that he had thought fit to make changes, omissions, and additions in my book, which had been accepted by him unconditionally, and with regard to which he had not up to that time uttered a syllable of objection, or remonstrance. He informed me that he had made these alterations by aid of a concordance. While I distinctly refused, by the slightest connivance, to sanction so amazing a transaction, the full impertinence of which was, even then, unknown to me, my intention was to keep silence with regard to it. I felt that every possible deference was due to the committee of the Birmingham Festival, in recognition of their known services to art, and in gratitude for their private and liberal hospitality. But seeing that I received after communications on the subject from Mr. Benedict, not so much explanatory as aggressive, I have decided that it behoves me to lay the matter before the public; the more so, since I have only very recently learnt that Mr. Benedict had absolutely, before the oratorio was sold, thought proper to call in, not merely a "concordance," but the assistance of a gentleman who consented to accept the strange task of remodelling another man's productions. I have purposely forborne speaking out till the present moment, not wishing to damage a new work by the statement of such a case of flagrant injustice and discourtesy; this, however, out of no consideration to the composer. To myself the affront is one of small consequence; I have written enough for musical purposes to give the public a fair impression of such power, greater or less, as I may possess. But the cause is the cause of all younger (and I hope better) men who may come after me, and to whom it may be of immediate importance that they should not be first cajoled and flattered, and subsequently ignored and insulted, by persons pretending to hold a place in the rank of artists. A. F. CHORLEY.

Ferdinand Hiller.

Ferdinand Hiller, pianist and composer, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on the 24th October, 1811, and is consequently, in his 59th year. While still a child, the great talent he exhibited for music already determined his vocation, and no pains were spared to perfect his musical education under Hoffmann, the imaginative composer of music, A. Schmidt, the great contrapuntist, Vollweiler, and subsequently Hummel, Mozart's favorite pupil, with whom young Hiller spent two years in Weimar. He was not ten years old when he made his first public appearance as a pianist, and in his 17th year he published at Vienna his first composition—a quartet for piano and strings. The subsequent fertility of the young composer is shown by the fact that the opus number of his new cantata, produced at the Birmingham Festival on Thursday evening, is 150. On the completion of his musical apprenticeship Ferdinand Hiller spent no less than seven years in Paris, where he devoted himself chiefly to classical music, and especially to the study of Bach and Beethoven. In the winter of 1836–37 returning to his native town he was appointed director of the Orchestra of the Frankfort Cecilien Verein. His next move was to Milan, where his successful opera of *Romilda* was produced. The winter of 1839–40 found him at Leipsic, where he produced his oratorio, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, which deservedly ranks as one of his best and most successful works. Returning to Italy, he married there in the summer of 1841, since which time he has lived in turn at Dresden, Frankfort, and Leipsic, in which latter town he directed the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, in the winter of 1843–44. Dr. Hiller afterwards spent four years in Dresden, where he brought out his two operas, *Der Traum in der Christnacht* (*The Dream in the Night of the Nativity*), in 1844, and *Conradin der letzte Hohenstaufen* (*Conradin, the last Rose of the Hohenstaufen*), in 1847. In the same year he accepted the office of music director at Dusseldorff, where he remained three years, removing thence, in 1850, to Cologne, where he was invited to undertake the office of Capellmeister. Here, the already existing Concert Institute flourished greatly under his vigorous management, where, also, he founded the Rhenish Music School. In the year of 1851–2 he went to Paris, where he directed the Italian Opera. He passed the following spring in London, and returned in November of the same year to Cologne, where he has since constantly resided, with the exception of occasional journeys, of which the last was to Russia.

Of his numerous compositions, the most notable, besides those incidentally mentioned above, are his various collections of songs—especially the *Drei Bücher neue Gesänge*—some pianoforte sonatas, two concertos for the same instrument, several excellent studies for the violin and piano, impromptus, rhythmical studies, an operetta without words, *a quatre mains*, and of vocal pieces for solo, chorus and orchestra, the "*Gesang den Geister über dem Wasser*" "Song of the spirits above the water") and "*O weint um sie*" ("Oh weep for her"), after Byron; "*The Night of the Nativity*," "Heloise," the *Loreley*, "Night," "The morning of Palm Sunday," the "93rd Psalm," and "Whitsuntide," may be cited as the most important. His great choral works are: *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, already mentioned in the oratorios, *Ver sacrum* and *Saul*, and the opera, *Die Katakomben* (*The Catacombs*). Among his instrumental compositions his Symphony in E flat is especially good.—*Musical World.*

A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK.—No. 2.

(From the London Choir.)

AFTER attending the opera and the concert in "Kroll's" Gardens, I paid brief visits to some of the minor theatres and higher class concert halls, which were all filled with large audiences, listening intently and with much evident enjoyment to the varied music performed by the excellent bands I always found in such places.

Professor Haupt was true to his appointment at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 5th, at the parish church, of which, with the exception of a single mutual friend, and the inevitable bellows-blowers, we were then the sole occupants. To my great surprise, this noted organist politely but firmly insisted upon my trying the qualities of the instrument before he himself displayed them. This unusual proceeding was afterwards explained to me as being his usual plan for testing a man, for finding that his time had been too often wasted upon men whose acquaintance with music and organs was very limited, and who generally mistook enthusiasm for knowledge, the Professor was compelled to adopt some scheme, whereby he might be enabled to judge of his visitors' musical capabilities. After complying with the request and playing for a short time, the rightful owner of the organist's seat took his place, and for one hour greatly delighted me with his performance on the instrument. The selection comprised Bach's grand Prelude and Fugue in B minor; Louis Thiele's air and elaborate variations in A flat; some variations of his own on a chorale; and a short improvisation. The salient features of his playing were more especially exhibited in the Fugue of Bach's, played as it was with remarkable dignity and grandeur of style—at a speed, too, considerably slower than that usually adopted by the majority of modern English organists. Never, indeed, much of Sebastian Bach's organ music as I have heard played by the most noted English organists, did I enjoy the music of the grand old Leipsic cantor so thoroughly; never did I hear this stupendous creation of his fertile brain developed with a more masterly appreciation of its varied beauties, subtle harmonies, and erudite phrasing. It was a treat to me of the highest order, and it will never leave my memory. The composition of Louis Thiele, a young Berlin organist and composer, who died in 1848, at the early age of 32, and whose compositions for the instrument are regarded, and it appears to me justly regarded, as the finest, withal the most difficult, organ music produced since the days of John Sebastian himself, afforded Professor Haupt a good opportunity of displaying his undoubted ability as a *facile* pedalist, the variations being replete with difficulties. To those who are desirous of getting some rather startling and novel original organ compositions, I would recommend the five or six works by this composer, which are published by Schlesinger, the well known music and book-seller of Berlin, and edited by Professor Haupt.

The organ being deficient in nearly all modern mechanical appliances, in consequence of which variety of tone could only be obtained by changing the stops separately with the hands, the pauses between some of the variations were necessarily long and certainly not at all to the advantage of the effect of the composition, or the exposition of its continuity of thought and purpose.

The Professor having expressed a desire to hear some English organ music, of which he confessed he knew nothing whatever, I gratified his wish, and he seemed to be most particularly pleased with a Postlude in C major of Mr. Henry Smart's, which appeared in the first number of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*. When I explained the size, power, and character of the great organ in the Town Hall at Leeds, the facilities afforded to the performer by its superior mechanism, and, especially, the hydraulic engines, which work the bellows, thus dispensing with the three or four men on whom a German organist is still dependent, the warmest admiration was elicited from Professor Haupt, and a signification of his intention, notwithstanding his advanced age (he is sixty, but looks much younger) to make great efforts to come over to England and hear an organ of such magnitude and fine construction. Subsequently, in the course of a long and interesting conversation with this distinguished organist, he told me he had been informed that the leading public organists, in England were in the habit of playing overtures on an instrument which *he* deemed unfitted for the production of such a class of music. "Was it really so?" "Certainly," I replied, "for our modern organs in the large concert halls are constructed with a view to the performance of orchestral and chamber music; but in our churches the leading organists are especially particular in choosing the styles of composition suitable for the sacred place and the solemn service in which they are regarded." "I am glad," said the Professor, "to hear your explanation, as I had labored under the impression from what I had been told that you played overtures in your churches during or at the conclusion of divine service; but let me ask you," he added, "how and by whom are these public organ *séances* that you speak of organized and carried on?"

"By the Municipal authorities in our large towns of Liverpool, Leeds, and Newcastle; the audiences have to pay a small sum for admission to the performances, which generally take place twice every week." This piece of news surprised my friend greatly, who eagerly remarked upon the peculiar difficulty which an organist must have in gratifying people of such diverse tastes, who moreover had to pay for what they heard, a fact which he seemed to think would tend to make them hypercritical. Upon asking how, if he had a similar object to accomplish, he would contrive to interest miscellaneous audiences when the organ repertoires of Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and other masters, were exhausted, he told me how he had been persuaded by the pastor of his Church, a proficient amateur, to give some performances of classical music; the first was attended by great numbers of people, many of whom loaded him with congratulations and praises for the success of his efforts; but at the second performance, when a small charge was made for admission by the direction of the pastor, who considered that the organist ought to receive some remuneration for the valuable time which he had been so willing to give up to the detriment of other pressing arrangements, there were not more than two dozen persons present.

This effectually put an end to all performances of a similar description, even at nominal prices, in Berlin, and affords another instance, if any be required, of the impossibility of attracting large numbers of people even in musical Germany, by organ music unvaried by any other of a more popular character, though the price of admission is a mere trifle. After he had expressed his intention of sending an early contribution to the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*, I parted with this remarkable musician, as much impressed by his simple but earnest manner and conversation as I had been by his undoubted powers as an organist *à première force*.

On the afternoon of the same day I accompanied a friend to hear the usual weekly rehearsal of the members of the celebrated Berlin Singing Academy. It was a most interesting gathering of about eighty singers; there seemed to be about twenty four sopranos, twenty altos (all females), sixteen tenors, and sixteen basses. They were conducted by Professor Grell, Herr Blumner presiding at the piano. The programme included:

Choral (from a Motet)........................J. S. Bach.
"Sancta Maria"..............................Herzwig.
Motet, ending with Choral "Der Hirte Israel."
J. S. Bach.
Mass, "Lobgesang am Schöpfung's Morgen" Reichardt

The tone of the bass voices was remarkably good and sonorous, the lower notes even as low as double D being sung with perfect clearness of intonation; but the other sections did not appear to me to equal corresponding voices of well trained choirs in our own country. The discipline and order, however, of the whole affair cannot be too highly commended to the notice of similar societies at home. Members, as they entered the orchestra, first politely saluted the conductor, then the pianist, and quickly took their allotted seats, where their copies were found arranged in the order of practice. No talking or annoying noises were allowed in any part of the room during the performance of a piece, and the few of the audience who happened to arrive late exhibited that re-

spect, which all Germans seem to entertain, for the art, and showed their indisposition to mar the enjoyment of others by gently and cautiously moving on tip-toe as short a distance as possible. All the choir stood whilst singing, but whenever any part had several bars rest, those, whose voices were not needed sat down, and at a glance of the conductor's eye, who was always ready to give the signal, rose *en masse* with military precision just before the commencement of their part. This perhaps arises in some measure from their military education, for the humblest classes never pass each other in the street without salutes. Nor was the choir deficient in solo singers, some of whom sang at sight (as I was informed) the solos in Bach's Motet, and in the Mass, with remarkable correctness and considerable style and expression. It must be remembered, however, that each of these singers could play either the pianoforte or some other instrument, which they had studied from early youth; for it is an indispensable part of the education of both sexes in Germany; so they all become musicians and critics of more or less efficiency and excellence.

Before quitting the Prussian metropolis, I must just mention *en passant* that amongst the curiosities of the world-renowned "Royal Museum," with its magnificent frescoes representing the labors of Hercules and the exploits of Theseus, are preserved with the most religious care two flutes—one silver, the other wood—with which Frederick the Great was wont to divert himself when he wanted relaxation from the more serious cares of State. Whilst looking at these relics I could not help recalling to my memory the anecdotes told by Forkel of Sebastian Bach's visit to the great Prussian monarch in the company of his son William Friedemann. . . . .

One of the largest of modern built organs in North Germany is that in the church of S. Thomas, Berlin, built by W. Sauer, of Frankfort on the Oder. The following "disposition" of this fine instrument will be regarded with interest by many :—

1. Hauptwerk.

1.	Principal,	16 ft.
2.	Bordun,	16 ft.
3.	Principal,	8 ft.
4.	Gamba,	8 ft.
5.	Flute harmonique,	8 ft.
6	Rohrflote,	8 ft.
7.	Octave,	4 ft.
8.	Gemshorn,	4 ft.
9.	Rauschquinte,	2 2-3 & 2 ft.
10.	Terz,	1 3-8 ft.
11.	Fagott,	16 ft.
12.	Trompete,	8 ft.
13.	Trompete,	4 ft.
14.	Mixtur,	2—5 fach.
15.	Cornett, 3 fach,	8 ft.

2. Oberwerk.

16.	Bordun,	16 ft.
17.	Principal,	8 ft.
18	Salicional,	8 ft
19.	Gedact,	8 ft.
20.	Octave.	4 ft.
21.	Flute octaviante,	4 ft.
22	Octave,	2 ft.
23.	Nassard,	2 2-3 ft.
24.	Trompete,	8 ft.
25.	Clarinett, 8 ft. (durchschlagend).	
26.	Mixtur,	3 fach.

3. Fernwerk.

27.	Quintaton,	16 ft.
28.	Principal,	8 ft.
29	Gedact,	8 ft.
30.	Viola d'amour,	8 ft.
31.	Flute harmonique,	8 ft.
32.	Voix céleste,	8 ft.
33.	Flauto traverso,	4 ft.
34	Fugara,	4 ft.
35.	Basson,	16 ft.
36.	Oboe,	8 ft.

4. Ruckpositiv.

37.	Principal,	8 ft.
38.	Gedact,	8 ft.
39.	Octave.	4 ft.
40.	Gedactflote,	4 ft.

5. Pedal.

41.	Violon,	32 ft.
42.	Principal,	16 ft.
43.	Violon,	16 ft.
44.	Subbass,	16 ft.
45.	Principal,	8 ft.
46	Violoncello,	8 ft.
47.	Bassflöte,	8 ft.
48.	Octave.	4 ft.
49.	Nassard,	10 2 3 ft.
50.	Posaune,	16 ft.
51.	Trompete,	8 ft.
52.	Clairon,	4 ft

Dazu: 5 Koppeln, 4 Collectiv-Züge und 2 Crescendo-Tritte.

It was inaugurated on the 13th of January, 1870, by the present organist, with the following programme :

Fantasia.....J. S. Bach.
Choral-Vorspiel..... "
Aria.....Haydn.
Adagio.....Mendelssohn.
Pastorale.....J. S. Bach.
Aria.....Handel.
Free Fantasia.....

(*To be continued.*)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 8, 1870.

Theodore Thomas's Concerts.

On Tuesday evening (Oct. 4) the ways to our Music Hall were thronged again—after the summer drought and dearth of music—with people eager to be present at the opening of the promised fortnight's feast. It was the first great concert of a season which will abound in such. Mr. Thomas's noble orchestra were there in full force, nearly sixty instruments, and were warmly welcomed with their leader. There were some new faces among them, but the band had not lost its identity at all, the more important places being filled by the same men as before, except that the leading violin of last year had changed places with one of his colleagues, and that we missed Mr. Bergner in the row of 'cellists; admirable ones remained however, five of them, blending their rich tones into one. Also the capital oboeist, Mr. Eller, was supplemented by a new second of superior quality. Nothing of the old drill,—the perfect tune, the precision of time and accent, the sonorous, rich *ensemble*, the keen, searching, vital quality of violin tone, the marked and well attempered individuality of the other instruments, the sympathetic unity and spirit and fine light and shade of the whole rendering—was lost; it was the Thomas orchestra, unique and admirable. And with what zest one was prepared to drink in the sounds!

The programme was much better than the average during Thomas's last visit here. Of the four first and largest pieces three were classical and well known here, while the fourth was of the least extravagant and most poetic strains of Wagner, and fresh to all ears, though it had been played here many years since. These alone were matter enough for a rich concert; all that could have been further asked would be that one piece should be a Symphony. The lighter miscellany of the last part was simply light—for the most part graceful, sometimes sentimental—but never offensively noisy; even the trombone Concerto "roared as gently as any nightingale," and Meyerbeer with stunning *Fackeltanz* was not there to craze us. A better programme for Mr. Thomas's purpose, which is to conciliate the "classical taste" for which our city, rightly or wrongly, seems to have the credit, while making daily concerts profitable by catering miscellaneously to all comers,—could hardly have been devised. This purpose is not to be confounded with that of certain other series of concerts, permanently organized in most great cities, to insure opportunities, at stated intervals throughout the year or season, of keeping up acquaintance with the highest, purest kind of instrumental music, works of the great masters mainly, with only such more novel things as bind up fitly into the same bouquet or programme; for without such occasions the *Art idea* as such, would be lost, since Art knows nothing miscellaneous. With these two things: (1) a stated series of "Symphony Concerts" relying mainly on artistic principle and purity of programme, making their direct appeal always to a tried and loyal audience, which is certain by this means to grow continually in numbers; and (2) such feasts (almost surfeits) as Mr. Thomas several times has given us of ten or a dozen concerts in a fortnight, to quicken our ideal of orchestral execution, where performance does not lag behind conception (as has been and may yet be too long the case with our own local orchestras without the stimulus of such example)—as well as to give us glimpses into the newer fashions (so to speak) of music, and instances of splendid execution and effect in music mainly written for that purpose:—with these two things, Boston is certainly well provided in the matter of orchestral music. The former is the normal education to fit us for a just appreciation of the latter; while, without the one, the other by the mingling of so much of the sensational and transitory with the true and the enduring, would mislead, confuse, prevent the unformed taste from settling into any really artistic, sound direction.

Tuesday's concert opened with Weber's brilliant Overture to *Euryanthe*, so well known as an opening overture in many of our concerts before now. Nothing could be better to seize and captivate the sense at once; and the swift, searching chords of the beginning never seemed so full of life and fire as they did now, waked by this perfect orchestra, saluting us after so long abstinence. The sweet and mellow horn strain, full of feeling, into which that outburst of enthusiasm subsides; then the mysterious *pianissimo* with muted strings (the ghost scene of the opera); then the fugued passage, which seems fraught with earnest, half hushed conference upon some exciting matter; and finally the return of the heroic, fiery allegro,—all were listened to with breathless interest, till the enthusiasm could break out in loud applause.

In nothing did the sympathy and thorough discipline of the whole orchestra show itself more finely than in the accompaniment (not the right word to use in such a case, if only we had another) to Schumann's Concerto in A minor, of which Miss Anna Mehlig played the piano part,—admirably, of course, as she plays everything. The fine, poetic vitality with which the whole work is instinct, was sure to be felt with such an interpreter.

Next came the *Vorspiel* or Prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin," which is a long breath of strangely mingled and mysterious harmony, one long crescendo from thin, aerial violin tones, shrilling at their highest height, through ever lower, broader, fuller harmonies, with richer coloring, to an immense *fortissimo*, as if the wonder, that first gleamed on the far horizon, had gradually approached the breathless spectator, widening, deepening as it spreads along, until it is now right upon him; then after a brief while it recedes again and ends in the aerial, high tones with which it began. This is Wagner's way of foreshadowing in a brief instrumental picture the supernatural arrival and departure of the Swan from over the sea bearing the Knight of the Holy Grail, on which the whole plot of his opera turns. One who knows the opera will feel it to be a very poetic and suggestive, as well as unique prelude. The crescendo, from the thin, piercing high sounds through descending, ever broader harmonies, is a true type in music of the idea of distance and increasing nearness. But that such experiments are dangerous is shown by the impressions got by persons unacquainted with the opera; witness the ingenious criticism in one of the newspapers the next morning, which tells us that "it begins with a long-drawn wail, or rather shriek, from the violins in the supremest reaches of their strings, in which the smallest bit of a queer little melody is dimly perceivable; this is reiterated and reiterated, until at length the stringed instruments slip down to their middle notes, and the tortured ear finds inexpressible refreshment in a few sweet, sonorous strains in which the wind instruments unite. Then after a brilliant and rather exciting *crescendo*, the customary barbaric work is done with quivering cymbals and frantic trombones, and finally the 'Vorspiel' goes back to its first love, and the violins scream out its conclusion."

To us this Vorspiel has as much poetry and beauty as anything we know in Wagner's music, but, instead of any "wail" or "shriek," or passion of any kind, it is all cold and clear as crystal, a purely intellectual fancy, so to speak. The picture could not have been presented to better advantage than by that orchestra,—unless in the theatre.—So brief a stay in the strange element one can endure, especially if he

can so soon find himself at home again in such a masterpiece of deep, significant, intense, soul stirring music as Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont*; a masterpiece of dramatic foreshadowing in a more natural and human way; compact, concise, where "every note draws blood." This, too, was played with fire and precision; yet we have felt its power as much in other renderings.

Here ended the serious programme. The lighter miscellany began with a *Schlummer-lied* by one named Burgel:—a very commonplace sort of go-to-sleep melody, wrought up by strange and far-fetched arts of instrumentation so that the sleep seemed feverish and haunted by not quite pleasant dreams. There was a fine chance, however, for the *pianissimo* effect, which so transports a public. A veritable Concerto for the trombone came next! Who would believe it? And who was not in terror at the thought of its loud length? But it proved very gentle. It was composed by the French, Felicien David, we are told, and has a regular Allegro theme, treated Sonata-like, not uninteresting, nor without a certain elegance; followed by a melancholy Adagio, of course, much in the vein of the stereotyped prison scene soliloquy of your modern Italian opera; then for a finale, a *da capo* of the first movement. Mr. LEETSCH's playing of this elaborate and often rapid piece was something marvellous. The huge instrument seemed to have unlearned all its roughness, and to sing as smoothly, with a voice as mellow as a horn; only in tones more round and solid. The execution was in all points unimpeachable. Now and then the instrument would touch its lower depths, as if to show that it had not forgotten its identity, and give out the real, startling trombone blast.

A luscious set of waltzes, "*Königslieder*," and an exceedingly quaint and piquant "*Pizzicato* Polka" by Strauss, probably delighted more than any of the light music; and the Thomas Orchestra play such things almost to perfection. The lightest in the list appeared to us to be the Overture to "Mignon," by Ambroise Thomas. A medley of commonplaces such as one hears in any theatre between the acts; in the more sentimental parts suggesting Gounod; a sprinkling here and there of harp passages, of course, since the old harper could not be left out from Wilhelm Meister; but rather a preponderance of trivial dance music. How can such a hodge-podge be called an Overture!

The second Concert (Wednesday evening) had a singular programme:

Pastoral Symphony	Beethoven.
Piano Concerto, No. 2, in A	Liszt.
"Eine Faust Ouverture"	Wagner.
March of Pilgrims (in the "Harold" Symphony)	Berlioz.
Komarinskaja	Glinka.
Overture to "Genoveva"	Schumann.

It was a perfect treat to hear the "Pastorale" rendered with such delicacy, such fine outline, with the warm colors breathed so softly upon the canvas, and the whole picture, with its contrasts, so consistent and complete. With such choice, true instruments as Thomas has—especially the reeds and horns, so needful here—it could not have been otherwise. The little opening melodic phrase, with all of summer in it, stole in with gentlest pianissimo, and June was all about us. The "Brookside" musing and meandering ramble was exquisitely perfect. The heavy peasant's dance, the storm, were wrought up to a startling climax,—just enough of it—one difference between Beethoven and these moderns of the "storm and stress" school,—and all the thankfulness and peace and sunshine of the finale was brought fully home to us.

Now think of Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, in close succession! And all in their stormiest and most gloomy vein. The Liszt Concerto had never been played in this country before. It is a most extraordinary work, exceptional, fantastical and puzzling as to any unity of plan; abounding in unique, now wild now beautiful details; exceedingly difficult both for pianist and for orchestra; more like a long and fitful Orchestral Fantasia with florid, fitful pianoforte accompaniment, than a Concerto in the usual sense. First, aerial, mystical, fleeting snatches of strange harmony, sprinkled over orchestra and keyboard like showers upon the sea; then (in what order we can scarce remember) the most deep and dark and dismal of all funeral marches, with a great bell tolling in the bass of the piano; long spells of restless and self-torturing soliloquy; screaming climaxes, after the Wagner model; oft returning storms of a demoniac Celtic fury; exquisite bright fancies, most original, but gone in a moment; moments of heroic temper; now and then of peace and sweetness, but still with something sinister and Mephistophelian peeping in,—and so on, to what purpose? But taking each detail singly, what rare beauties, what dazzling, strange effects there were! The magician seems to have got you in his deep rock cavern, and to throw down to you now this now that strange, glittering lump of ore or crystal, calling out: "Now what do you think of *that*?" For the pianist to execute the flashing fragments as they fell to her turn, required all the powers of a consummate virtuoso, such as Miss MEHLIG possesses in the highest degree that we have yet witnessed here; and in point of virtuosity this was thus far her crowning effort; the triumph was complete.

Of the rest we have not room now to say what we would; we shall return to this concert next time.

CARLO LEFRANC. The concert troupe organized by Mr. Boscaccianti in the name of this admired Tenor of the Italian Opera of last winter, gave concerts in the Music Hall last week on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, and in the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening. What with stormy weather and the anticipation of greater things so soon to come, they were not well attended,—except the last. And indeed the day seems to have past here for these Italian *maccaroni* programmes, made up mostly of the hackneyed things from operas. LEFRANC revived the old enthusiasm by the splendid bursts of pure, sweet, ringing chest tone in the upper notes, especially the famous C in alt, and by his hearty, manly way of singing. In the Barcarole from *M*[illegible], in the great Duet and Trio from *Tell*, the air from *Il Trovatore*, from *I Lombardi*, &c., he lent a freshness and a certain thrill to the well-worn strains. To our mind the most even, chaste and finished [illegible] was that of the *Lombardi* air. In more exacting pieces his voice and execution are very unequal, lacking distinctness in passages of [illegible] register. We fear he throws away what there is glorious in his voice too generously.

Sig. REINA is in some respects a splendid baritone, and won great applause in the *Tell* pieces, and the dashing song of *Figaro*, though the humor of the latter was not in the *fine* vein of Ferranti. Our old friend SUSINI is but the shadow of himself in voice. A fresh and pleasing figure in the concert was Miss IDA ROSEMBERG, very young apparently, with a pure, sweet, light soprano, flexible and true, who sang remarkably well some of the well worn florid airs from such operas as *Linda* and *I Puritani*, besides one from *L'Africaine*.

Mr. CHARLES WERNER proved himself a sound, artistic, excellent violoncello player; his tone very firm, large and true; his style manly and expressive. And his choice of pieces was much to his credit. For instance, the Variations by Mendelssohn, in which he had the fine accompaniment of Mr. B. J. LANG; the "Romanesca" by Servais; and the Sonata by old Arcangelo Corelli, in which there was so much suggestive of Handel. These and more he rendered with true intelligence and feeling, free from all mere sentimentality. We hope that Mr. Werner will return to us.

EHLERT'S LETTERS ON MUSIC.—The translator of this interesting little book (Mrs. FANNY RAYMOND RITTER) has received a very complimentary letter from the author, who writes:

——"On my return from a mountain tour, I found your admirable translation of my 'Letters' awaiting me. Your power of translating with such literal fidelity, and yet in so elegant a style, is astonishing to me. Thanks, too, for your Preface, which—if I except your flattering opinion of me—is entirely applicable to the subject, and the more impressive because written by a Lieder-singer *par excellence*, as I am informed you are. * * * It is *not* my intention to write a continuation of the 'Letters;' I am only an author during the leisure which my musical occupations permit; and no one can be sure of repeating any first success in a certain style, no matter how satisfactory this may have been."

PHILADELPHIA. The *Bulletin*, of Sept. 14, has the following account of the Handel and Haydn Society of that city:

Having brought out a large number of oratorios in this city, and always giving concerts celebrated for their thoroughness and perfection, they are also well known to our musical experts. The Society has recently removed from their old hall, at Eighth and Green streets, where they have been for many years, and have taken the hall formerly used by the Free German congregation, No. 415 North Fifth Street. The first meeting took place last evening, at their new hall, being the annual one of the stockholders, as well as the first held by the Society this season. From the annual report, which was presented, we glean the following facts. The stockholders number about eighty, and the officers consist of a board of fifteen, annually elected, who have control of all the interests of the Society. The membership numbers 162, the majority of whom are singers, and by whom the concerts, so justly celebrated, are given. In connection with the Society there is a very fine musical library, which is valued at [illegible], and which is constantly being added to by purchases, the amount expended last year for this purpose being [illegible]115 10. Three regular concerts were given during the season by the Society: on the 14th of December, 1869; February 8, 1870; April 19, 1870. Two extra concerts were also given, one of which was for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association, May 12, the last of the series taking place on the 31st of May. From the treasurer's report we learn that the receipts were [illegible]. The expenses were also heavy, footing up [illegible]. The balance in the treasury is [illegible] 71, which was the amount of profits of last season. The first general rehearsal of the Society will take place on Tuesday next, the 20th instant, at which time but few members will be admitted. After the reading of the reports, the annual election for officers to serve the ensuing year was gone into, and the following gentlemen were declared to be elected: President, R. T. White; Vice-Presidents, J. G. Umsted and J. Paxton Smith; Treasurer, Edward Bains; Secretary, E. F. Stewart; Librarian, J. H. Pilley; Directors, William N. Freeland, J. G. Maree, William M. Abbey, O. W. Miller, William Foley, J. G. Whiteman, R. B. Yates, Joseph Momer, James S. Francis.

Mr. Chas. H. Jarvis announces his ninth series of musical soirées for the coming winter. They will be given in rooms No. 11[illegible] Chesnut street, beginning Nov. 19th, and continuing on the evenings of Dec. 10th, June 21st, Feb. 18th, March 1[illegible]th, and April 22d. Mr. Jarvis will be assisted by Mr. Wenzel Kopta, violin, and Mr. Rudolph Hennig, violoncello. The programmes which have been prepared are of a most attractive character. The following will be produced for the first time in public in this city.

Sonate—Piano and Violoncello, D minor..... Chopin.
Sonate—Piano and Violin, A major.....Raff.
Piano Solo—Soirées de Vienne après (Strauss)....Tausig.
Piano Solo—Invitation a la Danse, (Von Weber) Transcribed by Tausig.
Piano Solo—Toccata..... .....Domenico Scarlatti.
Piano Solo—Abendlied, (Schumann), transcribed by Raff.
Piano Solo—Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 13.....Liszt.
Trio, No. 3—Piano, Violin and Cello, G minor, Op. 110. Schumann.

The Beethoven Society announces that its first rehearsal of the present season will take place on Tuesday evening next, at No. 1128 Chestnut street. A grand concert will be given by the Society, under the direction of its conductor, Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the centennial birthday of Beethoven, December 17. The programme will consist entirely of the compositions of the great master, and will be given in a style, as regards quality of orchestra and vocal material, never before approached in Philadelphia. The Society has been preparing for this event for nearly a year, and its officers and members firmly trust that their labors may result in such a performance as will reflect credit upon the musical taste and cultivation of our city, and also form a proper tribute to the memory o the great Beethoven.—*Ibid.*

The New Opera Bouffe—Herve's "Petit Faust."

(From the New York Tribune, Sept. 27.)

Mr. James Fisk, Jr., opened the Erie Opera House last night with the new opera-bouffe company over whose importation so many blows have been expended and so many cards inflicted upon the public. Probably few persons supposed that a style of amusement which was so unfortunate last year could be revived with any profit to the manager, and we are not at all sure that Mr. Fisk himself expected to derive any other benefit from his adventure than the enjoyment of lively occupation and the charms of agreeable society. A dense, struggling crowd, however, besieged the doors last night, and filled the theatre to an uncomfortable point of tightness. An unusually large proportion of the audience consisted of men, and in the upper gallery there seemed to be not a few who had anticipated in a part of the entertainment some sort of personal encounter between Mr. Fisk and Mr. Maretzek, and manifested by occasional hissing and other demonstrations a readiness to take part in any fighting with which the fates might favor them. Up to the time of our departure, however, there was no appearance of any actual disorder.

A conscientious critic is expected to bestow praise wherever he honestly can, and therefore we begin our remarks upon the performance by saying that the "Little Faust" is put upon the stage with that superb contempt for expense which characterizes most of the theatrical ventures of the Erie Railroad Company, and that it contains one or two scenes which are decidedly funny. It is a travesty upon Gounod's "Faust," both in the plot and the music, burlesqueing the libretto, and stealing faint suggestions of the leading airs and musical situations. Thus a Soldiers' Chorus is introduced, and as the warriors file upon the stage, whispers of "the 9th Regiment" fly about the house, while Mr. Hittemans, who leads them in the character of *Valentin*, copies the commander of that gallant organization with an extravagant fidelity which we fear Col. Fisk in his stage-box did not fully appreciate. The duel with *Faust* and death of *Valentin* are also very comical. But here we must stop. As a whole, the opera is dull. The librettists, MM. Crémieux and Jaimé, knew no better way to turn the original into ridicule than to defile it with unmentionable jokes, and stuff it full of filthy conceits such as could enter into the head of no one but a Frenchman besotted with the poison of absinthe and the fumes of the Jardin Mabille. Fortunately, we are not yet educated to a taste for game of such very high flavor, and upon the greater part of the audience, foreign as it was in its general appearance, the fun fell very flat indeed. The music has hardly a redeeming quality. Not only is it worthless, but it is not even lively. It keeps just close enough to Gounod to suggest comparison and provoke impatience; we found in it not one happy conceit, not one air which tickles the popular ear, not a good chorus, and not an effective finale. After the second act (in the course of which there is a ballet of fearful length) hundreds of people, including a large minority of the women, left the theatre.

The troupe which makes its American debut in this very stupid work is inferior to the French companies imported in former years by Bateman and Grau, though it contains some good material. Mlle. Celine Montaland, (*Macquarite,*) to whom the manager chiefly trusts his fortunes, is a handsome, sensuous woman, with a great deal of vivacity and a genius for vulgarity at which Tostée might stand abashed. Of humor, apart from dirt, she showed no trace; but she seemed to afford a vast amount of pleasure to some of the men in the audience. Mlle. Lea Silly, the other prima-donna, was apparently content to exhibit her fine physical development in the accommodating garb of *Mephisto*. Whatever ability she may possess as an actress has yet to be shown. M. Gaussins (*Faust*) has an unpleasant nasal tenor, and a face which does not readily lend itself to dramatic expression. Not being naturally funny, he is always oppressed by his part, and the result is melancholy and at times exasperating. M. Hittemans, however, has real comic talent, and is the only funny person in the company, except a live skeleton-horse which is introduced with a fiacre. None of the troupe can sing.

We have used some pretty plain language in times past with reference to certain performances at the French Theatre, but we have no heart to speak of the "Petit Faust" in the terms which we think it deserves. We may say, however, that the credit belongs to Mr. Fisk of introducing a play more indecent and a prima-donna more revolting than any previously offered to the public of New York; and when we add that the nastiness is not relieved by anything pretty, or amusing, or witty, that it is not accompanied by even tolerably good music, that it stands out in fact in all its stark deformity, we have perhaps said all that the class of people who read our paper will care to hear.

Taking it Seriously. A correspondent, who modestly admits that he has no qualifications for being a musical critic save a good ear and a taste for music, writes amusingly to the London *Observer* that the unearthly "Flying Dutchman" of Richard Wagner affected him so strangely that he thinks his impressions of it may be worthy of a record. He says:

"The overture of the "Dutchman" is representative of the legend. I endeavor to realize what it means. I get as far as waves in commotion, principally from the billow-like movements of Signor Arditi's *bâton;* and after a time there is assuredly a violoncello that ought to go down below and call for the steward, while the cable or biggest string of a double-bass snaps with the stress put upon it by the storm of sound. The flutes do the wind in the cordage after the style of natural draughts through a keyhole in the month of March, and the thunder sets in upon the drum; and it strikes me that the entire brigade of musicians have general directions to make rain and darkness by letting their fingers run wild over the instruments. Curtain rises. Wailing in the orchestra. I have not the libretto before me, and I don't clearly remember the opening of the scene; but I never shall forget the appearance of the phantom ship and its crew. The former resembled a huge hearse, the latter were ghastly life-in-death objects which could only be produced under the inspiration of a lobster-salad supper. Music to correspond; music that suggested a dog howling on the door-step. . . . music compared to which the skirl, the yelp, and the nasal agony of the Scotch bagpipes, are sweet and considerate sounds. And now Mr. Santly appears. . . . He sings, and the dog howls, and the cat mews and bleats, and the Scotchman has it his own way in the 'orchestral accompaniment.' Signor Arditi (who should have worn black, instead of white gloves) is grave, the audience are profoundly grave, the muffled corpses of the Shillibeer Gondola gaze on the pit, as gorged ghouls might do after a midnight banquet. A lady in the stalls whispers to her friend, 'Isn't it nice?' I do not agree with her. At every new gush of Acheroutic harmony, Stygian floods of noise from the orchestra, I am more and more cast down in spirits, until the sense of melancholy becomes maddening. If this emotion is a complimentary tribute to the music of the future, I have no hesitation in confessing it. For depressing the mind, for clouding the brain with melancholy, our own poet Dr. Young, of the 'Night Thoughts,' is justly celebrated. Accepting Richard Wagner as a genuine tone-poet, Young might, indeed, have been fit to write a libretto for him, but that mournful person could never bring the darkness and gloom of material mortality so close to us as the super-humanly lugubrious German. In another state of existence the music of the future might be intelligible, though I do not hope even then to be able to understand it, for reasons that occurred to me in connection with the boat-load of Hollanders who sank into a hole of smoke and fire at the close of the opera. The Flying Dutchman himself fled aloft, leaving his clothes to his crew, no doubt in order that they might remember him in the place they were bound for, and, as he departed, there was a sob from the band that rang in my ears as an incantation to blue devils for many days."—Altogether he seems to fail in appreciating the good qualities of Herr Wagner's music.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Angels ever bright and fair. 4. F to f. *Handel.* 35
This celebrated aria from "Theodora" has been revived with interest by the advent of Mlle. Nilsson

Scene and Aria in Hamlet. 7. E to c *sharp.* *Thomas.* 1.00
The "Mad Song" as sung by Nilsson with great *furore* Both the above are adorned with a lithograph of the great singer.

O shall I ever meet them again? Song and Cho. 3. G to f *sharp.* *Christie.* 30
Words by *Geo. Cooper.*
"I dream of my home tho far o'er the deep,
Still do I sigh each weary step I go,
As I think of my friends while sadly I weep,
As mem'ry recalls each heart that I know."

The Water Nymph. Song and dance. 3. F to d. *Toerge.* 30
A good movement with pleasing harmony.

The Match Girl. 2. *Eb* to e *flat.* *Maas.* 30
"I'm a merry little girl, never minding snow or hail:
I'm in the lumber business only on a smaller scale."

This Little Pig went to Market. Song and Cho. 3. *Bb* to e *flat.* *Smith.* 30
"This little pig went to market one day,
Weary one do you remember,
When these few words drove all sorrow away,
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Instrumental.

Consortien Waltz. 4. G. Op. 260. *Strauss.* 60
A new and not difficult waltz by this inexhaustable composer.

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A moderato in triple time with a graceful melody. Performed by the Thomas Orchestra.

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A brilliant transcription of the popular German war song.

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The Nilsson Waltz. 2. C. *Turner.* 30
The melody is mostly carried through with the right hand in octaves.

Les Cloches de Noce. (Wedding Bells). March. 4. C. *Mrs. J. Thomas.* 30
A characteristic march, introducing the air of "Thou, Thou, reign'st in this bosom."

Third Ballade. 6. *Ab.* Op. 47. *Chopin.* 75
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Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Beethoven, Goethe, and Michael Angelo.*

(Continued from page 323.)

In his admirable *Biography of Michael Angelo* (at first so violently attacked by the herd of commonplace critics), Hermann Grimm says that the statue of "Dawn," as it is called (in the Medici mortuary chapel) reminds him of a symphony by Beethoven—the reader, he observes, must excuse him for remarking that Goethe, also, was as pleased with the Ludovist Juno as with a "song by Homer." In his *History of Art* (fourth edition, p. 510) Lübke remarks: "The proper appreciation, the genuine enjoyment of his" (Michael Angelo's) "works, is, as a rule, a difficult task; hence it is generally a lie, whenever any one not profoundly acquainted with art breaks out into commonplace ecstasies over this artist's demoniacal creations, just as the raptures for Beethoven's later Titanic efforts are simply empty babble." This observation is justified by truth. I myself (the reader will excuse me, I trust, for introducing my own sensations), when I first became acquainted with Michael Angelo, on my first Italian journey to Florence and Rome, experienced a kind of seared astonishment; I admired with my whole soul, but I could not love. On my second journey, it seemed as though the scales had suddenly fallen from my eyes, and the effect then produced was simply overwhelming; the first impression had had time to mature in my soul, just as sour fruit becomes, if kept, ripe and sweet.

What the common, trivial intellect of mere art mechanics and critics thought at one time of Beethoven may be gathered from the old notices and correspondence of the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*; Spazier's *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*; the *Morgenblatt*, &c., notices and correspondence of which Lenz has reprinted a portion. But really the acme is attained when, for instance, the critic who first notices the *Eroica* in the *Morgenblatt* most urgently recommends as a model to Herr von Beethoven "the royal magnificence of the A major Symphony, by —— Eberl, a Viennese fifth-rate composer (now forgotten)! With regard to Michael Angelo, we cannot help being amused when we read in Kotzebue's *Journey to Rome and Naples*, that the author found nothing "great but the size" ("*nichts grosses als die Grösse*") —the long marble beard being especially insupportable in his opinion; that, furthermore, the drawing of the "Last Judgment" swarms with coarse faults; here, there is a leg too long; there, an arm too short," &c. Fancy Kotzebue correcting Michael Angelo's drawing—this beats by far Mrs. Lennox pointing out Shakespeare's faults!

If we recollect Michael Angelo's austere and abrupt moral grandeur; the solitude into which, when old, he bashfully withdrew; his ideal friendship for Vittoria Colonna; and his touching love for his brothers, so greatly inferior to him intellectually, the analogous traits in Beethoven's life are very striking indeed. (A second Rochlitz would, probably, go on to remark that Michael Angelo at last became blind, and Beethoven, deaf; Michael Angelo enjoyed the Torso by touching it with the tips of his fingers; Beethoven read Handel's music with his eyes from the score). The positions, too, occupied by both these great men in the history of art certainly offer a remarkable analogy. Michael Angelo (I am employing Lübke's words), "was the first who recklessly broke with the schools, and it was in consequence of this that modern art commenced the dominion of subjectivity." The very same thing applies to Beethoven.

Michael Angelo pursued a short course of study (not quite three years) under Domenico Ghirlandajo); Beethoven's course of study, also, was short and irregular. The immense genius of both compelled them to create; their masters could not keep up with them: "He can do more than I can," exclaimed Ghirlandajo, on seeing a drawing by his pupil; and Haydn, with anxious solicitude, tried to dissuade Beethoven from printing the C minor Trio, because it left behind it everything to which the public had been accustomed. Michael Angelo created every one of his figures out of his own inward life, he struggled with every one of his motives, and exclaimed, as Job once exclaimed when struggling with the angel: "I will not leave thee unless thou blessest me." In the same way does Beethoven struggle with his musical motives; his "*Thematische Arbeit*" is something very different from that of his predecessors, which is essentially only contrapuntal, outward, and technical; he obtains from his motives, by continually fresh developments, their whole significant purport, their entire power of expression.

But here there is a great difference. Burkhardt (in the *Cicerone*) justly directs attention to the fact that, with Michael Angelo, the motive is always to be felt as such, and not as the most appropriate expression for a given purport. (The reader has only to remember the two Medici tombs, in order to see the great force of this observation.) With Beethoven the motive possesses of itself only a relative value; the principal point is that it shall say what it has to say. While Michael Angelo "is never pretty or pleasing" (Burkhardt) and has a partiality for the Colossal (the lovely angel on the Dominican tomb at Bologna, a youthful work, being the only instance which can be looked upon as an exception), Beethoven can smile and joke musically, and lay the prettiest trifles close to the feet of his Colossi.

A principal element in Beethoven—namely, humor, is altogether wanting in Michael Angelo (I do not regard as a stroke of humor the fact of the poor master-of-the-ceremonies, Biagio, being put in Hell,—if, mind, there is any truth in the whole story). The great Florentine is, too, deficient in Beethoven's tender warmth, and noble, elevated sentiment (for, after all, Michael Angelo's gentlest and most loveable effort, the Delphic Sybil, is a giantess). Beethoven can frequently become good-humored and absolutely jolly (the last comes under the category of humor): it is scarcely more than on one occasion that Michael Angelo makes an attempt at a mild smile—in the picture of the mothers brought by their coaxing and loving children into the most fearful throng (among the ancestors of Christ in the Sixtine).

In approaching the very furthermost limits of the Possible the two masters are true brothers. The unrivalled master of anatomy sometimes presents us with what is impossible anatomically, and the unrivalled master of harmony with what is impossible harmonically. (By this I do not allude so much to the notorious chord in the *finale* of the "Ninth," or the horn in the *Eroica*, which nearly obtained for poor Ries a box on the ear, as, for instance, to an irreconcilable opposition between strings and wind, such as occurs in the 126th bar of the "Scene at the Brook," or the much-discussed passage in the "Lebewohl Sonata," where the tonic harmony and the dominant harmony assert themselves simultaneously. Finally, Michael Angelo, like Beethoven, exercised great influence over subsequent art; the traditions of the schools still existed in Mozart, as they existed in Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Beethoven escaped from them, and set up his own mighty individuality—exactly like Michael Angelo. At present the individual is emancipated. The old, true tradition from Cimabue down to Raphael, from Dufay down to Mozart, is now merely a fetter binding the pinions of genius. The types of the great and last model are in consequence the more borrowed and copied. But, because those who take them have not produced them from their own inward life, have not gained them from out a struggle with themselves, as their creators did, these types possess the unbearable characteristics of a lie, of what is in itself untrue. Any one desirous of seeing what mischief Michael Angelo did, has only to look at Salviati's "Resurrection" in (in the Belvedere, 1st floor, Cabinet Eight, number of picture, 37, opposite Andrea del Sarto's fine "Pietà.").

Especially beautiful is one of the Marys, who, without rhyme or reason, apes the motive of one of the gigantic saints (to the left and close to the Almighty Judge) in the "Last Judgment." This picture bears a remarkable analogy with the Ninth Symphony. Touches, such as the high A of the soprano sustained for thirteen bars, and the angel who allows the shaft of the scourge to be clapped on his stomach, are of the same kidney; they are equally unmeaning, and—equally the work of genius. After the "Last Judgment," just as authors were unable to paint anything smaller than Battles of the Titans, Overthrows of Demons, &c.; just as the "Last Judgment," with its motives, peeps out everywhere (see Brangin's "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," in St. Lorenzo; Bugiardini's St. Catherine, in Maria Novello, at Florence &c.), so, for a long time, no composer ever got his music-paper ready for a symphony without the "Ninth" standing like a bugbear behind him. "Who can still write symphonies like Mozart and Haydn?" is the general cry. I take you at your word, gentlemen; who can still write symphonies like Mozart and Beethoven? Would that you could.

What first came after Raphael and Michael Angelo, and what after Mozart and Beethoven, looks more or less like an aftergrowth—musically we are Epigoni; Wagner strikes me as being a purifying, though anything but a fertilizing storm. But for plastic art new paths were opened, and new triumphal garlands earned (Reubens, &c.), while lastly came the legitimate successors of the great old masters, such men as Karstern, Schick, Wachter, Cornelius, Overbeck, our magnificent Schwind; our virile, splendid Fuhrich, whose only fault consisted in his being too Christian for people; and Kaulbach, whose Battle of the Huns always strikes me as an alliance between Raphael and Michael Angelo, but who, unfortunately, afterwards mistook the right road—and we see where he is. Shall not music blossom in a similar manner at some future time?

In one thing, however, Michael Angelo was more fortunate than Beethoven. No annotators have chosen him as a means of showing how awfully clever they are. As a matter of course, everyone must be able to gather from Beethoven's works (or interpolate in them) whatever pleases him. For instance, in perfect innocence of heart, we looked upon the C minor symphony as a picture of the struggle going on in the recesses of our soul, and of the victory achieved by that soul's Creator; but we were recently informed that Beethoven here intended to present us with an epitome of his political opinions. As, however, every reading is allowable, I beg leave to advance the following: In my opinion, Beethoven did not want to portray his political opinions in a lump, but rather his dissatisfaction at the Continental Blockade, then just introduced by the first Napoleon. Look at the first *allegro* with the double-knock motive ◡ ◡ ◡ | —, is not that Beethoven at the coffee-house, rapping in vain for some coffee? In the A flat *andante*, flowing

* From the "Neue Berliner Musikzeitung."

like sweet honey, the waiter brings him, instead of coffee, a bavaroise; in the defiant C major Beethoven bellows out for his coffee: the waiter looks anxiously around, and, after a time again brings the bavaroise, but this time milled with "Ebers." The succeeding *allegro* depicts Beethoven's resignation at having in future to drink chicory-coffee: it is true that it disagrees with him (the fugued theme of the basses), but what can he do? He already thinks of soup made of roasted butter (the conclusion with the weird-like kettle-drum), when—yes—yes—the Continental Blockade is suddenly raised; great stores of coffee arrive from Hamburgh; jubilation-finale! I give this interpretation for our Beethoven commentators to think over; they will perceive from it with what respectful admiration I have read and studied their clever essays.

When anything did not suit him, Beethoven was in the habit of heartily laughing at it. His owl-like sapient interpreters would probably have afforded him a fine opportunity for indulging in this propensity. Perhaps his intellectual relative, Michael Angelo, would have helped him!

A. W. AMBROSS.

A Study on Sebastian Bach.

(From the "Musical Standard," London.")

It is well known that the family of the Bachs was one of humble origin; it has been traced back, through upwards of a hundred years, to a miller and baker of Presburg. It possessed, however, from the first the earnest of that mighty musical talent which was to render its name for ever notable. Through all the numerous branches of this family there flowed a rich vein of music, which was cherished among them as their greatest treasure, and which, being united with unusual energy and perseverance, raised its owners to honorable positions connected with their art, and caused the name of Bach to be known as organist, elfoirmaster, cantor, or bandmaster, throughout the regions of Thuringia, Saxony, and Franconia. For many years it was a custom among the Bachs that all the scattered members of their family should meet once in the year—either at Eisenach, Erfurt, or Arnstadt—for the purpose of comparing progress, and for the performance of musical works, often their own compositions, which were afterwards collected and carefully preserved in the family archives. Thus was the present talent cultivated, accumulating until in 1685 was born an heir worthy of such an heritage, one destined to unveil the glories of an art hitherto comparatively but little known; and who in so doing, despite his own extreme modesty, and his carelessness of worldly greatness, would immortalize the name of Bach.

John Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach. His father, a musician, died when he was ten years of age, and he was left an orphan, under the care of his eldest brother, John Christian, to whom he owed his first instructions in music. His intense love of the art seems, however, to have met with little real sympathy or encouragement from his brother; and we read with irrepressible indignation, how, when with undaunted zeal he had labored for six months over the copying of some much-coveted manuscripts of valuable compositions belonging to John Christian, and labored over it by moonlight for fear of discovery (his brother having previously refused to lend them to him), his work was found out, and the transcript ruthlessly taken from him, only to be regained upon his brother's death. This event, which occurred shortly afterwards, left him entirely dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood; and he accordingly obtained a place as treble chorister in the church of St. Michael, Luneburg. From this place he would often walk to Hamburg, in order to hear Reinken, who was organist there, and whose playing was of much renown. Sebastian retained his place as chorister until his voice broke; he then obtained employment as violinist at the Court of Weimar, and subsequently became organist in Arnstadt, one of the three cities which had witnessed the yearly gathering of his ancestors. While here he labored perseveringly, studying the works of the best organists of his day, often visiting Lubeck to gain a practical lesson from the celebrated organist Buxtehude; at one time his enthusiasm even led him to spend three months secretly in this city, that he might study more closely the manner and style of the much admired artist. In 1707 he became organist of the church of St. Blasius, Muhlhausen, which appointment he in the following year exchanged for the higher position of organist at the Court of Weimar, where, in 1717, he was appointed director of the Court concerts. The year 1720 saw him made kapellmeister to Prince Leopold, of Anhalt-Koethen, an office of considerable dignity.

Sebastian Bach was now over thirty years of age, but though his pen had been constantly at work, nothing had as yet been given to the world; such was his earnest conscientiousness to the dignity of his art, and so humble his opinion of his own works. He now (in 1722) published the first part of the celebrated work with which his name is so especially connected—the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues." Reinken was still living, but was now far advanced in years; and Bach, who retained all his early admiration of him, now again visited him, this time to kindle by his own genius the enthusiasm of the musician whose playing had so often fired his soul. With earnest attention the old man listened while Bach extemporized for more than an hour on the chorale, "By the waters of Babylon," and then with touching emotion he expressed his joy and gratitude that the cherished art, which he had feared must die with him, had found another and a mightier exponent than himself.

In 1733, J. S. Bach quitted the service of Prince Leopold, to hold the last and most important of his offices, that of Director of Music in St. Thomas's School at Leipsic. His subsequent appointments to be honorary kapellmeister to the King of Poland (Augustus III.) and composer to the Duke of Weissenfels, making little change in his circumstances beyond some increase of income as well as dignity. It was in Leipsic that most of his motets and church cantatas, besides numerous other works, were written. The untiring industry of his youth had now received its reward in the quiet consciousness of power; and his unabating reverence for his art led him to use his genius in composing such music only as should exalt its dignity. Feeling that to compromise his art would be to compromise himself, he allowed no composition of his to pass through the press until he had first subjected it to the severest scrutiny. In teaching, he adhered to to those principles which had ever been his guide, and seems to have expected from his pupils an earnest devotion and self-denying conscientiousness similar to his own. Forkel's description of the system and principles on which he based his instruction is so interesting, even in its quaintness, that we think it scarcely necessary to ask the reader's patience while we quote the passage, even should it be already familiar to his mind:—

Sebastian Bach considered music entirely as a language, and the composer as a poet, who, in whatever language he may write, must never be without sufficient expressions to represent his feelings. . . . . In all exercises of composition, Seb. Bach rigorously kept his pupils—1st, to compose entirely from the mind, without an instrument; 2ndly, to pay constant attention, as well to the consistency of each single part, in and for itself, as to its relation to the parts connected and concurrent with it. No part—not even a middle one—was allowed to break off before it had entirely said what it had to say. Every note was required to have a connection with those preceding it; did any one appear of which it was not apparent whence it came, or whither it tended, it was instantly banished as suspicious. This high degree of exactness in the management of every single part is precisely what makes Bach's harmony a manifold melody. The confused mixture of the parts, so that a note which belongs to the tenor is thrown into the counter-tenor, and the reverse; further, the unreasonable falling in of several notes in simple harmonies, which, as if fallen from the sky, suddenly increase the number of the parts in a single passage, to vanish in the next, and in no manner belong to the whole, is not to be found either in Bach or in any of his scholars. He considered his parts as persons who conversed together like a select company. If there were three, each could sometimes be silent, and listen to the others, till it again had something to the purpose to say. But if, in the midst of the most interesting part of the discourse, some uncalled for and importunate notes suddenly stepped in and attempted to say a word, or even a syllable only, without sense or vocation, Bach looked on this as a great irregularity, and made his pupils comprehend that it was not to be allowed.

It is to be feared that such a "high degree of exactness" in the present day, if brought to bear upon our modern music, would seriously diminish the number of the "new publications" constantly issuing from our ware-houses! Whether such an austere measure as "instant banishment" executed upon all those notes "importunate and uncalled for," which upon impartial examination should be found in them, would be beneficial or not to the musical world is a question which, if raised, would no doubt stir up ceaseless, and perhaps not always amicable discussion; we decline therefore to urge it here, and content ourselves with the expression of a doubt existing in our own mind whether, after such a winnowing of the chaff, there would be found in many of these compositions sufficient grain to authorize their publication consistently with the desire, which should exist in the mind of every publisher as well as composer, like Sebastian Bach, to give to the world such music only as will "end to exalt the dignity of the art." It may be argued that in the present days of ever-increasing activity of mind and life, it is impossible to expect the measured dignity and precision of arrangement exhibited in Sebastian Bach's works: it is unsuited to the present phase of human life. Granted, with certain reservations. We own that we do think it very unlikely that we shall find the dignity of Sebastian Bach, or anything approaching to it, in the great majority of compositions of the present day (we allude more particularly to the mass of so-called "Pieces" for the pianoforte, which, instead of exalting art, tend only to degrade it). We are not, however, contending for obsolete forms and rules of composition (though we cannot agree with Hector Berlioz when he condemns Cherubini's veneration for the authority of "the classics" as an idolatrous surrender of his own judgment); we do not desire that the music even of Sebastian Bach, or Handel, or any other ancient writer, should be played in our concert-rooms and drawing-rooms, to the exclusion of other and more generally attractive works; but we think it would be well if the warning of Cherubini (whom Berlioz could not approve, but Mendelssohn considered "matchless") were more widely known and heeded: "Whatever the piece composed—so that it be well conceived, regular, and conducted with good intention—it should, without bearing precisely the character and form of a fugue, at least possess its spirit."

We have wandered away from the days of Bach, and have taxed our reader's patience beyond what we had intended when we asked his attention to our quotation from Forkel's work; but it will serve now as a connecting link between the above remarks and our present "Study," to remark that, though Bach's own works were all of the strictest style, he could still appreciate works of a lighter description, and was in the habit of going often to Dresden to hear and enjoy the light and pretty operas of Hasse, then performing in that city.

The name of John Sebastian Bach was now known far and wide; but there was yet one more laurel to be added to his wreath ere he should be summoned to obtain the fulness of the knowledge which he had as yet, after all, known but "in part."

The throne of Prussia was at this time (1747) occupied by a music-loving monarch, and Emmanuel, the second son of Sebastian Bach, was his chamber musician. Frederic II., himself a skilful amateur performer, desired greatly to hear the far-famed organist, and Bach was persuaded by his son to visit Potsdam. Immediately on his arrival he was summoned to the palace, where the monarch received him with an enthusiastic welcome. There he played and extemporized before a delighted audience, working up a sub-

ject given him by the king, upon which subject he afterwards based an elaborate work dedicated to Frederic II., in memory of the evening. This was the last notable event in the life of the great musician. He returned to Leipsic, and there three years later he breathed his last, after an illness of six months, brought on, it is supposed, by the powerful remedies unavailing used to relieve him of the total blindness from which he suffered. Ten days before his death he suddenly regained his sight, but only to take a farewell view of the sunlight which had so often shone upon his labor, and then to close his eyes again, in hope of the "resurrection of the just." He died in the year 1750, at the age of sixty-six.

Sebastian Bach was a zealous Lutheran; his church music was therefore chiefly written for a Protestant service, though he wrote also for the Church of Rome. In his sacred cantatas he loved to interlink those grand old chorales which had so often been the solace of the great Reformer of his Church. Strange that within that very city of Eisenach should be born, two centuries later, the mighty musician who should take up those time-honored strains, and in giving them a nobler and more enduring form, secure to his Church an echo of her beloved Luther's voice, and gain for himself the honorable title of "The Musician of the Reformation!"

In all the relations of life—as a husband, a father, and a friend—the character of Sebastian Bach is free from reproach. His distinguishing characteristics were—the great simplicity of his mind and habits, and his total freedom from any personal vanity. He never sought popular applause, nor desired publicity; he devoted himself to the care and education of his large family, and lived a quiet, sunshiny life of genial contentment. Nothing could induce him in any way to traffic with his art, or to bring his music down to his audience. He was ever true to his own standard of right, and in all his compositions self-satisfaction was his aim, and thus he constantly revised and corrected his works, until he left them models for all future time. His music is specially remarkable for the purity of his part-writing, and the power of his counterpoint. He employed passing notes more freely than any writer had hitherto done, and introduced a new and more convenient system of fingering. Industry was his chief teacher, and his principles of composition seem to have been greatly formed from the study of Vivaldi's writings: he would speak of these as having been his guide. He himself said that work had been the secret of his strength, and was wont to define genius as "a long Patience." Thus did even the greatest of musicians search for the knowledge of his art as for "hidden treasure;" and, in truth, he found a high reward.

ANGLO-SAXON.

Sims Reeves.

This eminent tenor was born at Woolwich in the year 1821. So rapid was his progress in music, that before he had reached his fourteenth year he was a clever performer on several instruments, and tolerably versed in the the theory of composition. At this early age he was appointed organist and director of the choir at the church of North Cray in Kent. Not only did he worthily fulfil the duties of his office, but in addition composed some chants and anthems that were highly creditable to his talents. Meanwhile, he assiduously continued his study of the theory of music, and took lessons on the pianoforte of the celebrated John Cramer. Whilst engaged as organist at North Cray, it was discovered that he had a voice of magnificent quality and great strength. He was immediately placed under a professor of singing, and by the advice of his friends exclusively devoted his energies to this branch. He made his first appearance at Newcastle in his nineteenth year, in the baritone parts of Rodolpho, in the *Sonnambula*, and of Dandini in *Cenerentola*. His debut was a complete success, although he had mistaken the character of his voice. He next visited the chief towns of Ireland and Scotland, in each acquiring fame. His friends and the public looked upon him as a finished singer; but he had too keen a conception of musical perfection to be satisfied with his style and knowledge. He accordingly visited Paris, and studied under some of the best masters. When he returned to this country he appeared in the provinces and in Ireland. The provincial public and the provincial press were equally loud in their laudations. London managers were eager to secure such an invaluable prize. Tempting offers were made to him, but were positively and firmly declined. Mr. Reeves was determined to visit Italy, to perfect himself still more in his favorite art. Arrived at Milan, he took lessons of Mazzucato, one of the most distinguished masters of that city. In a short time he appeared at the Scala in the character of Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. His fortune was now made. The sweetness of his voice, his brilliant execution, his vocal power, and his dramatic talent, electrified the audience. He had worked hard, and waited patiently, and his triumph was now complete. He remained at Milan two years, during which time he pursued his studies with ardor.

At this period M. Jullien was getting together a company for an operatic season at Drury Lane. He offered Mr. Reeves an engagement, which was accepted, for the time had arrived when he felt that he might appear before a London audience triumphantly. He made his debut at Drury Lane on the 6th of December, 1847, and selected for this occasion the part of Edgardo. The theatre was crowded to hear the English singer who had gained such success in Italy. The house received him with enthusiasm, and the next day the press confirmed the favorable verdict in terms of hearty and unqualified praise. The only other opera he appeared in during the season, and in which he sustained his first original character, was Balfe's *Maid of Honor*.

In 1848, Mr Reeves appeared at her Majesty's theatre, and proved that he was fully equal to any Italian tenor on the stage. In the following year he appeared at the Norwich festival, and in the winter concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and showed that he was quite as capable of singing the superb compositions of Handel and Mendelssohn, as he was of doing justice to operatic music. In classical and sacred music he is indeed unrivalled. In the spring of 1851 he visited Paris, and appeared at the Italian opera as Ernani, with Signora Cruvelli as Elvira. His singing and acting produced quite a *furore*. The French critics, not easily satisfied, compared him advantageously with the celebrities of the lyric stage. It is impossible to follow this gifted singer throughout his career of artistic triumphs; suffice it that no other Englishman has appeared successfully as the first tenor at the leading theatres of England, France, and Italy. Much of the above information has been derived from an excellent biography in the *Illustrated News* of some few years back.

E. F. R.

Mr. Robert K. Bowley.

Those who for some thirty years past, have been among the figures most familiar to musical London are rapidly disappearing from the scene. The Sacred Harmonic Society has lost two of his oldest, most valuable and energetic members, its venerable President, Mr. Harrison, who died the other day, at a very advanced age, and Mr. Robert Bowley, to whose shrewdness, energy of persistence, and thorough habits of business is largely due its present high—we might say unparalleled—position among the Musical societies of Europe. Napoleon the First contumeliously called England "a nation of shopkeepers." Ours, in more than one notable instance, have done for Music that which the aristocratic and opulent, at home and abroad, with all their superiority of wealth, refinement, and intellectual training, have failed to accomplish. The Antient Concerts, though to the last upheld by our Prince Consort, our Wellington, relative to Lord Mornington, and like him keenly alive to the pleasures of music, Lord Howe, Lord Darnley, Lord Dartmouth, and other amateurs no less distinguished and liberal, were virtually swept from the face of musical London by the Exeter Hall Oratorios.

These began queerly enough; though with a certain earnest of purpose, excellent to note in men otherwise so practically occupied; whereas the *dilettanti*, who ruled the Antient Concerts, had only rank, leisure, taste, and money on their side. The indigenous voices of London called out to make a chorus were anything but rich and tuneable thirty five years ago. The "Antients" drew their supplies from Lancashire; and those were days when the journey from Lancashire to London was an affair of some eight-and-twenty hours. But a few tradesmen in the west end of London were resolved to have music of their own, and to Mr. Harrison, in St. James's Street, and Mr Bowley, at Charing Cross, was mainly due the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society. For a time this body may have been said to exist rather than to flourish. Nevertheless, by its appeal to popular favor, and its courage as superseding the old intolerable playhouse oratorios which were no longer to be endured by persons of any artistic culture, the Sacred Harmonic Society began to excite curiosity, attention, and respect; and its promoters were wise enough to profit by the strictures which the imperfection of their performances excited, to strengthen their orchestra, and to weed their chorus. A hampering influence, however, existed in the person of the original conductor, who, however well-intentioned, was, in no respect, equal to the situation. After a time, Mr Surman and the Society separated, and the latter was placed in the hands of Sir Michael Costa. The result was at once immediate and progressive. Before many years were over, the Sacred Harmonic Society was strong enough to lend a well-drilled squadron of musicians to provincial performances, to gather a library, to establish a benevolent fund, and, lastly, to lead up to those stupendous gatherings at the Crystal Palace, which, when all in their disfavor regarding the vastness of their locality is said, remain, and will remain, in musical history, as among the most magnificent displays of art ever seen in Europe. The greatest share in this progress and prosperity is, beyond question, due to the shrewd foresight, energy, and administrative power of Mr. Bowley. Without such an organization, the Sydenham Oratorios would have been so many chaotic failures.

It is not to be wondered at that the directors of that preposterous building (for preposterous it is with all its magnificence) should be naturally attracted by the skill in generalship to which allusion has been made. In a lucky hour, the management of the Crystal Palace was, fourteen years ago, placed in the hands of Mr. Bowley. The right man was in the right place. He was firm, indefatigable, ingenious, of unimpeachable probity. Never was there an officer at once more resolute in carrying out his plans, yet more willing to receive suggestions, always at his post, always with a resource at hand in case of difficulty. Hence, he was habitually called in and consulted whenever any great celebration was to be organized. In brief he was an excellent and remarkable example of administrative powers such as are given to few, and which entitle his name to a permanent record in the history of English exhibitions of art.

Such a life, however, as his is not to be led with impunity. The incessant strain on every nerve and every faculty, the honest resolution to fulfil every duty of a most onerous stewardship, could not but have told on one of greater physical power and a healthier habit of body than himself. It had been obvious, for some some time past, that Mr. Bowley's health was beginning to give way, but the end was hastened by the decease of his friend and comrade of many years standing, Mr Harrison. The mind finally lost its balance, and a few days ago his life was sadly closed by a catastrophe, the details of which have been too largely laid before the public to be dwelt on here. It is enough for the present to insist that in the position he occupied, and for the duties he undertook, Mr. Bowley was emphatically a rare man, whose place will not be soon, if it be ever, filled.—*Musical World.*

Something about the Composer and the Writer of the Song "Die Wacht am Rhein."*

Wilhelm, born on the 5th September, 1815, at Schmalkalden, in Thuringia, received his first musical instruction from his father, who was an organist. He continued his studies in the years 1834–36 at Cassel, under Baldewein and Bott, *Musikdirektoren*, and also under the celebrated old master, L. Spohr, whose amiable readiness to assist him exercised a great influence on the progress of the industrious youth. His further studies he pursued under that admirable master of pianoforte playing, Aloys Schmidt, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and studied counterpoint under Herr A. André, at Offenbach. In 1841, he settled at Crefeld, and began as a music master. His musical value was appreciated in educated circles there, and he was soon elected director of the Sangacademie for mixed chorus, as well as of the Liedertafel. The latter raised itself so much under his direction, that it equalled the best associations for male singing in Germany. During his twenty-four years' residence at Crefeld, Wilhelm composed about one hundred of his most celebrated pieces for piano; one voice; and mixed chorus; and, more especially, a chorus of male voices. We will here mention only "Frühlingszeit," "Waldlust," "Auf der Wacht," "Mädchen, wenn ich von Dir ziehe," &c. But he was most inspired as a composer by patriotic words. Thus, in the year 1854, the "Wacht am Rhein" sprang into life.

In 1865, on the occasion of the Singers' Festival at Dresden, Muller von der Werre said, somewhere in his writings, that this grand patriotic effusion had not only made the round of land and sea, but was regularly established as a national song. The Ger-

* From the "Neue Berliner Musikzeitung."

man nation has, in 1870, confirmed the assertion. In consequence of long and frequent illness, Wilhelm was compelled, to the great regret of his many friends, when he was only about fifty-five, to retire from the direction of the vocal association—though the step cost him a great effort. In 1865, he was induced by still more severe sicknesses, and a yearning for his native hills, to give up his long disinterested efforts for the Liedertafel, and return to Schmalkalden, where he at present resides. Unfortunately, the feeling of oppression caused by the death of his mother, an old lady of eighty-three, which occurred three years since, and by the newly awakened longing to revisit Crefeld, for so many years his second home, has permitted him but too rarely to indulge in fresh musical creations. He produced, however, in 1868, a magnificent chorus for male voices—"Wache auf, Deutschland" (words by Emil Ritterhaus), with the burden, "Kein Fuss weit von dem Deutschen Lande soll je Französisch werden." (Not a foot's breadth of German soil shall ever become French.") It is no doubt included in a collection of twelve patriotic songs for chorus of male voices, of which an edition of ten thousand copies, under the title "1870," is published by M. Schloss, Cologne, for the benefit of the wounded soldiers, and of the relatives of those who have fallen.—At present it has been established by documentary evidence that it was Max Schneckenburger, who wrote the words of "Die Wacht am Rhein." His widow, who lives at Thalheim, near the Tuttlingen, Wurtemberg, possesses a letter from Schneckenburger, to whom she was then engaged, in which he enclosed her the words of the song, written at the request of some friends. Max Schneckenburger was born on the 17th February, 1819, at Thalheim, where his father was a tradesman. As far back as his fifteenth year, he exhibited his turn for poetry by writing poems, which he had printed, a step that, according to the *Schwäbischer Mercur*, he afterwards regretted often enough. He was a well-educated and very well-read man, and made a select collection of books, which are still in the possession of his widow. He died, when thirty, in 1849, at Burgdorf, near Berne, where he was established in business, and where he founded some ironworks. His eldest son is a rifleman in the Wurtemberg division of the German army.

La Marseillaise.—The New York *Sun* has the following:

The Hymn of Liberty, proscribed during Louis Bonaparte's twenty years' Reign of Terror, again resounds throughout France as of old, enkindling the valor and patriotism of her sons. Attention being again specially directed to this wonderful war lyric, accounts of its origin are published which are not altogether trustworthy. It was composed in 1792 by Rouget de Lisle, and I happen to possess what may be a rare musical work, which gives the composition and the story of its birth from the composer's own hand. This work, like musical publications generally, bears no date, but was evidently published in the early part of this century. It is the complete author's edition of the songs, fifty in number, of Rouget de Lisle, and has this title: "Cinquante Chants Français. Paroles de différens auteurs. Mises en musique avec accompagnement de piano par Rouget de Lisle, A Paris, chez Carli, Boulevard Montmartre No. 14. Prix, 50 fr." In a note the composer states that all of these songs except one, No. 29, a Hymn of Liberty, were composed by himself. The Marseillaise Hymn, No. 23 of the collection, is prefaced by the following words, which I translate literally:

"No. 23.

"HYMNE DES MARSEILLAIS.

"I wrote the words and the air of this song at Strasbourg during the night which followed the declaration of war at the end of April, 1792. Called at first the Song of the Army of the Rhine, it reached Marseilles by the way of a constitutional journal conducted under the auspices of the illustrious and unfortunate Dietrick. When it made such an explosion [*sic*] some months afterward I was wandering in Alsace under the burden of dismissal from office, incurred at Huningue for having refused my adhesion to the catastrophe of the 10th August, and was pursued by immediate proscription, which in the following year, at the commencement of the terror, threw me into the prisons of Robespierre, whence I was only liberated after the 9th Thermidor.

R. de L."

The above is probably the only authentic account of the production of the immortal Marseillaise from the pen of its inspired author-composer, and possesses accordingly a peculiar interest. E. P. P.

New York, Sept. 14, 1870.

Mme. Sainton-Dolby's Farewell Concert.

[A friend sends us the following slip from a London paper, without date.]

At her annual concert given in St. James's Hall yesterday afternoon, Mme. Sainton-Dolby bade farewell to the public she has so long and faithfully served. We have not enough great English artists to make the retirement of one an event of no consequence, and therefore yesterday's leave-taking had a legitimate claim upon attention. But, because it was the leave-taking of Mme. Sainton-Dolby, a claim not only legitimate, but special, was superadded. Few artists can boast a career so long, so uniformly successful, and so intimately connected with the progress of English music in its highest forms. Few artists, let us add, have held a prominent place with more rightful pretensions, or have shown themselves better fitted by ability, conscientiousness, and zeal to minister to the public pleasure. For these reasons we are justified in regarding Mme. Sainton-Dolby's farewell as one of particular significance, and in treating it accordingly.

Mention has already been made of the uniform success enjoyed by our English contralto; and it may be interesting to note that success attended her at the very beginning of her professional life. Charlotte Dolby had not been long in the Royal Academy of Music—we speak now of events that took place thirty-six years ago—before she was chosen as one of the semi-chorus in connection with the Ancient Concerts. Whatever the value of the Ancient Concerts to their patrons and the public, there can be little doubt that to the enthusiastic girl-student they were worth much. Malibran, Grisi, Caradori, Mario, Rubini, Braham, Tamburini, Lablache—in short, every available great artist of the time—sang at those exclusive gatherings; and the singing of each, we need scarcely add, was a lesson for the young choralist who so soon became eminent herself.

In 1837 Miss Dolby gained the King's scholarship at the Royal Academy; and in 1840–41 she made her first tour (under the management of Mr. Henry Blagrove, and accompanied by Miss Bruce and Lindley, the violoncellist) to the provinces, where she was destined to find so many admirers. About this time also Miss Dolby first sang at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society—concerts from which, during thirty years, she was never absent an entire season. Her relations with this great society are now unique for long duration and unswerving constancy. Moreover they were the origin of reminiscences which must have a place among those she cherishes with special fondness. It was at a concert in Exeter Hall that Miss Dolby made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who, delighted with her rendering of the lovely air from "St. Paul," "But the Lord is mindful," asked an introduction to his English interpreter. The friendship thus happily begun was not less happily continued; for, in the same year (1849), Miss Dolby fulfilled an engagement at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, then under the joint directorship of Mendelssohn and Gade.

In 1846, as every reader of musical history knows, Mendelssohn was busy with his last great work, "Elijah," in regard to which, and in connection with Miss Dolby, an anecdote is told that has never, so far as we know, appeared in print. At a dinner to which both the composer and the singer were invited, Mendelssohn apologized for being late, on the ground that "Elijah" had detained him, and added, "I have sketched the bass part, and now for the contralto." Some interest was naturally expressed in the latter by the English guest, upon which Mendelssohn rejoined, "It will suit you very well, for it is a true woman's part, half-angel, half-devil." The master's definition may have been wrong, but his prediction was right. The contralto music of "Elijah" has suited Mme. Sainton-Dolby to some purpose; and, let us add, she has, in an equal degree, suited it. That she did not take part in the memorable Birmingham Festival of 1847, when the last great oratorio was produced, is a matter of history; but it is no less a matter of fact that she very speedily became Mendelssohn's accepted interpreter. At the successive performances of "Elijah" in Exeter Hall, under the composer's own direction, Miss Dolby sang the contralto airs, and Mendelssohn's impulsive words, "Thank you, from my heart, Miss Dolby," after, "O, rest in the Lord," are never likely to be forgotten by her to whom they were addressed. From that time to the present Mme. Sainton has occupied the post of first English contralto, with how much credit to herself and advantage to the public we need not say. To discuss the merits of the artist at whose career we have just glanced would be superfluous. They are known and appreciated by everybody who takes the slightest interest in musical matters; and the remembrance of them will be cherished in proportion to their rarity.

Coming now to yesterday's concert, it will be assumed that St. James's Hall was crowded by a sympathetic audience, to whom Mme. Sainton's farewell was of greater interest than a capital programme and a long array of artists. Mme. Monbelli, Mme. Sinico, Mme. Volpini, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Gardoni, and Signor Gassier contributed the foreign element indispensable to the success of all great concerts during the London season; but their doings need not detain us, the pieces sung being quite as familiar as the singers. What was done by the English artists deserves more attention, if only because three songs from Mme. Sainton's own pen fell to their lot. These were, "The Village Bridge" (Mr. Lewis Thomas), "A Bridal Song" (Mr. W. H. Cummings), and "Marjorie's Almanac" (Miss Edith Wynne)—works which fairly represent the composer's ability, and which, admirably rendered, made as good an effect as anything in the programme. Other songs were given by Mme. Sherrington, Miss Angèle, Messrs. Byron, Maybrick, and Santley; the London Glee and Madrigal Union pleasantly varying the proceedings with contributions from their favorite repertory. We must not forget to mention also that M. Sainton played with Mr. Walter Macfarren a set of three romances for violin and piano by the latter gentleman, and joined Messrs. Benedict and Lemmens in Gounod's meditation on Bach's first prelude, doing both in the excellent way for which he is distinguished. The *bénéficiaire* sang four times, two of her pieces being sacred and two secular. That she was received with applause, again and again renewed, we need hardly say; and, as though stimulated to a special effort, Mme. Sainton sang in a manner that deepened the regret of parting. Rarely has she given Handel's "What though I trace" ("Solomon") with more expressive power or greater perfection of style. As much might be said with regard to the "Evening Prayer" from "Eli," the pathos and tenderness of which could not have been surpassed. In Claribel's "Children's Voices," and "Caller Herrin'," Mme. Sainton was heard to the special advantage becoming the occasion; and in all she earned applause, recalls, and encores that most emphatically marked the approbation and sympathy of her audience. In fine, let us say that worthy of Mme. Sainton's public career was her leaving it.

"Truth will stand when a' things failin'," declares the Scotch ditty with which Mme. Sainton made her final bow; and the line serves to remind us that, though the artist has quitted the platform, the truth of her example and precept may still guide her successors. "Go home, Mme. Sainton," observed Rossini, after hearing the English contralto sing a Handelian air—"go home, and teach others to phrase like yourself." It is to be hoped that, in the capacity indicated by the illustrious composer, Mme. Sainton will for many years serve the cause of art; but, anyhow, she will enjoy in her retirement the esteem of the public, to whom she has been such a faithful servant.

A Nilsson Concert and How a New York Soprano Enjoyed it.

(Correspondence of the Springfield Republican).

New York, Saturday, Oct. 1.

I have been to hear Nilsson, and I am constrained to write to somebody about it. To hear the Nightingale who is enchanting the new world after compelling the homage of the old, was to me an event worth recording. I remember, when music was just opening some of her temple doors to me, what a grievous grief it was to my soul when I missed hearing Jenny Lind. How I hungered and thirsted after her! The divinest priestess of that holy place she has ever remained in my imagination, though I have since heard many of the world's acknowledged great ones in musical art. The wonderful vocalism and clear elocution of Sontag are still fresh in my memory. Then the conscientious, thorough and powerful Lagrange; the thrilling and terrible Penco, who almost paralyzed the French critics with her great Italian passion; the unrivalled Titiens; the pyrotechnical Patti (Carlotta) and the marvellous little Adelina; and how I have luxuriated in the large, classical, ever-satisfying sostenuto of Parepa. But all these with the hosts of other lesser lights,—the Piccolominis, the Gazzanigas, the Kellaggs, etc., were forgotten, they and their works together, at Steinway hall, yesterday afternoon.

The newspaper accounts have been somewhat conflicting, and there has been no tumult as of yore about the "divine Jenny;" nor has there been any of the enthusiasm which has prevailed when some lesser artists have appeared among us; so one can hear Nilsson unprejudiced and judge of her unbiased. Yesterday, I took my place among the large audience in a more passive state than I remember being

in on any occasion of the kind. I did not expect to be astonished nor to be overwhelmingly delighted, though one could but expect a great musical feast from such a combination of crowned talent.

The orchestra, made up of familiar faces and instruments, was led by the heroic Maretzek, grown gray in the service of an exacting public and spoiled prima donnas. The impresario wields his baton with the slightest movement compatible with marking the time, but concentrating in his short, unobtrusive motions the most surprising amount of nervous energy and magnetic command. I did not discover the black eye and pummeled nose that the notorious R. R. Rice is said to have given him, but I could not help regarding the veteran dealer in high art with new respect when recalling the figure of the wholesale merchant in low art at the Grand Opera house. The failures of Max to get rich out of the magnificent material with which he has been enriching the public these twenty years, became honorable in comparison with the personal successes of him who robs the public and degrades its morals with his diabolical "Temptations."

The gay overture to "Fra Diavolo" always puts one in fine spirits, and it was yesterday exhilarating in its freshness and completeness of rendering. The old favorite tenor Brignoli, and the new baritone Verger seemed very acceptable to the audience in the popular duet from "Bohème," but the new singer seemed to me wonderfully like Sydney Smith's dog, "extraordinary ordinary," while Brignoli has certainly a voice of delicious sweetness and power, with a genuine Italian warmth in his tone; his art (tell it not in Gath) is sometimes poor, and on this occasion I was sorry to hear the same old conventional tricks that we've all outgrown. Our new American contralto, Miss Anna Louise Cary, brings an effective voice, a good school and an agreeable person—a combination of pleasant things. The quality of her voice, with all due deference to the critic who pronounced it Italian is nevertheless American. It is like hundreds of voices in New England, with the added grace of culture. It reminds one slightly of Miss Phillips, though it is less powerful, and less distinguished in quality, and possesses none of the dramatic element of that artist's voice. She sang the great contralto song from "Semiramide," showing excellent ability in vocalization; but when encored, "Kathleen Mavourneen" was rendered with rather ordinary style and expression. Miss Cary is a blonde and good looking, not in her "première jeunesse," certainly, but young enough to achieve still more in art than she has already done.

Vieuxtemps, the king of the violin! At his feet I should lay down my pen. Such poetry breathes from under his enchanted fingers! What delicacy! What wonders of execution! How flowing the cantabile, how crisp the staccato, how swift the coruscating scales! What an amazing amount of ornamentation always subordinated to the main musical idea! The strong, pure, human like tones,—all these wonders one must hear to conceive. Of the performance of Miss Anna Mehlig on the piano forte, I who am not a great lover of that instrument can only say, her delightful music made me forget both performer and piano, a pleasure not often experienced in listening to that unpoetical instrument.

So much for the magnificent concomitants, but, great and satisfactory as they were, the centre of desire, the acme of enjoyment must of course be Nilsson. And what shall I say of her? Some persons have expressed disappointment in her. A lady who sat next me said, "I heard her in Paris; she is not comparable with Adelina Patti." Fourth or fifth on the programme she came, a tall, graceful figure, apparently unfettered by whalebones, dressed in a flesh-colored silk court train, with blue and white striped satin petticoat, corsage *à la Pompadour* and coat sleeves. Her blond hair was arranged in a large coil of braids, not high above her forehead, nor low on her neck, but at a point admirably suiting the contour of her finely shaped head. Her face as she turned toward the strong light was lovely indeed, an expression of almost ineffable sweetness, harmonizing with a simplicity and unconsciousness of manner, wholly charming. This was Nilsson as I surveyed her from my distant point, waiting breathlessly for the finishing of the organ, piano, and flute prelude to Gounod's beautiful "Ave Maria." The opening phrase of the song "Ave Maria" was so softly delivered that for a moment I questioned whether my great distance from the stage did not produce an effect not intended by the singer; but as the soft, sweet notes followed in the melody, clear and perfect, I began to feel the power of perfectly musical tones. Refinement and delicacy, combined with a penetration which makes it omnipresent, were the first apparent qualities of this wonderful voice; but as the song went on and the earnestness of the prayer increased, the volume of those sweet sounds grew to a surprising power, at the same time losing none of their unique beauty. Here was a perfect voice; but it seemed to me that a reverent use had made this perfectness. The fine gift of nature had not been sacrificed in a reckless straining after startling effects, but conscientious care had resulted in absolute purity of tone. I thought her conception highly intelligent; her expression is not passionate but spiritual. In the familiar song from "Lucia di Lammermoor" one finds a new quality, as though the character had become clothed with higher attributes than we had known before. The strong Italian fervor of mere passion I believe Nilsson does not possess; hers is rather intellectual and spiritual. In "The Last Rose of Summer" there was a tenderness combined with this elevated quality, which made it supremely lovely.

Her roulades, trills and all accessory ornamentation are given with exceeding clearness and beauty. There is indeed "not one unpleasant tone in her voice." Loud or soft, high or low, her entire range is mellifluous as a flute. In the song, with flute accompaniment, where she sings sometimes in unison and sometimes in harmony with that instrument, her tones were the sweeter, though she was doubtless accompanied by a master. In short, to one entranced with this dear nightingale, she seemed, indeed, as she curved her neck gracefully toward her shoulder, and leaned in a marked manner toward the stage, like some pure bird informed with intelligence, pouring out for us coarser mortals a new strain of divine melody. S.

Music Abroad.

London.

Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.—The fifteenth series, to commence on Saturday the first of October, will comprise twenty-six concerts—twelve before and fourteen after Christmas—the first concert of the second portion to take place on the 21st of January, and the last on the 22nd of April. The performances will be conducted by Mr. Manns, whose benefit concert will be held on the 29th April. The band and chorus will be the same as during last season, and the programmes selected on the same principles. That the same standard works of the great masters will be performed with all possible care, new works of importance brought forward when practicable, and every endeavor made to maintain the reputation of the Crystal Palace Concerts, may be taken for granted.

The present year being the hundredth year of the anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, born at Bonn on the 17th December, 1770, a more than usual prominence is to be given to his works in the first twelve concerts of the series. It is intended to perform the nine symphonies, with overtures, concertos, and other compositions, vocal and orchestral, as can be conveniently introduced; and that all which intimate acquaintance, affectionate study, and careful rehearsal can do will be done to put those immortal works before the subscribers in a fuller and finer light even than hitherto, and thus to do honor to the memory of the great master, may safely be counted on in advance. On one of the Saturdays the performance is to consist of *Fidelio*, in English, produced in the new theatre.

The First "Florestan." The *Orchestra* of Sept. 30, has the following:

In our obituary of to-day we chronicle the death of one who formed one of the last few links that still bind us to the classical period of music. The name of Joseph Augustus Roeckel is well known in the musical world in connection with the first introduction of the masterpieces of German opera into this country, whilst its owner's intimate friendship with Beethoven, and the fact of his having been the original *Florestan* in "*Fidelio*," are matters of history, which will ensure a short sketch of his life being interesting to our musical readers.

Born August 28th, 1783, in Neubing near Wolf, in the Upper Palatinate, and originally destined for the Church, the subject of our memoir enjoyed a classical education, which stood him in good need when, in his twentieth year, he exchanged theology for a diplomatic career, and entered the service of the then Elector of Bavaria as Secretary of Legation at Salzburg. At the breaking out of the war between Bavaria and Austria in 1804, and the subsequent recall of the Salzburg Legation, young Roeckel accepted a tempting offer from the Impresario of the Court theatre at Vienna (who had heard him sing at an amateur operatic performance) to fulfil an engagement as primo tenore at the Imperial Opera. His success at Vienna was so great as to determine him to adopt definitively the operatic career, and it was at the commencement of this (in the summer of 1805) that his assumption, and indeed "creation," of the part of *Florestan* in "*Fidelio*" gained him the friendship of Beethoven, a friendship which lasted until the great composer's death.

In 1823 Francis the First appointed Roeckel to the professorship of singing at the Imperial Opera, and in this capacity the excellence of his method was demonstrated by a list of distinguished pupils, foremost amongst whom was the celebrated Henrietta Sontag. In 1828 Roeckel obeyed a call to Aix-la-Chapelle as Director of the Opera, and in the following year he conceived and executed the idea of introducing German opera into Paris by means of a complete German *personnel*.

In consequence of the great success of this venture—the electric effect produced by his chorus being particularly remarkable—our director remained in Paris until 1832, when he was induced by Monk Mason, the then Impresario of the Italian Opera at the King's Theatre, to try the same experiment in London.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember the enthusiasm evoked by this first introduction of German opera to the metropolis, and the profound impression created by the first representation of "*Fidelio*," "*Der Freischütz*," and other—then novel—masterpieces of the German school, with a cast including Schröder Devrient as prima donna, Haitzinger as primo tenore, and the great Hummel (Roeckel's brother-in-law) as conductor.

In 1835 Professor Roeckel retired from operatic life, but continued his career of musical usefulness in this, his adopted country, for many years after; indeed, it was not until 1873 that he finally returned to his native land to enjoy the well-earned fruits of his active and eventful life.

On the 19th inst., at the ripe age of 87, our old friend gently fell asleep, bearing with him the affectionate remembrance of all those who had been fortunate enough to become acquainted with his kindly, genial disposition, and to appreciate his high moral worth.

Alfred Nicholson. The *Athenæum* pays the following tribute to a gentleman with whom we once had the pleasure to ride from Birmingham to London (it was after the Musical Festival of 1861, in which he had borne part in the orchestra), and whose conversation, full of refined taste and of intelligent interest alike in art and in the advanced thought of the age we remember still with pleasure.

The obituary of last week records the recent death, at Leicester, of Mr. Alfred Nicholson, aged forty-eight, after his having for some years been withdrawn from public duty by a wearing and hopeless illness. The choice of his instrument—the oboe—is one which may be said to limit the player to orchestral or concerted performances; but in these the excellence and value of Mr. Nicholson were well known, and honorable to his master, M. Barret. As a man, he was of a genial nature,—one who cherished refined tastes and fancies, besides those of his own art—in brief, belonging to the company of contemporary English players, who, so far as manners and culture are concerned, have most acceptably replaced those of the preceding generation in this country. The sufferings of his last years were kindly ministered to, and, as far as possible, alleviated by his friends and comrades in art. But this was no exception to a well known rule. The unobtrusive kindness and liberality of musician to brother musician, in the hour of trial and decay, cannot be over-estimated, and should never be forgotten by those protesting against the aesthetics, happily diminishing in number, who have been used to decry a gracious and lovely art as one which necessarily demoralizes its professors.

Vienna.—The Beethoven Centenary Festival will commence on the 16th December next. The following is the programme:—Friday, the 16th December, *Fidelio*; Saturday, the 17th, afternoon, in the rooms of the Society of the Friends of Music, grand concert, comprising:—Prologue; Ninth Symphony; Playing by Mme. Schumann and Mme. Gompertz-Bettelheim; Sunday, the 18th, morning, in the same locality, *Missa Solemnis*; evening, grand banquet; Monday, the 19th, morning, in the same locality, Concert of Chamber Music; evening, at the Imperial Theatre, *Egmont*.—Among the Beethoven MSS. in the library of the Society of the Friends of Music, there are the fragments of a Violin Concerto with orchestra accompaniment. The introductory movement is completed, and a large part of the *Adagio*; quite enough, in fact—at least so say competent judges, or those who consider themselves as such, to give an idea what was the plan of the whole work.

Acting upon this suggestion, Herr Hellmesberger intends completing this torso and then having it performed. Herr Hellmesberger is a clever man, and might, so thinks the humble paragraphist who pens these lines, employ himself more profitably and more sensibly. If Herr Hellmesberger wants a new pair of shoes—the said paragraphist is now indulging in a little sportive allegory—let him have a new pair, but whatever he does let him not attempt to step into a pair of Beethoven's. He would find them horribly too big for him.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

MUSIC IN GERMANY. A "rambling Correspondent" of *Musical World* writes:

Opera in Germany, except in Austria, is now but little heard. Sunday is the principal day for the performance of the lyric drama. On the other days plays national in their expression are chiefly given. In Vienna the Stuttgard tenor, Herr Heinrich Sontheim, and the Berlin tenor, Herr Wachtel, have been starring. There is an excellent local tenor in Herr Wathen, who is not, however, such a powerful singer as either Sontheim or Wachtel, both of whom, like Duprez and Tamberlik, have any number of high chest C's at command. Mr. Adams, the English tenor who sang at Covent Garden Theatre, has left Vienna. Miss Minnie Hauck is engaged at Vienna. In Berlin the Operahouse frequenters are anxiously waiting for the return of Pauline Lucca, who went to Pont à-Mousson (France) to nurse her wounded husband, the Baron Von Rahden. Frau Harriers-Wippern and Fräulein Lehmann are the leading *prime donne*. The former is known in London; the latter is likely to find her way there—she can act as well as sing. There is a Swedish tenor, Herr Arnoldson, who has made a favorable impression in Berlin as Count Almaviva. Herr Niemann is, however, the great magnet of attraction; he is perhaps now the most declamatory tenor in Europe. Fräulein Muzell has appeared with success as Gabriele in Kreutzer's *Das Nachtlager zu Grenada*. Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* has been revived in Berlin, and is, of course, as a martial opera most liked The soprano part was originally written for Jenny Lind, who was to have sung it in English at Drury Lane Theatre, but broke her engagement to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, for which a jury gave Mr. Bunn £2,500 damages. In the Prussian capital patriotic airs and part songs have been in the ascendant. Herr Taubert and Herr Eckert have composed national appeals; but the music of all this style of music is pitched in one key—there is a sameness which becomes monotonous. Heard from a marching regiment, some of the melodies are stirring enough. The old German repertory is unusually rich in national airs, and there is not a town in which a *kapellmeister* or director is to be found who is not contributing a new work; but the *Wacht am Rhein* maintains its supremacy. *Was blasen die Trompeten* of Arndt (1813) is often heard, as, of course, *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland*, also Arndt. Taubert's *Vorwärts, Vorwärts* is exciting enough. Dr. F. Hiller's *Zur Wehre* is also a soldier's stimulant. As for the *Siegesmarsch*, the compositions for the pianoforte are innumerable with names of all the localities where battles have been fought. Whilst music is thus brought to bear to stir up the nation, artists are at work night and day to produce prints of the feats of arms of the Germans. Portraits, photographic and otherwise, appear of all the generals, the royal ones in the ascendant, of course. But not the least curious of these art publications are the caricatures which are to be seen in the windows of every kind of shop in all the leading towns. Some of these prints are of a coarse kind, but the majority are sufficiently droll, and as they were published prior to the precipitate downfall of Imperialism in France, no particular objection could be made for the German humorists to present the Bonapartes in a ridiculous point of view, especially as the example had been set in Paris.

Cologne, Sept. 17. C. L. G.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 22, 1870.

Symphony Concerts.

The Harvard Musical Association announces its Sixth Season of ten concerts. They will begin, with most encouraging auspices, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 3, at half past three o'clock, as heretofore. The subscription for season tickets is larger than ever before: showing that neither the raising of the price, nor the formidable competition of the Thomas Orchestra, nor the Nilsson coming the same week, has rendered these concerts any the less indispensable to the lovers of good music. The plan of a Public Rehearsal, on the Tuesday before each concert, has been adopted with the hope that it may not only help those who attend the concerts to appreciate the Symphonies, &c., more by hearing them twice over, but also that it may add to the emolument of the musicians, who will receive whatever profit may arise from the rehearsals.

We give, below, the programmes of the ten concerts, so far as they have been determined. The Symphony, however, which is set down for the ninth concert, is contingent on the arrival of the music which has been ordered from Vienna, where it would have to be copied from the manuscript score. It will be seen that the whole series of programmes pivots upon BEETHOVEN, and the centennial anniversary of the great composer's birth. The first and last concerts, as well as that occurring on the 15th of December, two days before the birthday, are to be mainly or entirely of his music. The Choral Fantasia of that fourth concert will be but the prelude to the performance of the Ninth or Choral Symphony, in the production of which, a day or two later, the Harvard Association will unite with the Handel and Haydn Society. And, in accordance with the plan suggested by the Committee of the Harvard, that whole week will be filled with Beethoven Concerts given by the several musical Societies, Clubs and individual artists of our city.

The programmes here given offer three of Beethoven's Symphonies, three of his Concertos for the piano, seven of his Overtures (including all the four to *Fidelio* or *Leonore*): the Choral Fantasia, vocal selections from his great opera, &c. The Symphonies chosen for the other concerts bear a historical relation to Beethoven; Haydn and Mozart precede the birthday concert, and Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gade, follow in their order.

—The pieces marked with a * are given for the first time in these Concerts; those with **, for the first time in Boston.

PROGRAMMES.

First Concert, Nov. 3, 1870.

I.

1 Inaugural Overture. ("Weihe des Hauses.") Op. 124. Beethoven.
2 *Sacred Songs, from Gellert. Op. 48..... "
No. 4. "The heavens proclaim," &c.
" 6. Busslied (Song of Repentance).
M. W. Whitney.
3 Fourth Piano Concerto, in G.....Beethoven.
Hugo Leonhard.

II.

1 *Prelude to third Act of "Medea,".....Cherubini.
2 **Bass Aria: "Give me back my dearest Master," from the St. Matthew Passion Music.....Bach.
M. W. Whitney.
3 Fifth Symphony, in C minor.....Beethoven.

Second Concert, Nov. 17.

I.

1 **First Overture to "Leonore," in C.....Beethoven.
2 **Concerto for the Violin, in A minor.....Viotti.
B. Listemann
3 *Symphonic Poem: "Les Preludes".....Liszt.

II.

1 **Symphony, in C minor, No. 9 .....Haydn.
2 Chaconne, for Violin, (with Schumann's piano-forte accompaniment).....Bach.
B. Listemann.
3 *Fest-Overture.....Julius Rietz.

Third Concert, Dec. 1.

I.

1 **Second Overture to "Leonore," in C....Beethoven.
2 Aria and Gavotte, from Orchestral Suite in D . Bach.
3 Symphony in C, ("Jupiter").....Mozart.

II.

1 **Overture to "Faniska".....Cherubini.
2 Concerto for Piano-forte.....Beethoven.
B. J. Lang.
3 Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber.

Fourth Concert, Dec. 15, 1870.

☞ BEETHOVEN BORN, DEC. 17, 1770.

I.

1 Third Overture to "Leonore" ("Fidelio"), in C. Beethoven.
2 Scena from "Fidelio:" "Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?".....Beethoven.
Mme Bertha Johannsen
3 *Chorus of Prisoners, from the same..... "
Orpheus Musical Society.
4 Seventh Symphony, in A, op. 92.....Beethoven.

II.

1 *Andante and Adagio from the "Prometheus" Ballet. Beethoven.
2 *Fantasia for Piano, Orchestra and Chorus, op. 80. Beethoven.
Ernst Perabo.

Fifth Concert, Jan. 5, 1871.

I.

1 **Overture.
2 *Piano-forte Concerto, in D minor .....Mozart.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
3 *Fourth Overture to "Fidelio" ("Leonore")Beethoven.

II.

1 *Organ Fugue, in G minor, arranged for the Piano-forte by Liszt .....Bach.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
2 Symphony in C, No. 9.....Schubert.

Sixth Concert, Jan. 26.

I.

1 *Vorspiel to "Lohengrin".....Wagner.
2 Aria (Contralto): "Erbarme dich," from the St. Matthew Passion Music.....Bach
Mrs. C A Barry.
3. **Piano Concerto, in G minor, op. 58.....Moscheles. (Died 1870).
J C. D. Parker.

II.

1 Third Symphony ("Scotch"), in A minor.Mendelssohn.
2 *Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini.

Seventh Concert, Feb. 9.

I.

Third Symphony ("Cologne"), in E flat.....Schumann.

II.

1 *Fest-Overture, Op. 50 ..... Volkmann.
2 Piano Concerto, No 2, in F minor..... Chopin.
Hugo Leonhard.
3 Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann.

Eighth Concert, Feb. 23.

I.

1 Overture to "Medea".....Cherubini.
2 **Third Symphony, in A minor.....Gade.

II.

1 Overture to "Manfred".....Schumann.
2 **Entr' acte in "Manfred"..... "
3 *Suite for Orchestra, in C, op. 101.....Raff
1 Introd and Fugue. 2 Minuet. 3 Adagietto. 4 Scherzo. 5 March.

Ninth Concert, March 9.

I.

1 **Symphony, in C, arranged from Grand Duo for Piano (op. 140) by Joachim.....Schubert.
2 Aria.....Mozart.
3 *Overture to "Medea".....Bargiel.

II.

1 *Symphonic Poem: "Tasso".....Liszt.
2
3 Overture to "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

Tenth Concert, March 23.

I.

1 Overture to "Coriolanus" .....Beethoven.
2 Fifth Piano Concerto, in E flat..... "

II.

2 Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven.
2 Magnificat, in B flat, (Chorus with Orchestra) Durante.
By the Cecilia, &c., under direction of A. Kreissmann.
3 Eighth Symphony, in F.....Beethoven.

Theodore Thomas's Concerts.

The long, rich, almost cloying feast is over. It ended with the Beethoven matinée and the miscellaneous evening concert of last Saturday. The promise of the ten programmes has been fulfilled to the letter,—to a charm. So perfect an orchestra, under such quiet, admirable control, Boston knew not until Thomas came. Whatever was presented, whether symphony or waltz, things classical or of "the future," strains divine or devilish (like some by Liszt), the rendering was nearly all that hearer, or composer even, could wish. The drawbacks were: first, that so many concerts should be crowded into two weeks. But it is only by playing all the time, of course, that so costly an enterprise can pay; it is like having an opera, a theatre upon one's hands. And on the other hand, exhausting as it is to listen to so much in close succession, here were opportunities which mu-

sic-lovers would not willingly forego; for there was too much to be learned, as well as to be enjoyed; and every blessing costs a certain sacrifice. Another drawback was the great length of the programmes, aggravated by more or less indulgence of the encore; but this was almost unavoidable in the solution of the double problem, how to minister largely enough to classical tastes, and at the same time gratify curiosity for new composers, and offer plenty of *bonnes bouches* to the amusement seekers. Another was the large admixture of the strange and questionable element of modern "programme-music," the "Symphonic Poems" and what not of Liszt and Wagner. But here, too, one heartily thanks Mr. Thomas for giving us these opportunities of knowing these things at a distance, before shaking hands with them and getting committed to them in our own concert enterprises; so adequately presented, and so often, one could find out what spirit they are of, and whether he desired more acquaintance.—Shall we hint yet one other drawback,—only felt, of course, by frequent listeners? This namely: that in the very finish and perfection of such playing, where all works together smoothly like an admirable machine in perfect order,—and in the very sweetness of such blended sounds, one feels at last a something cloying, a certain drowsy, dreamy, lotus like sensation; so that the music, with all its beauty, seems to lack life and reality. This one felt particularly sometimes in the renderings of Beethoven; it seemed as if the thing had got to be done more by heroic acts of faith, the victory to be achieved in spite of one's own imperfections and rude means, by doing greater and better than one commonly knows how. Such great work, to have life and force in it, perhaps, ought not to be done too easily. In the very automatic perfection of the execution, grown to be a habit, the intention of the music may be lost, or strike home to the hearer's heart less vividly; if the picture be too finished, the spirit will elude us. This may seem hypercriticism, but it is certainly not so intended; for Thomas's men are artists, who can enter into the soul of great music; but even artists, even men of genius, do not show their best power in the easy routine of a perfect habit. We have heard the same experience confessed by a listener to one of those admirable Stringed Quartets of the Brothers ——— in Germany. The same thing holds of composition; witness the complaint of sameness in so many works of Haydn and Mozart, with whom art had grown so facile and so perfect.

But to the concerts. We have already spoken of the first two,—not so fully as we wished. Of the remainder, the most interesting were the two in memory of Beethoven, when the selections were wholly from his works, and of the noblest. The first, however, was by far too long. The "Eroica" alone, what with pauses between the movements, and the over-slow tempo in which the funeral march was taken, lasted almost an hour (55 minutes)! But it was beautifully played, with such clear, fine outline in the last movements as we have not heard before. Yet sometimes was the *pianissimo* too soft for that hall; nor had the whole work all the *life* with which it sometimes has inspired us in more improvised and rougher renderings. Then came the most poetic of the Piano Concertos, that in G, of which it is enough to say here that it was played with the best skill and style and feeling of Miss ANNA MEHLIG, so delightfully accompanied that orchestra and solo instrument made up one lovely picture. The cadenzas introduced were those by Moscheles,—perhaps the best there are, only the Moscheles stands out too much before the Beethoven. The *Coriolan* Overture was given with true fire; that, like the *Egmont*, is one of the pieces in which "every note draws blood." Then came a renewal of a delight of long ago, which long ago, too, had grown hackneyed and lost its charm: the famous Septet, one of the master's earlier perfect works. But by this treatment, balancing the Clarinet, Bassoon and Horn with the entire String Orchestra, and with such wonderfully fine rendering, verily it lived and breathed again a new and fresh creation. The parts selected (for the Septet is exceptionally long) were the piquant Theme and Variations, the Scherzo and Finale. The success was perfect; each variation was a new delight; how exquisite in one of them the horn part! The florid cadenza executed at once by all the first violins was certainly a rare feat, but questionable from an artistic point of view. This concert closed with the *Choral Fantasia*, in which the basses of the orchestra steal in upon the free "*phantasien*" of the Piano with a whispered theme, yet big with promise of some grander thought and utterance to come, and work it up until the voices break in with a simple sort of people's tune, resembling that in the Ninth Symphony; and as the instruments and voices grow and climb together to a climax, there is more than one anticipation of the sublime effects which have before thrilled us in the Choral Symphony. The whole performance was a success; Miss Mehlig and the Orchestra were in complete *rapport*; and the singing by about a hundred voices from the Handel and Haydn Society, with six good soli, was highly satisfactory.—But when it came to going home, it was too near the eleventh hour!

The second Beethoven Concert (Matinée) was of more wholesome length, and programme truly admirable; to-wit.

Symphony No. 8, F Op. 93.
Concerto for Piano No. 5, E flat, Op. 73

Overture "Koenig Stephan," Op. 117
Septet Op. 20, Theme and Variations, Scherzo and Finale (By request.)
Overture Leonore, No. 3, Op. 72

The eighth Symphony, which, though often called one of the master's lighter efforts yet shows him wearing the consummate crown of Art, and is so full of heavenly sunshine as of the after-summer of that sorely tried, that faithful and triumphant life, sounded so serene and beautiful that one felt that it must have been composed on just such a golden, rare October day as that on which we heard it. It was a work fitted to show the finest qualities of the Thomas Orchestra. Never have we heard the *Tempo di Menuetto* and *Trio* rendered so clearly, although the *tempo* might have been still slower to advantage; and the fairy, evanescent, swift finale went to a charm, as well as the deliberate "clock"-like Allegretto. Miss Mehlig, if that were any longer possible, surprised us by her triumphant reproduction of the glories of the E-flat Concerto. The "King Stephen" Overture is but a slight patchwork (for Beethoven) of what seem popular Hungarian themes, yet very bright and pleasing. The Septet colors stood well. The great *Leonore* Overture was indeed a splendid triumph of the orchestra; we have heard them play it before when the fire and soul seemed somewhat smothered; but this time it burned brightly and with full, inspiring power.

—Here we are cut short. Of all the rest next time.

THE many friends of Miss ANNA LOUISE CARY will welcome her return at the Music Hall on Friday, Nov. 4, the first Nissen Concert in this city. Having received careful training in Europe, she will no doubt realize the hopes of which her full rich voice gave such abundant promise. We are glad to notice that notwithstanding the overshadowing influence of so great an artiste as Nissen, our Boston contralto has achieved a marked success, and elicited warm praise in New York and Philadelphia. She will be the guest of Mr. Lyman W. Wheeler during her stay in the city.

WORCESTER COUNTY MUSICAL CONVENTION.—We abridge the following from the *Palladium* of Wednesday:

The Convention, held last week, at Mechanics' Hall, was superior in character to any of previous years, and more largely attended. The first of the week was allotted to the study of Handel's oratorio of "Samson," Schumann's "Gipsy Life," and some miscellaneous choruses, with one hour of each afternoon set apart for the "matinées." The first concert was given on Wednesday evening, with a programme of miscellaneous selections, under the direction of Mr. C. P. Morrison, author of "The Festival Hymn," with which the concert began. It is a composition of much merit. Handel's fifth concerto, organ solo, received masterly treatment at the hands of Mr. Eugene Thayer. Mr. B. D. Allen's anthem, "And he showed me a pure river," was a source of deep, serene enjoyment. Admirably arranged as a quartet, semi-chorus, and chorus, his rare musical abilities were put in requisition, and the beautiful *ensemble* proves that we have a composer of rare merit in our midst. An interesting feature of the programme was the *Miserere* from "*Il Trovatore*," sung by Miss Tarr and Mr. Richards, with an effective distant chorus of male voices. Mr. Edwin B. Story performed, with splendid execution, a piano solo of Liszt's, proving himself an accomplished pianist. The several choruses of the evening were finely given, with solos creditably performed by Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Munroe, and Messrs. Richards, Thompson and Barnabee.

The second concert, on Thursday evening, was a miscellaneous one of much variety in matter and manner. Mme. Bishop made her first appearance in Worcester for twenty-five years. Her voice has been wonderfully preserved, and competent critics assert that, in this period of time, it has lost nothing of its purity and freshness. Certainly, her singing was most enjoyable, artistic, finished to the last degree, and imbued with true expression. Schumann's "Gypsy Life" was most acceptable. Full of the spicy fragrance of the woods, fresh and free as the wild life it chanted, it formed a series of musical pictures which were not to be forgotten. The Mendelssohn part song, "Farewell to the Forest," was very well sung. The chorus on this evening was quite fairly balanced, the sopranos exceeding the other parts, however. Mr. Zerrahn's arrangement of tenors and basses in the centre, sopranos and altos on the wings, was an evident improvement on the old method.

The third concert was given on Friday afternoon, by the Boston Orchestral Union and the soloists of the week. The hall was filled by an attentive and generally appreciative audience, including the five hundred chorus singers to whom the concert was not the least beneficial part of the week's instruction. The leading feature of the programme was Mozart's Symphony in D major, which seemed in perfect accord with the sweet sunshine of the beautiful October day. The orchestra proved remarkably effective for one of twenty-four members. Especially was this true in their performance of the Air and Gavotte, by Bach. The *Oberon* overture was heard with delight, and the *Vorspiel* from the opera of *Manfred* was favorably received. The vocal triumph of the afternoon, and to us, of the week, was Dr. Guilmette's singing of "It is enough," from *Elijah*. Mme. Bishop sang "Angel ever bright and fair," as we have never before heard it. This, too, was something for life-time remembrance. Mr. Simpson sang "If with all your hearts," with much power and with good method, having his too great partiality for *portamento*. The well-known *Lucia* duet, sung by the two latter vocalists, produced a storm of applause.

At the closing concert, on Friday evening, Handel's great oratorio of "*Samson*" was brought out, before an immense audience, who gave more than usual attention throughout the evening. The choruses, as a whole, were well given. There was occasionally a want of promptness, and at times a little wavering; but the success derived from a winter's study of so great a work, cannot be expected from only five days' practice; and, making due allowance, the oratorio was grandly given. The soloists, comprising the three great stars of the week, were very fine. Mme. Bishop, as Delilah, was magnificent; and her rendering of "Let the Bright Seraphim," a triumph. Her high tones were as clear and ringing as clarion notes, and her whole soul living in the music, she seemed electrified and inspired. Mr. Simpson did nobly; his wonderful voice, under perfect control, brought out the music of Samson's *role* as few real tenors can. His sympathetic tones went far toward making the music effective. Dr. Guilmette, rendered the bass airs and recitative with that refined, artistic expression, so characteristic of his singing; in fine voice, with his faultless phrasing, perfect intonation, and finished style, the music of Harapha was finely given. Mrs. Munroe performed the music assigned her much better than could be expected in so trying a position, being obliged all the week, to sing against her wishes, she could not do her self the credit that she might desire. The accompaniments of the Orchestral Union were highly effective, and the organ, in the skillful hands of Mr. Allen did noble service.

Miss Cushman's Last Gift to the Music Hall.

Miss Charlotte Cushman has added to the many obligations under which she has already placed the art loving public of Boston by sending over two new busts and medallions by Mathieu, to be placed with her other gifts in the Boston Music Hall. These busts, which are of Gluck and Mendelssohn, will be placed on each side of those already mounted at the back of the hall. The medallions have been slightly injured in transportation by careless packing, but the beauty of their design and execution is apparent at a glance. The first, which is to accompany the Gluck bust, consists of a group of figures, the central and most prominent being a half draped figure, nude to the waist, surrounded by three boys, one of whom grasps a serpent in his extended hand. The group is spirited and full of action. The drapery is particularly graceful, and the whole effect is light, free and sensuous. The bust of Gluck is a work of great artistic merit, the strongly marked features being admirably brought out. The second medallion has suffered more than the first, and its reconstruction will require some little time. It consists of three draped figures, the middle one holding a lyre in one hand while the other arm is extended as though about to strike its chords. In spite of the action which the attitude of this whole group expresses, the effect produced is one of sweet repose and harmony. The bust which is to rest on this support is a beautiful and faithful portrait of Mendelssohn, doing full justice to the delicacy and refinement of the great composer's face, but at the same time showing strength and vigor. Accompanying these last gifts comes a small

bust of Miss Cushman herself. We feel that we are giving utterance to the sentiment of the best portion of our community when we say that it is a duty that Boston owes its famous daughter to give this bust an honorable and conspicuous position in the hall Miss Cushman has done so much to adorn.—*Eve. Gazette.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, OCT. 13.—Since my former communication, now a long time ago, we have had almost a stagnation here in musical matters. The present season opened vigorously, however, and the promise is highly encouraging that our musical delights will this year be more and better than ever before.

First on the list comes the ENGLISH OPERA COMBINATION, which, as you know, embraces the best talent of the two companies of last season, except the omission of Mr. and Mrs. Rosa. What was plain enough to me last year, namely, that Carl Rosa was an excellent orchestra conductor, bringing everything to an unusually fine degree of finish (that is for an opera orchestra), is very painfully impressed upon me now when I hear the present orchestra under Mr. Behrens. From what I have seen of this gentleman's efforts, I am impressed with the conviction that he is at once deficient in ability quickly to perceive a shortcoming (especially if it occur in an inner voice), wanting in a certain inspiration of command, without which there is no great leader, and lacking in obstinate assertion of his own dignity as Conductor, which ought to make him refuse to go before the public with insufficient rehearsal, on account of the necessary damage to his own reputation (if no higher artistic motive moves him). The orchestral material seems good enough and of passable size; there are about thirty pieces.

To the singers much commendation may be given. The troupe embraces Mrs. Ritchings-Bernard and Miss Rose Hersee, sopranos; Mrs. Zelda Seguin and Mrs Bowler, altos; Messrs. Wm. Castle and Brookhouse Bowler, tenors; Mr. Alberto Lawrence, baritone; Messrs. S. C. Campbell and Henry Drayton, basses. Besides there are a half dozen or so for accessory parts: The chorus is about the same as that of the Parepa-Rosa troupe last year. The costumes are better, since the present wardrobe combines both those of last year.

The musical management is entirely in the hands of Mrs. Bernard. Of this very superior woman I have a number of things to say, commendatory and otherwise. As a manager she is very efficient. Her energy is unbounded. If she is lacking, it is in that abundant physique which enabled Parepa to laugh at fatigue, and make her appearance at rehearsal, as a rule, in a state of good humor that of itself went far to cause everything to move smoothly. As a singer she has certain mannerisms of holding her head and wrinkling her forehead; and unexpected and unaccountable pianissimos, which have only the effect to create the impression that the singer has fallen through for an instant, but no doubt will presently emerge. Her taste, also, is better in the dramatic than the lyric, and leads her to prefer heavy parts in which her want of adequate voice becomes too apparent. As an actress she is, of course, infinitely beyond Parepa, yet there was a charm in the simple presence of that great prima donna that with the public is more winning than the most elaborate art. Mrs. Bernard shows one intention in the execution of which I bid her God-speed. It is to remove the prompt box from the centre of the stage, and prompt from the wings, as in the drama. In all the operas performed chiefly by her old troupe, this is done. The Parepa singers, however, seem somewhat wedded to the Italian notion. Miss Hersée is as bright and charming as ever, though she has once or twice sung false this year. Mrs. Seguin is an extreme favorite with our public, and both sings and acts charmingly. Mrs. Bowler has improved in her method of using her really superior voice, and is a growing favorite with the public. Mr. Castle sings even better than last year, and is still more the adored of the ladies. He shows a decided improvement in action and stage presence. Mr. Bowler you know as well as I do. Mr. Lawrence has the misfortune to have parts, very few of which are high enough to suit the best registers of his voice. But whatever he does he does well, and his singing is highly appreciated by our public. Indeed I think it would be difficult to find a singer whose vocal delivery is more irreproachable than this. Campbell, also, has improved, using his beautiful voice with very little of the unpleasant nasal element of which I complained last year. He also shows more ease of action, although I still adhere to my opinion that nature intended him for a Presbyterian preacher. And so at last I come to the greatest actor in the troupe, Mr. Henry Drayton, whose mastery of the art of personation is more perfect than that of any singer I have ever happened to see on the stage, except, perhaps, Miss Adelaide Phillips. Mr. Drayton has appeared as Count Arnheim, Beppo (in *Fra Diavolo*), Marcel (*Huguenots*), Rebboledo (*Crown Diamonds*), and Germont (*Traviata*), and in every one has reached a complete and distinctive success.

The repertory this season is exceedingly varied. In fourteen representations here they have given *thirteen* different operas; viz: "Trovatore," "Maritana," "Crown Diamonds," "Fra Diavolo," "Huguenots," "Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "Faust," "Traviata," "Marriage of Figaro," "Lurline," "Postillion of Longjumeau," and "Rose of Castile."

Brookhouse Bowler made a good success as Don Cæsar de Bazan (in *Maritana*), but his well-fed, inexpressive face, and his boisterous method of singing unfit him for pathetic parts. All the performances were somewhat imperfectly rehearsed, an inevitable result when a new opera is given every night; but by the time the troupe gets to Boston (which will be about December 8), these shortcomings will be done away, and I have no doubt you will find the result even more gratifying than last season.

The financial affairs are in the hands of C. D. Hess & Co., who so successfully conducted those of the Parepa troupe last year. I am glad to say that the business here has been excellent.

Our other musical sensations I must defer till another letter, except to mention that our Oratorio Society will give *Elijah* about December 1st, and that Mr. Dudley Buck is giving a series of organ recitals of the first of which I enclose a programme:

Sonata, No. 4, in B flat.....Mendelssohn.
Allegro con Brio. Andante Religioso. Allegretto.
Allegro Mnestoso e Vivace.
Larghetto, from the 4th Quartet.....Mozart.
Bourrée and Double, from the 2nd Sonata for Violin.
Transcribed by Best.....J. S. Bach.
Adagio Religioso.....F. Liszt.
Theme and Variations, from the "Serenade for Stringed Instruments." Op 8.....Beethoven.
Spring Song and Romance, from Op. 68.....Schumann.
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber.

These promise to be a great advantage to our studious organists, for Mr. Buck's repertory is almost unbounded, and he draws freely from the best and rarest, to give artistic value to these recitals. Mr. Creswold is also giving a series of Sunday afternoon recitals, but as he confines himself to popular selections, chiefly, I hardly need send a programme. There appears to me, however, a question of taste in giving concerts for money in a church Sabbath afternoons.

One of our German societies gives a Beethoven Festival Oct. 25th, producing the Fifth Symphony, Choral Fantasia, etc., under direction of Mr. Grosscurth. The other society have a grand Festival in December, producing the Ninth Symphony, Fidelio, and several other of the greatest works. The whole under Mr. Hans Balatka.

Now, Mr. Editor, for my long letter I can offer only the excuse the boy gave for the long composition,—I got to writing and it wouldn't stop.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

King Macbeth. Song for Baritone. 4. C minor to e flat. *Boott.* 40
A wild, ghastly song with a lithograph illustrating
"But there is one room in that castle old,
In a lonely turret where no one goes,
And a dead man sits there, stark and cold,
Whom no one knows."

Birds in the night. A Lullaby. 3. E*b* to f. *Sullivan.* 40
A delicate andante, with a very soothing accompaniment. Sung by Miss Annie L. Cary. Suitable for Mezzo Soprano or Contralto voice. One of the most beautiful songs published in the popular style.

Down by the sea-side, sadly I weep. Ballad and Chorus. 3. E*b* to e flat. *Christie.* 40
With a lithograph.

Gipsey Life. (Zigeuner Leben). Chorus for mixed voices. 4. E minor to *g*. Op. 29. *Schumann.* 50
A splendid animato concert piece, which will be a favorite with our musical societies this winter.

Say, oh beautiful maiden. Barcarolle. 4. E to f sharp. *Gounod.* 40
"Say, oh beautiful maiden,
Where will you stray with me;
Zephyr's, fragrantly laden,
Waft our bark o'er the sea."

Fron-Fron! Comic Song, Dance and Walk around. 1. G to e. *Wilder.* 30

The Magic Garter. Comic Song. 1. G to e. *Young.* 30

Instrumental.

March Victorious. 3. F. *Kahl.* 30
Written in 6-8 time and in good style.

Christmas Polka. 4. D. *Frenzel.* 30
Easy of execution, and with a good melody in the polka style.

Trebelli. Polka Mazurka. 4. E*b*. *Roubier.* 35
A charming piece which will be much used. The left hand part is especially easy.

Cradle Song. (Schlafliedchen). 2. B*b*. *Frenzel.* 25
A simple, quiet little melody, well arranged.

Race for Life. Galop brilliant. Four Hands. 4. C. Op. 87. *Wels.* 1.00
Full of life and sparkling brilliancy.

Moonlight Nights. (Flowers, Fruits and Thorns). 18 Morceau. Op. 82. *Heller.*
No. 9. Allegretto con grazia. 5. E. 25
" 10. Allegro caratteristico. 4. E. 25
" 11. Andante con moto. 5. G*b*. 30
" 12. Molto agitato. 5. D*b*. 30

Pearly Wave Waltz. 2. D. *Hatch.* 30

Books.

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In preparing this edition, certain additions and explanations have been made which may illustrate the original lessons; and it is offered to the profession in the United States as a work of peculiar value in conducting primary instructions in Vocal Music. A choice selection of Solfeggi by Concone has been added.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 772. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 17.

The Intellectual Influence of Music.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

Whatever doubt exists concerning the intellectual influence of music is chiefly due either to its alleged vagueness in comparison with speech, or to its emotional and sensuous qualities, so seemingly opposed to the calm temper and "pale hue" of thought.

What does it mean? (*Sonate que veux-tu?*) is asked after a fine sonata, symphony, or song without words, commonly by some one who has not enjoyed it, and who is not musical. It would be hard to tell him, and the interpretations of a dozen really sincere enthusiasts, stirred by it to the bottom of their hearts, and fed as with heavenly manna, would be widely apart. The truth is, the meaning of music lies hidden in those deep, mysterious springs of every day experience, which it were as vain to ignore as if is impossible to render into words. Music is finer than speech, and makes its appeal to a deeper somewhat in us underlying all thoughts of the understanding. Music expresses that part of our best and inmost consciousness, which needs such sympathetic, fluid, one might almost say electric, language as its tones alone afford. For it begins where speech leaves off; through it the inmost spirit—all that is inexpressible and yet of most account in us—can give sign of itself. Hence the loftiest poetry, the most inspired and subtle charm of conversation, in short, that magical something which distinguishes the utterances of genius in its high hour, in whatsoever form, is analogous to music and sets the fine chords vibrating in somewhat the same way. The higher ranges of Coleridge's conversation are described by his nephew, in the Preface to the "Table-Talk," in terms which one might use who had been sitting under the spell of Mendelssohn or Chopin: "I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him,—when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to *him*, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation:—

> "And so, his senses gradually wrapt
> In a half-sleep, he'd dream of better worlds,
> And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
> That sangest, like an angel in the clouds!"

Did you never step within the portal of a vast and crowded church in the hour of prayer? In vain you sought to catch the syllables of the far-off, pale, spiritual-looking man. What if you could not hear them? You heard *him*: his tones, his spirit, took possession of your spirit, till, losing thought of self, it went up with the rest. Of that sort is the eloquence, the influence of music. Nothing does more for culture than the personal presence, the magnetic sphere as it were which one in whom the spirit and result of higher culture are embodied bears about with him. The presence of good music is the presence of a good spirit. The presence of deep and earnest music is essentially the presence of the deep and earnest spirit who composed it,—a presence felt more surely than his words or looks could be. There is frivolous, idle music, and there is pedantic music. There is also music, more than one mind may compass, which is altogether the outpouring of the hopes, the prayers, the faith, the very lives of men like Handel, Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. It is good to have them with us; and in no way could we have them so near as in their undying harmonies, not so evanescent but that generation after generation can recall them, all alive and new as if they never had been heard before. Music is an expression of character, of the moods, the spirit, the meaning of the man that makes it. His words can only tell the meaning of his thoughts; his actions the meaning of his present purpose; his music tells the meaning of *him*. Through one symphony you get a clearer insight into a being like Beethoven than through any life of him that could be written. Not much acquaintance can you have with Bach or Mozart through biographies, unless you know their music and can read that, all the while, between the lines.

Music has an atmospheric influence. In earliest childhood such influence is felt. The very infant is affected by it; we care not that he understand or even seem to heed or listen. And each composer's music is a peculiar atmosphere, as much so as the atmosphere of the woods or fresh fields. The sensibilities, the character, the tone of feeling, the aspirations, the habitual consciousness of the child, will be affected by it, and all his after-life be redolent of it. Beethoven or Mozart may be introduced as an invisible presiding genius over his earliest education, before other teachers can begin to reach him, or any thoughts shall have begun to shape themselves in his unconscious mind.

All very well, you say, in theory: but look at facts and persons. Were your musical classmates, are your musical friends and neighbors, are the musicians of your town, distinguished as a class for intellectuality? How many of your great tone-masters, even, seem to be persons of no culture! How little they can talk on intellectual, moral, social topics! How innocent of all book knowledge, and how helpless in high conversation! And so on.

Yet we could give instances where, could you know the persons nearly and what spirit they are of, you might be forced to own that mere music may serve as a virtual equivalent for other culture,—holding in itself much other culture in solution as it were. For there we seem to have the *essence* of it all. You will note sometimes in the simplest remark of one of these thoroughly musical natures, one of those so steeped in harmonies, but ignorant of books, and so unused to cultivated circles,—nay, in a mere smile or lighting of the eye or least expression of the face,—how right to the heart and centre of a thought their quick instinct, intuition, strikes, how they see the *gist* of the matter in anticipation of the hint. For, somehow, in fine music they have been baptized into the spirit of the highest thought, without the tedious intervention of the letter and the syllogism. The musical soul is gifted with a rare divining power. If the best of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, has passed into one, and there become assimilated with his inmost life and individuality, what culture can he lack that would seem rich enough to covet in exchange for this! And all the more by virtue of this one unspeakable possession (whether he possesses or is possessed), will he be sensitively open, heart and mind, to every hint of truth and beauty in nature, in poetry and art, in history, philosophy, or science. Preoccupied with one, as every earnest person must be in his way with something, does he renounce his birthright to the rest?

But let us not admit too much, since other culture is not hard to find in men who live for the most part in music.

During these last years, if not before, the reading world has had occasion to become acquainted with a goodly number of musicians who also were good writers and good talkers. Not a few of them have written books, and successful ones, though some of them may never have intended it. Mendelssohn's letters, sought in all the circulating libraries, though written to familiar friends, without the slightest literary purpose, show a literary faculty, a cleverness of thought and observation, a quick and fine appreciation of what passes, quite as remarkable perhaps as the Note-Books of Hawthorne. Schumann wrote only about music, but wrote like a man of culture and a thinker, fresh, original, and rich in illustration. The letters of some earlier great composers,—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,—which have been dragged to light of late to gratify the craving for whatever smallest personal relic can be found of men so perfectly revealed in their creations, though not to be judged at all as literature, do certainly afford glimpses here and there into most interesting character and intellectual traits of brightness not outmatched in other spheres. The Ritter Gluck knew how to explain the æsthetic principles which lay at the foundation of his classic operas with such clear logic and such fortunate expression as the case required; and Richard Wagner, who would fain push those principles too far, finds even now far readier audience as controversial pamphleteer and critic than he does for "Lohengrin," the "Meistersinger," or the "Nibelungen" trilogy. Weber, even if he had not composed "Der Freyschütz," "Oberon," and "Euryanthe," would have won a name by his æsthetico-romantic and fantastic writings, mostly of the kind called fugitive. More lately, Ferdinand Hiller, Hector Berlioz, and Liszt have written frequently and well, each with a fascinating individuality, all in a genial vein, full of enthusiasm and of *bonhommie*, and with fine discrimination, showing abundant evidence of minds well stored with general knowledge, on every page betraying genuine sympathy as well as personal acquaintance with poets, artists, men of thought and genius in all spheres. A more beautiful, poetic, chivalrous, appreciative tribute to the genius and the country of a brother artist than Liszt's noble monograph on Chopin were hard to find in any literature. Even the gay, mercurial, convivial Rossini, if he wrote no books, was quoted universally for his fine wit and observation; nor did he, as Hiller reports him daily for a season, lack higher powers of thoughtful conversation. Some of the recent German musicians, who have written on the principles and method of their art, have shown themselves well versed in modern metaphysical ideas and systems; for instance, Marx and Hauptmann. Joachim, the great violinist, asked all manner of questions, with most eager interest, about our Emerson, and showed an intimate acquaintance with his works; it was the genuine response of one free, large, fearless, truthful mind to another.

And so we might go on with instances, if there were need of more to prove that the musical passion, musical genius, "inspiration," is not a kind of preternatural secretion of all the mental faculties into one unduly developed organ at the expense of all the rest, and that a man, however much absorbed in music, need not be a moral weakling or a fool, a poor "Blind Tom" in kind, if not degree. It were a pretty problem for the idle hours of any of these doubters,—who talk so pityingly of intellectual and moral weakness as the price of musical indulgence,—to contemplate the difference between Blind Tom, and say, Sebastian Bach! Bach and Handel both, in their way, too, were totally absorbed in music,—mere musicians so far as we can know, their whole

gigantic force of heart and mind and will spending itself in that direction,—only to some purpose! Greater musicians, greater men, than these who, in this more self-conscious age, write books as well as symphonies, they have left no other sign but their great music. No one will doubt the greatness or the soundness of such intellects. Beethoven and Mozart must be joined with them, giant intelligences likewise, whose whole vitality was spent in music, and without conscious literary gift, though much he found so interesting in the letters which they would have burned could they have known the curiosity and love of publication of the age to come after them. (Let us be thankful that they did not know it.) There have been giants in our own days,—Mendelssohn at least, and Schumann; but the giants of those days were greater, and they wrote not books; they were all music. Does this prove against us? On the contrary it proves that music of itself is sphere enough for the completest exercise of such sublime intelligences, nay, such grand types of character, as only find their peers in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Raphael, Michel-Angelo, or Milton. There is idle lotus-eating, sickly sentimental vanity, shallow *dilettanteism* enough in music as in other arts and literature; no less, no more; and it is even found in much which tries to fancy itself religion, spirituality, life hidden in a better world. *Dilettante* is precisely the name that has been given to the idle, selfish, weak indulger in all or any of these spheres; but to be an artist, or even an amateur (or faithful lover), that implies some earnestness, some bending of the faculties, with strength of will, to worthy purpose.

Music a self-indulgent, pleasurable weakness, do you say? Makes a man a listless, shiftless dreamer, unfit for life's stern business, and to be counted a mere cipher by the world's self-elected governing committees? Enough to point for answer to the lives and labors of the great composers; to their sufferings, too, their willing martyrdom to the ideal of their art; their whole-souled loyalty to duty such as in the sure and strong bent of their genius God gave *them* to do. For this they could dispense with what the mass of men deem indispensable. Think what Bach actually did, and Handel; how Bach, in tranquil, cheerful, unambitious daily round of service, like a true priest who keeps the altar fire forever burning, tasked all his strength and mighty genius to the utmost, composing for each Sabbath in that Leipsic Thomas-Kirche, and for all the festivals besides, through six long years, a new cantata, comprising orchestral symphony, chorals, which he alone has harmonized so perfectly, elaborate choruses, and recitatives and airs for single voices, each upon a scale of magnitude equal to that of a mass, or one of the two or three parts of an oratorio, and all in the noblest and most learned style of composition,—works to live forever, yet sung then only once and laid away to be explored and published for the first time now, a century since he lived! There they lie, the manuscript scores of some three hundred of them, in the Royal Library at Berlin, any one of them a task beyond the power of any master of our own day. Think of the seemingly endless series of huge volumes of his works in all forms which the "Bach-Gesellschaft," year by year, for sixteen years now, have been bringing out, while the heap of manuscripts unedited seems scarcely yet to be diminished. And in all this not a page which a true criticism would leave out as being either trivial or commonplace; the whole of it sincere and wholesome music, the heartfelt expression of the deepest piety, and moulded in the clear, though complex and subtile forms peculiar to a loyal master mind that had attained to know and reverence the divine law and secret of all form.

Think of Handel creating all those oratorios after thirty years of intense toil in composing, rehearsing, and bringing out Italian operas at the rate of two or three each year!—Handel, a people's man, compared with Bach, who loved the light, while Bach lived in the shade, and who was much more in his element while facing the great world. Think of the brave old giant, after he grew blind, conducting the performance of his "Israel" or "Messiah" at the organ, improvising such organ accompaniment as it is scarcely within the skill of modern musicianship to replace, his huge wig vibrating, they say, with satisfaction when the whole went to his mind! Or think how Mozart *consumed* himself in musical creation, and died so young, apparently, only because the tree had borne all the wondrous fruit required of it, because he had fairly done the work, achieved the mission, of the longest life in five-and-thirty years! And Beethoven! What shall we say of him, writing his greatest works after he had entirely lost the sense of hearing? Was not that intellectual labor, and of the greatest kind, whether we judge it by the spiritual and mental chemistry which organized the works without the aid of sense, in him, or by their influence on the world? Schubert, Bellini, Weber, Mendelssohn, great workers all, died young; for real life and work of the purely intellectual, inspired kind are not to be measured by length of years. And the same is true in a great degree of the *Dii minores*, minor characters in music; this constancy of mental application, this earnest concentration of the higher faculties, is found in them; nor in composers only, but in humblest teachers, village organists, and even amateur enthusiasts.

Music may run into frivolity, may be coupled with immodesty, and with sheer atheism, that makes a jest of honesty, believing in no good, as in the *opera bouffe* of Offenbach; but music in itself has no such tendency. It can be gay, light-hearted, droll, and set the soul free from its mortal clogs awhile by exquisite and graceful fancies, such as sparkle in Rossini's comic operas, but never did it wear filthy channels for itself. Hold not the art guilty of the base uses trade and luxury would put it to. Music for music's sake is one thing, is divine; "sensational" music another and of other origin; its spring is mercenary, not sincerely musical.

There is another prejudice against musicians on the score of "eccentricities," "exceptional behavior," "disappointing" personal appearance, etc. Such hopeless "impracticables"! Beethoven's "moroseness," his absent-mindedness (forgetting to order his dinner while he sat in the restaurant for hours); Handel's "huge appetite," for truly the giant had two attributes of Homer's heroes in a high degree, capacity for anger and for eating (as it were, whole hecatombs)! absence of mind in Schumann too, and in Franz Schubert, alternating in the latter with a wild Bohemian conviviality, the great work going on within him somehow all the while; Chopin's morbid and unreasonable sensitiveness; and many more such contradictions might be named; yet really not more, we fancy, than among famous painters, sculptors, poets, psychologists, and men of science, men of business, and even some whom the pious world has sainted. But music presupposes a harmonic, truer sort of life than society has realized as yet; and so for answer we may say: These great musicians lived too early; they were prophets in their way; in actual outward life but ill at home in a world not ready for them,—a world so selfish and antagonistic. *Their* souls were strung up to heaven's concert pitch; it was the age, the world around them, that was false and gave out an uncertain and bewildering sound.

Schubert, they say, haunted the wine-shop; sought seclusion, sought escape from *bores* (whom, chiefly of all mortal ills, he dreaded), in what seemed dull and sensual leisure. There he would find free play of thought and room for shaping fancy. There, as we said, the work went on within, the new song sang itself, the symphony was growing into form. He was convivial and fond of friends, recklessly generous, "felt himself a Crœsus when he had sold a song or two." And when the generous liquor loosed his tongue, with what fearless frankness, what subtile, withering satire, he would tell pretenders to the name of artist what he thought of them! Then again he could sit dumb and vacant to appearance, quiescent, passive as an oyster. But was there not a pearl in that oyster? What if the pearl should chance to be the glorious great Symphony in C, that of the "heavenly length," as Schumann said of it, which here in our own city has held thousands of listeners in rapt, exalted mood so often in the Music Hall! What if it were full of pearls! How many, as it now appears, of purest lustre, did he, careless of fame or publishers, leave hid away in corners, now first brought to light! Which is the real Schubert, the oyster or the pearl?

Perhaps, considering all that these men have *done*, and what they are to us and will be to mankind for ages, the all-sufficient simple excuse for the contradiction is: it proves them *human*, and so makes them doubly ours.

We have been speaking of composers, real composers, great ones. If the brain-work they did was so vast in quantity, so intense in energy, so sublime in quality, so far-reaching in influence, so historic, precious to the heart of ages, it surely proves the intellectuality of the tone-art itself, the element in which they wrought, and in which *we* too feel free, clear, high and happy, nearer heaven, while we listen to and love their inexhaustible creations. If it was great to do these things, is it not great to have and use and love them when done, as long as they will last?—and that would seem to be forever. What it was good to give, is it not good also to receive, and yield us to its charm, and woo its influence? And if this imply a certain passiveness of mind, abandonment of will on our part, are we less passive, are we more intellectual under the spell of poems or whatever kind of high discourse?

[To be continued.]

A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK.—No. 3.

(From the London Choir.)

On leaving Berlin, where I had stayed at the "Hotel d'Angleterre," for the last four or five days, one of the largest and best hotels on the Continent, at which one can live, so much better are things managed abroad than in England, in the best possible way, good wine included, at the rate of ten shillings per diem, I proceeded by the evening mail at 8 30, and arrived in Leipzig at midnight. "Almost every living being in Leipzig," said a friend to me in Berlin, "is musical; they live on music, they can't live without it; art is their daily bread, is necessary to their very existence, and, moreover, the art with the Leipzigers is by no means a money-making business, but it is practised and studied, and dreamed of, for its own sake." Well, I thought, as I was driven along in a drosky from the station, which is nearly two miles from the city, so fraught with historic importance and so full of art and artists, will all my friend's assertions be realized? Most interesting was the drive through the streets of this picturesque old city, lighted up, but deserted, in the dead of night to the "Hotel de Baviére," where the host and his attendants were awaiting our arrival, and being known to my travelling companion, received us with much courtesy; I was soon made to feel as much at home as I well could at a hotel in a foreign country. In the morning, when I looked out of the window of my comfortable room to take a survey of the neighborhood, it seemed as if I could stretch my hands across to the houses opposite, so narrow are some of the streets, especially in the old parts of the city.

My first duty was to call on my friend Capellmeister Carl Reinecke, while it was still early, for I had been warned by my host that unless I went before nine o'clock I should run the risk of not finding him at home. I found him at half-past eight busy giving a pianoforte lesson, and after the usual greetings we made an appointment for eleven o'clock. In the meantime I walked about the city to take a cursory glance at the principal streets and public buildings. What attracted my attention most was the great square in which the celebrated fair is annually held, the visitors on this occasion being generally upwards of sixty thousand. In the most important streets I noticed with great astonishment that almost every third building was occupied by a bookseller or music publisher. But I am anxious to get back to my hotel to receive the Capellmeister, and long to be directed to some of the musical associations of Leipzig, and especially to those connected with its former illustrious residents, John Sebastian Bach and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Like all other German musicians who had made appointments with me, Herr Reinecke kept his time exactly. After a little interesting conversation respecting his recent and successful visit to England, we proceeded to the famous "Conservatorium der

Musik," the nursery of many musical geniuses, not only German and English (amongst the latter of whom one of the most eminent is Professor Sterndale Bennett), but of nearly every civilized country. The building stands in a large court yard, which is reached through an archway; it certainly has no pretensions to architectural beauty, and when I made an observation about this, as it appeared to me, defect to one of the Professors, he gave me as his opinion, that he considered the want of external beauty of no consequence; but what was of the greatest importance, the adaptation of its interior to the purposes required, and its "fitness for work, work, work, mein Herr," that was its greatest recommendation. The class rooms are all furnished in the simplest possible manner with desks, music-stands, tables, a few plain chairs, and the inevitable Breitkopf and Härtel grand pianos; no carpets, floors and walls alike being bare. The principal apartment is the concert hall, which with its peculiar gallery, from which the occupants seem, as it were, to pop their heads from out of the wall, will accommodate three hundred persons. The small orchestra possessed two grand pianofortes, and here the students during term exhibit their talents both in composition and performance to their friends and the public. During my expedition Herr Reincke introduced me to Dr. Papperitz, the organist of the great organ in the Church of S. Nicholas, who was good enough to make an appointment with me for the following day, to hear and play that immense instrument. Among the students were two fine looking negroes (from America I believe) and also the Rev. E. Scotson Clarke, Mus. Bac. Oxon, who, with others from England, were going through the courses of harmony and other instruction imparted by the different masters of the Academy.

Close [?] to the Conservatorium is the "St Thomas Schule," part of which was once the house of Sebastian Bach, and in the gardens beneath it stands his statue. Deeply interested, I walk under the windows of the large, tall, quaint old building, and eventually found myself gazing at the statue of the most profound musician, the deepest thinker, the hardest worker of all the world's musical heroes. "Listen," I said to my friend, "listen, the choir are singing one of the dear old Cantor's motets," as I recognized at once that splendid eight-part unaccompanied work in G minor. With the greatest firmness, accuracy, and in strict time, by a choir of boys and men, was the piece sung, but interrupted occasionally, for I could hear everything distinctly, by the remarks of Dr Richter, who caused the difficult passages to be sung again and again, until they were delivered perfectly. "Shade of John Sebastian," thought I, "how particular your countrymen are, how hard they work! no wonder your nation can appreciate and enjoy the highest and most subtle forms of musical composition!" And now let me visit the well-known church of St. Thomas, close at hand, where Bach played the organ and produced most of those deathless compositions, notably the "Matthäus Passionsmusik," which have made his name immortal, and placed him on the highest pinnacle of excellence. Unfortunately time did not permit me to seek an entrance into the Church, but the building itself is a huge mass of brick, stone, and plaster, with an enormously high-pitched roof studded with garret looking windows, altogether not possessing that impressive exterior which somehow or other I had expected to see. Just after leaving the Church a troop of Prussian infantry overtook us, and though it was mid day with a broiling July sun, they were marching at a remarkably quick pace. I was informed that this inuring their soldiers to every kind of fatigue is part of their military system—a system which our own authorities and those who made such numerous complaints about a certain march in our own country a few weeks ago would do well to look to. Proceeding with them for a short distance, when they halted at the old castle, we saw that three of their number instantaneously dropped down in a state of insensibility, but were immediately carried off to the castle by their fellows. The fine band of about sixty which headed them then struck up some lively and inspiriting music.

After visiting the ramparts and the old walls, and driving through some of the most interesting suburbs of the city, I returned to my hotel to make preparations for hearing the opera. The opera house is a noble building, standing in the immense square, opposite to the museum. I was told that I should hear "something anti classical, neither Gluck, Mozart, or Beethoven; certainly not Bach, but Offenbach!" The opera proved to be *La Belle Hélène*. The orchestra of forty selected players did more than justice to the sparkling and brilliant tunes of the lively modern French composer; indeed, the accompaniment to all the songs was throughout delicate and artistic; the principal singers were, however, scarcely equally excellent, the fair Hélène, especially, indulging in an extravagant amount of *tremolando* on nearly every note she produced. To me the most striking part of the affair was the engrossing attention paid to every detail of the performance by the crowded audience; they seemed to know every point of the opera, and would evidently have made the performers aware of their knowledge, had they been guilty of any faults of omission or commission. After the second act I repaired to my appointment at the house of Herr Reincke, with whom, and another musical friend, I spent a most delightful evening.

Here, again, music was all in all; for four hours we were entirely absorbed in it, now one plays the piano, then another; now a duet, and then an improvisation; now a new original work, then an examination of some novelties by other composers; now a discussion on the state of music in England, then the government support of music in Germany; now organs and organists. And then the creature comforts were not neglected; we adjourned to supper; but music, music is still the theme of our conversation. At the end of the meal the never failing fragrant weed with its accompaniment of Rhine wine is produced, and again we talk of music and musicians. "And now," said my host, "before we part, let me show you the most valuable book in my library." He then brought out from amongst the tomes of great composers' works, with much care, an oblong folio book filled with autograph MSS. compositions by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, and many other famous musicians. This was one of the most interesting and valuable books I had ever seen. On its pages one could note how the thoughts of these great musical geniuses had been developed and written down. Beethoven was evidently as rapid in writing as he was full of ideas; here is a passage of some seven or eight bars which as soon as it is written gives place to some other production of his fertile imagination, the pens mark it down with lightning rapidity, and the great master rests satisfied with the improved version. Mozart's notes are smaller and neatly copied; but few corrections has the composer of *Don Giovanni* thought it necessary to make, whilst Hummel's writing is the perfection of neatness and accuracy.

"Yet one more book," said my hospitable friend, "and we will say grace Noel!" "Here is an album in which I have preserved, from crowned heads and musical celebrities, letters written to me during the last thirty years." In them were extracts of the private thoughts and artistic views of Mendelssohn, Berlioz, David, Meyerbeer, Thalberg, Hiller, and indeed of all the musical worthies of the age. At last, with grateful expressions on my part for the charming hours I had spent in such glorious company, and mutual hopes that our next meeting would be in Yorkshire, we parted.

About o'clock on the following morning I repaired to the church of S. Nicholas, where I found, as usual, the organist, Dr Papperitz, true to his appointment. The instrument in this church is one of the largest and most varied in its character of the notable modern organs of Germany, and has four manuals and ninety registers. The organist kindly showed me its varieties of tone in a short improvisation, and afterwards, at the particular request of Dr Papperitz and the musical persons present, I had the pleasure of playing for nearly an hour, and making my hearers further acquainted with English music, of which their knowledge seemed to be rather limited. Notwithstanding the great size of this instrument, I found its arrangement so good that manipulation was comparatively easy. I much regretted that I had not been present on the previous Sunday, as there had been an organ concert, when Herr Rohde, a famous organist from Halle, played Bach's *Passacaglia* in F (so well known to English organists), and the gathering was made doubly interesting by the presence of the distinguished Abbé Liszt, who in addition to his numerous other accomplishments possesses a power, as an organ writer and player, of no mean order. My next letter will contain a farther account, and a detailed description of this famous instrument.

(*To be continued.*)

Dr. Callcott's MSS. in the British Museum.

As the popular composer of glees Dr. Callcott for the last eighty years has stood in his proper niche in the temple of English harmonists. To canvass his merits in this regard would be an absurdity. In all he did to perfect "the glee"—the school of composition peculiar to this country—he manifested such preternatural fecundity, such vigor and originality, and such general felicity of style, as to astonish his contemporaries and overwhelm all rivals. Unsuccessful in his first attempt for the prize of 1784, he gained all three prizes the next year, and the year after sent in no less than a hundred—a dose which had the effect of giving rise to the rule that for the future every candidate should limit his industry to three specimens of each description of composition. The year following Calcott complied with the new rule, and carried off all the four prizes—a circumstance then unparalleled in the history of the Catch Club, and never since equalled.

Dr. Calcott, as is well known, was a prodigious worker. He dedicated his life to the end of creating a Grammar of Music, a Theory, a Biographical Dictionary of Professors and Composers, and a General Encyclopedia of Musical Science and Practice. He occupied ten years in perfecting his plans for these four works, and had spent another decade in heaping up and abstracting materials, when his nervous organization gave way, and he became incapable of all professional exertion. He had worked unremittingly for upwards of twenty years amid the literature of knowledge, through the pages of the unimpassioned and the superannuated, the essays of teachers and the methods of teaching, and what he did during these twenty years his sixty volumes of manuscript writing now in the British Museum reveal to the scholar and the musical profession. When looking over this large mass of unbroken intellectual activity no one can marvel that the reason fled; that the sunshine attending the gaining of power in knowledge should have passed into a permanent wintry gloom; and that a great star should have been withdrawn to dwell apart mid darkness and cloud. Had he exercised more of his prerogative in the creation of music, relieved the memory and the understanding in working the higher faculties of the imagination, it is more than probable he might have avoided the calamity that led to his being sequestered from his beloved avocations, and have escaped drinking of that bitter cup which it would seem the sons of genius not infrequently are fated to drain to its very dregs.

Callcott was born in Kensington, schooled there, studied there, lived and died there. When barely twelve years of age he was taken from school, and it was settled he was to be an apothecary and surgeon. The sight of the first operation so affected him that it was necessary to remove him from all associations of the kind, and he at once commenced the study of music as a learned and scientific profession. He became acquainted with Mr. Overend, of Isleworth, who, like Mr. Kent, of Winchester, and Dr. Boyce, had been smitten with the theory of Dr Pepusch, the great theoretical musician of Berlin. Pepusch had left Berlin, resided in London, married a popular Italian singer with a great fortune, and spent a long life in the exercise of the literature of knowledge, gathering together a wondrous collection of books on the art and science of music, teaching the best geniuses of his time, and creating a fashion for the study of the subtleties of musical art as it was understood and practised by the old fathers in composition. He professed to throw sunlight upon the old tones, the Church contrapuntal scales; and such was his zeal that he starred in all the warm blood in the profession in favor of his behoved study. Kelway, Keeble, Dr Holder, and Benjamin Stillingfleet owe their predilections and bias to the learning of Pepusch; and Kent, Overend, Boyce, and Worgan spent their lives in interblending the results of their incessant application to the investigations of the relations of sound with the more genial and certainly more durable efforts of realizing results. These men let the public know in many clever and pleasing compositions the advantages arising from such studies, and the assistance they gave to talents however popular and versatile. Handel created a school in England, Dr. Pepusch made an academy; and to this day every English scholar in music, when tracing his career, must admit his great obligations to the little Doctor that married the city songstress with the long purse. Kent of Winchester died leaving his folios of calculations on the intervals of the vexed scales; Overend spent his life in figures of the like nature; Boyce took up Overend, and poor Dr. Callcott took up Boyce. The manuscripts of Kent and Overend, so highly prized by Callcott, have since been sold by public auction for a few shillings; and the extended quartos of Boyce were not long since purchased under half-a sovereign. All knowledge like this is as the fashion of this world that passeth away, but self-prompted genius rediscovers for itself, and the elementary truths or principles of the forbidden science crop up again, and have their outcome in almost every generation. Even the man most afflicted with the demon of curiosity shuts his eyes at the last new craze, but the yearnings of the new student are not to be daunted or thwarted by either incredulity or neglect, and thus he redraws diagrams, recreates theories, and at length makes a system which he can himself work, and in which he finds much satisfaction. There are no less than thirty-nine little octavo volumes in the handwriting of Dr. Callcott filled with clever and compact abstracts of most of the great writers on theory, varied by marks of the great range of

his reading and his determination to gain mastery over every branch of the science. Greek, Latin, Syriac, Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, geometry, algebra, trigonometry, high forms in arithmetic,—whatever seemed to him necessary to know in the pursuit of his study he would know; and how it was all done whilst pursuing the ordinary avocations of a music-master seems a perfect marvel. The number of works he translated is most extraordinary, and this at a time when help in the shape of critical lexicons and well arranged scientific dictionaries was not ordinarily within reach, if indeed to be obtained at all. Nor should be forgotten the labor and great expense of accumulating his comprehensive and exhausting library: the time it must have taken, the sums of money required, the necessary learning to guide in its selection. The works of the older theorists, such as Gaffurius, Zarlino, Doni, Prinz, Mattheson, Rameau, Tartini, Marpurg, and Martini, it is plain he had at his fingers' ends, and no work by any one of his own countrymen escaped his observation and analysis. There is a careful and shrewd analysis of the five volumes of Hawkin's History of Music, and an equally well done one of Burney. He not only condenses Gafor, but gives a lively and brilliant account of his life. So also with Folianus, the earliest author proving the consonance of the third and sixth, and also Froschius, the able reviver of the system of Pythagoras, a system which to this day has its advocates with some of the most modern French theorists. Then there is the notice on that strange work by Claude Sebastinnus, "Bellum Musicale," a summary of the contention between the now called homophone of the second of the major key and the fourth of its relative minor. Amid all this wealth of learning stands conspicuous Dr. Callcott's great honesty: it is nt once apparent whether he knows a rare book by personal inspection or is merely quoting from record or hearsay. Over the "Syntagma Musicum" of Michael Prætorius he laments he has never been able to gain a sight of it, nor even of the "Pleiades Musicæ" of Baryphorius, who it is said in this no less rare work gives an account of the "Syntagma." It is hardly necessary to mention that, although copies of other works by Prætorius have occasionally turned up since Dr. Calcott's time, no copy of the "Syntagma" has ever been seen. Then there are his essays on the Use and Abuse of Musical Theory, the Invention of Counterpoint, Musical Literature, Progress of Vocal Harmony, Improvements in the Organ, and his Lectures written when he succeeded Dr. Crotch as lecturer at the public Institutions in the metropolis. And these Essays and Lectures are not the things of the present day; a few platitudes stringing together some popular glees, anthems, and songs, but massive, solid, and masterly summaries, conveying an extraordinary gathering together of learning, written plainly, clearly, unostentatiously, and with the kindest and most genial spirit—bestowing commendation wherever deserved, and pointing out all that is valuable for subsequent thought and consideration.

Callcott was one of the leaders—one of the torch-bearers of musical science in this country, and has made his name famous among the deservedly great musicians of all countries. We look over these mementos of his untiring and indomitable industry with a mixture of curiosity and veneration: and who is there who does not mourn over these pledges for a great national result? There is no want of arrangement, yet to ordinary readers they present a chaos indicative of the mind that was severed from them—threads of thought broken—the web left imperfect forever.—*Orchestra.*

Nebuchadnezzar's Band.

THE MUSIC THEY PLAYED.

What sort of music was played by Nebuchadnezzar's band?

First, if we find an instrument of music which *will* only give forth a certain series of notes, we are tolerably safe in assuming that it *did* only play such a tune as those notes would make. And, to go a step further, if we find an instrument on which those notes could only be played in such an order, we have the identical tune. And if we find an ancient Pandean pipe or syrinx, we can tell what kind of air might have been played on it; and sometimes, when the pipes are so arranged, the very air itself.

Secondly, if we recognize among the music of our own day a class of compositions which require the use of certain notes and intervals only, and if, moreover, we discover that in the Assyrian instruments only these notes and intervals occur, we are justified in asserting that we can approximate to the character of the music which was played by them.

Again, if we see representations in Assyrian sculpture of a number of musicians playing together, and have already identified their instruments, and the power of each, we can tell pretty nearly the amount of noise, and the kind of noise, which was made by them.

Lastly, when we see in some sculptures an army or a religious procession, or a dance, keeping time to the music, we can approximate to the pace at which these musicians played.

So when we have the instruments we can tell the range of each of them by actual experiment; we know the series of notes and the intervals found on each; we are acquainted with a style of music in our own day which might be played on similar instruments; we have the bas-reliefs and pictures necessary for determining which set of musicians formed a band; and we are able to distinguish between the kind of composition in use at a march, a dance, or a religious ceremony.

The octave is universal in Europe in modern times, but it seems that among the Greeks, and among the Eastern nations from whom they adopted their music, a different division was obtained. On the Assyrian musical instruments, so far as we are acquainted with them, it would have been impossible to sound every note of an octave. Certain notes were habitually omitted—they were the fourth note of our octave and the seventh. David's ten-stringed harp or lute contained two octaves of this kind, and some of the Assyrian harps had twenty-six strings—that is, five pentatonic octaves, and one note or "key-note" over. But an objector will say, "How ugly such music must be!" Quite the contrary—it is the sweetest of all. "The Last Rose of Summer" is a pentatonic air; so is "The Lass o' Gowrie," and the proof of these being pentatonic lies in the fact that, if you play over either of these melodies on the *black* notes only of the piano, passing over any white ones that may seem to be required, you will find the original air come out with the utmost distinctness. But, you say again, these are Scotch and Irish tunes. True, and all the old Scotch and Irish musical instruments are made to sound only the pentatonic scale, and you will find by experiment that many other Irish and Scotch airs beside those named above may be reduced to the same scale.

And, again, many travellers have remarked on the peculiar sweetness and plaintiveness of most of the melodies still played in the East on "kissars," and "santirs," and pipes," almost exactly similar to those figured in the Assyrian sculptures—nay, some voyagers in remote places in Asia have been struck by the familiar sound of some old melody, played almost exactly as they had heard it, in years gone by, upon bagpipes or harps in Scotland or Ireland. M. Engel, in his book on ancient music, has enumerated many cases of this kind, and has, besides, given examples of the tunes; and this goes far to prove that we are right in assuming that, where this peculiar division of the octave was in use, the melodies for which it was used were more or less alike.

One thing more. Were these melodies in a major or minor key? It is not very easy to determine. The oldest musical instrument discovered at Babylon is a pipe made of baked clay. It sounds the intervals of the common chord, *either major or minor*, according to which notes are used. A hole at one side completes a major chord; a hole answering to it, at the other, gives the minor. This curious "piece" of two thousand years ago is in the Asiatic Society's Museum; but it would be assuming too much to argue from it, or from any number of similar specimens, that the Babylonians were acquainted with what we call major and minor keys. Such divisions, we must recollect, are purely arbitrary, and, from a number of other circumstances, we shall be safer in concluding—if, indeed we come to any conclusion—that no fixed rule of the kind was adopted. And if the objector asks for an example of such an extraordinary kind, we can refer him to many of the modern Oriental melodies which have been recently brought to this country, or to the Irish and Scotch tunebooks, which contain several examples. For instance, in "Moore's Melodies," the song "Silent, O Moyle," is set to an old tune which begins in a minor and ends in a major, nor is the transition unpleasant. Strange to say, all the "arrangers" of Moore have overlooked this fact, and have added a line of accompaniment to bring it back to the original key.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS. These began on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 1, with the following programme:

Overture "Oberon".....Weber.
Symphony No. 1, in C, Op. 21.....Beethoven.
Air, "I mourn as a dove" (St. Peter).....Benedict.
Air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere," (Paradise and the Peri).....J. F. Barnett.
Concerto, pianoforte, in G, Op. 58.....Beethoven.
Duet, "Mira la bianca luna".....Rossini.
Ouverture di Ballo.....Arthur S. Sullivan.
Pianoforte Solos.....Schubert and S. Heller.
New Song, "Phœbe the Fair".....Balfe.
March from Suite No. 1.....Lachner.

We give a portion of the comment of the *Times*. The remarks upon "Cadenzas" in Concertos are worthy of attention.

When Mr. Manns took his place before the conductor's desk he was received with a burst of applause, in which every one of the audience seemed more or less heartily to join. No such compliment was ever more worthily bestowed—and this for reasons with which our amateur readers must be tolerably conversant. That the orchestra was the same numerous and well-trained body of executants which for many seasons, under the superintendance of their zealous—nay, enthusiastic—director, has helped to win an almost exceptional musical reputation for the Crystal Palace, the performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon* sufficed convincingly to show. Nothing more careful as to detail, nothing more spirited, could have been desired. Still more interesting, however, than this fiery and romantic prelude was the piece immediately following.

It is generally known that, in consequence of 1870 being the centenary of the birth of Beethoven (who came into the world December 17, 1770—four lustres and one year before the death of Mozart), it is intended at the concerts preceding Christmas to accord unusual prominence to the orchestral compositions of that master, and especially to give his nine symphonies without exception. The admirable execution of the first of these undying masterpieces, the vigorous, bright, and everywhere melodious Symphony in C—the symphony in which, as if where at a bound, the Beethoven of 30 summers (or, as he himself, with sad veracity, might have styled them, winters) proved himself equal to Haydn and Mozart at their best—was an alluring foretaste of what we have to expect. And it may be stated with confidence, judging from experience, that what we can reasonably look forward to is a performance of each of the nine symphonies as good as any performances that have been heard elsewhere, at home or abroad—even at the Paris Conservatoire, where, but for antagonistic causes, lamented by all the civilized world, the universally renowned orchestral concerts, which the musical Germans themselves have never been able to surpass, rarely to emulate, would be just now about to commence. (Fancy the thunder of German cannons silencing the symphonies of Beethoven—most German of all Germans!).

Thus much may be relied upon with confidence; and a better guarantee of what is to follow than the execution of "No. 1"—an execution to criticize which would, as it seems to us, be hypercritical—could not possibly have been afforded. Movement after movement—from the grave *adagio* ushering in the *allegro con brio*, first-born of the giants, to the humorous and exhilarating *finale*—was precisely what it should be. Every member of the orchestra apparently went through his task *con amore*—that is, if unswerving precision, the delicate observation of light and shade, and a sustained unanimity of attack which up to the final reiterated chords might have induced the belief that a single instrument with many various stops and voice had been played upon all the time, by some expert and vigorous executant, may count for anything. To say more than that each movement of the symphony was listened to with eager attention, and that at the conclusion the applause was loud and general, would be superfluous. Let us hope (and we have little doubt of it (that when the turn of the "No. 9"—Colossus of Colossi—comes round, we may be able conscientiously to exclaim, "The end is worthy the beginning." Among the ingenious and instructive "programmatic" remarks signed with the familiar and, to amateurs, always welcome initial "G" (the signature of a genuine enthusiast, if there ever was one), there is one passage to which we must with deference take exception. "Except however," writes "G." "for the fact that it is Beethoven's first, the starting point in his mighty orchestral career, this symphony is hardly of any especial interest." Happily, a short way down, in his succinct but able analysis, "G." shows that he himself takes an "especial interest" in every part of the symphony. So did a greater than "G." Mendelssohn, on being asked which of the seven great symphonies of Beethoven he liked best, answered abruptly, "*Seven*—why, there are nine;" and, on further discussion, said that he liked to hear one or another according to the frame of mind he might happen to be in. At times—and that the least frequently because of the enormous stretch of attention it demanded—it would be the "No. 9," at other times the "No. 7;" at others the

"C minor"—and so on; but on no account would Mendelssohn hear of Nos. "1" and "2" being placed apart from the other seven.

If it is intended, which every one will hope may be the case, to include the five pianoforte concertos (as well as the violin concerto) in the *ante* Christmas programmes, it was wrong, we think, to begin with the fourth. That to hear so noble and beautiful a composition, played, too, with such brilliancy and refinement as were exhibited by Mr. Charles Hallé on the occasion under notice, must be agreeable under any circumstances, can hardly be denied. Nevertheless, in order to make the scheme consistent, it would have been wiser to commence with the earliest concerto (C major, Op. 15), thence proceeding chronologically, through the series, which culminates with the not inaptly styled "Emperor" (E flat, No. 5)—the grandest, perhaps, of all concertos, no matter for what instrument, or from what pen. By the way, Mr. Hallé, who was loudly applauded and called back to the orchestra at the termination of his performance, introduced in the first and last movements, the cadenzas written by Beethoven himself, who in his fifth and last concerto expressly stipulates that there shall be "no cadenzas." To our notion a cadenza—generally no more nor less than something interpolated in the work of a master which that master has not himself composed—is out of place and out of taste, unless improvised, as Mendelssohn was wont to do. Cadenzas are simply opportunities for egotistical display on the part of the solo executant, and, in nine cases out of ten, blemishes on the otherwise transparent surface. That Beethoven held them in no great affection may be gathered from the cadenzas ostensibly meant to be introduced whenever his fourth concerto is played, but which are virtually so extravagant that one can scarcely refrain from the belief that in writing them the illustrious musician had chiefly in mind to turn the system of interpolation into ridicule. Regarded as abstract music, these cadenzas are out of sorts with the Orphean inspiration with which certain zealous musicians who think Beethoven was incapable of a joke connect them as a matter of course. Improvisations, such as Mendelssohn, Hummel, and occasionally Moscheles, have been heard to make, by not a few amateurs now living, and such as Mozart, Beethoven, Woelfl, Steibelt, Clementi, and Dussek, according to credible authority, were accustomed to make, must always be entertained in a degree commensurate with their merit; but written improvisations are pure anomalies. Nevertheless, we find many such perpetrations—like the ornaments supplied so prodigally for the pure and noble pianoforte concertos of Mozart by men of no less repute than Hummel and John Cramer—actually printed and published with the works themselves, as though they formed integral parts of them.

To the fact that Mr. Hallé played Beethoven's cadenzas well, no one who knows anything about pianoforte playing could be insensible; but that, on the other hand, these cadenzas, if only for the composer's sake, were better omitted, must equally have been apparent to those who know anything about music. When Beethoven wrote over one cadenza, "*Cadenza—ma senza cadere*"—a bad play upon Italian words, he indirectly made known the small esteem he entertained for gratuitous exhibitions of "virtuosity:" and this was more emphatically shown by his sudden admonition to ambitious pianists, just at the long coveted "*point d'orgue*"—"no cadenza"—in the first movement of his E flat concerto. Mendelssohn left no opening for cadenzas in either of his pianoforte concertos; while, in his concerto for violin, finding that one might be in place and effective, he cunningly inserted a cadenza of his own, which reminds us of the terminal shake for the flute, in "Oh rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*) which saved the singer much pains and the composer, perhaps, still more annoyance.

VIARDOT GARCIA.—The *Athenæum* tells us:

One of the queens of song, an *artiste*, who in almost all European languages has sung on the lyric stages of Italy, Spain, England, France, Germany, Russia, &c., Pauline Viardot Garcia, is about to visit London, to resume her professional career. Her fortune has been sacrificed by the war in France, of which country her husband is a native. Whilst M. Viardot is at Tours, having joined his former political and literary colleagues in office, Mme. Viardot has been compelled to quit her residence in Baden-Baden to begin a fresh career. This is a sad reverse for the gifted sister of Malibran. Viardot's *débuts* as *Desdemona* in Paris and London in 1839, when she was only eighteen, can be well remembered by Opera frequenters. Viardot in Berlin stood her ground at the height of Jenny Lind's popularity. She doubled on one occasion in an emergency, the parts of *Isabella* and *Alice* in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable,"—an unprecedented [?] feat. Meyerbeer's opinion that she was the best *Valentina* he ever heard, is on record. Viardot's "creation" of the character of *Fides* in the "Prophète" is familiar to the audiences of Paris and London. Her last great part was Gluck's *Orfeo*. She has given to the world singers of note who were her pupils, and it is as a teacher and as a composer (for she has written an opera in two acts, "The Lost Magician," which has been performed in several theatres in Germany,) that Mme. Viardot will seek to secure a position in London; and the royalty, rank and fashion which recognized her varied talents when she was a *prima donna*, will doubtless not fail her in the hour of need, when she presents herself as a Professor,—one of the members of the grand school of singing of the Garcias.

DEATH OF BALFE.—Michael William Balfe, the composer, died yesterday in London at the age of sixty two. Balfe has not been without honor in this day and generation. Few men who have written so feebly have attained such popularity. His operas have been received with favor in England and in this country for the last thirty years. They are pleasant and melodious, but neither strong nor original. Among those of them that are best known are "The Bohemian Girl," "The Enchantress," and "The Puritan's Daughter." Balfe was the imitator of Auber, but followed him at an immense distance. He was born at Dublin, in 1808, and took lessons of Charles E. Horn, who afterwards was so well known in this city. His talent for music was early displayed, and he began his career as a vocalist, even singing so difficult a part as that of Rossini's *Figaro* (under the name of Balfi) with Malibran and Sontag at the Theatre Italian at Paris. Subsequently he turned his attention to composition. His daughter Victoria Balfe was eminent as a vocalist. She married Sir John Crampton, who was once the English Minister at Washington. From him she was divorced, and then married the Duke de Frias, a Spanish nobleman.

Balfe lived mostly in England, where at one time he was manager at Drury Lane Opera House. Of late he has not composed any work of merit.—*Sun*, (*New York*).

WAR SONGS.—The *Orchestra* of Oct. 11, says:

Concert-goers have been very bellicose this week. On Wednesday two outbursts of war-songs took place—one at St. James's Hall, the other at the Crystal Palace. That at St. James's Hall, being for the benefit of the German Association for the Relief of the Sick and the Wounded, being in other words a commentary upon the wickedness and cruelty of war, was made to participate of incentives to slaughter; and the most popular songs were those which, like Hiller's "To Arms," Randegger's "Forwards," and the everlasting "Watch on the Rhine," encouraged that very evil which it was the aim of the concert to diminish. So consistent is human nature. We have to chronicle, however, a very successful gathering; the hall was crammed; the occasion was patronized by a number of German authorities, from Count Bernstorff downwards; among the artists the Signori became Herren, Mr. Randegger hardened his vowels into gutturals, and Mr. Benedict was down as Herr Julius on the programme. The Teutonic element being complete on the platform, nothing remained for the audience but to carry out the spirit of applauding all the blood thirsty recommendations to the encore. And this they did. Frau Rudersdorff has written a poem "Vorwärts," which, with Randegger's music, went with great success, a choral refrain lending it additional effect. Mr. Benedict's "Dead Soldier" was another feature of the concert, and created a good impression alike by the music and the good singing of Miss Alice Fairman. So also the Gesangverein's rendering of Ferdinand Hiller's song "Zur Wehre," and Carl Wilhelm's much besung Rhine hymn. A great success was achieved by Herr Nordblom, the new tenor, who will make his appearance at the Crystal Palace concert to-morrow, and whose well trained voice and careful art promise for him a good position among the scanty band of tenors. Mme. Lind Goldschmidt should have appeared at this concert, but was prevented by illness; and Mlle. Drasdil was similarly incapacitated.

Among the instrumental pieces which relieved the songs, Mr Charles Hallé, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt offered contributions; and Herr Richard Hammer, a pianist from Paris, gave evidence of brilliant powers as an executant. A Hungarian zither quartet pleased; and in all its features the concert for the German Association realized the expectations formed concerning it.

At the Crystal Palace Mr. G. W. Martin and a choir of 400 voices made jubilee with the war-songs of different nations. "Rule Britannia," "See the Conquering Hero," "Come if you dare," "The Watch on the Rhine," and the "Marseillaise" found various expressions, and severally delighted the audience, especially the last, which was encored and would even have been demanded thrice in the enthusiasm of the audience, but the singers declined the compliment. Mr. Vernon Rigby sang "Sound an Alarm," and was encored. A Hymn of Peace, written for the occasion by Mr. G. W. Martin, much pleased the listeners, as did a French war song, which was also encored. "The German's Fatherland," "Partant pour la Syrie," and our National Anthem, completed the programme. The programme is to be repeated next Wednesday, so well did its ingredients please the sympathetic audience.

LEIPZIG. A grand concert was given a few days ago, by the members of Riedel's Association, in St. Thomas's, for the benefit of German soldiers and their families. It commenced with J. S. Bach's choral piece for the organ, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," well played by Herr Louis Papier. Then came two Hussite songs for chorus, which, as well as the other pieces of a similar kind, two sacred songs by Peter Cornelius, two choruses from Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, were sung with spirit and correctness by the members of the Association. Herr and Mme. Joachim executed together the solo for alto and *obbligato* violin accompaniment, "Erbarme dich meiner, o Gott," by J. S. Bach. Mme. Joachim sang also the air, "Ich weiss dass mein Erloser lebt," from Handel's *Messiah*, while Herr Joachim performed, as only he can perform, two *Andantes* from Bach's Violin Sonatas, a similar composition by Tartini, and Schumann's "Abendlied." Mlle. Mahlknecht sang the soprano solo from Raff's "De Profundis."—First Gewandhaus Concert on the 6th inst.: Oxford Symphony, Haydn; air from *Judas Maccabæus*, Handel (Mme. Peschka-Leutner); Concerto in A major for Pianoforte, Mozart (Herr Reinecke); Recitative and Aria, Mozart (Mme. Peschka-Leutner); and the Seventh Symphony, A major, Beethoven.—The Directors of the above concerts contemplated, a short time since, raising the subscription, in consequence of the very high prices demanded by "stars," especially by all vocal stars. With reference to this circumstance, a correspondent wrote a very strong letter to the *Leipziger Tageblatt*. Among other things he said:—

"We feel convinced that the real friends of music will applaud the Directors, if the latter will simply refuse to listen to exorbitant demands, even at the risk of our not hearing here in Leipsic some celebrated songstress, while on the other hand, by proper remuneration, they seek to retain the admirable members of the band, and to gain fresh ones, for the great attraction of the concerts is the celebrated orchestra; it is solely their performances, not strange virtuosi, which have obtained for the concerts their world wide renown."

In consequence partly of this article, perhaps, the Directors have made no alteration in the subscription. Herr August Langert has just completed a new opera, entitled *Desdemona*, which has been accepted at the Stadttheater, and will be produced this season. The libretto is by Dr. Alexander Levy of Treves. The rehearsals of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* have been resumed. The scenery is ready, and in all probability, the opera will be produced towards the latter end of December.

VIENNA. Business is very good just now at the Imperial Opera-house. This may partly be attributed to the great number of strangers here at present. Mlle. Bertha Ehnn has returned, after a long absence in Italy, and reappeared in *Faust*, *Martha*, and other operas. Miss Minnie Hauck, too, is singing away again as blithe as a lark; she is a great favorite in parts like Zerlina, but her more serious efforts are not so popular.

At that establishment the principle has been laid down, once for all, that the various artists representing the same line of business shall, as it is termed, "alternate" in the different parts, or, to speak more idiomatic English, that each artist shall play every part in his turn. *Robert le Diable* was announced. Herr Rokitansky was Bertram. Herr Rokitansky was, moreover, hoarse, and very hoarse, to boot. But the principle of "alternation" required that Herr Rokitansky should, on that particular evening, sing the part, though he had not a note in his voice, and he consequently did sing it—without a note in his voice—while not fewer than four other bassos—Herren Schmidt, Draxler, Hablawetz, and Meyerhofer, all belonging to the theatre, in the ruddiest health, and the best possible vocal feather, (such an expression be permissible, were in the front of the house, sorry that unfortunate colleague sang.

Sig. Ceresa is still being assiduous in "coaching up" in German for his debut at the Imperial Opera-house. He was formerly first tenor at the Italian Opera. Having amassed a large fortune, he retired. He lost

it all, however, by unfortunate speculations, and consequently determined on returning to the stage. He is said to possess a voice such as has not been heard since the time of Fraschini. He will first appear as Eleazar in *La Juive*.—The "Gesellchafts-concerte" recommence, on the 20th Nov., with Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

ESSLINGEN. The Oratorio Association lately gave a concert for the benefit of the soldiers wounded in the war. The programme was made up of compositions by J. S. Bach, Handel, Stradella, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Professor Fink. A very deep impression was produced by the fact that, as the soprano air, "Der du die Menschen sterben lässest" ("Thou who lettest men die"), originally composed by Mendelssohn for *St. Paul*, was being sung, the bell of the neighboring Roman Catholic church began tolling for a soldier brought from Strasburg who had died of his wounds. Herr Friedrich Fink, master in the Conservatory of Music, Stuttgardt, performed, with marked ability, an organ prelude, in E flat major, by J. S. Bach.

BRUSSELS. Herr von Flotow's new opera, *L' Ombre*, has been successfully produced at the Theatre de la Monnaie. M. Duprez's opera, *Jeanne d'Arc*, is to be brought out shortly. The composer has already arrived for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 5, 1870.

Review of Concerts.

THEO. THOMAS'S CONCERTS. Our review so far has covered only the first two of the series and the two Beethoven programmes. Besides the three Beethoven Symphonies, &c., given in these four concerts, there figured in two of the programmes two other smaller selections from Beethoven, viz.: another portion of the Septet (Adagio and Minuet) and the Andante and Variations from the Quartet, Op. 18, both played by all the strings. In such things the nicety and perfection of the Thomas orchestra particularly shows itself. There were no other whole Symphonies in any of the programmes, though there were plenty of the Liszt-ian "Symphonic Poems," entirely a different kind of animal, not classed as yet in *natural* history. But the remaining concerts afforded quite a variety from other classical masters besides Beethoven. There was a Concerto by Bach, for three violins, three violas, 3 'cellos and contra-bass, in which Mr. Thomas led in person, being an admirable violinist; and the three movements of the wholesome, hearty music went to a charm. There was some interesting Ballet music from Gluck's "Paris et Heléne"; a portion (Andantino and March) from Spohr's "Consecration of Tones;" the Andante and Scherzo from Schubert's great Symphony in C; also an entr'acte from his Drama: "Rosamunde," and a *Reitermarsch*. Mendelssohn was represented only by the Overture to "Ruy Blas;" Schumann (after the first two concerts, in which we had the piano Concerto and the "Genevera" Overture) only by the "*Abendlied*" and the little *pianissimo* effect of the "Träumerei;" Mozart by the piano Concerto in D minor and the Overture to the "Magic Flute;" Weber, by the Overtures to "Euryanthe" and "Freyschutz" and the *Concert-stück*; Haydn, only by the little Serenade taken from a Quartet. That all these things were presented in a very delicate, artistic manner, there is no need of saying.

Of less familiar works in classical form and temper, not running into the modern extravagance, the Overture to 'Medea' by Bargiel was particularly interesting, being much in the same sombre, tragic tone with that of Cherubini. The Overture to "Semiramis," by Catel (we suppose the old professor in the Paris Conservatoire), was as different as possible from Rossini's with the same name, having none of its luxurious suggestion of Oriental gold and purple; it is a clear, honest composition, rather in the Cherubini vein, only not carried out to all it leads you to expect. The "Concert (or *Fest*) Overture," by Rietz, too, made a good impression.

The popular, familiar selections were such Overtures as "Tell" and "Siege of Corinth" by Rossini (both of them thoroughly *good* as well as popular, so that there is a peculiar pleasure now and then in hearing such a thing perfectly performed, knowing, as you do, that *everybody* enjoys it with you), "Zampa," by Herold; "Merry Wives," Nicolai; "Poet and Peasant," Suppe; "Stradella," Flotow; and a plentiful supply of the daintiest and most enlivening Waltzes, Polkas and Mazourkas by Strauss, of which we doubt if Strauss himself, in his own Vienna, ever played them better.

A very important feature in these concerts was, of course, the Concerto-playing by that never satiating (but very satisfying) pianist, Miss ANNA MEHLIG. Besides the four which we have already mentioned (those in G and in E flat by Beethoven, the one by Schumann, and the strangest of the strange by Liszt, in A), she also played the one by Henselt in F minor, which, although graceful, still strikes us as commonplace and sentimental, rather in the Thalberg vein without his perfect symmetry, a sort of difficult and florid *etude*, rather than a classical creation. But it was played with such limpid evenness and smoothness, every note so distinct and every phrase so finished, that it charmed the sense, if it did not go any deeper. A rarer treat it was to hear a Mozart Concerto, that in D minor, one of the best, so beautifully rendered alike by piano and by orchestra. Here is music as sincere as it is elegant, full of genial fancy,—music for music's sake, and not so much for the display of all that modern instruments and hands can execute. The Concerto by Ferdinand Hiller, in F-sharp minor, has many traits of interest and freshness, much of it original and striking, far superior to Henselt's in orchestral treatment; yet it seems to fall just short of being one of the positive felicities of genius. The *Concert-stück* of Weber, in Miss Mehlig's brilliant rendering, always makes a sensation with the mass of a miscellaneous audience; but it does grow a little hacknied. The earlier Concerto by Liszt (No. 1, in E flat), which we have heard here before, both by Miss Mehlig and Miss Topp, does not win its way any nearer to our heart. Its pretty effects and quaint surprises cannot purchase forgiveness for its repulsive leading motive and its obvious Wagnerisms. Miss Mehlig also gave great pleasure by now and then a favorite thing from Chopin.

The solos upon various instruments were such as one might expect from members of so excellent an orchestra, all artists in their way. Mr. HARTDEGEN showed remarkable execution on the violoncello in a difficult Concerto by Goltermann. Mr. ELLER'S oboe sang the Schubert *Ave Maria* with singular purity and sweetness of tone and with fine expression. There were also rare displays of virtuosity on the flute, the horn, and the trombone.

The specimens of Wagner and of Liszt offered abundant opportunity for getting some idea of what this modern music actually is. Curiosity at all events was gratified. The works were presented by an orchestra completely equipped and competent for such tasks; the fault must be in the music if it awakened small desire for more acquaintance. And this we believe to have been the fact with the vast majority of the audiences, particularly those who love and hear music musically. Wagner's music, of course, affords comparatively little of orchestral music as such; not a believer in *pure* music himself, taking his stand entirely on the ground of Opera, in his peculiar sense, it is in his operas alone that he is fairly to be judged. When we have the Overture to *Tannhäuser* and the Vorspiel to *Lohengrin*, which are instrumental works that stand by themselves (although the latter seems to need interpretation), we have about all that has ever won a foothold in the concert room. Besides these, Mr. Thomas gave us the noisy and outrageous overture to his early opera: "The Flying Dutchman," and the more pretentious work which Wagner is pleased to call "A Faust Overture." This has some grand and gloomy passages, and gives expression, after a too coarse and literal fashion, to the inward strife and discontent of life, the wrestling of the soul with fate, &c. But it is *all* gloom, unrelieved by any really genial and triumphant trait. Not so has Goethe himself treated Faust; in the poem, Art, genius, poetry, the spirit, the immortal element rises superior to the gloomy subject. So would it have been had Shakspeare treated it. So, with still greater reason, should it be when music undertakes it. Beethoven would have been the man for it; his music never shirks the dark and painful problems; plenty of the discontent, the yearning, the despair of life, finds great expression there; but evermore, by power of faith and love and sovereign geniality, he works out joy and triumph in the end, the sun shines out gloriously through the parting clouds, so that after all, in all his music, joy, joy is the last word, the keynote into which it all continually resolves, as clearly as in the Joy Chorus of the Ninth Symphony. We cannot but regard that as false Art, which seeks new field for originality in giving unredeemed and cheerless, fruitless utterance to those gloomy moods, which, however they may enter into the experience of all, even the noblest, richest, deepest souls, and however essential perhaps to the spiritual economy of life in the long run, have really no right to public expression, but belong, by every modest instinct of propriety, to strictest privacy, at least until the discord is resolved.

Still less of musical consistency, of intrinsically musical *raison d'être*, of any whole harmonious impression left behind, and still more of extravagance, of unnatural straining after strange and dazzling *effects* in what often seems too conscious poverty of pregnant, vitally imaginative ideas, such as not only admit of but necessitate consistent musical development, do we find in the "Symphonic Poems," &c., of the sensational Abbate Liszt. We certainly have done our best to like this music, improving every invitation which Mr. Thomas has so liberally given. But so far our efforts do not prosper much; and we believe the general voice is with us, with far more unanimity than usual in the comparison of fresh impressions. This, too, is music which does not stand alone. It pre-supposes a poem to be read, an argument, a programme. But the attempt to bring the picture and the key together is somehow strangely unrewarding; far easier to fall back either upon

poem or upon Symphony; the former (say by Goethe or by Schiller) surely does not need the latter; and the latter, if it cannot help itself, gets small help from the former. The most reasonable piece among them is the most familiar one, "Les Preludes," (which Mr. Thomas gave in an extra Matinée, reproducing his first Boston programme). This is always interesting in its details, its novel, often charming traits of instrumentation; but what ideal treasure does it leave behind to haunt the soul, or what new germ of higher life has it implanted? The next most endurable is the "*Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo*," which, while it has its overstrained and ugly passages, has also something quite dramatic, which for the time being takes possession of the hearer. At all events it has some progress, it moves on to an end. Not so we found it with "*Die Ideale*," intended to illustrate Schiller's poem. This work, very long, confused and tedious, seemed frequently to halt; ideas were started, but they "would not march;" what with all the "storm and stress," all the curious transitions and surprises, all the stupendous strainings, there were long places where a sort of helpless palsy seemed to come over it all, while answering calls from instrument to instrument, with dreary pauses, served but to reveal the echoing walls of very emptiness. Such a composition does not seem to live, but only to galvanize itself more and more desperately into some show of life and continuity. Liszt also leans to "Faust" subjects. One piece, calling itself "a *Charakterbild* (portrait of character) from the Faust Symphony," aimed to portray the gentle "Gretchen;" we do not think there ever could be anything so self-conscious, so unnatural, so full of striving for effect about that simple, loving, genuine creature of Goethe's finest and most human fancy. The worst of all, and positively devilish, was the "Mephisto Waltz." This is an illustration of a scene in Lenau's *Faust*, where Mephistopheles appears in the midst of a village festival, and the devil himself persuades them to let him be piper, and has it all his own way. Such music is simply diabolical, and shuts out every ray of light or heaven from whence music sprang. "When Music, heavenly maid, was young," she was not so demoralized and had not learned such antics. Let us thank Heaven for her everlasting youth, despite this premature old age of the "Future."

——But Thomas gives us real music also; so we need not fear. And had we room, we would do what we meant to do, try to express in full our sense of obligation for the admirable examples he has brought us of orchestral interpretation, and our conviction of the great good which such an orchestra, visiting all the musical centres and sub-centres of the land, is doing, must do, in awakening a taste for music of the highest kind. It has justly been called "missionary work."

ORGAN CONCERTS. In the fine autumnal afternoons (on Fridays) many lovers of good organ music have been tempted to walk over to the beautiful First Church in Berkeley Street, to listen to the Free Organ Recitals of Mr. EUGENE THAYER, who there has charge of one of the finest organs in this country, built by Walcker of Ludwigsburg. These were a revival of the "recitals" given by Mr. Thayer, to the number of sixteen, last Spring. This time he has given six more, with so much admirable matter in the programmes that we have much regretted our inability to be present. The least that we can do is to record the programmes. Mr. Thayer's young pupil, from New Haven, who bore part in all of them, is said to manifest rare talent for the organ.

Sept. 23.

Fugue in E flat major. Three movements........ Bach.
Vorspiel. Liebster Jesu, Wir sind hier ....Bach.
Master Willis Shelton.
Trio Sonata in E flat, No. 1 ....Bach.
a. Allegro moderato. b. Adagio. c. Allegro.
Variations in A major, op. 48 ....Hesse.
Master Shelton.
Fifth Concerto ....Handel.

Sept. 30.

Toccata Dorico ....Bach.
Partita 2. Christ du bist der helle Tag ....Bach.
(Choral with seven variations.)
Fantasie in G minor.............Bach.
Master Willis Shelton.
Orgel Studien. No. 3 ....Schumann.
Vorspiel: { Herzlich thut mich verlangen. / Herr Gott, nun sei gepreiset. } ...... Bach.
Master Shelton.
Sixth Concerto.............Handel.

Oct. 7.

Fantasie and Fugue in C minor ....Bach.
Vorspiele: { Wir danken Dir / Nun freut euch } ....Bach.
Prelude in B minor.............Bach.
Master Willis Shelton.
Orgel Studien. No. 4 ....Schumann.
Variations in A flat. Op. 34 ....Hesse.
Master Shelton.
Chromatische Fuge.............Thiele.

Oct. 14.

Toccata et Fuga in D minor.............Bach.
Vorspiel. Wir glauben all' an einen Gott.............Bach.
For two manuals and double Pedals.
Fugue in A minor.............Bach.
Master Shelton.
Orgel Studien. No. 2.............Schumann.
Vorspiele: Ich ruf zu Dir, Gottes Sohn ist Kommen Bach.
Master Shelton.
Fifth Organ Concerto.............Handel.

Oct. 21.

Sonata in C. No. 2.............Mendelssohn.
a. Grave. b. Adagio. c. Allegro. d. Fuga.
Choral Variations. Wer nur den lieben Gott .....Hesse.
Adagio and Finale, from third Concerto.............Handel.
Orgel Studien. No. 1.............Schumann.
Concertsatz in C minor ....Thiele.

Oct. 28.

Prelude in E flat.............Bach.
Fifth Concerto.............Handel.
Orgel Studien. No. 4 ....Schumann.
Fugue in G minor. No. 1 ....Bach.
Master Shelton.
Variations in A, Op. 47 ....Hesse.
Andante from Fifth Sonata. Finale from Sixth Sonata.
Mendelssohn.
Master Shelton.
Concertsatz in C minor ....Thiele.

We are glad to see that these feasts of organ music are to be resumed "on the return of the pleasant spring time."

NEW YORK. The Philharmonic Society has issued its prospectus for the season. The chief instrumental selections are the following:

Symphonies.

No. 8 ....Beethoven.
No. 4 .... "
G major ....Haydn.
D major ....Mozart.
E flat major.............Schumann.
Ocean ....Rubinstein.
Im Walde "In the Forest" ....Raff.
Tasso.............Liszt.
Posthumous (unfinished) ....Schubert.

Overtures.

Tannhäuser ....Wagner.
Anacreon.............Cherubini.
Ruy Blas.............Mendelssohn.
Carnival Romain ....Berlioz.
Macbeth ....Heinefetter.
Idomeneo ....Mozart.
Sakuntala ....Goldmark.
Aladdin ....Reinecke.
Fingal's Cave ....Mendelssohn.
Medea, F minor.............Bargiel.
Im Hochland, "The Highlands" ....Gade.
Scherzo and Finale ....Schumann.

The first public rehearsal will take place on the 11th, and the first concert on the 26th of November.

The "Euterpe," a new Society, had its first public rehearsal and concert on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons of this week (same times as our "Harvard"), with this programme:

Pastorale Symphony from "Christmas Oratorio" ... Bach.
Cantate Domino, Ps. 98, Solo, Chorus and Orchestra
Otis B. Boise.
Rhapsodie, Piano and Orchestra ....Otto Singer.
125th Psalm, Tenor Solo, Chorus and Orchestra
F. Hiller.
Grand Fantasie Militaire, Violin Solo.............Leonhardt.
Master Willie Hess.
Responsorium et Hymn, for male voices, with 'Cello and Contra-bass obligato. Unpublished MSS.
Mendelssohn.
N. B.—Every number, except 5, first time in America.

The character and plan of the "Euterpe" are thus explained in the New York journals by its Director:

The "Euterpe" is a musical organization consisting of a chorus limited to fifty well-trained professional singers, and an orchestra comprising some of the best instrumentalists in the city. It is intended, the necessary encouragement being supposed, to keep this organization in readiness to fulfil engagements for special occasions, upon timely application for their services.

One of the chief aims of the "Euterpe" is the recognition of resident musical talent, by the performance of scholarly works of resident composers, without favoritism, and without regard to nationality.

The undersigned, director of the "Euterpe," accordingly invites the attention of composers residing in America to the following proposals:—

The "Euterpe" offers to perform, in the course of each season, at its subscription concerts, seven works of resident composers, to wit:

Two Motets without accompaniment.

Two works for chamber music, Sonatas for Pianoforte, with accompanying stringed instruments, being preferred.

Two compositions for orchestra.

One cantata, or psalm, for chorus and soli, with orchestral accompaniments; such composition not to require more than one hour for performance.

The conditions upon which these works will be performed, are the following:

1. They must be *new*, *i. e.*, they must never have been performed previously in America.

2. They must be sent before the 1st of September of each year, to Mr. John P. Morgan, at Trinity Church, New York, carefully copied, and accompanied by at least one set of separate parts, for trying them in case of necessity.

3. The *tempi* must be carefully indicated for the Metronome.

The various works received will be subjected to a careful and impartial examination by a committee of the Moritz Hauptmann Club, and those of each class selected as the best adapted for the purposes of the "Euterpe," will be advertised by the accompanying signs as accepted for public performance; whereupon the respective composers may prove authorship by producing the original MSS, after which each work so selected will be performed at one public rehearsal, and at one concert in New York, and at a corresponding rehearsal and concert in Brooklyn.

N. B. Evidence in any work of a want of thorough knowledge of the general laws of musical composition, will be considered an insurmountable objection to the performance of such work.

JOHN P. MORGAN,
Director of the "Euterpe."

THE BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY had its first public rehearsal of the season last week. It was given in the usual place, with about sixty performers, under the direction of Carl Bergmann. The grand Seventh Symphony of Beethoven was played remarkably well, considering that the band now take up their instruments for serious work for the first time since the summer vacation; and one movement, the allegretto, was so perfect that Mr. Bergmann did not find it necessary once to interrupt it. The second selection was Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, a finely instrumented work, belonging to the new school, but not to its more frenzied subsection, and interesting to the popular ear chiefly for a beautiful violoncello solo, which is exquisitely played by Mr. Bergner. Hector Berlioz closes the programme with his spasmodic overture to "Les Francs-Juges." As the readers of the daily papers were treated, when the "Sakuntala" overture was first played in New York last season, to various acute remarks upon the felicity with which Goldmark had illustrated the "weird," "misty," and "romantic" *Teutonic* legend, it may not be amiss to remark that the "Sakuntala" is the best-known of all Hindoo poems that have ever been translated into English—an episode of the great epic, the "Mahabharata," having as much to do with weird Teutonic legend as it has with the "Song of Solomon."—*Independent.*

PHILADELPHIA. Mr. Carl Wolfsohn will give his usual series of concerts in the foyer of the Academy of Music this winter. The following are the programmes for the entire season:

First Matinee, Friday Afternoon, Nov. 11, 1870.

Trio, B flat major.............Bargiel.
Nocturne ....Chopin.
Impromptu............. "
Two Melodies, for violin ....Wolfsohn.
Morte (Lamentation).............Gottschalk.
Marche Militaire.............Tausig.

Second Matinee, Friday Afternoon, Dec. 9, 1870.

(Beethoven Memorial.)

Sonata, D minor, op. 31.............Beethoven.
Sonata Appassionata, F minor, op. 57, second period. "
Adelaide. .... "
Sonata, C minor, op. 111, third period............. "

Third Matinee, Friday Afternoon, Jan. 6, 1871.

Sonata, A major, Piano and Violin.............Raff.
Impromptu, B flat major.............Schubert.
Ballade and Polonaise.............Vieuxtemps.
Transcription, Weber's Invitation to the Valse, new
Tausig.

Fourth Matinee, Friday Afternoon, Feb. 3, 1871.

Sonata, A minor, Piano and Violin.............Rubinstein.
Valse Etude ....Raff.
Rhapsodie.............Liszt.

Fifth Matinee, Friday Afternoon, March 3, 1871.

Trio, C minor ....Raff.
Polacca, E flat major ....Weber.
Elegie ....Ernst.
Fantasie, C major, op. 17 ....Schumann.

Sixth Matinee, Friday Afternoon, April 1, 1871.

Fantasie, C major, Piano and Violin.............Schubert.
Etude de Concert, C major.............Rubinstein.
Ungarische Weisen.............Tausig.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO.—Among the signs that this city is advancing somewhat into a deeper musical life, I am able to mention the organization of the "CHICAGO QUINTETTE SOCIETY" which gave its inaugural concert Oct. 18th, with the following programme:

Grand Trio in D minor, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Op. 49. ..... Mendelssohn.
Romanza for Tenor, "La Stella Confidente"..... Bobaldi.
Quartet, No. 7, for Strings..... Mozart.
"The Lord's Prayer," for Tenor..... Tiesset.
Air Varie, for Violin, Op. 12..... De Beriot.
Quintet, Op. 44; for the Pianoforte and String Quartet..... Schumann.

The heavy numbers of the programmes were well chosen, as you will see, although the programme was too long. Musically regarded, the *debut* was a success. The Mendelssohn Trio went admirably. The Strings were not above reproach, yet the players are all good musicians and fond of this kind of music, so it is no more than kind to charge shortcomings to inexperience. The Club played together with great precision, and with good sympathy in expression. More allowance was to be made for the slow movement in the Mozart quartet. Here success is attained only by the most complete and heartfelt interpretation of the score, and it was evident that more years of experience, and perhaps a change or two, would be necessary before the Society could bring Quartet playing to the high standard of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Strange as it seems, the pianoforte was the real soul of this concert; yet the instrument itself (Hallet and Davis) was to my ear not sympathetic in tone, and this leads me to speak of the personality of the Society.

The manager and chief promoter is Mr. Charles Tiesset, who is also pianist. The tenor songs were sung by Mr. Eugene Tiesset. These two brothers came here about two years ago from Italy. They were born in England, I believe, moved early to Leipsic, where they pursued musical studies in the conservatory, and afterwards went to Florence, (I think), where they studied singing. In feeling they are strictly cosmopolitan, speaking fluently English, French, Italian and German; enthusiasts for art, and of the most unexceptionable domestic habits. Mr. Chas. Tiesset has considerable literary taste, and has rendered valuable aid to the *Musical Independent* and to the *Tribune*, in the way of clippings, translations, and abridgments from European musical journals. He made his first public appearance here last year at a symphony concert, playing Weber's *Concertstück* with orchestra. He has also been very much in demand for parlor concerts, etc. As a pianist his rank is much higher than I thought. His technique is flexible, he plays octaves beautifully, and his touch is very expressive; so that, take him all in all, I can but regard him as a valuable addition to our city, giving promise, especially, of piano recitals, of which we stand much in need. The violinist, Mr. Allen, is from Leipsic (as to his education), but lacks fire. His tone is good, and his execution adequate. The Violoncello, Mr. W. Eichheim, is also good, but not great.

The second concert occurs Nov. 3d, and the programme is good. I am sure you will join with me in wishing the Society Musical Health, Pecuniary Wealth, and physically a Long Life.

Mr. Dudley Buck gave his second Organ Recital, Tuesday night, October 25. The programme was:

Grand Prelude in C major..... J. S. Bach.
Adagio, from the String Trio, Op 3..... Beethoven.
Sonata in G major, Op 38..... W. T Best.
Largo. Allegro con Brio. Andante with Choral-Interlude. Intermezzo. Fugue Finale.
Scenes from "Lohengrin"..... Wagner.
a. Elsa's Dream; *b.* Bridal March.; *c.* Duet (Elsa & Lohengrin.
Theme, Variations and Finale, in A flat..... Thiele.
Rondo Grazioso..... Spohr.
Overture to the "Water Carrier"..... Cherubini.

The Bach prelude was the one beginning

of which Mr. Buck is very fond. The most notable feature of the programme was, of course, the great Theme, Variations and Finale by Thiele, which is of the very highest degree of difficulty. The performance was not only mechanically unexceptionable, but characterized by so great a degree of artistic enthusiasm as to carry the piece with the audience, so that what promised to be the most formidable number on the programme became a real enjoyment. Mr. Buck is the only one of our organists who has undertaken to present to us these Thiele pieces. He has played several times the *Concertsatz* in C minor, and I confess I find it interesting, but after a reverent inspection of the notes, I do not feel drawn to it as a desirable field of practice. These recitals are given in Mr. Buck's Music Room, a little hall about 25 ft. x 50, in which he has the three-manual Johnson Organ (Op. 318) of which I wrote you an account last year. The instrument has seven stops in the Great Organ, six in the Swell, six in the Choir, and three in the Pedale. There are eight or ten composition pedals. The selections of stops are well made, so that, practically, Mr. Buck has abundant resources at his command to render these recitals satisfactory. He has adopted the very sensible practice of prefacing the more important pieces with a few explanatory remarks, which serve the important purpose of introducing unknown composers, and giving the listeners a clue to the proper stand-point from which to judge unfamiliar works.

October 26 and 27 the CONCORDIA MAENNERCHOR repeated the "Magic Flute" for the benefit of the Prussian wounded soldiers. The orchestra numbered about fifty, (eight first violins, etc.), and for the most part played beautifully, thanks to Mr. Grossecurth, the new Conductor who came here last year. *Pamina* was given by Mrs. Clara Huck, the wife of a wealthy gentleman here. Mrs. Huck was born to the stage, her father being manager in a German theatre, and her presence is characterized by that ease and grace which only experience can give. Personally she is a very beautiful lady, (I judge only from her stage appearance), and in point of song is a prima donna of a high order. Were it not that comparisons are odious, I could make some in a high degree complimentary to this lady, for it is but simple truth to say that in beautiful singing, easy acting, graceful, pleasing and modest presence, we have not heard a more satisfactory prima donna here in a long time.

The part of Queen was taken by Mrs. Lang Zeigler, who sang the music well, very wisely avoiding the notes above high C. Sarastro was done by Mr. Hoffman, a cigar-merchant here (as to secularities), who has a ponderous bass voice, which he used with good effect except in one air, "*In diesen heil'gen Hallen*," when he went fearfully out of tune. *Tamino* was Mr. Bischoff, our best tenor, who sings in Mr. Baumbach's choir. His presence was a little "stagey." If Mr. Bischoff would do a little pedal practice, or take some other exercise to limber up his legs a little before his next public appearance, it would be an advantage. Of his singing I have nothing but commendation to record. Mr. Foltz was *Papageno*, and a most amusing one he was. Mr. Foltz is a thick, well fed looking engraver, who also sings in Mr. Baumbach's choir, and his appearance was entirely in his favor. The chorus work was superb. There were over eighty singers. The *Concordia* is an institution of which Chicago has a right to be proud, and we greet them.

If space permitted I would speak of the inauguration of the Organ at the Jesuit Church of the Holy Family. This is the largest church organ in the United States, but in point of real effectiveness it must be classed below several others. Indeed, I would rather have the one that Mr. Thayer plays, although it is much smaller. But enough.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Special Notices.

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Say, oh beautiful maiden. Barcarolle. 4. E to f sharp. *Gounod.* 40

"Say, oh beautiful maiden,
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Waft our bark o'er the sea."

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 773. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 18.

The Intellectual Influence of Music.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

[Continued from page 138.]

Now here we have to meet perhaps the most respectable of all the phases of the scepticism with regard to music. It has its spring in certain sensative consciences, perhaps intelligently, sincerely musical, but with a proneness to self-accusation when they find themselves enjoying. These, while they own their hearts are moved, as the flushed face and glistening eyes testify, while they admit the claim of music to be called the language of the heart, with power to melt, transport, instead of reasoning and convincing, appear to fancy that they but disparage it by such admission. They say it is a sentimental rather than an intellectual mood to which it ministers; that it is a matter of mere feeling and emotion; below the intellectual, the voluntary, moral principle, inferior to poetry, philosophy, or doctrine, since in it we simply yield ourselves to passive rapture. Strange if one could always enjoy tasting fruit, and never planting!

It is common to define music as the natural language of feeling, while words are the expression of ideas, of thoughts. And so, indeed, it is; but not in a mere sentimental sense; for do we not distinguish between music which awakens feelings wholesome, high, impersonal, and more allied to intellect than sense, enamored not with pleasure solely, but with truth, and beauty as a type and symbol of the highest truth,—and music which is shallow, maudlin, commonplace in its expression, attractive to the selfish, sentimental, vulgar mind? The truest feeling, such as true art, true music breathes and makes appeal to, is of a more intellectual temper. Heart quickens brain; then thought reacts on feeling, and carries it up to a sense of perfect order, to a holy love and yearning after unity.

It by no means covers the whole significance of music to call it the language of feeling; though, rightly understood, there might not be a higher definition. The poet truly sings:

> "Thought is deeper than all speech,
> Feeling deeper than all thought."

But then he means the feeling which *is* "deep," and which relates us to the highest universal ends of being. Now musical art, to be sure, does not describe objects, nor narrate histories, nor unfold cosmogonies and systems of philosophy and ethics, as some imaginative expounders of "Ninth Symphonies" would have us think. It does not express ideas, except of the kind technically known as *musical ideas*, pregnant little germs of melody, capable of logical development in a way analogous to the development of thoughts. And here, by way of caution, lest we be misunderstood in claiming that music is intellectual and has meaning, we would take occasion once for all to wash our hands of all responsibility for that kind of musical interpretation which seeks to trace a story, a mythology, a thread of doctrine, throughout such or such a symphony, sonata, or "tone-poem"; and to express our conviction that music stoops from its proper, higher mission when it undertakes to describe scenes or imitate sounds in nature; and that it is never less intellectual, or more regardless of its own chaste integrity, than when it takes the form of "programme music," not trusting its own proper element, but borrowing chances of effect *ab extra*, and dividing the attention as if to cover its own insufficiency. Music must be sufficient of itself. The highest kind of music is *pure* music, that which lives and moves in purely musical ideas. Yet nothing is more natural than to try to describe the effect upon you of a piece of music by calling up such images, associations, trains of thought, analogous effects in other spheres, as it may have awakened in your mind. You clutch at all these feeble helps in your enthusiastic, vain endeavors to describe the witching thing. This you may do legitimately, so long as you profess no more, and do not try to reverse the order, and make it appear that the music was written to describe your thought. For here we find the true relation between thought and feeling in the sphere of music. Music in one sense describes, by awakening the feelings with which objects, thoughts, experiences, are inevitably associated; every such feeling may of course awaken many images and many memories in many minds; but there will be, at least, some vague analogy, affinity between them; so that music, even of the most pure and abstract sort (such as a stringed quartet by Mozart) is always heard to best advantage on the fit occasion. If it be wedded to words, as in a song, an opera, an oratorio, these in a measure must determine its expression, though it bring out new meanings such as the words alone could hardly have conveyed. Yet take the words away, the music could not be translated into them, would not enable you to find them, though it would put you in a state of mind and feeling in which those or kindred thoughts and words might offer themselves most aptly.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. Leaving objections, we come back to positive statement. The highest definition of music, its full significance and worth, is to be sought mainly in the highest kind of music; that is to say, *pure* music, dealing in purely musical ideas, conscious of no outward purpose, content in its own world, pre-occupied with its own peculiar mission, which is too divine to need the justification of any end to serve. This, indeed, is the first principle of truth in art of any kind.

In this we find the intellectuality of music. For music, in this view, is the most abstract, pure embodiment and type of universal law and movement. It is a key to the divine method throughout all the ordered distribution of the worlds of matter and of spirit. It is the most fluid, free expression of form, in the *becoming* (what the Germans call *das Werden*): form developing according to intrinsic and divine necessity. There is nothing arbitrary in music; no acquiring any power in it except by patient, reverent study and mastering of divine proportions and the eternal laws of fitness. Goethe says: "The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no *material*, no *subject-matter*, whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly *form* and *power*, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses."

Hence the study of the laws of fugue and counterpoint, the subtile art of what is called the *polyphonic* interweaving of the *parts* in harmony, the learning to develop out of a little melodic phrase of theme or motive, as from a seed thought, all the wealth of meaning and of beauty there concealed and waiting for the touch of fairy wand of genius, is at least as good a kind of higher intellectual gymnastics as the transcendental mathematics, or the categorical chains of logic, or the perpetually shifting, vanishing cloud forms of metaphysics. Good music has a logic of its own; none more severe, more subtile, and surely none so fascinating, for it leads, it charms into the Infinite.

Even to contemplate the elementary phenomena in nature, upon which all the wonders of the musical art are founded, is to find ourselves in presence of enchanting facts, of laws so intellectual, so inexhaustible in their suggestion, such startling revelations of an infinitely beautiful organic, all-pervading living order, that the soul is filled with awe as if the very air were tremulous with Deity. For what is music? Its substance common air. Its form vibration. All beauty, in whatever art, is the result, the impressed form of motion,—free, unimpeded, even motion; and motion, movement, is the universal signand undeniable assertion of force, of power, of inspiration, in a word, of life; and, finally, all free, undisturbed motion is vibratory, undulating, measured proportionate, rhythmical. Physically, then, music is motion, and it is nothing else. And nothing moves that does not impress upon the air a vibration, or (which is the same thing) a sound, a *tone*. If I sing to you, a vibration of my soul, my feeling, imparts itself to the atmospheric medium, travelling on until it becomes a vibration in *your* soul, your feeling. The spiritual fact of music answers to this physical fact. Its business is directly with the motive principle in human life, and not with thoughts, perceptions, memories; for these are passive, prompted by some motive force behind them.

Vibrations beget vibrations; a vibrating chord or column of air divides into vibrating portions of itself, whose tones a fine ear will detect, mysteriously, faintly blending, harmonizing with the parent tone as it dies out. Thus one tone generates a whole series of tones, and we have virtually all tones in one. The first begotten and the most distinctly audible are those two, which, on being reduced within the compass of one octave, form with the principal its third and fifth,—and then we have that never-fading miracle, the *trichord*, which is the soul and substance of all harmony. Hauptmann (quoting Goethe, "*Jedes natürliches ist ein frisch ausgesprochenes Wort Gottes*") says the trichord is "a word of God"; and who that heard the clear, fresh voices of ten thousand children in the "Coliseum," when they, after holding out a long, pure tone in unison, suddenly struck the blended tones of the trichord, —purity itself, like the white beam of "holy light" divided by the prism,—will not heartily agree with him? Three trichords, based respectively on the principal or keynote, its first "over-tone" or fifth, and the tone of which it is itself the fifth, give all the tones of the diatonic musical scale; in other words, the operative melodic scale is really a mingling of three harmonic scales or series of tones generated by the first vibration; and this trine origin, this "trinity" of the scale, carries in it the germ of all the possibilities of harmony, indeed, the whole beautiful secret of all musical development. Rhythm, too, lay coyly hidden in these same vibrations of the primal tone, and knew by instinct how to regulate the time career, the onflow of the tune, the composition as a whole, by measured intermittent stress or accent, so that it all should run in waves as uniform as the "tone-waves" of the air which waft the message of each single tone upon the ear. Given the diatonic scale, which tempts continually to modulation, change, excursion among tones; given beforehand, with it, that earlier, original, harmonic scale of tones first generated by the vibrations of a ground-tone ("over-tones") to hold this free propensity still back to unity, as well as furnish samples of most pleasing and harmonic intervals (thirds, sixths, etc.): add to these rhythm, and lo! Melody is born. And harmony is not far off: for can the stream forget its source? Here too, "the child is father of the man." And now is music fully armed, to leap forth like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Now out of the harmonious strife of melody and harmony we presently shall see spring up all sorts of kaleidoscopic hints of *imitation* (themes, motives, bits of motives, echoed or reflected from one part to another of the harmony); sharp-flavored passing discords, piquing expectation, pressing to solu-

tion; all the arts of polyphonic interweaving of the parts, each part pursuing its own independent, individual, melodic way, yet all enforcing, celebrating the one common theme, co-operating to one end; in short, the whole development—as beautiful and wonderful as growth of plant or crystal—of counterpoint and fugue and all the inner structural and outer architectural varieties of form which music has from time to time assumed, and some of which she cherishes forever; till, donning finally her rainbow robe of many colors, she thrones herself upon the orchestra and shines forth in her crowning glory in the consummate form of forms, the Symphony.

Thus logically, as tree from germ, out of the first tone ("word of God") that ever rang, may we deduce the art of music in its infinite varieties, all singing, pleading for and prophesying UNITY, as the grand hope of human mind and heart, the highest word of science and religion. Here is no room, of course, for the history, any more than for the theory of music. Yet this exceedingly brief hint of its origin, at least, was quite essential to our argument. Such origin and such development who can fairly contemplate, and for a moment longer doubt the intellectuality of music?

As there is nothing arbitrary in music of itself, in music as a science, so too there is nothing arbitrary, or merely accidental, in its true forms of art. And here, before concluding, we would dwell a moment upon two of the more important forms, which are too commonly imagined to be arbitrary experiments, inventions of one man, indolently aped by others, fashions of too long a day, doomed to be swept away with other traditional rubbish of the past; but which we believe to have grown out of the very nature of things,—types moulded into shape by a necessity intrinsic and enduring.

The first is the FUGUE FORM. The fugue is the vital principle of musical form; it is the prime secret of all form, the very soul of it. Whatever music does not more or less imply the fugue, is likely to be poor and shallow music. For fugue is but the logical development of what is latent in a germ or theme. It is in music what the spiral law of growth is in the plant. It has its prototypes in nature: in the surf billows rolling up the beach; in the waves that run along a field of grain before the wind; in the widening vortex of the whirlpool and the waterspout; in the tongues of flame losing themselves and reappearing as the fire soars and seeks the sky. It has its correspondences in other arts; in nothing, perhaps, so strikingly as in those wonderful creations of religious architecture, which are the furthest removed from mere mechanics and geometry, which speak so to the soul and the imagination, and almost seem alive and growing, as it were yearning, reaching, soaring upwards while we look at them,—the old Gothic churches. There we *see* the fugue in solid form; that is what Madame De Staël meant when she called architecture "frozen music"; there we find the same precision of minute detail, the same endless echoing and imitation of motives and parts of motives, phrases, with quaint particulars; a thousand pointed arches, clustered columns, cunning tracery, and, peeping out of unexpected corners, exquisite or grotesque shapes of plants, of men, of animals, and monsters, as if to include all the images that ever filled the waking thoughts or dreams of man in history,—all aspiring, growing to a climax, yet to the mind still hinting further growth, still seeming in the process of *becoming*, never absolutely *done;* utmost finish in detail mechanically, actually, but ideally suggesting still the Infinite, the unattainable in time. This suggestion of the Infinite is what we would call the *expression* of the fugue. (Only, to be expressive, it must be a fugue of genius.)

Yes, in music, the fugue is the perfect type of unity in variety. It is nature's own law; the true instinct of genius felt it out, obeyed it unconsciously by the inmost necessity of art and of its own soul. True to nature, genius could not do otherwise; it was simply letting germs, seed-thoughts (*motives* technically) *grow*. To be bound always strictly to the fugue form is pedantry; but not to know it, not to feel it, not to imply it even in free composition, is to forsake the real fount of inspiration. All the great composers, the real creators whose works live forever,—Beethoven, for instance, who did not very often write fugues *as such*,—working by a true instinct with nature and the divine laws of essential form, or unity, still imply the fugue in whatever form they write; they have its secret in them, its law is in their hearts, the soul of all their method; indeed, so familiar are they with it, that they need not literally present it. It lay at the basis of their culture. No one is fairly master of the free forms, until he is master of the fugue. That is, wherever there is harmony, wherever there is more than one *part*, true art dictates that the parts move individually, that there be some contrapuntal texture. Where Counterpoint sits down to work, Fugue looks over its shoulders.

And now we see why one never exhausts the interest of a good fugue. There have been plenty of mechanical, dry fugues, results of plodding calculation, ingenious, learned, but without much expression. But there are also live ones; a live one never gets hackneyed, never dogs and persecutes the mind like tunes in fashion, which the street-organs keep forever murdering, but will not bury. Mere melody has in it a principle of decay; it stales by repetition; and therefore the music that proclaims the Infinite, the great religious music from of old, has worn the undecaying form of fugue and counterpoint. For fugue *treats* its theme, develops, "works" it up in such a noble way that it becomes a perpetual renovation and new illustration of itself, and so invests it with perennial youth and freshness: it can no more *bore* you now than can the themes, the motives multiplied, repeated, echoed, imitated, or contrasted throughout the whole upward floating, spirit-like, scarcely material mass of a Strasbourg or Cologne cathedral. All its possibilities of repetition are provided for, anticipated in this structural development, this contrapuntal transfiguration, lifting it into a purer atmosphere beyond reach of the curse of commonplace, so that it cannot spoil. Right healthy music are the fugues of Bach, and hearty too; no sickly sentimentality there; no poor ambition for effect; but sincere expression always of deep, genuine religious feeling. To him the fugue form had become a native, pliant and obedient language, in which he could express himself most readily; and between one fugue and another of his there is a wide range of expression, from airy, fairy fancy to deepest tenderness, to holy meditation, to noonday brightness of sublimest joy. Expression you will find too, as well as learning, in many more of the old fugueists. A century before Bach, the fugues of Frescobaldi, chapel-master at St. Peter's, in Rome, breathe a delicate and tender sentiment. So do some by Bach's pupil, Kirnberger. Handel, too, was grand in fugue, but far less various than Bach. Nor was his nature quite at home in so interior and mystical an element. Mozart, consummate master in all music, could not write without expression. A deep, musing sort of feeling goes with subtile art in the fugues of the older Scarlatti. Then there were the sons of Bach; nor even in such types of learned and severe musicianship as Albrechtsberger and the Padre Martini is the fugue always dry and unsuggestive.

The fugue form pertains more to internal and organic structure in one homogeneous musical piece or movement. Our other example of form shall be one of what we may term architectural *massing* of several movements in a great symmetrical musical whole. Look at the SYMPHONY, or what is technically called the SONATA form, common to sonatas, symphonies, trios, stringed quartets, classical concertos, etc.

This form, too, we say, is not mere accident or imitation of one man's success beyond its reasonable term of life. The reason of it is to be sought in the nature of the human soul and in the corresponding nature of music.

How is it with us when a matter interests us and excites us to that pitch of feeling in which music steps in as the natural language? Our whole nature is engaged in it. The head, or thinking principle; the heart, or feeling, loving principle; the will, or active principle; and more or less (amid these earnest powers) the lively, recreative play of fancy,—all take part in it, all in turn are principally addressed by it. Reason, passion, frolic humor, will: these seek each its type and representative in the forms of an art so perfectly human and so pliant to the motions of the human soul as music. If a matter taxes our reasoning, truth-seeking faculties for one spell, it is a law of our nature that we then quit thinking and only *feel* about it for another spell. We modulate out of the dialectic into the religious and accepting mood. It *was* an argument, an emulous labor of the brain; it has become a lyric of the heart, a prayer, a hymn, a softly rising incense and aroma of the faith and love and longing in us. And then, the more we have been in earnest, the more naturally comes the reaction of frolic fantasy and humor, the more lively the suggestions and "heat-lightnings" of a quick, surcharged, midsummer fancy,—the *scherzo* humors that so often flash from characters of deepest pathos. But the circle of moods is not yet complete. Thought, feeling, fancy, are but phases of the living stream that yet must ultimate itself in action, must rush into *deed*, and so pour its life into the great ocean whence all proceed and to which all tend. That is the *finale*. Now for the musical correspondence.

The first, or Allegro movement of a symphony, takes up a theme, or themes, and proceeds to their discussion and elaboration. It begins with a principle *theme* or subject; presently, with the natural modulation into the dominant or relative key, comes in a *counter theme;* these two are developed and contrasted a little way, when the whole passage is literally repeated to fix them firmly in the mind. Then begins a sort of analytic canvassing of all that they contain; fragments, phrases of the one are blended with or offset against the other; the two propositions (often waking up a number of accessory subjects by the way) are subjected to a sort of exhaustive musical logic, till what is in them is brought fully out and verified. By a sort of refining, differentiating, intellectual argumentation these themes are held up in various lights, are developed singly and in contrast, and are worked through various keys, abridgments, augmentations, episodes, digressions, into a most various and complex whole, in which the same original threads or themes continually reappear, yet with perpetual sense of novelty. The intellectual principle delights in analysis, in the detection of differences and distinctions. So the symphonic Allegro betrays a tendency to continual divergence and escape from the first starting-point. Here is an art type of *discussion*, whose whole aim and tendency is unity and truth. What a type of catholicity in thought! Discussion, no denial; music is incapable of that; Mephistopheles in music must make sad work, or forget his nature.

Then comes the *Adagio, Lorghetto, Andante*,—some slow movement, which has more of calm, still feeling and unquestioning religion in it. This is the central sanctuary in this musical abridgment of man's life, which every good symphony appears to be. This the heart; that the head.

The serious *Andante* passes,—sometimes directly, sometimes through the frolic *Scherzo*, or the *minuet* and *trio*,—into the *rondo finale*, which is rapid and full of the spirit and preparation for action, full of resolve and fire. The sentiment which has passed through the crucible of the judgment in the *Allegro*, and sought its divine repose at the religious altar of feeling in the *Adagio*, having traversed its intellectual and its affective phases, now puts on its armor and moves on with alacrity for action. (Though, in many lighter symphonies, it is more like a school-boy pulling on his cap and rushing out of doors in pure animal spirits.) It seems to act itself out with buoyant confidence; sometimes with sublime triumph, as in the march concluding the C-Minor Symphony.

Such is the model or typical form of a symphony, or a sonata. We do not say, all symphonies must closely conform to it; no two things in nature are precisely alike, no two leaves upon a tree, no two human forms or faces; but every one,

with more or less divergence, illustrates its own proper type. And, be it remembered, we are citing only one of many admirable great forms of music,—greater and truer in that they are not arbitrary, but determined by intrinsic reason and necessity, and therefore enduring. Search into the secret, then, of musical form, and you will learn other secrets, learn much of yourself, of the divine organic method in the material and moral universe. Said we not rightly that music is as good a school for intellectual discipline as mathematics, logic, or philosophy?

But the superior potency of these studies in musical form appears in this; that they are aesthetical as well as abstract; they are imaginative and free in absolute obedience to law; they seek beauty as an end, and pour forth glowing feeling from the heart, while they so finely illustrate the method of the universe, the principle of one in all. And so (even without the theoretic study as such), by mere familiar intimacy with such forms, such music in the concrete, by frequent listening to the beautiful sonatas, overtures, and symphonies, till we become possessed with them, informed with their own spirit, our instincts get attuned into a sympathy with universal law and unity. Here is an intellectual culture, where intellect as it were rises into sentiment, and the two are henceforth one; where scientific, dry analysis blooms out and fructifies into poetic, loving synthesis. Indeed, may not this be, perhaps, the highest kind of intellectual culture; this cultivation not so much of reasoning or perceptive powers, as of *the harmonic mood* and temper; this disposing and attuning of the whole mind to law, to the perpetual embrace of truth in beauty?

At once emotional and intellectual in so pure a sense, music with good right has been called a universal language, and, above all, the native language (so to speak) of the religious sentiment. This aspect of the subject claims consideration, but not now.

The Strasburg Organs.

(From the London Orchestra.)

The far-famed organ in the Strasburg Cathedral—the masterwork of Andrew Silbermann—has suffered grievously from the recent bombardment of the venerated city. A shell made its way from the roof of the cathedral and delivered its contents in the very centre of this noble instrument. Had the Badeners or Bavarians simply blown the wind apparatus to pieces, or annihilated keys, draw stops, and pedal boards, no irreparable mischief would have ensued; but the destruction of the music of the instrument—the sweeping away of the heart and soul of its great originator, can only be likened to the burning of the Missal of the Abbess of Hohenberg—the incomparable Byzantine manuscript which has been lost by the conflagration of the Strasburg Library. The pipes of Andrew Silbermann can no more be renewed than can the earliest specimens of Faust, or the memorable Bibles of Eggestein and Mentelin—rarest among the rare—or the marvellous painted windows of the clerestory, the best and most esteemed examples of the art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Andrew Silbermann, the builder of the organ, and founder of a race of celebrated organ builders, was the son of a butcher in Francnstein in Saxony. He was born in 1678 migrated to Strasburg in 1708, where he lived, and worked, and brought up a large family during the twenty-seven years of his pilgrimage there. He died in 1734, four years after the death of Sebastian Bach, and five years before that of Handel. There are other organs in Strasburg of his work, one of the most perfect being that in the Protestant Church of St. Thomas, commenced by Andrew and continued by his son John Andrew, and perfected by his grandson.

On Sunday, the 9th instant, the Prussians, who appear to be a truly church going soldiery, held their first service in this church, and on this occasion the organ was called into requisition. The service opened with the well known soldier's hymn: "*Jesus meine Zuversicht*," and the roll of this superb instrument combined with the general congregational singing, was one of those things that live in the memory and are treasured up, as sunny landscapes in the field of past days. The lesson learnt is not so much the musical result, as it is the real Christianity of choral song, when rightly applied to the purposes of worship. It was not a case of ear-tickling, of organ jingle, or racing through a nursery ballad; nothing like what we hear in this country, the light, conventional, outward, and sensual, but a massive, clearly-cut out hymn tune, devoid of all pomp and ceremony, and the very thing to make the heart gracious and the voice strong and melodious. And as it was with the tune, so it was with the accompanying instrument. In these days an organ is considered of small value unless it possess its *Voix celeste* and *voix humaine*, its *flute douce* and *flute harmonique*, *octave-aute* and *piccolo*, its *cor anglais*, *Eolophon*, *musette*, and *lieblich gedact*; Old Silbermann, whether manufacturing for Catholics, Lutherans, or Calvinists, relied upon his diapasons, reed and chorus stops, and left the *jeu celeste*, *cor de basset*, and *cromorne* to the wit and ingenuity of his contemporaries and successors.

It is the fashion now to describe the Silbermann, the Gabler, and the Muller instruments as mediæval—efforts of dark, ignorant, fanatical, if not anti-Christian times; and the organ of modern days is thought to be one of the acoustical miracles of this most scientific of ages. But let us look at the outward presentation of the cathedral organ of Strasburg as it was,—an exquisite pendant, midway between roof and floor on the left side of the nave, with its choir organ in front, its beautiful wings, and magnificent corona as its highest top. Compare this effect with the work of modern times in the Royal Church of St. Denis, Paris, or anything of the best we may have in England. Turn from the Strasburg Cathedral organ to the marvellous rose window, the windows in the upper galleries the circle of the astounding pillars supporting the towers and the nave—is it possible that such beauty of art should be on all sides, and yet no art and no beauty in the interior of this gigantic, yet delicate looking creature of sound? The list of stops gives little or no indication of power or variety: there are no more pipes than are to be found in ordinary organs of the size, no more keys, no more surface of sound. And yet the instrument breathes the very essence of harmony—the very loveliness of sweet song—a succession of solemn and affecting tones that at once reaches the heart, and subdues the worldly and unsanctified affection. The organ seems to be a creature of life—to be listened to with a reverential sense for its greatness and majesty, and yet also for its yearning tenderness for humanity and its necessities. The grand artist has left his heart in that rare specimen of his head and hand before us; he is yet alive there with all his wants, wishes, hopes and fears. We fancy we can see him, with frame strong as a lion, and features gentle as a lamb, looking down upon us, glad that we have the feeling to sympathize with the results of his toil, and to appreciate this legacy of his goodness. And the secret of his power is that he never thought of us, but that he worked like a true artist—and from the right stand point—making his labor a real, spiritual, and heart felt worship. To class the art work of the period of Louis XV as mediæval is in itself absurd and ridiculous. The grand organ of this period culminated to perfection because it was wanted by the people, eager in their desire for congregational music; and solicitous, that with regard to the choral, it should be the best of its kind, and accompanied with as much of science as it was possible for organ builder or player to bring to bear upon it. And the fitness, beauty, and grandeur of the instrument are the results of this submission and obedience to the want—a want arising from the congregational desire to offer up a due and rightful act of adoration. Now a-days we make organs to accompany weak and childish hymn tunes, devoid of all solemn feeling, and incapable of any grand harmonical clothing. All the emotions raised by music of this kind belong to the lower and merely instinctive faculties—creating a self gratifying exercise—a serving of our own perverse and miserable tastes—a compound of littleness and vanity. Art of this sort is the very Lazarus of art, decking itself out in the purple and glitter of Dives. It seeks only to oblige its employer with his conventional notions or favorite ideas, and takes every pecuniary advantage of its position. The church, the parson, and the flock get so much wood and metal encased in some wretched harlequinade of wrong colors and wretched outline, and the organ builder vaunts of the superiority of his work in comparison with the imagined blind attempts of the real artist of the last century.

The secrets of success in the art of organ building, it would seem, have been quite lost sight of. The rare power of making grandeur of tone out of the smallest number of pipes, consistent with the intention, is now but little considered; the space necessary for such an instrument is made altogether an arbitrary affair; the height of the organ from the ground, its situation in regard to the building, the height of its roof, and the plane or base of its acoustical generation, are all subjects gone clean out of mind. The old organ builders made models of their organs—little organs in wood—and placed them on elevations, so that they could themselves judge of the effect of their work, and give their patrons something genuine and real, to criticize and estimate. In these days we get a pretty picture of an organ elevation on paper, and a long catalogue of stops, which means whatever the builder is able to do and no more. The specifications may abound with diapasons, and yet no true diapason be found in the instrument. The list of stops is a mere airy nothing, or the soft stops may be loud, and the loud soft. Organ phraseology is ever novel and romantic, ductile and picturesque. In seductiveness and supposed generosity it possesses a literature of its own. It distances all ingenuities in other trades, and defies imitation. It was not in this spirit that Godfrey built the organ for the Dresden Church, which he lived not to complete, but which was afterwards made so perfect by John Andrew. These men were not given to harlequinade or pirouetting, and would have held in supreme contempt most of the superfetations of the present epoch. In a sense as canvas, paints, and brushes make a picture, so wind, metal, and wood make an organ, and wood, catgut, and wire a violin. But wood, catgut, and wire is one thing, and the same passed through the alembic of a Straduarius a heaven sent thing, and no canvas, paints, or brushes can ever give us the burnt-up Venus by the angelic hand of a Titian. No work of art is of any high value unless it bears the impress of the artist's spirit. No music is worth a farthing unless marked by the individuality of the composer. No musical instrument is of any high estimation unless certain of conveying the speciality of its maker. The Erard pianoforte is one glory, the Broadwood another, the Collard another, and all are distinguished by their own peculiar and inimitable qualities. It is more especially so with the organ; for the wisdom, the far-sightedness, the quickness of apprehension, the pliancy and adaptability of the genius of the builder, have infinitely more scope, and field than the piano manufacturer. No two organs are alike; and yet in one respect all work by the same hand is cognate and parallel, and perfectly distinct from the work of any other master spirit.

In these days our new organs are marked, not so much by what is in them, as by what is out of them, and which should be in them. We know a new organ to have been sent out of Brown's manufactory, because Brown always makes horny and coarse diapasons. We fix upon White as the builder of the next specimen, because White revels in squalling sesquialteras, mixtures, furnitures, and so forth; Black has a passion for washing tubs, which he calls pedal pipes; and Yellow is noted for his terrific trumpets and clarions; Red is approved of for his curious and neat mechanism; but then Red has a poor notion of scales, and it is all haphazard with him when voicing a pipe. Shadow is afraid of a bright *ensemble*, so he kills off his scales, attenuates his combination stops, diminishes his soprano power, and in this way deprives his instrument of all strength and majesty. An organ cannot possess any beauty or weight of tone unless its scales be correct and all possible tone has been extracted from its pipes in a just and artistic way. Great tone such as was that of Grisi, Lablache, Staudigl, and other great vocalists of past days, was thoroughly legitimate; the all the artist could conscientiously do artistically and well. So it ought to be with every pipe amongst the four thousand of any large organ. And to represent this, every pipe must breathe the art and spirit of its maker, just as the violin tells us of the heart of a Straduarius. And such were and are the organs of Alsace and those at Dresden; proclaiming in their clear, mellow, deep and bright tones the spirits of their creators, the family of the Silbermanns. We have in England those who are able to make their instruments by their spiritualistic power, and one especially who, by weight, breadth and solemn characteristics, always places an unmistakable brand upon his labor. Would we had more of his great and good points, and we would willingly put up with his comparative failings. The burning and destruction of so great a work of art as the Cathedral organ in Strasburg will test the power and merits of our Continental builders. To restore it may be impossible; to put new work of modern spirit alongside it would be a hazardous undertaking. To take the whole away and erect a complete new instrument would be a sorrowful mode of marking this great calamity. Germany has destroyed it, and Germany must make good in some way or other the mischief it has done. There are good organ builders in that country, but no Silbermann. What a pity it is that John Chinaman is no organ builder. He is the true fellow to make a perfect patch, if all he can see be the all necessary to do.

LISZT's strange and mystical Oratorio "Saint Elizabeth" (*Die heilige Elisabeth*), which so puzzled and enraged the London musicians a short time ago, was performed last Sunday evening by the Liederkranz.

A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK.—No. 5.*

(From the London Choir.)

It should have been stated in my last letter that before I left Leipzig I visited two very interesting establishments connected with the production and publication of musical compositions, viz., the engraving rooms of C. G. Röder, and the warehouse of the great publishing firm, Breitkopf & Härtel. As I have already intimated, there are several enormous music publishing houses in Leipzig, those of Peters, and Breitkopf & Härtel, being perhaps the largest. The latter I inspected, and was greatly impressed with that distinguishing mark of nearly all German work—political, artistic and social—an apparently perfect organization, which was evident here in a pre-eminent degree. Ascending the broad staircase of an immense building, which led also to other places of business, I came to the first floor of Breitkopf & Härtel's. The length of the first room seemed to be about one hundred feet, and it was divided and sub divided into many different departments. Being an Englishman, upon stating the object of my visit, I was at once shown to the particular place where the information I needed could be best obtained; I noticed, too, that the German professors and others, who came on business whilst I was there, were, without the loss of a moment, promptly directed in like manner. For the purpose of observing how far their plans of arrangement of the enormous amount of works they publish were carried, I asked for different works by the great masters, and was instantly shown what I had desired to see. Pianoforte music was classed in one group of numerous shelves, divided and sub-divided; vocal music, organ, orchestral, etc., in others; every species of composition in their large catalogue was found and produced without the least delay. In another room were their excellent grand pianofortes, instruments of considerable power and sweetness, to be purchased at a much lower price than equally good ones in our country, though decidedly not superior, if equal, to the best specimens of Broadwood's and Collard's. I cannot say that on the whole this publishing firm showed a great and marked superiority over the largest English firms, but at the same time I think their system and wonderful management are thoroughly worthy of observation and record by those who feel interested in the matter.

With respect to engraving, the case is different, and I could not help seeing this during my visit to Herr Röder's establishment. Here, I think, the Germans are superior to the English, not only in the extent and completeness of the place itself, but also in the excellence and character of the work produced. Nearly all the important classical works, reprints of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., have been engraved by Herr Röder. Every task connected with the engraving of music is effected in this building. Beginning on the ground floor, there are the stones roughly hewn, brought from the mountains, and wrought into the necessary shape and smoothness, for the purposes of lithography, by huge grindstones. On the next floor was an accumulation of tin and pewter for plates, which are prepared in another room to a certain thickness and consistency; they are then passed on to the next stage, where a numerous force of men and lads were engaged in punching, with neat and handy tools, the notes from the MSS. which stood before them. There were many of these rooms where the artizans were busily engraving all sorts of music. I was much interested and somewhat amused to be led up to a workman who was at that moment busily at work upon the latest number of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*, the copy for which I had, as its editor, despatched from England shortly before my departure. All those who have seen this, and other works, engraved by Herr Röder, will at once acknowledge the beauty and accuracy of the work; the notes are sharper and clearer than those to which we have hitherto been accustomed in England, whilst the paper and printing ink are quite worthy of such good workmanship. Proceeding still further I came to the lithographic room, where thirty or forty men, women, and boys, were engaged in transferring the music to the stones; these stones being taken to a higher room, containing numerous printing presses, all of them being in full work.

In another part of the building were many hundreds of these heavy stones, placed in different niches with titles of various musical publications, which from their more elaborate and valuable character, are preserved, whilst the stones with impressions of music are rubbed and cleaned to receive fresh impressions. Amongst the numerous specimens of more beautiful and special engraving shown to me by Herr Röder, was a new Royal quarto edition of Beethoven's opera *Fidelio*, vocal score and pianoforte accompaniment. It was printed on toned paper with a large margin, and a superb title page, and a more exquisite piece of workmanship of its class I have never seen.

The journey from Leipzig and Dresden was performed, according to my custom in a part of the country possessing but few beauties of nature, by the evening mail. I have nothing to record of it excepting that I found, as usual, some at least of my fellow travellers were interested in the practice and progress of the musical art, and were able to add to my information many things of interest and use. On my arrival at Dresden on Friday at midnight, I soon found myself located at the magnificent Hotel de Saxe, which contains a splendid *salle a manger* capable of dining five hundred persons, where, in the winter season, numerous and special concerts are given. Early on Saturday morning I despatched a messenger to Herr Gustav Heintz, the well known music publisher, with an introductory letter, and received a reply declaring his intention to visit me at noon. In accordance with the practical habits of the Germans, Herr Heintz acquainted himself with the chief objects of my visit, and at once made every arrangement to gratify my wishes to the utmost extent, and through his courtesy and kindness not much time elapsed before I had made the personal acquaintance of most of the leading organists and composers of Dresden. During the day, in his company, I visited most of the public buildings, and traversed the principal streets of this lovely city. Dresden is in every respect a charming place of residence, but especially for music loving people. Possessing numerous well appointed theatres, concerts, cafés chantants, on both banks of the Elbe, in all of which music of a high class, well performed, is to be heard at very low prices of admission, there seems to be nothing omitted which could afford pleasure and delight to the musician, amateur, and visitor.

Finding that Weber's opera, or rather drama, *Preciosa*, was to be given in the evening at the "Zweites Theater," I proceeded there, and found the prices of admission to range from fifteen pence to threepence. Taking a reserved stall I witnessed an excellent representation of this celebrated work with no little satisfaction. The orchestra was not large, being chiefly composed of young artists, who, I was informed, played more to obtain experience than with a view to pecuniary profit. The heroine was played by a popular actress, Fräulein Hartmann. As a whole the opera was well performed; but the singing, both solo and choral, was not particularly good. There, as in every similar place in Germany, I noticed the remarkable attention of the audience to every detail of the performance. Between each of the acts one of those polite and handy German waiters, always found in such places, offered refreshment in the shape of a *seidel* of beer, a small bottle of *Rheinwein*, German sausages, and Westphalia ham sandwiches. I was surprised and amused to see that several of the fairer sex in the pit hesitated not to associate with other female companions in a *seidel* of beer, and evidently with infinite gratification, accompanying the same with loud and earnest criticism on the part of the performance just concluded; but the moment the curtain was drawn, and the play resumed, the utmost silence and decorum prevailed. At the conclusion of the opera, I found my way to a much frequented café, at the back of which, in the large and brilliantly illuminated gardens, I met, by appointment, Herr Meinardus, the composer, whose oratorios—*St Peter*, and *Gideon*—and other works, are well known in the chief towns of Saxony and Hungary. Here it was that I heard the first warnote sounded: from an excited conversation amongst my friends, in which the names Napoleon and Hohenzollern were frequently uttered with considerable force and accent, I discovered the dispute, which, as is now well known, led to the present lamentable war. As if not a moment should be lost I was awoke at 3 a.m. on the following day, Sunday, by the roll of drums and mustering of troops in the square in front of the hotel. A more exciting scene of its kind I had never witnessed. In the deliciously cool, clear atmosphere of that early morning in July, the square was filled with soldiers, and during the preparations for marching, the magnificent band played two or three fine marches in a most effective and charming manner. I retired again to rest with the sounds of military music dying away as the soldiers filed off, and indulged in my dreams of no end of martial music.

At eight o'clock, before I had finished my toilet, I was astonished to receive a visit from my friend, Herr Gustav Merkel, whose organ compositions and performances are justly celebrated wherever they are known. He had called early, he said, in order to make me acquainted with the services at the Hofkirche, where he presides as court organist. I repaired at the appointed time to the church, which, unequal, however, to most of our cathedrals, has a noble exterior and a very fine tower. It stands in a prominent and beautiful position near the bridge which crosses the Elbe. Here high Mass is celebrated every Sunday at eleven o'clock, and other services, such as are usual at Roman Catholic churches, follow during the day.

The service on this occasion was most imposing, the large orchestra in the great West Gallery being occupied by about sixty performers (band and chorus), and the large organ, one of Silbermann's best instruments, of which I intend to give a description in my next letter. Crowds of people were pressing on, and it was with some difficulty that I gained an entrance, and obtained access to Herr Merkel's organ pew. The music consisted of a Mass in F minor, by the conductor, Herr Carl Krebs; an Offertorium, by Rastrelli; and a Graduale, by Reissiger. With such a force of practical musicians, need I say that the music was given with thrilling power and effect? and I have no doubt that those who were below, in the body of the church, heard the inspiring strains to much greater advantage than I who was seated amongst the performers. At the conclusion of High Mass nearly all the immense congregation, as well as the members of the orchestra, departed, and there followed a short service, the musical part of which was sustained by about a dozen singing boys and singing men, with organ accompaniment only. I had now an opportunity of listening to the organ, and was struck with its rich, full tone. As, however, Herr Merkel's playing was limited to the requirements of the service, he made an appointment with me for the following Tuesday at ten o'clock in order that we might hear the instrument alone and undisturbed. Meanwhile the organist, with Herr Meinardus and myself, adjourned to one of the beautiful cafés on the banks of the Elbe, only a very short distance from the church. The prospect was one of great beauty and interest. Thousands of people were passing to and fro on the picturesque bridge; steamboats and every variety of craft plied up and down the broad river, whilst the patronizers of the cafés along its banks seemed thoroughly happy in the enjoyment of their refreshment and the scene. The heat was intense, and suddenly, with scarcely any intimation of the change, there broke upon us a fearful thunderstorm. Commencing with huge drops of rain, whose violence increased with extraordinary rapidity, it created for a time the greatest disorder, which, had it not been rather troublesome, would have been very amusing, for all seemed to vie with each other in their eagerness to snatch up their plates with their contents, wine, beer, etc., and rush, pell-mell, into the interior of the building, rolling out a running accompaniment of national gutturals. For two hours the rain descended in torrents and the atmosphere became thick and darkened. But notwithstanding this *contretemps* we had a most interesting conversation about music and organs; Herr Merkel being especially interested in the description I had with me, and explained to him, of the immense instrument in the Leeds Town Hall. It was there, as with all other organists I met during my tour: they knew nothing of English organs, English organists, or their compositions. I could not help expressing a hope that this exclusiveness should be rectified by visits to England: for clever as the organists of Germany at present are, they seem to be perfectly unacquainted with any but those of their own country.

In the afternoon I went to the beautiful little English church, erected chiefly by the liberality of Mrs. Göschen: there, on entering by a side door close to the organ, I heard the familiar strains of the hymn tune, "Melcombe." The young organist, Mr David Beardwell, was extremely courteous, and most kindly offered to place his services at my disposal during my stay in Dresden.

[To be continued.]

* No. 4 has not yet come to hand.

THE FRENZY OF PRAISE. We take the following from the New York *Sun*, of Sept. 19.

An American girl, born near Plattsburgh in this State, and for several years the soprano at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church at Albany, has created quite an excitement as a prima donna in Italy. She is of French descent, and her name is LA JEUNESSE, but in Italy she has assumed the name of ALBANI.

Our newspapers are sometimes rather lavish of their praise, and fail to temper their enthusiasm with the slightest particle of common sense; but for wholesale adulation and unlimited gush, commend us to the Italians. To judge from their own accounts, they have discovered in our young countrywoman such a

singer as has not lived since St. CECILIA's time. One critic, a Signor BERTOLANA, said to be a writer of much repute, has an article in a late number of a Sicilian paper which fairly out Herods Herod. It is the perfect phrenzy of praise. For such as may have a curiosity to know what America can do in the way of a singer, and Italy in the way of a worshipper, we reproduce a small portion of this sublimated puff. "The voice of ALBANI," says this enthusiast, "is one in which is felt the vibration of the seven chords of the eternal lyre." As we have never yet had the pleasure of hearing the eternal lyre, we are not in a condition to dispute Signor BERTOLANA'S assertion; and as for the seven chords, they are not referred to in any thorough bass treatise with which we are familiar. "In short," continues the critic, "she is such an artist as inspires respect mingled with affection, and enthusiasm subdued by reverence. She is a morning-star—all light, all love. I renounce the idea of describing the benefit of last evening, the prodigies of ALBANI'S throat in the 'Carnival of Venice,' the acclamations, the flowers, the crowns, the poetry, the gifts. The festival was worthy of the goddess of the occasion." The enthusiast also calls her "a ray of heaven," and expresses a doubt of "this eternal creature finding a heart worthy of her love out of the celestial spheres whence she descends." The audience and the populace in general seem to have shared the sentiments of the critic. We are informed that after singing the "Carnival of Venice," she "was recalled twelve times, and after the tenth recall nearly fainted from the wildness of the enthusiasm. She retired, and, after taking stimulants—nectar or ambrosia of course—returned to the stage, when all the audience rose, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting 'Viva la prima donna Americana!' When she went to take her carriage, behold, she found in its place a magnificent equipage with four horses, "the gift of noble admirers." "Bands of music and crowds of people preceeded the carriage to her home, the crowds only dispersing after her appearance on the balcony." On the following day she left Sicily, waited upon by barons, counts, chevaliers, and their ladies. "She bade adieu to the crowd amid the loudest and most prolonged applause, which still continued when she was far on her journey."

Possibly they are still standing there bursting their throats with vivas. We should have thought that nothing less than an earthquake or the eruption of Mount Etna could possibly have so excited the Sicilians. We very much fear that when she returns Miss LA JEUNESSE will find her own countrymen very cold blooded and unsympathetic after these fiery and demonstrative Italians.

Music in New York.

THE FIRST REHEARSAL OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY is always an event of much interest. The Society is one to which New Yorkers look with pride, and the inhabitants of other cities with envy. In numbers and in the quality of its work it stands confessedly at the head of all the orchestras of the New World, and takes rank not far behind the most famous of those of the old.

Yesterday afternoon it gave its first rehearsal of the winter season, the first, also, under its new President, Mr. George T. Strong, who replaces Dr. Doremus. The most notable change under the new presidency is in the matter of the distribution of seats. In old times this was conducted on the strictly democratic principle of first come first served, then Doremus inaugurated the sale of the boxes. Mr. Strong has permitted all the eligible seats in the house to be secured for the winter. The consequence of this plan will be that there will be less confusion than of old, for every one will know exactly where to find his place. The famous, genteel, well-dressed crowd that used to gather on cold winter Philharmonic nights about the doors an hour before they opened, and to rush in a polite scrimmage for the best seats, is a thing of the past. The extra $3 secures one's seat for the winter both at rehearsals and concerts. As the same persons will occupy the same seats, it may fall to a man's lot to sit perchance all the season in close proximity to what Grandfather Smallweed used to call a "brimstone chatterer," or perhaps with the same ugly bonnet in the immediate foreground, growing with each repetition more ugly. On the other hand, it is now possible for parties of friends to get together and enjoy that communion of feeling that music so specially invites. The pieces in rehearsal for the first concert are Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—one of the brightest and best of the immortal nine; Schubert's unfinished symphony: a musical torso as fine as the "Farnese Hercules;" and the "Tannhauser" overture, with its alternations of sublime and solemn thought, and squealing violin harmonies, and piccolo cries, that are as much like the utterances of a young pig under an unexpectedly tight fence as it is in the power of music to make them. Mr. Mills lends his assistance at the next rehearsal.—*Sun, Nov. 12.*

GERMAN OPERA. Mozart's little Opera "*Der Schauspieldirector*" (The Theatre Manager) was performed last week, for the first time, probably, in this country. The *Weekly Review* says of it:

It was for a festive occasion in 1786, that Mozart set the music to the above-named farce. As so many pieces which the masters of the last century wrote, so was this a *piece d'occasion*. The plot is very simple, chiefly illustrating the trouble of a theatrical manager, and the rivalry of two leading prima donnas. The score consisted of but five numbers—an overture, which rises above the general *bouffe* character of the music, two arias, a trio, and the finale. It is chiefly the trio, which is as sparkling, humorous, and characteristic as anything Mozart has written, and which might serve as a model to our modern composers of opera bouffe. The piece was soon laid aside, but some thirty years ago revived by the well known artistical manager of the Royal Theatre in Berlin, Mr. Louis Schneider. He conceived the idea of altering the text, and chiefly to illustrate the relations between Mozart and Schikaneder, when the former wrote his "Magic Flute," and also to ridicule the jealousies of the two leading songstresses of that time, Mmes. Lange and Cavalieri. Thus the interest centres around these four illustrious persons; and, although many objections have been raised as to the propriety of making Mozart appear in a somewhat ludicrous light, it must nevertheless be admitted that Mr. Schneider has succeeded in making a very funny arrangement of the old piece. To the original four musical movements he added four songs—also composed by Mozart—and one of which, "The Ribbon Trio"—is a very curious and exciting composition—a perfect jewel of humorous music. It was the arrangement by Schneider, which the German opera company produced the other night, at the *Stadttheater*, in splendid style, by Mme. Lichtmay, and Messrs. Hoelzel and Himmer and for which every participant deserves the thanks of all who can appreciate opera bouffe in its best style.

"RIP VAN WINKLE."—In the same journal (of last Saturday) we read:

After a great many years Mr. George Bristow's opera has been reproduced at Niblo's, and at the present English opera company had no other claim to our consideration, than having revived this opera, it must be considered a powerful one by all who take an interest in the progress and culture of musical art in this country. Opera writing requires so many qualities, that it cannot but reflect credit, not only upon the author, but also the country to which he belongs. And, if it is done at all, in a respectable, conscientious manner, with due consideration of the necessary artistic claims, it ought to be encouraged and honored by all possible means. That this is the case in the present instance all know who have become familiar with the effects of Mr. Bristow. Of the very few American composers who have attained a certain facility in handling the larger forms of compositions, especially in reference to writing for an orchestra, Mr. Bristow stands foremost. Every measure of his music shows the thorough musician, brought up in a good school. It is fluent, good, respectable music, a credit to the man who has composed it. But the question arises, whether it is good dramatic music, whether the salient points of the drama have been hit upon by the composer in such a manner as to produce, in the listener, a climax of interest. This, we are afraid, is not the case in the present instance. The fault lies not altogether with the composer, but with the text. In our opinion, *Rip Van Winkle* ought to have been made the centre of interest. Instead of this, we find that, during one whole—and very long—act, he does not appear at all, and we are bored with a very tedious love story. Besides, the text does not furnish sufficient scope for ensembles and finales. It gives us ballads, duos, etc., in abundance, but we all know that nothing is more tedious than a so-called ballad opera. Modern opera writing means a strong dramatic accentuation, much coloring, and strong contrasts. Where all this is wanting, even the greatest flow of melody will be of no avail. We are confident, that if Mr. Bristow would write his opera to-day he would show us by his music that he is of our opinion; and we hope and trust, that, encouraged by his present success, he will compose another opera. His country has a right to expect this from him.

The performance was as smooth as it can be with such an orchestra and such a conductor, as allied to the present company. Mr. Henry Drayton (*Rip*), and Mrs. Richings-Bernard were, as usual, excellent.

Music in Philadelphia.

MISS ANNA JACKSON announces the continuance of her popular parlor concerts during the present season. In her circular she says: "It is with increased satisfaction in the continued progress of the String Quratet, composed of Messrs. C. Guhlemann, Wm. Stoll, Jr., Theo. Boettger and R. Hennig, that I announce the eleventh season for the Parlor Concerts. As the object of these concerts is, if possible, to render permanent this organization, it must be distinctly understood that the main interest of the concerts rentres in it; at the same time there will always be standard selections of piano works, with solos for violin and violoncello. Should the subscriptions admit of it, it will give me much pleasure to add some singing to the programmes. The string quartets to be performed will be selected from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert. The piano concerted works from those of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Raff. The second concert will be devoted entirely to the works of Beethoven, in honor of the centennial anniversary of this great composer. The concerts will be given as heretofore at Natatorium Hall, on the evenings of Saturday, November 26th, Monday, December 19th, Saturday, January 14th, Saturday, February 11th, Saturday, March 11th, and Saturday, April 15th.

For the first concert the following programme has been prepared:

String Quartet. No. 8, F major. ..... Mozart.
Saraband. } Violoncello. ..... J. S. Bach.
Ballade } ..... Goltermann.
Mr. R. Hennig.
Quartet. Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello, op. 47.
Four movements. ..... Schumann.
Song Without Words. } Piano. ..... Mendelssohn.
Le Courier. } ..... Theo. Ritter.
Mr. G. Guhlemann.
String Quartet. F major. Op. 18 ..... Beethoven.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY. The prospectus of this Society announces that two concerts will be given during the present season: on the 7th of December the Beethoven Centennial, and upon some day in April next. The first concert will consist of performances of the following of Beethoven's works:

Hallelujah Chorus, from the "Mount of Olives."
Quartet from "Fidelio."
Devotional Song, "The Heavens are Telling," with orchestral accompaniment.
Trio, *Tremate, Empj, Tremate.*
Choral Fantasie.
Violin Concerto.
Andante and Finale in C minor symphony.
Overture to "Egmont."

The Society was organized and trained and will be conducted by Carl Wolfsohn. With a splendid chorus, well represented in all the parts, and at its concerts it will have an orchestra of fifty first-rate instrumental musicians. The second concert, in April, will include selections from Schumann, Rossini, and others, together with Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm. These concerts will be private.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

CARL WOLFSOHN'S first Matinée, on Friday of last week, presented the following matter:

Trio, B flat major, op. 97, new ..... Bargiel.
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Stoll and Hennig.
Aria, "Maria Rudens" ..... Donizetti.
Mrs. Sauvan.
Nocturne, B flat major ..... Chopin.
Allegro Impromptu, G flat major ..... "
Carl Wolfsohn.
Evening Song ..... Wolfsohn.
Farewell Song ..... "
Mr. Wm. Stoll.
Morte, (by particular request) ..... Gottschalk.
Carl Wolfsohn.
Ave Maria ..... Luzzi.
Mrs. Sauvan.
Marche Militaire ..... Tausig.
Carl Wolfsohn.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 19, 1870.

First Symphony Concert.—Sixth Season.

Of the many musical events of these last weeks this properly deserves first mention, as being the opening of our chief series of standard concerts, representing our own best and constantly renewed effort to build up for ourselves something permanent and worthy in the purest sense of Art,—something independent of the fashions and excitements of the moment, and which we can rely upon from year to year for opportunities of hearing what is intrinsically best in music. The interest, the enthusiasm which shall support and cherish such an effort is of a more quiet, deep, enduring nature, than that excited by the arrival of a new celebrity, and by the dazzling announcements of speculating impresarii. It behoves us to cherish and to guard with jealous love the nascent institution, amid so many transient, distracting invitations, if we would find and keep any sure foothold anywhere in our artistic culture.

But there seems to be little cause for fear. The sixth season of ten Symphony Concerts, so successfully begun and carried on under the auspices of the Harvard Musical Association, opened on Thursday Afternoon, Nov. 3, with a list of season subscribers almost as large as that of last year, when it exceeded 1,600,—and this notwithstanding the increased price, the pre-occupation of the musical interest during the whole preceding fortnight by the Thomas Concerts, as well as the excitement about the coming of Christine Nilsson, whose Boston debut was announced for the very next night. Moreover, a sudden thunder storm, with heavy rain, in just the hour before the concert, doubtless deterred from coming many suburban music-lovers who had set their hearts upon it. As it was, the audience was very large and (there is no need of saying it) of the best kind. It was peculiarly a Beethoven concert, in accordance with the plan, already described, of dedicating the whole series in some sense, directly or indirectly, to the memory of Beethoven in this season of his Centennial Birthday. The opening programme was selected with this view, as follows:

Inaugural Overture ("Weihe des Hauses"), in C. Op. 124. BEETHOVEN.
*Sacred Songs, to words by Gellert, Op. 48 . BEETHOVEN.
"The Heavens proclaim the glory of God."
Song of Penitence and of Trust
M. W. Whitney.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in G, Op. 58, . . BEETHOVEN.
Allegro.—Andante.—Rondo.
Hugo Leonhard.

*Prelude to the Third Act of "Medea,".....CHERUBINI.
**Bass Aria: "Give me back my dearest Master," from the St. Matthew Passion Music, (the orchestral accompaniment completed by Robert Franz).....BACH.
M. W. Whitney.
(The Violin Solo by B. Listemann.)
Fifth Symphony, in C minor, Op. 67, ...BEETHOVEN.
Allegro—Andante—Scherzo and Finale (Triumphal March.)

Some of the critics have qualified their great praise of the concert, both as to matter and to execution, by a regret that the programme was too uniformly "sombre." Let us see. The Overture is not sombre, it is majestic, jubilant, triumphant; and the orchestra (numbering about sixty in the absence of the Quintette Club) gave out the grand chords of the introduction with such a breadth and rich sonority as we had not heard for a long time; the quick *fugato* movement, too, was full of life and spirit, although there is yet something to be desired in point of perfect uniformity of *phrasing* in the violins.

Of the two short sacred songs, which Mr. WHITNEY sang in his best voice (transposing them of course) and with nobility of style, the first is simply grand, uplifting to the soul; the second, after a strain of tender, deep-felt penitence—extremely beautiful—ends with a rapturous outburst of hope and joy in the thought of the divine mercy; the very lively, and by no means easy piano accompaniment to this was finely played by Mr. LEONHARD.

The Concerto in G is certainly not "sombre." It is the most poetic, fascinating, lovely of all Concertos; full of delicate, fine fire; abounding, the Allegro at least, with a *bravura* which is the very efflorescence of a fancy all inspired with feeling. An indefinable charm pervades the movement. The Andante is serious, but not "sombre;" the musing, rapt *cantabile* of the piano, alternating with the stern unison of the orchestra, opens such glimpses of eternal peace and bliss beyond the stars, that you are unwillingly aroused from the delicious reverie; so short, so much! The vision is succeeded in the *Rondo* by the utmost elasticity of bright, exulting confidence as of a renewed youth, every nerve and fibre strung up to a quick and thrilling sense of finest life. Mr. LEONHARD interpreted this composition so satisfactorily four years ago, that there seemed nothing of poetic conception, feeling, purity, vitality and grace of execution left to be desired; this time he was even more fortunate, not only in his own part, but in a more sympathetic orchestral accompaniment, and in a remarkably responsive instrument, one of the most admirable of Chickering Grands, which it was inspiring to hear after the New York substitutes which had so long occupied the Music Hall. The Cadenzas introduced by Mr. Leonhard were the usual ones by Moscheles,—quite effective, yet not just what one would imagine Beethoven himself to have made. Could that Concerto, so played, possibly weigh "heavily" upon any spirit at all musically appreciative? On the contrary its whole influence is uplifting, quickening; it lends wings to the weary soul, on which to soar and realize for once its native heavenly freedom.

Pass on now to the glorious old C-minor Symphony: brave, hopeful, heaven-cheered struggle, from the first, with destiny; in the Andante, lofty, holy, a divine song of high calling and encouragement, sounding as from within the deepest depths of the rapt hearer's inmost soul, where only one may find God; then the exciting Scherzo, big with impatient life and with mysterious, sure promise of the coming glory, and then the all-embracing, inexhaustible, resistless triumph of the march-like Finale. What is there "sombre" about that? or what of heaviness to weigh one down? *Such* full-freighted vessels, bearing magnificently onward, only buoy us up, whereas the flimsy little cockle shells in which we seek to skim leisurely and miscellaneously over life's deep sea, too often entail bitter, belittleing vexations, making the heart heavier with a sense of emptiness and nothing found, nothing of new faith or love or hope to carry home. One wearies soonest of things light and trivial. If you would have us listen all-alive to a programme of music, give us *great* things. This we are pretty sure to get when the name of Beethoven occurs often. Nor could there be a greater or a fitter finale to a Beethoven programme than this same Fifth Symphony, which, we may safely say, was brought out this time with a degree of spirit and impressive grandeur scarcely excelled in any of the many renderings it has had in this for many years Beethoven-loving city.

Indeed it would be hard to name any important work of Beethoven's, of which the total impression, as it haunts us after we have heard it, could be called "sombre." There is the Funeral March, to be sure, in the *Eroica*; but even that has holy joy and triumph in it. Hence it it possible to do, what has been done repeatedly, what can hardly be done with any other composer, make up a programme wholly of his music without the slightest danger of fatiguing sameness. This was a concert in honor of BEETHOVEN, as not only the programme, but the noble offering (from a devoted lady who felt the spirit of the occasion) of the floral crown suspended over Crawford's statue, testified. It was the opening of a whole series of concerts so arranged as to pivot on the recognition of the Centennial Year of the great master as a central point. Indeed it could be called, in the cheerfuller sense of the word, a musical solemnity, implying dignity and grandeur, which surely are not necessarily sombre. What could be fitly coupled with the noble works already named? Certainly nothing trivial and light; nothing popular and hacknied; none of the "Future" novelties; none of the brilliant "effect" pieces; that would have spoiled the picture, made an incongruous medley of it. Bach in the greatest company is evermore in place. In the limited repertoire of vocal solos offered by Beethoven, and in the hope of realizing here some day that too long postponed performance of the Passion Music, what could be better, for one thing, than to give the audience a first hearing of that beautiful and noble Aria for a bass voice? Nor was the trust reposed thus in the true perception, taste and feeling of the audience thrown away. Sung as it was, in a good honest, simple way, with true nobility of style, by Mr. WHITNEY, although it might have had more depth and fineness of expression, it seemed to win the warmest general welcome, and will be eagerly asked for again whenever practicable. Verily it is a new sign and a hopeful, when all the critics of the daily papers go into rhapsodies about a work by Bach, as they did on that next morning. Only they seem (some of them) to have mistaken the intention of the song. It is *not* to be supposed the song of Judas penitent, the outpouring of his remorse and bitter agony, and of his yearning to return to the "dear Master" whom he had betrayed. The words may have misled some into the idea; hence here again the "sombreness" was all imaginary. But such is not the dominant expression of the music. It is a song addressed (not in the mouth of any individual character, but rather of the Christian Church personified, according to the whole plan of the Poem) to the chief priests, not only pleading for the surrender of the betrayed one, but upbraiding them for his detention after the betrayer, himself has flung the wages of his treason at their feet and gone and hanged himself, hinting of the fate of Judas as a warning to themselves. Hence it is not at all a minor strain; the music waxes bold and confident as it goes on, albeit it is tempered with that tender, deep affection for the Master which inspires the Passion Music at whatever page you open. The composition surely is most beautiful and noble, both in the melody and orchestral accompaniment, which Bach left only written out for the quartet of strings, together with the figurative violin solo (finely played by Mr. LISTEMANN and which Robert Franz has filled out in the very spirit of the master by the addition of a pair of clarinets and of bassoons. Still more rehearsal would have given more of sympathetic fineness to the orchestral part, although it went not badly.

It only remains to speak of the Prelude to the third act of Cherubini's "Medea," which, for a short introduction to the Second Part, was music grand enough to go with Beethoven, and even stirring the imagination with something of the appalling power of the great introduction to the prison scene of "Fidelio." This, we admit, *is* "sombre" music; but it is also very thrilling and exciting, producing with quite simple means what a sublime effect! How impressive those deep unisons and those mighty, almost terrible crescendos! And most effectively did Mr. ZERRAHN wield his orchestral forces in producing them so palpably.

From the first to the last note of the concert, the attention of the whole audience was complete and earnest,—one of the best tokens of success artistically. The general impression, we believe, was that the various changes in the material of the orchestra, together with increased care in rehearsal, had brought about a manifest improvement, at least a better unity of tone and spirit. With each successive concert, the zealous conductor will have them still more perfectly in hand.

The Public Rehearsals thus far excite considerable interest, but the attendance must be still much larger, as we have little doubt it will be, to make them any 'benefit" to the musicians.

In this week's programme [the second], with its Haydn Symphony, *first* "Leonore" Overture, Fest-Overture by Rietz, and Solos for the Violin, there is nothing "heavy," unless it be the Lisztian "Preludes." As we go to press on Thursday, we can only notice it next time.

The Third Concert, Dec. 1, offers the *second* Overture to "Leonore" [first time]; the Aria and Gavotte from the Bach Suite in D; Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; Cherubini's Overture to "Faniska" [new]; Schubert's Fantasia, op. 15, as arranged for piano and orchestra by Liszt [which Mr. LANG will play]; and the Overture to "Euryanthe."—A fortnight later comes the central one of the three Beethoven Concerts, two days before the centennial birthday;—this by way of prelude to a "Choral Symphony" concert to be given jointly in the name of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Harvard Musical Association, probably on Saturday the 17th, which is the actual birthday.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. We have barely room to gather up a few of the most interesting. And here we are reminded of the loss we suffer in the disappearance of the old haunt of such music, Chickering Hall.

Mr. PERABO took for his first Friday Matinée [Oct. 28] the smaller Horticultural Hall,—a place in which, musically, we could not feel quite at home. There was a goodly audience,

however, of the right kind; the music sounded well, and the occasion was successful. He played the Beethoven Sonata in E flat [first of the two in op. 27], Fantasia-like in form, and very beautiful. He played it tenderly and with poetic feeling in the more delicate parts, and with great force and fire in the finale. Then two pleasing little pieces by Bargiel; and finally the great Fantasia in C, op. 15, by Schubert, in the original form, [we are to have it with orchestra.] This was done superbly; the broad harmony where the "Wanderer" theme comes in, and the strong *fugato* movement at the end especially. Mr. KREISSMANN, for whom indulgence was asked on the score of illness, nevertheless sang with true artistic style and feeling one of the most beautiful Tenor Recitatives and Arias from Bach's Passion Music "*Geduld, Geduld!*" which points to the suffering Savior as a divine example of patience. Nothing more difficult in the whole Passion music could have been selected, and we doubt if in the country we could find another singer competent to undertake it. It made a deep impression. The three Franz songs, especially "*Die Harrende*" and the impassioned "*Er ist gekommen*," were most warmly received.

For the second Concert Mr. Perabo took us to the upper hall, which had a much more genial aspect. He began, for a novelty, with a Pastoral Sonata, op. 47, by Carl Löwe, the famous ballad writer, who died a year ago. It is called "Le Printemps" [the Spring], and its four movements represent: *a*]. Dawn of Day [full of bird twitterings], and morning worship, Allegro; *b*]. Broad Day [Allegretto]; *c*] "Vie champêtre" [Scherzo]; *d*] Evening Twilight, followed by Allegro assai. It is a graceful, cheerful, rather common-place "*Salt-Laterisch*" composition, without marked individuality, but pleasant enough to hear for once. The three "Musical Sketches" by Sterndale Bennett: "The Lake," "The Mill-stream," "The Fountain" were very charming, characteristic, genial little pieces, well contrasted and original. The other Sonata of Beethoven's Op. 27, the well known "Moonlight," was most welcome for the closing piece. The singing was by Mrs. BARRY, who with admirable voice and feeling sang the "Cradle Song" from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, and three Songs by Robert Franz.

In the third Matinee (Nov. 25), Mr. Perabo will play Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 1, a theme with Variations from Schubert's D-minor Quartet, and four Songs, transcribed by Reinecke, from Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin," these last in place of the Bach Aria which Mr. Whitney was to sing.

A choice and charming programme was that of the Soiree, given by the teachers of the Boston Conservatory [Wednesday eve. Nov. 2] in the lower hall of Tremont Temple. In spite of the almost suffocating heat of the crowded cavernous place, the music was listened to with closest interest to the end. Two admirably contrasted Trios for piano, violin and 'cello: the *great* one in E flat by Schubert, and a fresh, delightful one by Haydn, in D maj r, No. 6, a model in its way, opened and closed the feast. Both were played in a masterly manner by Messrs. LEONHARD, EICHBERG and HEINDL. Mme. JOHANNSEN, of "Fidelio" memory, true artist as she is, although some portions of her voice are grown a little hard, can still command tones sweet and musical and strong, and many a grace of style. She sang Schubert's "Barcarolle" charmingly, and, with Signor ARDAVANI, Mozart's "*La ci darem*." Mr. H. WILDE made a decidedly good impression with one of the Arias from Handel's operas, arranged by Franz, as he did also with another of them in a former concert, the audience not being satisfied without a repetition of it. These were Alto Airs sung with a Bass voice.

Christine Nilsson.

And now we come to the "musical event" of the day,—to the arrival and the triumph of the far famed, the eagerly awaited, the already, for sometime at least, established Queen of hearts, if not of Song, even in this "cold critical Athens," as silly folk elsewhere are wont to call it,—to the beautiful and fair young Swede, CHRISTINA NILSSON.

First, a word about the Nilsson *Concerts*, as such, and the musical material and *personnel* which Manager Max Strakosch has brought to us. Our readers know our dislike, as a rule, for *Miscellaneous Concerts*, in which, without artistic unity, "attractions" are huddled together in wearisome profusion in one programme, while music itself is humbled to the condition of mere tiring maid or valet for the dressing out and exhibition of My Lady or My Lord, the singing or performing person. Our musical public, too, are getting to have right notions in this matter, and sincerely to prefer the pure artistic occasion, even without "stars," to any sort of medley with stars. What we had read, therefore, of Mr. Strakosch's programmes in New York, did not prepossess us with a very strong desire to hear them. How far can the radiance of "one bright particular star" go, the mere hearing of one however real and resistless singer under such conditions, — playing central figure in a crowded, clumsy frame, — to reconcile us to a *melange* of common-place things from Italian Operas, by a superfluity of stars of lesser magnitude; her own selections, even, being hackneied arias by Verdi or Donizetti, modern French things, a few well worn ballads, and the like? We felt this objection to the first programme here in Boston. But after hearing we must own that, for concerts of this kind, they are on the whole pretty well made up, while the selection of artists is particularly rich and choice.

In the first place we must commend a certain thoroughness with which all is done; the mere fact of an orchestra in all the Concerts,—a rather small one to be sure, and rough and boisterous too often,—under the experienced conductorship of MARETZEK, to open the bill with popular overtures like "Zampa," "Martha," "Masaniello" "Tell," "Fra Diavolo," close it with Wedding March, or march from *Le Prophète* (to which by the way, nobody listened,—one of the marks by which you know a virtuoso concert from an artistic one), as well as to accompany the solos. And here let us add this special praise that every piece has been given with its full orchestral accompaniment where that existed, leaving only ballads and minor encore pieces to the pianist, Sig. BOSONI, who has shown himself a good accompanist.

What can we say enough in recognition of so rare and high an artistic presence, as that of HENRI VIEUXTEMPS, one of the world's really *great* violinists? A master, sound and ripe, in every sense of the word. Sure and perfect in whatever he undertakes. That he was when he first came here twenty-five years ago, when he had finer triumph with the few than Ole Bull had with the many; and again, thirteen years ago. But then we thought the very perfection of his playing a little dry and uninspired. Now he looks older, but plays younger, i. e. with more fire and out of a deeper feeling, than before. One could listen to his pure tones, his exquisite phrasing, and watch his graceful bowing all night long. His later compositions, too, display more character and power. That "Fantaisie Appassionata" is indeed a very impressive work, dramatic, and full of interesting ideas, which he always knows how to work up like an artist, for the orchestra as well. Almost as much may be said of the "Andante and Rondo," not to mention more familiar pieces. The *Romanza*, with piano, for an encore piece, is full of true and tender feeling; while, in the frolic vein, his fantasy on "St. Patrick's Day," is full of comic humor, and completely Irish. Nightly the veteran is recalled. What greater compliment could he have had, what better proof of an appreciative public, than on that first night, when, after the Overture, and the Duet by the two men, the vast crowd, all impatient for the Nilsson, not only listened with delight to his long and clever fantasia on Gounod's *Faust*, some twenty minutes, but even then insisted on his playing something more!

Miss ANNIE CARY, the Yankee girl, who left us four years since with the large, rich contralto voice, comes back an artist,—a genuine, good, honest singer, not perhaps of the inspired kind, but still a singer whom it is a joy to hear. And she is handsome, hearty, natural as ever; evidently well taught, with none of the modern vocal affectations. She has proved her quality in a pretty wide range, having sung from *Semiramide*, the page's song in the *Huguenots*, *Ah! mon fils*, ballads, duets, &c.

Sig. BRIGNOLI is in good condition, and has done his part well upon the whole. VERGER has a good baritone, which he knows how to use, and has won recognition for the simple, modest, conscientious manner in which he has borne his part. It was really a pleasure to hear the Barber's "*Largo al factotum*" sung with vivacity and yet in so genteel a way.

And now for the central figure. It was indeed a privilege not to be called upon for an opinion after the first night. Nor are we eager even now after six concerts, to risk the declaration of a full opinion. To weigh so individual and fresh a creature in the scale of "criticism" were best not undertaken rashly; nor are we sure that we possess the fittest scales wherewith to weigh her. At the outset we renounce comparison. What is it whether NILSSON be as great as Jenny Lind, or Sontag, Bosio, and the other great ones? If there is one thing certain about her, it is that she is original, and must be judged of by herself. No matter how you may compare with others, no matter how carefully you catalogue the qualities of a fine voice, the orthodox requirements of a singer, and say she has not or she has all these (and just all this is said of *every* great singer), you have defined nothing if you leave out *her*. Her individuality, so Northern in its type, yet so unique, peculiarly her own, is the great secret of her charm. It took time and acquaintance to perceive this; it will take we know not how much more to read it fully. Of most *prime donne* one knows all in a short time; you can still hear with pleasure, but you expect nothing new. In this young Swede you always are prepared for something new. It is a new kind of a nature, a fresh revelation of the genus and the genius human. It charms you at the very first, but perhaps also disappoints you. We, for one, went home from the first concert somewhat puzzled, also somehow strangely spell-bound. Next to the grace and beauty of the apparition, the sweet winning smile, and frank cordial manner, your attention is caught by strange little ways and actions, seemingly wilful and coquettish, with which she keeps you waiting for her song. Then she begins: the well-known Aria from Handel's *Theodora*: "Angels ever bright and fair." We thought she sang this, or at least began it, under some constraint, as if not quite at home with a new audience. We thought too that her singing of it seemed a little overstudied, as if she would make too much of the simple, noble melody. But there was no denying the sincere pathos of expression. It had a virginal, religious purity. One might doubt for a while whether so much delicacy of *sotto voce*, so much prolonging of a tone in *pianissimo*, were not conscious arts rather than real feeling, and whether all those tears stole into the voice unbidden; but we soon were too glad to dismiss such whispers from our mind.

The voice, as we felt partly then, as we know better now, is one of exceeding purity and beauty, not so uniformly large and great as some, but sympathetic and transparent, as it were, to such a degree that it hides itself in the expression of the song, and so eludes you as a palpable substance by itself. Her own nature, too, is so sympathetic, so dramatic in the true sense, so full of genius, that she transforms herself into her song, whatever it may be, the instant she begins to sing; and so she instantly arrests the full attention of her audience and holds it to the end. In the florid scena from *Lucia* she showed how her voice could revel in all the intricacies of such Italian bravura, and in the Cavatina from *La Traviata* she carried her audience away completely. For encores she gave a quaint old Swedish (Dalecarlian) dance tune, worked up into a witching little "Ball" scene, of changeful humor; and the homely "Minstrel" ballad of "Old Folks at Home," twice over, for the simple pathos of this was quite irresistible. Ballads by most singers make us squirm, but this was beautiful, one of Art's transfigurations. Yet has it not been given quite as many times as it will bear?

The triumph, with the many, was complete. And for the secret of it? Beauty of person, beauty of voice, the Northern nature, the rare individuality, the spell of genius still reserving far more than it shows. The voice is Northern, like herself; white (so to say) and colorless, till some emotion color it. A voice from the mountains, pure and spiritual; not sensuous and full of Southern warmth and color, as a permanent condition, but quickly flushed with color, in the play of feelings, like her own lustrous pale complexion. The harmony between her nature and her voice are perfect; voice and look and smile are one, so that you can scarce separate them; in tender, graceful passages the voice itself smiles. Moreover, she is something of a witch, an airy, tricksy Northern sprite, a sort of being one might love, admire, and yet feel a certain fear of, as of a mermaid. Even that first night one carried away the impression that there was something wierd and *weird*, something a little preterhuman about it; the imaginative brain of the young peasant girl, who sang her songs and played her violin at village fairs, was surely cradled amid Northern Lights. There is always something unexpected to come from her. Yet how womanly, how truly human! This Undine *has* a soul.

Two more remarks only now, for our space is gone. First it is vastly in favor of the singer, that her capacities of voice are not in haste to make themselves all known at all times. The mad scene of Ophelia, the second night, revealed dramatic qualities you had not known before; the recitative from Mozart's *Tito* and the air still more, and only in one of the last concerts, when she gave out "Let the bright Seraphim" in such great, thrilling, penetrating, splendid tones, had most of her audience suspected that power in her. It is a great artist that can keep such powers back so long.—*Second*, in her most tragic and impassioned passages, some suspect her, because she can so readily and instantly throw off the part and seem to play with those about her. This is a faculty of all great actors, actors of genius we mean; they can both feel their part and be embodied in it, and at the same time stand outside of it. This is the difference between actual life and true imagination.—Finally, to say all in a word, Christine Nilsson is a real Singer, one who *sings* and does not merely vocalize.—Of the other concerts next time.

Reminiscences of Nilsson.

To the Editor of the Boston Times:

The story of Nilsson's studies in Paris has been already told; but the chroniclers have failed to do justice to a lady, who, for three years, devoted her energy, ability,—in fact her entire self,—to the early education of the celebrated singer. In Batignolles, a suburb of Paris, on a retired street, is a white house with a prim exterior, which seemed to have had an influence on the street, for it always appeared to be enjoying a struggle with dirt, which its neighbors for some reason, never attempted. In this prim house the reader would have discovered a matronly lady—a true specimen of the thoroughbred English gentlewoman, by name Mme. Collinet. She was in charge of a school—one of those select establishments where the first daughters of England received what is commonly termed a "finished education." It was there

that the final polish had been delivered to the dull brain of many a fair scholar.

In 1861, Mlle Nilsson became an *élève* there. Her *spirituelle* character, her artless and happy winning disposition, which cannot now be suppressed upon the stage, won for her the affection of her playmates and the love of her mistress. Mme. Collinet,—whose acts of kindness and charity are recorded in the hearts of many in Paris, as you may say,—adopted Christine, and she labored for her success with extraordinary love and fidelity. Soirées were given at the school during the winter months, and Mme. Collinet's soon became a rendezvous of the musically cultivated Parisians. There was no jealousy of Nilsson among her companions; on the contrary, they all seemed to struggle as to which should sing her praises the loudest. Full of fun, the "Swedish songstress" then was at the head of every frolic that was originated at the school.

It was during one of these soirées that the writer first made the acquaintance of the cantatrice. She was leading a skirmishing party of her fun-loving companions, their laughter and wholesome enjoyments pervaded the rooms, when Mlle Collinet called her from her spirits, and with a face all flushed with pleasure she hastily came bounding across the room in answer to the call. There was a grace, a self possession so *extremely artless* exhibited then, which has since been the remark of thousands. During the evening Mlle Nilsson appeared *en costume de bal masqué*, and she gave some *morceaux* from Traviata with marvellous effect. Her debut was approaching. Her vocal teacher was present, and I kept my eyes alternately on him and his pupil. In fact it was difficult to separate one from the other, as there seemed to exist so much sympathy between them.

Over six years have gone by; time in union with wilful fortune has separated the writer from the cantatrice. It was therefore with some feelings of distrust that, having learned the hour Mademoiselle Nilsson received, he handed his card to her valet. After waiting some time he was invited to mount the staircase of the Revere House leading to her apartments. Two minutes more and Nilsson, the great singer, was before him. It was a warm reception to tender so humble an individual as myself. Where was the dignity, cold and formal, which I had anticipated? The six years had simply played with the child of fortune. There was the same mellow ring to her laugh, the same laughing dimples to her smile, and the generous impulse of her nature still existed. How earnestly she reviewed our acquaintance abroad, her career since then, and interested herself in her more unfortunate brother.

Referring to her visit to America, Mlle. Nilsson expressed herself highly delighted with it. From her having arrived in New York, she considered that her "home" on the continent. It was there she had landed, and from there she should depart. It was with some feelings of anxiety that she had come to Boston. She had been told that the Bostonians were a hard set of people to move to enthusiasm, and that their *froideur* was the hardest of criticism to bear. She had dreaded such a reception. She could stand the most searching criticisms, but a stolid indifference, she was afraid, would be insufferably tormentable—(*sic*)

The generous nature of the cantatrice, her anxiety to please her audiences, in short her whole nature would be against such a reception. The Boston audience to which she was presented on Friday, the 4th of November, was enthusiasm itself, and she is of the opinion that her reception in Boston was better, when the character of her audience is considered, than what she had met with elsewhere. She is enthusiastic in the praises of the Boston people, and firmly asserts her preference for Boston and its characteristics.

Her terror of the east winds was rather amusing. Their powers of evil had evidently been greatly exaggerated to her, for she seemed to regard them with the same terror that a boy regards hobgoblins, etc. At her concert on Monday evening, November 7th, in an encore of "Connais tu le pays," she sang "J'ai revé de toi, Clara Collinet," a song which called forth much applause. It was to her old friend, Mme. Collinet of Batignolles, that she had sung, and the act itself does much towards asserting her affection and appreciation of her old mistress.

Thus, when thousands are singing the praises of the cantatrice, it would seem a fitting opportunity to record against the name of Mme. Collinet all the credit which to her belongs for her careful rearing of her scholar. Six years ago Nilsson made her debut in the Theatre Lyrique of Paris. It was from Mme. Collinet's school in Batignolles that she went there, and her heart now seems overflowing with gratitude to a faithful and disinterested lady who labored for her as for a child. "Honi soit qui mal y pense,"

H. R.

Nilsson at the Swedish Lutheran Church at North Bridgewater.

There is at the present time no Swedish Church in New England. At Mrs Drake's Hall, Campello, near Bridgewater, a small gathering of the Northmen has been held every Sunday. The society—if the gathering may be so termed—was composed of Swedes who were engaged in the shoe factories of North Bridgewater About thirty five of the faithful have been thus accustomed to meet. Early in December, 1869, the Rev Henry Lindeblad, then of Henry, Illinois, started for the East for a three months' sojourn on missionary efforts. He visited the hall in Campello, and by his efforts the small assemblage of thirty-five increased to eighty. The society has been in existence since 1867, but until his visit it never assumed any importance. * * * *

A few days ago, Messrs. H Lindeblad and C G. Lagercreen, a delegation appointed by the society to visit Nilsson, called upon her, and they obtained through her influence the permission of Mr. Strakosch to allow her to sing in a concert in aid of the society of her countrymen. Last evening that concert took place. At half past four Mlle Nilsson, in the company of Mr. Jarrett, her manager, and of Colonel W W Berg and other prominent Swedes, left the Old Colony depot by special train for North Bridgewater, where the concert in aid of the Swedish Church had been arranged to take place at the Universalist Church of the Disciples (Rev. J M. Atwood). On arriving at the town, shortly after five o'clock, the depot was found to be in the hands of an eager and curious crowd, not by any means distinguishable for its good behavior. Miss Annie L Cary left the car the first, and the crowd at once supposed she was Mlle. Nilsson. They accordingly escorted her to a hack, crowded round her and tendered her the importunities which they had specially reserved for Mlle. Nilsson At last the church was reached, and to a crowded house representing twenty-five hundred dollars the following programme was given: —

1. Trio—"Messe Solennelle,"..... Rossini
   Miss Cary, Signor Brignoli and Signor Verger.
2. Ave Maria..... Gounod
   Mlle. Nilsson
   With Violin Obligato, by Mons Vieuxtemps
3. Romance..... Donizetti.
   Signor Brignoli.
4. Aria—"Ah, mon Fils,"..... Meyerbeer.
   Miss Cary.
5. Reverie—Violin..... Vieuxtemps.
   Mons. Vieuxtemps.
6. Cantique—"Le Rameaux"..... Faure.
   Signor Verger.
7. Swedish Melodies.
   Mlle. Nilsson.

Mlle. Nilsson was received with great enthusiasm. Her rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria" was encored, and she treated the audience to the familiar and pathetic "Home, Sweet Home." Brignoli's performance was much applauded, and he was compelled to respond to the encore Mlle. Cary in like manner was favored, and Monsieur Vieuxtemps had to treat them to the "Arkansas Traveller," in response to the loud calls. Mr. Verger has never done better than he did at this concert. His solo was adapted to his voice, and the church was also within its power. Mlle. Nilsson gave her "Swedish Melodies" charmingly. Her countrymen, a large number of whom were in the audience, seemed perfectly carried away by her talent, and when in a second response she sang the "Old Folks at Home," and when her own emotion seemed to threaten a break down, it is difficult to describe the feeling which seemed to have taken possession of the audience. She was recalled amid storms of applause.

On leaving the church, in the vestry a number of her countrymen had gathered, and a song of praise was given by the congregation of the Swedish Lutheran church of Bethesda, Mlle. Nilsson singing with the rest At the depot another crowd had assembled, and Mlle. Nilsson showed herself at the windows, and amid the cheers of the people the party left.

COUNTING THE COST.—The Weekly *Season* [Philadelphia], gives the following estimate of the cost of taking a young lady to hear Mlle. Nilsson:

To two tickets	$8 00
Carriage	6 00
One pair of kids	2 50
One neck-tie	1 25
One bouquet	50
Concert-book	25
Supper	5 00
Papers next morning [to see whether it was a good concert]	18
Seeing a man at intermission	50
Bust of Nilsson, which J Maria would buy before she heard her	5 00
Total,	$29 18

N. B—The young man's weekly board is only $12 50, and his salary $23.

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A sweet little gem from the German, with an easy accompaniment.

The Long Waves come and go. Barcarolle. 4. D to f *sharp.* *Gabriel.* 40
A graceful melody, with a rolling arpeggio accompaniment.
"Come when the waves are rocking,
My bark upon their breast,
As a mother lulls her little one,
To and fro to rest."

Old Folks at Home. 2. D to e. *Foster.* 35
The same old plantation melody, the best ever written, now revived with touching effect by Mlle Nilsson, as an encore ballad Embelished with a lithograph of Nilsson.

Put my little shoes away. 3. A*b* to g *flat.* *Pratt.* 30
"Mother dear come bathe my forehead,
For I'm growing very weak,
Mother let one drop of water
Fall upon my burning cheek."

Silently, tenderly, mournfully home. A Quartet for male voices. 2. A*b* to *a flat.* *Barker.* 30
A soldier's dirge.
"Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,
Not as they marched away,
Volunteers come.
Not with the sword and gun,
Not with the stirring drum,
Come our dead heroes home."

The Captive. (L'Esclave.) With English and French words. 3. E. *Cornac.* 30
A sweet French melody with a pretty accompaniment.
"Captive, worn drear and sad with waiting,
Back once more blissful fancy strays
To fairer days.
By my lone prison window grating,
Watching the birdling as he flies,
Through azure skies."

Instrumental.

Marche de Nuit. 6. A*b*. *Wehli* 1 00
Beginning with an andante misterioso, it takes up an effective march movement, with a few difficult passages for the left hand.

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A silvery little melody arranged for that portion of the scale of the piano which best illustrates the title.

Christine Waltz. 3. C. *Godfrey* 60
As melodious in style as the popular waltzes of this composer which have been so much admired. Dedicated to Mlle. Nilsson.

Ame Chérie. (Beloved Spirit.) 5. E*b*. Op. 218. *Eggbard.* 40

Königslieder. (Royal Songs). Waltzes. 4. F. *Strauss.* 75
Containing the excellencies of melody and harmony which distinguish all the compositions of Strauss.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat. &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 774. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 19.

An Autumn Hymn.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

Should autumn's golden days depart
And never leave behind
A lesson to the grateful heart—
A harvest for the mind?

For autumn and his golden days,
For all his goodly things,
We'll sing a cheerful song of praise,
For all that autumn brings.

Dear God! who gav'st the kindly rain
On summer's drouth to fall,
The sun and rain made strong the grain;
But autumn ripened all.

For autumn's glad and golden days,
For all his blessed things,
We'll sing a cheerful song of praise,
For all that autumn brings.

Though autumn's suns more coldly shine,
Earth's glory is not lost;
Night bears the Pleiads' radiant sign;
Morn shows the silver frost.

And though his fields be bare and brown,
Old autumn's praise we'll sing;
October's gold shall be her crown,
And autumn shall be king!

The Four "Fidelio" Overtures.

[From the London Athenæum, Nov. 5].

The fact that Beethoven composed four overtures to the only opera which has emanated from his fertile brain, is evidence of the deep interest he must have taken in the story of "Fidelio." The subject was precisely that which best suited his character and disposition; for, morose and rough as he was to strangers, he was a man of acute sensibility, and had a kind heart. There is no more touching tale than that which is found in the *libretto* of "Fidelio." The wife who, disguised in male attire, seeks a long-lost husband, confined in a prison at the fiat of a ruthless persecutor, is placed in situations of such a nature that even audiences long familiar with the *dénoûment* of the plot are always excited beyond measure in the dungeon scene, where Leonora saves the life of Florestan. The intrinsic interest of the incidents is overwhelming, and the composer was inspired to that degree, that not only has he bequeathed a masterpiece to the musical world in the opera *per se*, but he has left four preludes; which, whether executed in the theatre or the concert-room, are so sensational in effect, from the grandeur of the treatment, that more than one of them may be looked upon rather in the light of a symphony than of an overture. It is not only in the fecundity of the ideas, so rich in melodious imagery, that these four works are remarkable, but it is in the alternations of pathos and power that tells so forcibly on hearers, whether performed singly or in succession. It was feared that to place the four "Fidelio" overtures in one programme might pall on the ear; but so diversified are the themes, and so varied is the treatment, that each composition has its speciality, its peculiar attributes, and its absorbing interest. And yet, it requires no unnatural stretch of the imagination to connect the orchestration of each prelude with the story; there are ever and anon some bars suggesting points of the domestic tale. In two of the overtures there is the sublime trumpet part, the thrilling effect of which is so irresistible. It must be an odd fancy to associate these trumpet sounds, announcing the arrival of the superior authority destined to punish Don Pizarro, with battle scenes. Beethoven knew what he was about when he wrote this electrical *motivo* for the trumpet. With the chorus of prisoners, associations may have passed in his mind, stern republican as he was, of political persecution, of the sighs and tears of persecuted patriots: but how powerfully does this fine chorus predispose an auditory to sympathize with Florestan and his brave wife! The history of these four overtures and an analysis thereof would exact the space and proportion of an elaborate essay. Without going into the vexed question whether Beethoven was provoked into writing four introductions to the opera by a conclave of presumptuous critics, or by the intricacies of his instrumentation, which so taxed the players of the day, there is ample reason to be grateful that the works exist: but which one ought to be selected when the opera is performed is the knotty point. Sir Michael Costa, when "Fidelio" was first produced at the Royal Italian Opera, chose the one in E, now generally played abroad, as well as at home, and between the acts he gave No. 3, in C, Op. 72 *b*. Now as this latter work is the most complex, brilliant and effective of the four preludes, there is the natural objection that it renders the remainder of the opera flat. In fact, the Nos. 2 and 3 in C, both having the trumpet passage, are too massive and exciting for the calm enjoyment of the operatic story. For No. 1, which is also in C, and which is marked Op. 138, although Beethoven's first Overture to "Fidelio," which was discarded, there are strong partisans, for it contains one of the most lovely melodies ever heard, and the story is treated in a masterly manner. Mendelssohn conducted No. 1 at the Philharmonic Society in 1844, the first time it was performed in this country. Berlioz had a keen relish for this same No. 1, for he introduced it at Exeter Hall Orchestral Concerts of 1852, and subsequently at Drury Lane Theatre, where the opera was given. Here were two eminent musicians who could scarcely agree, although good friends, in things musical, who were at all events of one mind as to Beethoven's first "Fidelio" overture, declined by the clique at Vienna on the ground that it did not sufficiently foreshadow the action of the opera. The execution by the Crystal Palace Band of these four overtures created a perfect "furore," and the conductor and players received quite an exceptional ovation. It was an event for the Sydenham musical managers, and the experiment will bear repetition even in a non-Beethoven celebration. To add that the C minor Symphony (No. 5, Op. 67) was included in the scheme, will account for the indifference with which the vocal pieces were regarded, even if there had been good singing, which there was not, certainly: it was a Day with Beethoven.

Michael Balfe.

[From the Athenæum, Nov. 5].

At the age of sixty-three,—little older than was Gluck when he gained the first of those five triumphs which still hold Europe,—this agreeable and facile melodist, whose works for some thirty years ran through England, France, and even Germany, died a few days ago, after a brief illness. In Balfe's case, "the charm" had been "wound up" for a considerable period past: his fame had almost wholly died out; and whereas the theatrical songs of Arne, Bishop, Shield, are still recurred to by English singers when they wish to escape from the ballad "of the period," his music may be said already to have passed out of hearing and sympathy.

Balfe was born in Dublin on the 15th of May, 1808, richly endowed with that spontaneous genius, the presence of which has so peculiarly marked the musicians and melodists of Ireland—from the days of its harpers to our own. He received his first musical instruction, we are told, from a Wexford bandmaster, subsequently from that sweet and original melodist, Charles Horn, and from his father. His studies appear to have been miscellaneous, and what may be called roving, rather than special or complete. He became early remarked as the possessor of a tuneable voice, and is said to have sung as a boy in concerts and oratorios. Like his countryman, Vincent Wallace, he was a fair violin-player; and, as such, ventured to present himself to the public in one of Viotti's Concertos. There is no trace of his having ever betaken himself seriously to learning counterpoint or harmony; and the want of solidity in this necessary structural basis of all music that is to last,—no matter whether it be gay or grave,—no matter whether the fancy be ever so affluent, was one of the many obvious qualities which contribute to make perishable his popularity. It began, however, from almost the first moment when he put pen to paper. Perhaps the first of Balfe's many ballads printed was the pretty tune to "The Lover's Mistake,"—an arch song, in the "Songs to Rosa," by Haynes Bayly. The composer and the lyrist, both made for better things, had many qualities in common: to be summed up in one word, for which we have no English equivalent—*nonchalance*. Haynes Bayly, during his reign, almost thrust Moore from his throne; Balfe, as will be seen, had such chances as no opera-composer of the century, or indeed of any time, enjoyed before or beside him. But the song-writer and the musician are, like the companions of the Last Rose of Summer, "faded and gone."

In the year 1824 (to quote a contemporary, "Men of the Time") Balfe appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in "Der Freischütz." In the year 1825 he went to Rome—in 1826 he wrote for La Scala the music to a ballet, "Perouse"; and later in the same year, Signor Balfi sang, at the Italian Opera in Paris, as *Figaro* in "Il Barbiere." The success did not justify the temerity of his attempt: for those were the glorious days when there were such artist's abroad as Sontag, Malibran, Davide, Galli, and Lablache. Balfe returned into Italy; in the year 1830 he was singing at Piacenza: he went down into Sicily—again tried the stage at Palermo,—and there gave his first opera, "I Rivali." During five subsequent years he was singing and composing in Florence, Milan and Venice: flinging out carelessly sundry operas of no worth or value,—among which his "Enrico Quarto al passo della Marna" is the only work worth naming, as having been written for the *prima donna*, Mlle. Lina Roser,—whom he married. During Balfe's Italian career he was not prevented by modesty from interpolating music of his own into the operas of Rossini, Donizetti, and the critical and suspicious Meyerbeer. It is stated by M. Fétis, that the indignation against such malpractices ventured in regard to "Il Crociato" was the deciding cause which drove him back to England.

From the year 1835, when his "Siege of Rochelle" was produced at Drury Lane, on the same libretto as Ricci's "Chiara di Rosenberg," with a dashing success, the career of Balfe was one, during many years, of unexampled popularity. If ever theatrical musician had the ball at his foot, he was the man. The immediate and brilliant success of his first venture on the English stage for a time led, if not to entire monopoly in his favor, to comparative discouragement of every other composer. The whole state of affairs

and system of writing was thereby made false and rotten. The paltry ballad,—to be sung by Mr. Phillips, or Mr. Templeton, or Mr. Harrison, in which words such as wiser men than *Lord Dundreary* might fail to understand were set, and to be poked in, no matter what the passion of the scene,—no matter what the suspense of the situation, was accepted in full in place of an entire dramatic work; and the ridiculous practice was not merely driven to excess, by singers, managers and publishers, in the case of one author, but led to corresponding concessions and follies, on the part of even such better men as M. Benedict and Mr. John Barnett (whose "Farinelli" ought not to be forgotten), not to speak of Mr. Rooke and Mr. Wallace. Betwixt the short-sighted folly and the enormous gains of Balfe and Bunn and the publishers, and the growing indifference of a public satiated by vulgarity and false effects, in proportion as its intelligence increased, the chances of establishing a real national Opera were adjourned—perhaps, to the "Ides of March."

In pursuance of the above argument and statement, which may seem severe to all who accept the popular fallacy "De mortuis," in easy forgetfulness of the extent to which the dead by their malpractices as by their virtues may influence the living who succeed them, the list of Balfe's best operas may be run through. Next, in England, after "The Siege of Rochelle," came "The Maid of Artois,"—a setting of the story of "Manon Lescaut," provided for an artist no less superb than Mme. Malibran, who saved the trashy work by her seizing an odd waltz-tune for its final rondo, and, by her mastery over its oddities, converting them into so many vocal triumphs. Subsequently came for England (I do not vouch for their chronological order) "Catherine Gray," in which there is a charming final rondo; "The Daughter of St. Mark," on the same book as Halévy's "Reine de Chypre" (the first *finale* of which, vulgarized as it is by Mr. Harrison's intrepid resolution to enjoy his ballad and its *encore*, contains one of Balfe's best concerted pieces); "Joan of Arc," "The Enchantress," "The Bondman," "Diadeste,' "The Maid of Honor," "Keolanthe" (written to produce Mme. Balfe upon the stage, and in which the French style was not unsuccessfully assumed), "The Bondman," "The Rose of Castille," with its stupendous laughing trio—

He's not a queen, *Ha! Ha!*
She's not a boy, *Ha! Ha!*

and "Satanella" (these two written for Miss Louisa Pyne), "The Enchantress," "The Maid of Honor," and "Bianca." As time went on, the success of the series gradually palled and paled, and the satiety and the waning were, of course, ascribed to national ignorance. Where was the good of "casting pearls" before homely animals? (not to speak disparagingly). But the pearls cast by Balfe in other places fared rather worse than better than these enumerated. No composer of any country, or at any time, has been commissioned more genially and generously, or supported more magnificently than he. To enumerate a few of his foreign chances:—he had to write for the Grand Opera of Paris, and filliped off "L'Etoile de Seville" as jauntily as though it had been so much Vaudeville work. That miserable production naturally died, and made no sign. He had got a hearing at the Opera Comique of the French capital: but his "Puits d' Amour," though supported by Mme. Thillon, then in the hey-day of her prettiness and popularity, fared little better. The "Quatre Fils d'Aymon," Balfe's second commission from the Opera Comique, had another fate. In Paris it failed to establish itself. In Germany its *rollicking* spirit and the novelty contained in it,—a group of four women contrasted against one of four men (subsequently again attempted by M. A. Thomas in his "Cour de Célimène"),—won it a lively and wide circulation. Then, for our London Italian Opera, Balfe had another amazing chance, in his "Falstaff," written on commission for *only* Grisi and Mme. Albertazzi, *Falstaff* Lablache, Rubini and Tamburini, in the year 1838, when that company of artists was in its prime. "What would you?" as Mrs. Quickly said (according to Goldsmith): even with such a brilliant opportunity as this, even when supported by the press, and petted by the nobility, he allowed the ground to slip from beneath his feet. A single *terzetto*, "Voglio parlar dell' ira," with its whimsical effect of female unisons at the close, is the only piece to be remembered.

To speak of Balfe as an artist is either to misuse the word, or to permit its meaning to depend on temporary success, no matter how acquired. He was indifferent to the quality of the stories he treated, to the words he set, to the situations he outraged; content if the clap-trap honors of the gallery and the shop-counter were secured. And these, during many years, fell to his lot "with a vengeance." Had it been otherwise, he could never have remained, for a season, in association with such a literary comrade as Mr. Bunn, whose

Hollow hearts that wear a mask,

(only one out of a thousand similar flowers of sense and speech.) was embalmed by *Punch*, with a pungency which almost might be said to keep the flower of rhetoric alive. But sense or nonsense were alike welcome to the careless musician, as is to be heard in his setting of his countryman Moore's song,

They tell me *thou'rt*—the favored *guest*:

where the stress on the words italicized and the break in the line produce an effect only one degree less absurd than the never-to-be forgotten punctuation of the Laureate's

Queen of the Rosebud,—Garden of Girls.

The same recklessness is to be regretted in every part of Balfe's work. He was not without some taste for curiosities of instrumentation and harmony, but he flung these about with a want of care and disregard of erudity, the result of which was to render him often tasteless, harsh and unmeaning, when he may have fancied himself ingenious and original. In brief, there was no stamen in any of his productions, on whatsoever side they be considered, and therefore they have perished, while the best of the operas by men apparently, but not essentially, as slight as himself (to name but two, Adolphe Adam and Bellini) still keep the stage. Enough, for the moment, concerning one whose triumph during a short period was so justly succeeded by a downfall admitting small hope of recovery in the future;—enough, but not too much. The story cannot be too clearly told,—the moral not too forcibly emphasized for the instruction of musicians to come.

H. F. CHORLEY.

Against the above the *Orchestra* puts in the following protest:

One of the most unfriendly and unfair biographies we have seen is the mortuary notice of Balfe by Mr. Chorley. Even if it were possible to agree with Mr. Chorley's estimate of the dead composer, the propriety of publishing such sentiments at the present time would remain open to strong objection. But as it is, the bias in the writer's judgment is equally cruel and unjust.

Mr. Chorley doubtless congratulates himself that Balfe never set libretto of *his*: since he falls foul of the composer's collaborateurs, and holds up to derision the verse as well as the music of his operas. But what value can be attached to a biography, professing to sum up the operas of Balfe, which omits "The Puritan's Daughter" and "The Bohemian Girl?"

Von Buelow, the Pianist—His Playing and His Mode of Teaching.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

FLORENCE, Italy, Oct. 28th, 1870.—Von Bülow is a small man, with a thoroughly Prussian look, and, as all fine orchestral leaders, has a military martinet air. His head is that of a soldier more than that of an artist, small, compact, hard looking as a hickory-nut. His eyes are large—*à fleur de tête*, as the French say—he wears a heavy brown moustache, a little Vandyke beard, which hides the shape of his mouth; his forehead recedes; the crown of his head is a little bald; the ears incline back, adding to the rather sharp belligerent expression of his keen little head and face.

When I heard him play, it was, as he said, simply a musical study in his *quasi* atelier for his pupils; therefore I could not judge of his expression. To tell the truth, if I had only heard that, I should have said he was a dry, hard executant; but I had the chance afterwards, one morning, of being present at a lesson, and I was especially struck with the passionate expression which he threw into some passages he played over for his pupil.

The way I came to hear the lesson was by chance. I called at his rooms for a friend whose hour should have been over by that time; but a preceding lesson, in which she took great interest, had run quite over into the second hour. I asked Von Bülow if I might remain. 'Certainly," he replied frankly, and bustled around in a business way to find something to amuse me, never dreaming of the great interest I should take in listening to the lesson. He handed me a little portable shelf of Italian poets—those nice miniature volumes bound in vellum and gilt. As he did so he selected Giusti's and put it into my hands. A friend in Rome has lately been making me familiar with this book, so I was for a few moments diverted from the lesson by the pungent, witty satire of one of the Brindisis, the clever one which has the refrain "*Viva Arlequino.*" I was aroused by a sharp execution of a passage of thirds which came pouring out like a hail storm.

Von Bülow's manner of teaching is very earnest. A finger slipping on a note, a misunderstood expression of a passage, a timid execution, any slowness of comprehension, gives him exquisite, keen suffering—a looker on probably sees more than a pupil—sometimes I thought the large round eyes would roll out of his head with anguish, but the next moment the expression changed, and the face was as pleased as it had been an instant before displeased. He is extremely conscientious. It surprised me to see a man whose reputation not only as an executant, but as an orchestral leader, is so distinguished, take such real, vital interest in every detail of the mere lesson of the hour. Each pupil is treated with the same rigid, severe manner, also with the same individual interest. One of his pupils, who has been with him several years, and followed him from Munich to Florence, tells me that, for the first year or two, she shed tears at almost every lesson.

"I do not know what is the reason my pupils are all afraid of me," Bülow says; "I am sure I am very amiable—*assez bon diable.*"

Amiable he may be *au fond*, but as a teacher he is an exacting, sensitive one. He is not irritable nor impatient. He loves and honors his work too much, evidently, to be either. His demands upon his pupils and nervous sensitiveness are the causes of his great influence over them; they may not like him individually, but they cannot help following his lead; he seizes upon their minds, and carries them along with him. It would be impossible to miss gaining benefit from such lessons.

He began the hour on the day I heard him, by writing off some difficult scale form in thirds, and made the pupil take it through every mode and key. This uninteresting exercise was listened to as patiently and carefully as if it had been a fine Nocturne; indeed, no patience seemed to be required—it was done *con amore*; and with every correction there poured from his full mind the mathematical reason in harmony, the true grammar rule. To profit by a lesson of Von Bülow's, it must be borne in mind that the pupil must be already a student, and well grounded in the orthography, etymology, and even the syntax of music.

Then followed an Etude of Moscheles, which he criticized, praised, took to pieces, put it together again; then, when he found that his pupil could not be put out in it by his severe testing, he swept it aside quickly, saying it had been studied well, "with true artistic industry." A Polonaise of Chopin had been prepared for the lesson, but after the first movement he turned the leaves swiftly, and selected a fresh one. Von Bülow loses no time; the main thing he keeps always in view; when he sees that a pupil has caught the spirit, thoroughly comprehended the meaning of the composer in a piece, that is enough. This Polonaise had been taught to his pupil carefully in preceding lessons; he saw by the first movement that she stood firm in it, so he swept it aside for a new labor.

His pupil preferred the Polonaise, Opus 26, No. 1, Von Bülow another, and it ended in her having both to prepare. Opus 26, however, was taken in hand at the lesson. At the playing of the first chords he stopped her, of course, and after showing how they should be struck, he walked up and down the room imitating with both hands in a comical, unconscious way, the manner of attacking them, crying bravo! when his pupil did as he wished, and at the slightest shadow of wrong looking as if life was at an end for him. These chords, by the way, he strikes with an inward movement, as if he was driving the sound into the piano instead of drawing it out, as he did in the succeeding passages; at these following measures

he stopped the player with a sharp air, and played the whole of the first movement with a delicious expression.

"That is the true expression," he said, "and to get it you must do thus." Then he took the music all to pieces, made little sums of addition on a sheet of music paper, out of the fractions of notes. Von Bülow uses his pencil a great deal in teaching. He illustrates every direction on a bit of music paper, and then pokes the pencil over his right ear, as a counting-house clerk might; his rapid, hasty writing of groups of notes is no scribbling; it is as neat and precise as if carefully, or rather slowly, done; little, clear, fine notes; no blurring, and made with sharp stems.

"It must be studied carefully," he continued, "to the smallest fraction. There may be musicians who get the expression by the grace of God and not by the grace of labor." I never did; the safest way is through hard work.

Then he again walked up and down the room, and, while his pupil played, he sang the exquisite melody of the Polonaise with an expression full of pathos and passion, his hands swinging about all the while, beating time and rhythm, sometimes his fingers went as if playing on an unseen piano, and his droll, full eyes rolled about as those in Maelzel's Chess Player.

I have been thus exact in my description because the manner in which such a master as Von Bülow teaches must be interesting to every musical student and professor. Liszt said of Von Bülow to a friend of mine:

"He is the finest executant, the finest leader and the finest teacher I know of."

A great teacher the above account must surely convince you that he is. Von Bülow is uncertain about going to America this winter; he suffers from neuralgia and will not go most certainly unless he shall be in better health, which he will need to be for a concert tour.

ANNE BREWSTER.

About Bellows Boys.

AN ORGANIST'S REVENGE.

An organist, writing to the London *Musical World*, thus treats of a characteristic class of youths, known in almost every church in the country.

"I have had considerable to do with bellows boys in my time, and know pretty well their idiosyncrasies—the chief of which is an inconceivable ingenuity of invention and execution of mischievous pranks and capers, that in due time flower into positive diabolism. Of course, they are always smart; lithe as eels, venturous as monkeys, unconscious of reverence, defiant of decorum, oblivious of rules, aspiring and ambitious after a sort, they are the larvae of scamps, the embryo of dare devils. Always boys, they never reach adolescence in that sphere, but emerge, I suspect, from their organ loft chrysalis into first class acrobats, gymnasts and flying trapeze men. There is great *ressemblance* in the race; its instincts ingrain, and usually similar in out-cropping, possibly a little more pronounced in individuals. They all belong to the Flibbertigibbet family, the portrait of one of whose members Sir Walter Scott has so very well limned. Victor Hugo has not happened to mention it, but it is quite certain Gavroche must at some time have done duty in the organ loft of Notre-Dame or the Madeleine. As a class, they have strong pictorial tendencies, and the white walls of their sanctum bear graphic witness to their skill in caricature and grotesque—most often, ridiculous portraits of minister, organist, or members of the choir. Nor do they disdain exploits in sculpture and engraving; and when so opulent as to possess a jack knife, they make their mark upon door panels and window-sills, and especially delight to adorn the smooth surfaces of sub bass pipes with relievos and intaglios, worth a Cellini or a Flaxman.

"Music, too, after their kind, is an intuitive fine art with them. They know every negro melody and every popular jingle that ever was written, and add too them rich variations of their own. But in a higher realm, too, they are proficient. Their imitative powers are often simply marvellous, but too often are they a little indiscreet in the display of their abilities. An under graduate of mine had a 'Vox humana' stop of his own, that he pulled out at will, with telling effect; but unfortunately he did not always agree as to the appropriate passages for his part of the performance, and as I had no register of his larynx, the amateur had it all his own way, till we dissolved the connection. Another was inimitable in an obligato tremolo that he improvised, quite eclipsing the flutter of the French valve. There was too much organ in him, and we had to part.

"They have original and abstruse ideas of mechanics. They scorn the prosaic bellows lever, moved by manual force, and often operate by striding the fulcrum, and, adroitly shifting their poise, manage in a way not wholly orthodox. Of gregarious tastes, your true bellows boy has ever a crop of *attachés*, juvenile aspirants for his place, who are delighted to perform his functions in an unskilled spasmodic way, while the oligarch employs his elegant leisure in carving, pencilling or practising [illegible] on his head.

"One specimen I had, the consummate flower of all the vagaries, all the possibilities of his class. Skim-milk eyes, hair ruddiest of the ruddy, face mottled and freckled like a rich turtle soup, limbs lank and angular as a gibbet, who could have looked for aught but tamest prose in him? Yet he was the very incarnation of madcap antics, the Alexander of unthought of exploits. If the Apostle Paul was ever an organist, such a boy might have been his thorn. He was a spike, a crowbar, in my flesh. Upon one occasion he installed an acolyte at the 'pump' while he sought recreation in the dizzy heights and a wider prospect. I knew by the jerky pulsation that a neophyte was operating, and my wrath fast gathered, as gasp after gasp told me at any time my instrumental breath might fail, when, happening to glance upward, I beheld in close proximity to the ceiling two protuberant chalky orbs, in a halo of foxy locks, calmly surveying the external world—the appertaining head resting right over the central sixteen foot C. Oh! how I wished that great pipe had been charged with some fierce explosive, that, as by a petard, I might send that head flying into space! That wish was in vain. I could only use it as an air-gun; and, quick as thought, I struck pedal and key of the pipe beneath that *[illegible]* ear. It told. One ghastly roll of the milky eyes, a meteoric gleam of red hair, and then a thud, deep in the bowels of the organ, told me something had dropped.

"For once Flibbertigibbet lost his *[illegible]* and precarious footing, and fell three fathoms and into disgrace, and never appeared again on that field of his *[illegible]*.

"Henceforth, for motive power give me steam, or galvanism, or anything not in the shape of an ordinary bellows boy."

A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK. No. 4.

(From the London [illegible].)

The following is the [illegible] of the great organ in the Church of St. Nicholas, to which I alluded in my last letter:

MANUAL 1.

	Feet.
Bordun	32
Principal	16
Bordun	16
Principal	8
Gemshorn	8
Gamba	8
Doppelgedackt	8
Rohrquinte	[illegible]
Octave	4
Rohrflöte	4
Spitzflöte	4
Terzflöte	3 1-5
Quinte	2 2-3
Octave	2
Terz	1 3-5
Cymbel	3 ranks.
Septime	2 1-2
Cornett	5 ranks.
Mixtur	4 ranks.
Cornet	
Fagott	16
Trompete	8

MANUAL 2.

Principal	16
Quintaton	16
Principal	8
Fugara	8
Rohrflöte	8
Bordunflöte	8
Quintaton	8
Octave	4
Hohlflöte	4
Gedackt	4
Octave	2
Waldflöte	2
Quinte	1 1-3
Cdeant	2
Flageolet	1
Cornet	5 ranks
Spitzquinte	2 2-3
Terz	1 3-5
Cymbel	4 ranks
Oboe	8
Vox humana	
Tremulant	
Pneum. Werk	
Calcant	

MANUAL 3.

Lieb. Ged.	16
Geigenprinc	8
Doppelflöte	8
Harmonica	8
Flöte trav.	8
Octave	4
Octavflöte	4
Piffero	4
Piccolo	2
Rohrquinte	2 2-3
Scharf	3 ranks.
Clarinette	4

MANUAL 4.

Viola	16
Salicional	8
Unda maris	8
Lieblich Ged.	8
Sanftflöte	8
Viola d'Amour	8
Viola	4
Zartflöte	4
Nassat	[illegible]
Violine	2
Harmonia aeth.	3 ranks
Aeoline	16

PEDAL.

Principal bass	32
Untersatz	32
Principal bass	16
Sub-bass	16
Dulcian	16
Violon	16
Salicet	16
Terz	12 4-5
Nassat	10 1-6
Octave	8
Violoncello	8
Gedacktflöte	8
Nassat	5 1-3
Octave	4
Cornett	5 ranks
Posaune	32
Posaune	16
Trompete	8
Trompete	4
Pedal-ventil	1
Pedal-ventil	2
Pedal-ventil	3

7 COMPOSITION PEDALS.

2—1st Manual.
2—2d Manual.
2—3d Manual.
1—4th Manual.

1 Pedal Forte.
1 Crescendo Pedal.
1 Decrescendo Pedal.

MANUAL COUPLERS.

Coupler to Manual 2.
Coupler to Manual 3.
Coupler to Manual 4.

PEDAL COUPLERS.

Pedal Coupler to Manual 1.
Pedal Coupler to Manual 2.

[N. B.—This is not the arrangement of stops found in the printed description of the organ supplied to the visitor, but I have rearranged their order according to the plan usually adopted in this country, so that the English student may the more readily perceive the composition of the instrument.]

The case is of noble proportions and elaborate workmanship, occupying the whole breadth of the large west gallery. In its flue-work there is a largeness and dignity of tone which, if not quite equal to that of the Silbermann organs, has, at least, that pungency and grandeur happily considered indispensable in all German organs, ancient and modern.

Some delicious effects were obtained from the registers on the 4th manual, notably the violas of 4, 8, and 16 ft. as well as the Salicional and Harmonic flutes, but even in this enormous instrument, the reeds appear to be of secondary importance, none of them coming up to the standard of the best specimens of English or French manufacture. The pedal organ possesses an exceedingly fine tone, full of variety, character, and power.

It is in this church that the principal performances of sacred music in Leipzig take place, the leading organists of Germany being especially invited to exhibit their powers on an instrument of which the musicians and inhabitants generally are justly proud. But notwithstanding its celebrity in most matters pertaining to the music art, and to the fact that the greatest organist and organ composer of any age or nation lived and worked in Leipzig, the city does not, I believe, contain at the present time any organist professing solo performance of the same calibre as that to be found at some other places. The organ students of the "Conservatorium" have not, therefore, the advantages in this department which they might obtain in many parts of Germany, pre-eminently in Berlin; and moreover they are compelled to "do" their practising on a very poor instrument with two manuals and a scrubby set of clumsy pedals in a small church to which they have access for this purpose. In other respects the organization of the "Conservatorium" seems to be as complete as possible, and the instruments provided for the pianoforte students are of the best, and soon renewed when worn out with much playing; still the importance of organ playing to the present generation of musicians who seek their education at this important resort of artists, would point undoubtedly to reforms of a wholesale nature in this department of musical education, unless, indeed, students are expected, after the manner of Italians, to bring their organs on their backs.

Most desirous was I of visiting the famous "Ge-

wandhaus," the concert hall, where for a number of years the most splendid performances have been given both of new and established works, and within whose walls the first artists of the day have thought it a privilege to appear. Here it was that Mendelssohn produced some of his finest aspirations, and organized and directed, in 1838, a series of historical concerts which became celebrated, not only for the choice of works, but also for the refined excellence of their performance. It was here, too, that he re-wrote a great part of the "Hymn of Praise," the performance of which created so powerful a sensation that the King of Saxony publicly thanked the composer for the delight that it had given him, and demanded a repetition of the work. In 1843 Mendelssohn produced here his "Walpurgis Night," and the celebrated violin concerto for his friend and old playmate, Ferdinand David, the leader of the orchestra. In Leipzig, in 1847, England's favorite modern composer died, a comparatively young man, in the zenith of his power and genius.

Unfortunately my visit was made at a time of the year when no concerts are given; this was a great disappointment, and I was obliged to be content with an inspection of the building, robbed, indeed, of the vitality which it must possess at other times when the highest forms of musical composition fill its atmosphere, giving joy of the most exalted kind to the audience which throngs its walls. The great expectations one forms, so contrary to experience, of famous places, are seldom realized; my visit to the Gewandhaus was no exception to the general rule, for I found it to be very little out of the common order of edifices for similar purposes in our own country. In large letters over the orchestra, appears the motto, "Res severa est verum gaudium." The performers of the concerts number sixty, each being an artist in the true sense of the word, and a master of his instrument. The detail and ensemble of these performances are regarded by the best musical judges as exhibiting all the highest qualities of orchestral execution; and to be a member of this orchestra is generally considered throughout Europe a passport of excellence. During the season twenty performances are given, the subscription for a comfortable chair, or "stall," being £2, or 2 shillings per concert! Here we have one of the reasons why music is so popular and so well understood in Germany. The highest forms of musical composition and their perfect execution by the most celebrated artists of the day, may be frequently enjoyed at what would be regarded in England as a mere nominal charge of admission. The *virtuosi* who visit the British isles deem it indispensable, and are well instructed beforehand that to obtain appreciation it is necessary to ask large sums for their services; it is not too much to say that the best among the German artists would simply be laughed at were they to ask in their own country one tenth part of the fees they demand from the inhabitants of generous England. Until some check be given to the exorbitant demands of all sorts of prima donnas and public performers, good, bad, and indifferent, no real progress can be made in the art in this country, whilst its beneficent influence amongst various classes of people must be very limited. So long, however, as managers and "entrepreneurs" yield to the extravagant notions of prominent, and, as they think, indispensable performers, both vocal and instrumental, but chiefly the former, the evil will continue, and art be degraded to a mere money-making matter, and the pandering to the insane vanity of a few fortunate people, who, though they may be obtaining but small pecuniary reward in their own country, and take their places side by side with less exacting but perhaps equally talented musicians, are elevated if they come to England to positions altogether unwarrantable.

In Leipzig, as well as in all other towns of Germany, one of the essential elements of musical success is the local cultivation of music by both choral and instrumental associations formed of the inhabitants themselves, and without extraneous aid. There the system of itinerant orchestras and conductors, who drain the monied classes of subscriptions which would otherwise be devoted to local musical societies, is unknown, and would never be tolerated. And if the large provincial towns in this country do not rescue themselves from this evil custom, chiefly introduced amongst them by speculative foreigners, they will only have themselves to thank for the utter destruction of all those musical societies in which the north of England more especially prides itself so justly. It is well known that the "starring" system has exercised the most baneful influence upon the drama in England, and precisely the same result may certainly be expected to follow the same practices with regard to music.

After an interesting interview with Dr. Richter, the author of a "Manual of Harmony," translated by the American musician, Mr. J. P. Morgan, and extensively used in that country, I left Leipzig for Dresden.

(To be Continued).

Beethoven's "Fidelio."

Beethoven's Opera, "Fidelio," was produced in Nov. 1805, at the Imperial Opera House at Vienna, under the title of "Leonora." In 1814 it was revised throughout, and put upon the stage, under its present title; since which time, no work has been a greater favorite upon the German stage. The plot is simple: Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, and intimate friend of the Prime Minister, has in some manner fallen into the power of his arch enemy, Pizarro, Governor of one of the castles of the kingdom, used as a prison, who has thrust him into one of the lowest dungeons, and is reducing his portion of bread and water daily, to destroy him with all the horrors of slow starvation. Leonora, the wife of Florestan, seeking her husband in all directions, at length has her suspicions aroused that he is in this prison, assumes male attire, and enters the service of Rocco, the head jailor.

In the opening scene we have some by play between Jacquino, another servant, and Marcellina, daughter of Rocco, in which the girl breaks off her engagement of marriage with Jacquino, in favor of the elegant and cultivated Fidelio. The latter comes in from the city with chains purchased for Rocco, and with letters for Pizarro. Marcellina announces her desire to marry Fidelio; old Rocco consents and blesses the union. Pizarro enters; Rocco requests him to appoint the future son-in-law his assistant, which is granted. Among the letters is one sent by a friend to the Governor, informing him that the Minister is secretly on his way to examine the prison and that he must be prepared to meet him that day. Pizarro sees that his only means of escape is in the death of the prisoner, and tempts Rocco to murder him. He refuses utterly. He then orders him to clear out an old cistern in the dungeon for a grave, and will commit the deed himself. After he retires, Fidelio persuades Rocco to allow the prisoners to come out of their dungeons into the court of the castle to inhale the fresh air, and enjoy the sunshine. They appear and she scrutinizes their faces, in hopes of finding Florestan, in vain. Pizarro, appearing again, is enraged to find the prisoners out of their cells, and Rocco excuses it as a custom upon the King's birthday, and reminds him that one is dying in the deep vaults beneath the castle.

In Act Second, we follow Rocco and his new assistant into the vaults, whither they come to dig the grave. Florestan, chained to his hard couch, is seen lying in the dim obscurity of the dungeon. The grave is dug; Fidelio trying in vain to catch a sight of the prisoner's features. She persuades Rocco to give the dying man the piece of bread and the pitcher of water they have brought with them for their refreshment. When all is ready Pizarro is called. In the first act, the Governor has ordered a watch in the tower of the castle, to give a signal upon a trumpet, the moment the Minister appears. Now the monster approaches the prisoner, ordering Fidelio to retire She has at length seen the features of her husband, and in an agony of suspense, hides herself behind a neighboring pillar. Ordering Florestan to be loosened from his confinement, he addresses him in an aria expressive of hate, satiated vengeance, and infernal triumph—an aria, in the mouth of a competent singer, and before an audience whose knowledge of the German language enables them to feel its truthfulness, which is a masterpiece of unbridled rage and passion He raises his dagger, and Fidelio rushes between them. "Slay first his wife!" she cries. Throwing her violently aside he raises the weapon, but she again springs before him and points a pistol to his breast. At this instant the trumpet comes faintly sounding down from the ramparts, and Florestan is saved. Pizarro, baffled, retires, and leaves the husband and wife to the joy, too great for words, which can only find vent in the sweetest sounds of music.

Here was a subject after Beethoven's own heart. No dramatic story could better embody the sentiment that burns in all his music. The struggle of the soul with destiny, of light with darkness; Joy ("Choral Symphony,") Freedom, Truth, Humanity, bright ideals, natural rights and objects of the soul, postponed by human wrong and error; darkness, confinement and long suffering for the present, but glorious delivery at last by heavenly, all-conquering, human Love. The deliverance of the prisoner, made so because he "dared to utter Truth," through the high faith and persevering heroism of a devoted wife. The moral sublimity of this inspired him to his task. The fortune of his effort was alike characteristic. The first production was a failure. Vienna then, (in 1805), was occupied by the French army; the theatres were deserted; an audience of unmusical French soldiers, with but a sprinkling of friends of the true sort, found it tedious. He had written more for Art, than for the convenience of singers, and these important personages murmured at the difficulty of the music; he had enemies besides; the German libretto, adapted by Sonnleithner from an earlier one in French, was not altogether well managed; it was badly divided in three acts; the composer had not studied popular effect sufficiently, and was persuaded into endless bother of altering and re-altering. Peace restored in 1814, it was again brought out in Vienna, wisely compressed into two acts, and with many parts omitted or re-written; and in this form we have it now.

Beethoven wrote for his opera four overtures. The third, known in our concerts as the "Leonora" overture, in C, is a different treatment of ideas found in No. 2. This is by far the finest of the four, as well as by far the fittest introduction to the opera, since it is a resumé of its leading themes and incidents, and conceived in the lofty tone and spirit of the whole. Beethoven much preferred the overture in C; but many thought it too long and too great a work for the commencement, and hence he substituted the lighter and brighter overture in E, now commonly played before *Fidelio*. This borrows nothing from the opera itself; has on the contrary a lively and *Don Juan*-like expression, and only connects itself as a natural prelude to the lighter and half comic situations with which the play commences. There is only this advantage about it, that it conforms to the remarkable *crescendo* of the entire music, beginning with the lightest and least exciting, and grows more and more intensely tragical and grand until the climax where the prisoner is saved. The composition consists of sixteen numbers.

No. 1 is a gay and charming, half-comically serious duet, (in A), between Marcellina and Jacquino, who presses her to name the happy day; but she, poor simpleton, is all in love with the supposed youth Fidelio. The music is Mozartish, clear and sparkling. Knocks at the door keep interrupting the luckless lover just as he thinks he is getting on so famously in his suit.

No. 2, in C minor, commencing Andante, is a sentimental Aria by Marcellina, in which she sighs and dreams of union with Fidelio, and then as the richly sombre instrumentation, "growing to a point," dashes down a scale of triplets, and quickens to a livelier movement, she gives utterance to the inspirations of hope. Mozartish still, beautifully and truly so, except in the Beethoven climax and change just mentioned.

No. 3 is unmistakably Beethoven; a few bars of his mystical and deeply shaded introduction leading into the Quartet in G, (Andante): *Mir ist's so wunderbar*, between Marcellina, Leonora, Jacquino and Rocco. This Canon is so exquisite, the characters so set apart in their answering and imitative phrases, (Marcellina longing and hoping for Fidelio; Leonora painfully conscious of it, yet countenancing the illusion, intent on her great purpose and its dangers: Rocco, too, noticing it and liking the idea well; Jacquino, his "hair on end" at sight of his poor prospects), that it is always greatly relished and encored.

No. 4. Rocco's song in praise of money;—the least important number in a musical point of view, though it might *pay* the best.

The music waxes in warmth and inspiration, and in richness of ideas, in No. 5, a Trio, full of life and movement, in which Rocco applauds Fidelio's courageous determination to enter the prison service, tells him (her) he will succeed by perseverance, that the heart gets hardened by familiarity with horrors; she trusts in God and her heart's pure purpose; Marcellina hints that love, too, is a motive worth consideration.

Nos. 6 and 7. A quick march heralds the entrance of Pizarro, who sings an Aria, (D minor), with chorus, a terrific outburst of vengeful rage and hatred, in which he gloats with fiendish delight upon the thought that he shall soon have the heart's blood of Florestan, his fallen enemy and prisoner. The orchestra is lashed into a tempest, and we have the Beethoven energy under its most fearful aspect. The effect is marvellously enhanced, where, as the song thunders along in D major, a low, whispered chorus of the guards, in B flat, comes in: "He talks of death, &c."

No. 8. Duet of basses, in which Pizarro proposes to Rocco to make way with the prisoner, but, he refusing, declares his intention to do the dark deed himself; so his revenge will taste the sweeter; but Rocco must prepare a grave by the old cistern in the cell. The contrasted feelings of the two men are powerfully and wonderfully depicted in the music, which, with Beethoven's dark and mysterious modulations, is singularly suggestive and exciting.

No. 9 is the great recitative and Aria of Leonora, who has overheard the plot: *Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?* (Monster! to what art thou hastening?) It is a piece constructed like the scena in the *Trey-*

schütz: first a recitative, in which the orchestra, (Allegro agitato), depicts her horror and alarm at the thought of his cruel "tiger sense," but yields to the rainbow of hope which rises in her mind at the thought that she may save her husband; then a heavenly Adagio, (in E), with prelude and accompaniment of mellow horn and bassoon tones; "Come Hope, let not the last star of the weary pale; however distant the goal, Love will reach it," &c.; then an Allegro of immense fire and energy: "I follow the inward impulse!" with rapid running accompaniments of horns and reeds in full chords, exceedingly effective and inspiring. For orchestra and singer it is the most difficult, as well as perhaps the grandest scena of the kind in any opera.

No. 10. Finale of the first act. Chorus of the prisoners, who are let out to greet the light. A wonderfully beautiful piece of music, pervaded by an orchestral figure which indicates the light and buoyant sense of "breathing the free air;" the strain alternates with dark allusions to the prison cells; it is full of answering phrases of the voices; and one, a tenor, sings a strain of gratitude and trust in God; then all unite again in a thrilling climax upon the word *Freiheit*, (freedom)! Then come whispered cautions: we are watched; then voice after voice again, as at first, fall into the original strain: "Oh what delight, in the free air, &c." As the prisoners withdraw, there is a dialogue between Fidelio and Rocco. Her desire to go down into the cells with him is granted. This is spoken dialogue, followed by recitative; then in an *Allegro molto* movement he informs her of their first task, to dig that grave, alludes to the poor half-starved prisoner, &c. She hopes to see her husband, and so does not shrink. Then the duet assumes a flowing Andante movement in six-eight rhythm, in which the ear is charmed, but the soul shudders: "We must straight to work." "I follow, were it to my death," &c. Then Marcellina and Jacquino rush in and give the alarm: Pizarro comes in a great rage that the prisoners are out. The jailor's excuses are quite touching. "The coming in of Spring—the cheerful warm sunlight—and then (a touch of patriotism) it is the king's *Namensfest*." The poor prisoners are ordered back, and their exquisitely pathetic chorus: "Farewell, thou warm sunlight," with expressive orchestral accompaniment, and with the quintet of principal characters, (each characteristic: Marcellina and Jacquino commiserating Fidelio full of his purpose, Pizarro urging on the jailor, the latter lamenting his cruel duty), brings the act to a grand musical and dramatic conclusion. Nothing could be finer than this Finale, which is thoroughly original and Beethovenesque.

We proceed briefly to describe the contents of the second Act.

No. 11. It opens with a remarkable instrumental introduction of some thirty measures, very slow, (*Grave*), in F minor, and sublime in its suggestion of a high soul languishing in chains, in dreary solitude and darkness. The loud, long bursts of the wind instruments, in full chords, answering to the low monotone of the strings; the plaintive exclamations of the 'celli, echoed by violins and oboes; the symphonic accompaniment of the drums (in minor fifths) to the wild diminished seventh chords, &c., lend a singular impressiveness to this prelude to the gloom of Florestan's cell, and to the prisoner's touching recitative. "God, what darkness! O heavy trial!" and with a change of key, (to E major): "I murmur not, God's will is just." A beautiful modulation to A flat introduces the exquisite tenor melody, (*Adagio cantabile*), which forms a leading feature in the "Leonora" overture (No 3). In this song all the tenderness and sweetness of Beethoven's heart flow out. The words are:

> In the Spring-time of my life
> I dared to boldly tell the truth,
> And chains are my reward
> Willingly I suffer every pain,
> And an ignominious end,
> With the sweet consolation in my heart,
> That I have done my duty.

The music quickens to an Allegro, (in F), as in a sort of "tranquil inspiration bordering on delirium," the prisoner thinks he feels a softer air about him, and sees as it were an angel of deliverance, in the form of Leonora! Such a scene demands the very best of tenors.

No. 12 opens with a piece of "Melodrama." Short, expressive bits of instrumentation prelude to the brief sentences of spoken dialogue between Rocco and his new assistant, Fidelio, (Leonora), who have come down into the cell to dig the grave. Leonora: "How cold it is here in this subterranean vault!" Rocco, (pointing to the prisoner): "There he is!" L. "God stand by me if it is *he?*" &c. Then follows the marvellous duet, in A minor, *Andante con moto*, in which they proceed to dig, she watching the prisoner, as Rocco's back is bent, during the prelude. The orchestral part, in dull, ponderous triplets, is descriptive of their work, and the contrast of their voices, (the old jailor exhorting to fresh efforts, Fidelio brave, but almost fainting), is wonderfully expressive. At length, with a struggling, upward roulade of the double basses, a great stone is heaved up, and on goes the work again to the same movement, she more and more overcome by fatigue and terror, but still anxiously scrutinizing the poor prisoner. This duet, not difficult for orchestra or singers, is such as only Beethoven's imagination could have invented, and cannot but be heard with thrilling interest. Indeed how the spell of this tragic music deepens and grows upon you with more and more intensity, as the dark drama proceeds! Musically and dramatically, nothing in the whole range of opera is more exciting than this whole Act.

No. 13. A most lovely Terzetto, between Florestan, Leonora and Rocco; a sweet, flowing Allegro, in A major, smooth and melodious enough for Mozart, and yet the tenderness and depth are Beethoven's. The prisoner asks heaven's blessing on the youth who shows such human interest; Leonora, now persuaded that he is her husband, is agitated by heavenliest hopes and fears; she has a bit of bread which she would give him; the jailor is touched, but hints that it is forbidden. Wonderful is the modulation just here, as Fidelio coaxingly suggests: It can do no harm, it is soon all over with him! The bread is given, and the Trio kindles to a brighter blaze of feeling. This Trio would be exquisite without the action, sung as a concert piece, if well accompanied; but with true, fervent, natural action, it is as pure a fusion of situation, character and music, as purely lyrical a moment, as any in *Don Juan*.

No. 14. Quartet, *Allegro con brio*, in D. Pizarro steals in, throws off his dark mantle and reveals himself to the prisoner: "Pizarro, whom thou wouldst have overthrown, Pizarro the avenger, stands before thee!" The agitated music yields for a moment to a heroic, measured strain of horns and trumpets, as Florestan with composure replies: "A *murderer* stands before me." He lifts the dagger, when Leonora throws herself before her husband. He flings the rash youth back; she covers him again: "Tödt' erst sein Weib!" (kill first his wife!) she screams upon a high note—the climax of the opera. "His *wife!*" "My wife!" exclaim Pizarro, Rocco, Florestan; the swift quartet proceeds until Pizarro seeks to kill them both, when she presents a pistol to his breast, and just then, in a changed key (B flat), resounds faintly from behind the scenes the trumpet announcing the arrival (so dreaded by Pizarro) of the Minister. It is the well known trumpet passage of the "Leonora" overture. "A few wonderfully expressive bars, in which the wild delight of Leonora and Florestan ("Thou art (I am) saved!"), the mortification and curses of Pizarro, and the joyful astonishment of the old jailor find utterance and again the trumpet strain rings nearer and louder. The quartet closes with a breathless Allegro, like clouds flying before the wind, that sweeps the dull skies clear,—the the only piece of music that ever reminded us at all of the quick part of the Sextet in *Don Juan*.

No. 15. Duet between Leonora and Florestan, expressing the joy of meeting after such a separation. *O namenlose Freude!* (O joy beyond expression!) It is a rapturous *Andante con moto* movement of indescribable beauty, and the true Beethoven inspiration. Its animated rhythm, its alternate mingling and separation of voices, (which now, by short ecstatic responses, and now flowing together, seem literally to rush into each others arms, and then to hold each other off, as if to realize the union with distinct assurance), the directness, simplicity and earnestness of the main melody, and then the delicious strangeness of the modulation with each new flash of thought or new shade of emotion; all is full of joy and love, and gratitude and wonder, of sense of trial past and heavenly reward, a whole eternity in one miraculous and glorious moment.

No. 17. Finale. Scene the court yard of the prison. A quick and buoyant march (in C), accompanies the entrance of the Minister and his train. The stage fills with men and women. Pizarro, as governor of the prison, accompanies the Minister; on the other side the prisoners come forth, with Marcellina and Jacquino. The march becomes accompaniment to a grand burst of full chorus: "Hail to the day, the much longed for, yet unexpected, when Justice and Mercy appear before the door of our prison grave!" Fernando, the Minister, (basso), announces the royal mercy and deliverance to the prisoners, (they are supposed to be political prisoners). Again a snatch of chorus: "Hail to the day!" Old Rocco comes in, leading Leonora and Florestan. The Minister, astounded, recognizes his dear, his noble friend, whom he had supposed dead. Rocco relates the plot and the deliverance: Pizarro is denounced. "And Leonora," adds old Rocco. "Leonora?" "Yes the ornament of womanhood I lead before you!" Pizarro would interpose "two words," but is silenced. The prisoner's chains are taken off; it is the wife's privilege to do it. In all this hurried recitative, the orchestra keeps up a continuous movement, full of life and complex beauty; and finally the key gets back to the broad sunlight of C major, (the key of the Leonora overture which Beethoven intended to commence the work), and the whole concludes with a grand ensemble of chorus, with quintet of principals, in praise of Leonora and of woman's high devotion, borrowing the first lines from Schiller's "Hymn to Joy:"

> "Who a gentle wife has won,
> Join he in our jubilee!" &c."

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The Beethoven Concerts at the Crystal Palace are going on prosperously. Since our last reference to them the Symphonies Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 have been given. The "D major" full of exuberant life and genial humor, with a *larghetto* rarely surpassed in melodious grace; the "E flat," of colossal proportions, first christened "*Buonaparte*," and subsequently re-christened "*Eroica*," in which the aspiring musician unanswerably established his claim to the position he has since maintained with easy pre-eminence at the head of orchestral composers; the "B flat," prodigal of original fancy, comprising an *adagio* of ineffable beauty with a *finale*, the spirit of which seems uncontrollable; and the "C minor," which many amateurs, not without colorable pretext, regard as "the symphony of symphonies," have all been heard in the order which belongs to them. Each, too, has been, on the whole, superbly played, as even fastidious judges, who may object that the first movement of the "*Eroica*" and the *adagio* of the "B flat" were taken just a shade too fast, must allow. Further, we have had the overture to "*Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*," a ballet fancy Beethoven at work upon a ballet!) composed in 1801, and produced at Vienna the year following—the first of Beethoven's overtures which ever became familiar in this country; the third pianoforte concerto (in C minor), with Miss Agnes Zimmermann, a worthy executant of the solo part; and, most noticeable of all, the four overtures written for *Fidelio*,—the first three (in the key of C major), generally known as the "overtures to *Leonora*," placed, in immediate succession, at the beginning of the concert, the last (in E), accepted for a long period as the overture to *Fidelio*," as though the other three had not been in existence, at the end. The introduction of these overtures in one and the same programme was tried by Mendelssohn at the Leipsic Gewandhaus, in 1840—with what complete success is recorded by Schumann in one of his most genuine criticisms. We doubt if even on that occasion, with Mendelssohn himself as conductor, the overtures were played with more careful finish or more hearty enthusiasm than at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Manns, on Saturday afternoon, when, the great C minor symphony not excepted, they formed unquestionably the chief attraction. The close attention with which they were listened to, by the most crowded audience of the season, and the applause at the end of each, were conclusive evidences of the interest which this novel and extraordinary presentation of Beethoven had excited. Anything more instructive, indeed, to those who study the higher manifestations of genius with a fitting earnestness, than to watch the development of the great musician's thoughts in that of the first three overtures—if not, as Schumann says, from an acorn to an oak, at least [comparatively], from a sapling to an oak—could hardly be imagined. Again, when finding that all which possibly could be got out of his first idea had been obtained, the bold confidence which, at the revival of *Fidelio* in 1814 [nine years after its first production], induced Beethoven to prepare a fourth overture in a different key, in quite a different style, and yet after its manner as genuine and fine as any of the others, is a fresh source of interest to the admirers of his music. The separation of this overture from its precursors at Saturday's concert was a wise arrangement on the part of Mr. Manns.

Independently of Beethoven, the instrumental department of these concerts, as usual, has offered much to commend unreservedly. No symphonies, except those of Beethoven, it is true, have been included in the programmes; but, to atone for this, overtures of merit by other composers have been given; as, for example, Schumann's impassioned *Genoveva*, Rossini's brilliant *Siège de Corinthe*, M. Gounod's pastoral, *Mireille*—so well played that the absence of its composer, whose appearance at the concert had been looked for, caused general regret; the well-known *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Ruy Blas* of Mendelssohn, and last, not least, Professor Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, the first performance of which at the Crystal Palace Concerts was welcomed with such unanimity that, like the *Acis and Galatea* of the same composer, it may be now safely regarded as one of the future stock pieces of Mr. Manns' repertory. In addition to all this, the greatest of existing performers on the double bass, Signor

Bottesini, has appeared once more, showing, by a marvellous execution of his own fantasia on themes from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, that his power of astonishing and delighting an audience in equal degrees remains as of yore.—*Musical World, Nov. 5.*

LEIPSIC.—The Euterpe Musical Association will give ten concerts this season. Herr Volkland will be the conductor, and Herr Svendsen, from Christiana, the leader.—The Berlin Domchor will shortly give a concert here.—The concert given at the Gewandhaus for the wounded and the survivors of those who have fallen of the 12th Armee corps, was very numerously attended. Herr Carl Reinecke composed a "Fest Ouverture" expressly for the occasion. Herr Gura sang an air from *Euryanthe*, together with songs by Schubert and Löwe. Mlle. Hauffe performed Mozart's D minor Concerto, and Mlle. Bosse gave an air from *Iphigenie auf Tauris*.

MUNICH.—A regular performance of *Die Walpurgisnacht* was to be given on the 4th of November, the day of Mendelssohn's death.—A colossal bust of Beethoven, by Professor Conrad Knoll, has created a great sensation at the exhibition of the Art Association. Herr Franz Lachner, who, in his youth, was on intimate terms with Beethoven, says that the bust is the finest and best likeness he ever saw.—At the Royal Operahouse the following works will shortly be performed: *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, Gluck [words by Edward Devrient]; *Rigoletto*, Verdi [with Mlle. Kaufmann, Herren Kindermann and Nachbaur]; *Die Minnefahrten* [*Joconde*], Isouard; and *Rienzi*, Herr R. Wagner, the only one of that composer's operas not yet performed here. On the 5th December, the day of Mozart's death, *Don Juan* is to be brought out with entirely new scenery, dresses, and decorations, besides a partly new libretto. People complained very justly that *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte* had disappeared from the repertôry. The reason was that the management had no scenery worthy of these two masterpieces, and they could not take the artists off Herr R. Wagner's literary and musical marvels. However, a better era appears to be now dawning.

To the *London Musical World* we are indebted for the foregoing items, as well as for the two which follow:

Herr R. Wagner's "Festgabe," or "Festival Gift," to the centenary of the composer of *Fidelio*, in December, will shortly be published by Herr E. W. Fritzsch. It is an oration in the grand style, and a contribution to the philosophy of music, the title being, *Beethoven, von Richard Wagner.*

The Beethoven Festival at the National Hungarian Theatre, in Pesth, will take place on the 16th, 17th, and 18th December. On the first evening, Goethe's *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music, will be performed, and, on the second, *Fidelio*. On the third evening, there will probably be a grand concert in the Redouten-Saal. In consequence of a request made by the Intendant, Baron Felix Orczy, the Abbate Franz Liszt has promised to conduct the concert. Simultaneously with Baron Orczy's request, the Abbate received a similar one from Vienna, for him to conduct the Beethoven Festival there, but he decided in favor of Pesth. The programme of the concert will, in all probability, comprise the Ninth Symphony, and Liszt's *Beethoven-Cantata*. It is said, too, that the Abbate will play one of the great composer's Pianoforte Concertos.

PARIS. A *Tribune* correspondent (Nov. 3) writes:

Attempts are being continued to animate us by a little music and occasional dramatic performances. To-day, or rather yesterday, for the chimes of La Trinité have just struck the half-hour after 5, of the 4th November, we had a religious ceremony at the Madeleine. Cherubini's requiem in ut mineur, and the funeral march from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, were the musical selections accompanying the mass, between which and the offertory we had an address from the Abbé Duquerry. It was admirably suited to the occasion, and his picture of the desolation of France at the present moment created a great sensation. The Abbé has lost none of his old fire and power of language. The musical department was the gratuitous contribution of the Society of Concerts of the Conservatoire, which mustered in force, and did its part excellently. The ceremony was for the benefit of the wounded, some half-dozen of whom occupied seats at the side of the left nave. Mlle. Favart, of the theatre Français, collected. She seemed to have great success.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 3, 1870.

Review of Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The second Symphony Concert (Nov. 17,) offered the following selections:

**First Overture to "Leonore," in C, op. 138. [Comp. 1805].....Beethoven.
*Concerto for the Violin, in D.....Lipinski.
First Movement: Allegro Maziale.
Bernhard Listemann.
*Symphonic Poem: "Les Preludes,".....Liszt.

**Symphony, in C minor. No. 9 of Breitkopf and Härtel Ed.....Haydn.
Allegro. Andante Cantabile. Minuet. Finale.
Chaconne for the Violin [with Schumann's Pianoforte accompaniment.....Bach.
Bernhard Listemann.
*Concert (Fest) Overture.....Julius Rietz.
*First time in these Concerts. **First time in Boston.

We have long thought that it would be an interesting study for our music lovers to hear all the four introductions which Beethoven composed for his one great Opera, so as to compare them, noting the successive efforts by which he only in the third trial fully wrought out the idea which was in his mind from the first; (the fourth was built of wholly different ideas and with another purpose.) Such a study is like an introduction into the magician's laboratory; we witness one of his most sublime creations in the process of *becoming*. We copy, (elsewhere) from the London *Athenæum* and the *Musical World*, some interesting remarks after a recent performance of those overtures in the Crystal Palace Concerts. We have also taken the liberty to reprint our own mere sketch of the whole opera, made several years ago, partly to aid the understanding of the overtures, and partly in anticipation of a performance of "Fidelio" during the Birthday week by the English Opera Company, who are then to occupy the Boston Theatre. We could hardly venture here so bold an undertaking as the giving of all four Overtures in one concert, as Mr. Manns has done in London; nor would that be quite consistent with our notions of a programme. Mendelssohn, to be sure, set the example in Leipzig in 1840; but there is only one Leipzig; and even then there were but two of them set down in the programme; the enthusiastic audience clamored for the rest, and the Gewandhaus orchestra was equal to the task of gratifying them upon the spot without rehearsal! Here is the "golden" note which Schumann made of that achievement (we translate too literally to do it gracefully):

"It ought to be printed in golden letters what the Leipzig orchestra performed last Thursday: *all four overtures to 'Fidelio' one after the other.* Thanks, ye Viennese of 1805, that the first one did not take hold of you, until Beethoven in a godlike *furor* hurled out one after another. If ever he seemed powerful to me, it was on that evening, when we could overhear him better than ever in his workshop,—moulding, rejecting, altering,—ever hot and glowing, in the midst of his labor. Most gigantic did he show himself perhaps in the second onset. The first overture would not please; hold, thought he, hear the second and go wild,—and he set himself to work anew, and let the thrilling drama itself pass before them, and sang the great sorrows and the great joys of his noble lovers once again. It is demoniacal, this second Overture; in some of its details even bolder than the third, the well known mighty one in C. For even this did not content him; so he put it aside, and only retained single pieces from it, out of which, in a more calm, artistic way, he formed the third. Later followed that easier and more popular one in E major, with which 'Fidelio' is commonly opened in the theatre.—Such is the great Four-Overture work. In the same way that Nature fashions her productions, we see in it first the tangled roots, out of which in the second the gigantic trunk rears itself, spreads out its arms to the left and to the right, and finally concludes with light and graceful foliage and blossoms."

We too, all of us, who listened for the first time to that first Overture, can thank "the Viennese" for provoking the composer into giving us three more; but we cannot thank them for consigning so beautiful, so ideal a creation to comparative obscurity. Our feeling is that this No. 1 stands by itself, a thing complete and altogether lovely, the product of a deep, sweet, tender feeling; while No. 2, much bolder in its reach, more thrilling in its grand melodramatic effect of the trumpet scene, &c., is interesting chiefly as a rough, crude sketch of the inimitable No. 3. The pervading tone of feeling in the first is gentle, quiet and reflective; it begins with a musing soliloquy of the violin,—a thinking over as it were in memory of "my prisons,"—after time has healed the wounds and wrought sweet reconciliation. The tragedy is past when this is written; the sentiment remains, a meditation on the beauty of the wife's devotion and the noble love of Leonora and her martyr husband; this lends the deep, warm, quiet inspiration to the Overture. Naturally it was too unexciting, too fine, too idyllic, to make a hit at once in a Viennese theatre filled in great part with French soldiers. So he set to work to give them something more effective, more dramatic, even melodramatic, without being any the less a noble work of art. To do so, in the first attempt, he breaks the perfect spell the rounded unity of the first prelude, retaining and placing at once in the foreground, as the heart and central motive of the drama, the prison aria of the Tenor, which here is introduced towards the end, and keeping up a family resemblance in the general character of themes and phrases; so much so that the yearning, soaring, syncopated swift melody that pervades the second and third Overtures, seems naturally and logically born out of the first, although only vaguely hinted there.—The Overture lacked neither fire nor delicacy in the rendering, and it produced, we think, a general desire that it shall not again become a stranger to us.

The "Preludes" of Liszt are too well-known to need analysis. The difficult work had been very thoroughly rehearsed, and was so rendered as to bring its traits of power and beauty into clearer light than ever. It is, as we have said before, the most reasonable of the *Symphonische Dichtungen* which we have yet heard; and it certainly contains not only fine effects of instrumentation, but some truly beautiful themes and passages (such as the lovely *Cantabile* of the 'cellos, and the pastoral part, which so reminds one of a part of Spohr's *Weihe der Töne*, and some grand, imposing climaxes.

The Storm episode, however, seems to us a mere effect piece, commonplace in conception as compared with Beethoven's, who does more with smaller means. We feel a certain unrelieved, oppressive heaviness and hardness, too, in the frequent recurrence of the stronger motive; and, after all is over, as if it were a thing of ingenious details, rather than a vital whole; a succession of pleasing or startling sensations, which have not raised us into the serene, clear element of Art.

All the more grateful both to ear and soul was the delightful, naïve, simlpe Symphony by Haydn. *There* was music honestly and naturally come by, not the result of overstrained ambition to achieve unheard of things; music which seems to have sprung up like the flowers; music sincere and heart-felt, joyfully and gratefully at one with the good spirit of the universe. Haydn was chosen for the Symphonist this time, as opening the series of the great ones who preceded and succeeded Beethoven. This Symphony in C minor was new to our audience. It is not one of the greatest, but there are few more beautiful, or more refreshing to hear after Liszt. On a much smaller canvass and with fewer colors, yet the meaning and essential *music* of it go more surely to the heart. The *Finale* is indeed a remarkable movement, holding the violins to vigorous, sustained work.

The Overture by Rietz (Mendelssohn's successor at the Gewandhaus, for ten years now Kapellmeister at Dresden) made a good cheerful, festal finale to the concert. It is a genial, pleasing work, richly instrumented, and much in the vein of Mendelssohn, reminding you particularly of the opening of the Italian Symphony.

Mr. LISTEMANN was fully equal to the smooth, liquid, fluent passages of the Lipinski Concerto, and played it admirably. The composition itself is hard-

ly of importance enough for concerts of this order but it chanced to be the best thing at once available in the non-arrival of the parts of the concerto by Viotti, which, with much other music for these concerts, ordered four months ago from Germany, has thus far failed to reach us. But the *Chaconne* of Bach made glorious compensation. Noblest, richest, and most satisfying of all compositions for the violin alone, you follow the unfolding of its large thought from the first bold, fiery chords with breathless interest to the end. It is something inexhaustible; you still long for more. Not only in its thoughts, its spirit, is it always fresh; but it anticipates nearly all of the modern violin effects. As a violin work it is complete in itself; but in larger halls it is commonly given with Mendelssohn's piano accompaniment; this by Schumann, which is less known, adds more positive support to it, is more in the spirit of Bach, and is a task of difficulty enough to need an artist of Mr. LEONARD's calibre.—The general impression of the concert seems to have been highly satisfactory, all agreeing that the orchestra has really improved.

This week's concert (the third) offered the *second* of the "Leonore" Overtures; the charming little Aria and Gavotte from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D; for Symphony, the "Jupiter" (in C) of Mozart, next in order of the great Symphonists before Beethoven. —Part II Overture to "Faniska" by Cherubini; Schubert's Fantasia, Op. 15, played by Mr. LANG, as arranged for Piano and Orchestra by Liszt; and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture. The Overtures to "Leonore," No. 2, and to "Faniska" were new to Boston.

THE BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL. The programme of the Birthday Week in Boston is settled, we presume, in its main features, though some societies and artists are still in doubt what they will do. The want of a fit hall for Chamber Concerts proves one serious drawback. The series of Beethoven performances will begin, according to the original plan, with the FOURTH HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 15, when the programme will include: Part I. The *third* and greatest Overture to "Leonore;" the great Soprano Scena from "Fidelio," to be sung by Mme. BERTHA JOHANNSEN; Seventh Symphony in A.—Part II: Andante and Adagio from the "Prometheus" Ballet; and the Choral Fantasia, with Mr. PERABO for pianist, a select choir from the Handel and Haydn Society, and Orchestra. The Choral Fantasia, as it contains the germ of the Choral Symphony, will be interesting to hear so soon before the performance of that sublime work on the 19th. To give our readers a better idea of it beforehand, we copy the following from a German writer:

"This," he says, "is a gentle prelude to the Ninth Symphony, a parallel piece to that sublime creation taken from the domain of the graceful and delicious. It begins with a long continued solo on the piano-forte. The master in a state of dreamy thought or reverie seems to be preluding upon the instrument to which he has been appointed, and while his fingers are gliding carelessly over the keys the soul is apparently collecting itself. Here all is vague and unconnected. Themes come peeping up only to be lost in broad arpeggios, and no distinct form comes out in all this flood of tones. Out of patience with his poor success, the composer calls upon the orchestra to help him give expression to the feeling which is struggling within for utterance. At first the Contrabassi answer in a sort of recitative figure, and after the other instruments have fallen in one by one, the pianoforte gives out a melody, which is singularly like the '*Freude, schöner Götterfunken*,' in the Ninth Symphony, and in which our Tone-Poet at length has found that means of expression he has so long been seeking. Now the orchestra divides itself into groups, curiously examining the newly-found theme, throwing it about and varying it in all sorts of playful ways. The flutes pass it to the oboes; they to the clarinets and bassoons; then the string quartet gets possession of it, and finally we get it from the rejoicing chorus of all the instruments. Still there is more in it than pianoforte and orchestra can make known; there is yet something more to be expressed. They do not yet give up the attempt, but vary it into new forms, lead it through the most manifold harmonic changes, and at last repeat it in the minor, as if angry at their own weakness. At last, near the close, the human voice comes to their assistance, a full chorus joins the quartet, and surrounded as with a halo of tones from the joyous instruments, sounds forth the 'The Praise of Harmony!'"

THE NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT, which was to have closed the series on the evening of the birthday itself (Saturday, the 17th), is postponed to *Monday afternoon, Dec* 19, owing to the engagement of many members of the orchestra at the theatres on Saturday afternoon and evening. This concert will be given under the joint auspices of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Harvard Musical Association. The Symphony will be preceded by a short First Part, consisting of the following selections from Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont;" Quartet from "Fidelio;" Andante and Adagio from "Prometheus," Hallelujah Chorus from "The Mount of Olives." (Tickets at $1.00, for sale at the Music Hall on and after Dec. 10.)

It is more than probable that "Fidelio" will be given on the Saturday evening of the Birthday (and possibly on other evenings of that week) by the united Richings and Parepa English Opera troupes at the Boston Theatre. They *are* to give it in New Haven next week.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who will return to Boston in season to take part in these festivities, will, besides rejoining the orchestra, give a Chamber Concert of their own in honor of Beethoven, probably on the Friday evening, at the Piano Rooms of Mr. Russell Hallet, Tremont St. The programme will consist of one of Beethoven's earlier Piano Trios, the entire Septet, one of his latest (posthumous) Quartets, and some songs.—Mr. ERNST PERABO has already announced his purpose of giving a Beethoven Concert at Horticultural Hall on the Birthday (Saturday) at noon. Other artists probably have similar intentions, but their plans are not yet stated. Enough, however, is already sure to make a Commemoration worthy of Beethoven and of Boston.

NILSSON AGAIN.—We had no room to give our notes in order on the Nilsson Concerts. Let us go back and gather up a few.

Of the second concert the main feature was the Mad Scene from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet." Of the music itself we could hardly venture an opinion, so absorbed were we in the wonderfully dramatic revelation of the singer and the actress. It showed a true and rare dramatic genius. Such an impersonation of Ophelia we have not seen before. Such swift and perfect changes of expression; the voice, the quality of tone always in quick sympathy with look and action; such alternation of violent mad mirth and wild despair and pretty maiden dreams of friends and love and pleasure; such beauty and such startling power of song, were worth going far to witness. And it was as a whole beautiful; whereas we commonly would rather turn away from these questionable stage imitations of the morbid anatomy of passion. She also sang the *Ave Maria* of Gounod (they have done mentioning Bach at all in this business!), in a high and pure religious style, nobly sustained by the violin obbligato of M. VIEUXTEMPS; and the "Last Rose of Summer," with Swedish dance air and "Old folks at home" for encores.

Third Concert, Monday, Nov. 7. A tender and poetic French air ("*Connais-tu du dis Land?*") from Thomas's "Mignon," sung with refined and subdued feeling, and the *Miserere* from "Il Trovatore," were her principal selections. The latter was given on her part with such thrilling vocal and dramatic power and intensity, that we almost enjoyed the hackneied scene for once. BRIGNOLI, outside, sung the tenor solo, with chorus of monks, entirely too loud; nor were the sounds subdued to due proportion in the repetition which was wilfully insisted upon.

Fourth Concert, Nov. 8. Best programme of the whole series. Mlle. Nilsson sang two Arias by Mozart: first, the Recitative and Air: "*Non pav di noi*" from "Tito," with clarionet obbligato—(it was a pretty, but a silly freak, however, to drag the clarionettist to the front); and then, for encore, Cherubino's song: "*Voi che sapete*." Both were sung with pure artistic style and feeling, although our "East Wind" had been trifling with the singer's throat. The recitative was truly noble. But first, in charming contrast, we should have mentioned the airy, playful little Duet by Blangini (better known in parlors here some two score years ago), which she sang in *sotto voce* with Sig. Brignoli. It was lady-like grace and playfulness itself. Here voice and simile were one. The Tenor, too, did well in the little responsive phrases. "Auld Robin Gray" was sung with such a power and truth of pathos, as we have not heard before since Jenny Lind. This programme was further rich in one of the most interesting of the Violin compositions of Vieuxtemps, his "Fantasie Appassionata;" in the subdued, rich "Reverie" composed by him for Orchestra; in the Page's song from the *Huguenots* (Miss CARY); the Rossini Trio: "Zitti, zitti," (Miss Cary, Brignoli and Verger), &c., &c. Ballad encores as usual.

Matinee, Sat. Nov. 12. Enormous crowd. Programme mostly repetitions. For Nilsson: "Angels ever bright and fair," which we liked better this time; Ophelia's mad scene; Ballads as usual ("Home," Dalecarlian Dance, "Old Folks"). Miss Cary did not appear. For Verger, "Largo al Factotum," in his genteel, refined way. For Vieuxtemps: the "Faust" Fantasie again; a beautiful *Lento* movement, followed by his "St. Patrick's Day" extravaganza; and the Theme with Variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, in which the piano part was played with thoroughly artistic style by Miss MARIE KREBS, from Dresden, where her father is Kapellmeister, who, though very young, has taken a high rank among piano virtuosos in Europe. Her principal selection, a Fantasia by Liszt on "Don Giovanni," did not afford much opportunity to judge of her as to the higher qualities of expression, but it showed a marvellous power and perfection of technical execution.

Sixth, Nov. 14. Another Liszt'an Fantasia by Miss KREBS. Wonderful again in execution, but somehow a kind of playing which does not win by any marked individuality. The fanciful little piece (by Rubinstein?) which she gave for encore, was indeed fascinating. But we are to hear her sometime hence in music of a nobler range; she is to play the E flat Concerto in the last Beethoven concert of the Harvard series. Her manner is entirely natural and unaffected. We have reason to know, too, the acquaintance with all the principal works of all the great composers, from Bach to Rubinstein, and her ability to play them from memory, is as remarkable as her execution. This time NILSSON sang the "King of Thule" ballad and the Jewel Song from Gounod's *Faust*—not in her best spirit, something had ruffled its serenity; also in the Quartet from *Martha*,—rather a weak selection. But she was saving herself, no doubt, for the great effort, "Let the bright Seraphim," in which, as we have said, she showed a sustained power and splendor of voice which she had been keeping in reserve till then. The effect was electric.

Seventh. Grandest of all Nilsson's efforts was the great dramatic scene of Beethoven. "*Ah! Perfido*," in which she sounded the whole gamut of passion. It was given with orchestra, of course, and was felt, we think, by all to be an instance of great and noble singing. Surely the response of the entire audience both after this and after the Mozart Arias should encourage the management to put in their programmes more of the music which is most worthy of a noble singer. Rossini's "*Una voce*" was also sung by her in a most sparkling, subtile and enchanting style, with quite a dash of originality.

The closing *Miserere* was rather a sentimental, popular farewell occasion. "Let the bright Seraphim," (even better than before, and with improvement in the trumpet part by Mr. Gilmore) and the *Miserere* scene were repeated. For the rest Mlle. Nilsson sang only Ballads,—the same three or four that have figured in all her concerts. We never heard ballad singing which we liked better; but the variety was certainly too limited. Why not more Swedish melodies?

Music in New York.

NILSSON IN ORATORIO.—Steinway Hall was of course filled when Mlle. Nilsson sang in Oratorio for the first time in this country. The *Sun* says of the performance:

Miss Nilsson fully justified the great reputation that she brought to this country as an oratorio singer. There were many who at her concerts objected to her method of singing "Angels ever bright and fair," and who, founding their anticipations on that performance, concluded that Miss Nilsson's oratorio singing would be characterized by an over-strained sentiment, and much liberty with the time and even with the notes of the composer.

But these anticipations proved entirely erroneous. Miss Nilsson sang Handel's music in a most devout spirit, with a reverent regard for the music as the composer wrote it, and for the sacred text. Her spirit was certainly in perfect accord with the theme, and she unfolded to us more completely than at any previous occasion the secret of her great reputation.

There was, in the first place, a unity about the performance such as there never has been at her concerts. In place of the scattered fragments of song, first about one subject and then about another, the whole was knit together in sentiment. The key of feeling that the orchestra set with the solemn introduction was sustained to the end. And Miss Nilsson did everything to keep that feeling intact. She laid aside the *demonstrative* manner that she is accustomed to wear at her concerts, and was in manner in accord with the occasion. Her voice seems specially adapted by its exquisite purity to sacred music, and in her singing of the great solos "Rejoice Greatly," "How Beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of

Peace," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," there seemed to us everything to commend and nothing to warrant objection. The intonation was pure and true, the phrasing especially beautiful, and the effect devotional and ennobling.

The choruses were sung by the Mendelssohn Union, and we never heard the Society to like advantage. They were prompt in their time, excellently in tune, and correct in expression. They seemed to have been reinforced. Certainly, they turned out in strong numbers, and they were evidently determined to do their best, and certainly the result was a most satisfactory one

The soloists were Miss Beebe, Miss Cary, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Whitney. The latter gentleman sang nobly. It was a true artistic pleasure to listen to his fine phrasing and delivery, and his careful and finished performance. Mr. Simpson sang well, as usual. Miss Beebe was at a great disadvantage in appearing in contrast with Miss Nilsson.

Her voice sounded weak and her method immature. She sings "with closed mouth," as the Italians say, and the effect is not good Miss Cary sang very well, but very coldly. There is no vibration or pathos to her voice, and without that such tearful arias as "He was despised and rejected," cannot be properly rendered. An evil spirit seemed to possess the orchestra. It played shamefully, and the trumpet obbligato in the great bass solo, "The trumpet shall sound," was ludicrously bad.

Usually in oratorios the chorus is shaky and the orchestra steady, but on this occasion it was the reverse.

The organ however somewhat redeemed the matter. It was played by Mr. S. P. Warren, and with that fine judgment, tact, and musicianly skill that mark all his work at this instrument, and that have placed him at the head of his profession.

The first PHILHARMONIC CONCERT of the present season was given at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening. There was a smaller attendance than has been usual at these concerts. The programme presented no new features. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, the unfinished Schubert Symphony, the old and now rather threadbare Tannhäuser overture, and a concerto by Liszt, formed the staple of the programme. There certainly were no new sensations to be derived from it, only some former pleasant ones revived. In this age of progression and change it is gratifying to find occasionally a Society like the Philharmonic that is content to stay where it is and to abide by the traditions. One pleasant feature of the evening was an absence of all encores or repetitions. These have grown to be the most intolerable bore of the concert room.

Mme. Rosa Caillag, made her first appearance in America, singing an aria by Mozart and Meyerbeer's "Ah! mon Fils!" and singing them, with surprising ingenuity, just a shade flat throughout. The effect was more curious than pleasant. Her style was large and broad, and the lady doubtless possesses a musical nature, but either a very faulty ear, or else she has lost through some weakness of the vocal chords the control of her voice. This is often the case with those whose sense of tune is perfectly accurate. It is a pity that the Philharmonic Society so often makes *fiascos* like this.

Mr. Mills was the pianist, and played the Liszt concerto superbly. No man understands better than Liszt the true relations that exist between the piano and orchestra, and also the limitations of those relations. The music of the concerto we cordially dislike. His chaotic work is enough to excite an audience to rebellion. He is the George Francis Train of music. The Schubert fragment came after this concerto like calm and sunshine after storm.

At the Beethoven centennial, to be given by this Society, Miss Marie Krebs will play.—*Sun, Nov.* 28.

MARIE KREBS, the remarkable young Saxon pianist, gave a remarkable concert in New York last week, to judge from the following programme:

Trio, (Piano, Violin, and 'Cello,) D minor..Mendelssohn.
Miss Marie Krebs, Messrs. C. Hamm and Chas. Werner.
"Der Wanderer" Song .....F. Schubert.
Mme Krebs-Michalesi.
Preludium.....A. Corelli.
Præludium and Fugue.....J. S. Bach.
Toccata, op. 7.....R. Schumann.
Marie Krebs.
Andante, from "Rienzi".....R. Wagner.
Mme Krebs-Michalesi.
Sonata Characteristique, op 81 .....Beethoven.
Marie Krebs.
{ Adagio, F major.....L. Spohr.
{ Polonaise.....F. Lauh.
C. Hamm.
Song, "Mein Hochland".....C. Krebs.
Mme Krebs-Michalesi.
Barcarolle, } ..A. Rubinstein.
Etude Infernale. (On False Notes). }
Marie Krebs.

The *Weekly Review* says:

That all of these compositions taxed the technical ability of the young pianist, is a matter of course; but this is of little moment compared with the other requirements they involved. Thus, Beethoven's Sonata appealed to the mental resources of the pianist in such a way as to cause some apprehension that one so young could do full justice to all that is needed. But Miss Krebs accomplished her task in a most remarkable manner, and gave full evidence that she not only has completeness of technics, but also a fine musical understanding, and a thoroughly artistic nature. The Toccata, by Schumann, only attempted by the few pianists *hors de ligne* Europe can boast of, she mastered equally well, but we should have liked a little more repose. It was a powerful rendering, but, on the whole, rather too wild.

The singing of Mme Michalesi-Krebs, the mother and teacher of the talented pianist, was of great interest. Mme. Krebs has held a prominent position at the Royal Court Theatre of Dresden, the same theatre where her husband, Carl Krebs, has occupied—and is still occupying—the conductor's chair. Mme Krebs sang with great artistic discrimination, and was fully entitled to the numerous tokens of appreciation the audience bestowed upon her. Mr Charles Werner also sustained the favorable impression his fine violoncello playing produced upon numerous musicians during his stay in this city.

The young violinist, Mr Charles Hamm, who recently arrived in New York, made his first debut on this occasion. A more favorable introduction the young artist could certainly not have wished for. The fame of the pianist attracted a very large and fashionable audience, together with a host of our most distinguished artists and critics. Mr. Hamm played the violin part of Mendelssohn's beautiful trio in D minor, an adagio by Spohr, and a Polonaise, by Lauh, in such a manner as to enlist the sympathy and admiration of the audience. He has a very fine tone, his bowing is excellent, and his technique remarkable. His rendering of the Adagio was dictated by good taste and fine feeling. In that of the Polonaise the intonation occasionally might have been a little purer.

Music in Philadelphia.

MR. CHARLES H. JARVIS, for his ninth season of classical Soirées, offers the following choice programmes. His assistants are Mr. Wenzel Kopta, violinist, and Mr. Rudolph Hennig, violoncellist.

First Soirée, Nov. 19.

Sonata, Piano, op. 31, No 3 .....Beethoven.
Solo. Violoncello, Fantaisie Characteristique. Sur deux romances de Lafont.....Servais.
Rondo. Piano and Violin, B Minor.....Schubert
Solo. Piano, Soirées de Vienne d'après Strauss..Tausig.
Solo. Violin, Polonaise de Concert.....Wieniavsky.
Trio. C minor, Piano and 'Cello, op. 102.....Raff.

Second Soirée, Dec. 10.

[Beethoven Centennial Anniversary.]

Sonata. Piano and 'Cello, F major, op 5.....Beethoven.
Concerto Violin. D major, op 61, 1st movement. "
Piano Solos. a Toccata, Suite in G.....Scarlatti.
b. Abendlied, [Schumann], transcribed by Raff.
Solo. 'Cello. a. Sarabande.....Bach.
b. Romance, G minor.....Ernst.
Trio. Op. 97, B flat, Piano, Violin, and 'Cello.Beethoven.

Third Soirée, Jan. 21.

Sonata. Piano and Violin, op. 78, A major.....Raff.
Solo. 'Cello, Concerto No. 3, B minor, op. 51. Goltermann.
Solo. Piano, Rhapsodie Hongroise, No 13..... ..Liszt.
Solo. Violin. "Di Tanti Palpiti," [Rossini].....Paganini.
Trio. Piano, Violin and 'Cello, op 15, G min.Rubinstein.

Fourth Soirée, Feb. 18.

Sonata Piano and 'Cello, D minor, op. 65.....Chopin.
Solo Violin, "Chaconne,".....J S Bach.
Piano Solos. a. Etude, D flat.....Henselt.
b. Etude, G flat, [Octaves].....Chopin.
Solo. 'Cello. a Chant du Soir.....De Swert.
b. Danse Hollandais.....E. O.
Trio. Op. 66, C minor, Piano, Violin and 'Cello. Mendelssohn.

Fifth Soirée, March 18.

Sonata. Piano.....Beethoven.
Solo. Violin, "Airs Hongrois".....Ernst.
Variations. Piano and 'Cello, op. 17 .....Mendelssohn.
Solo. Piano, Scherzo, B flat, op. 31.....Chopin.
Trio. Piano, Violin and 'Cello, G minor, op. 110. Schumann.

Sixth Soirée, April 22.

Sonata. Piano and Violin, op. 30, C minor...Beethoven.
Solo. 'Cello. Elegie.....Lindner.
Solo. Piano. Invitation à la Danse, [Von Weber], Transcribed by Tausig.
Solo. Violin. "Fantaisie Caprice.....Vieuxtemps.
Trio. Piano, Violin and 'Cello, F major.....Bargiel.

NEW HAVEN.—The programme of the Beethoven festival to be held in New Haven has been issued. The festival will last three days, and consist of five performances, commencing on Monday evening, December 5th, with the opera of "Rip Van Winkle" [!] by the Ritchings opera troupe. On Tuesday there will be a classical concert of Beethoven's works entirely, rendered by an orchestra of fifty. In the evening the opera troupe will sing "Fidelio," with a largely increased chorus of New Haven singers. On Wednesday two miscellaneous concerts will take place, in which Beethoven's Mass in C, and his Battle Symphony [!] will be rendered. The chorus will consist of one hundred and sixty singers, selected from the musical societies of the State. S B. Mills, the pianist, will play on Wednesday, and solos will be sung by the best musical talent of New Haven and Hartford.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Apart! for Contralto. 3. C to e. *Thomas.* 40
Sung by Miss Cary at the Nilsson Concerts.
"When we met I never dreamed
Of the hour of pain so near;
When we met I little deemed
That my days would be so drear."

The Fisherman's Song. 4. A minor to d. *Boot.* 40
In the weird, plaintive style characteristic of this composer.
"Down in the wide, grey river,
The current is sweeping strong;
Over the wide, grey river,
Floats the fisherman's song."

Our Dead not Lost. 4. F to f. *Abt.* 30
A beautiful, comforting melody.
"Why do we mourn? They are not lost!
Beyond the river they have crossed,
Lie world's sublime."

My Darling Wife and I. 4. E*b* to e flat. *T. H. Howe.* 30
A ballad for Alto or Bass voice.

The Angels are coming to show me the way. 3. G to e. *Christie.* 40

The Golden Rule. Song and Chorus. 3. A*b* to e flat. *C. H. Smith.* 30

Instrumental.

Le Crépuscle. 5. B. Op. 79 *Sidney Smith.* 40
A charming Andante, capable of great expression.

Silver Shore Waltz. 2. G. *Ripley.* 30
An easy melodious piece.

Moonlight Nights. (Flowers, Fruits and Thorns). 18 Morceau. Op. 82. *Heller.*
No. 9. Allegretto con grazia. 25
10. Allegro caratteristico. 25
11. Andante con moto. 30
12. Molto agitato. 30

Pearly Wave Waltz. *Hatch.* 30

Marche de Nuit. 6. A*b*. *Wehli.* 1.00
Beginning with an andante misterioso, it takes up an effective march movement, with a few difficult passages for the left hand.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 775. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 20.

Beethoven.

PROLOGUE, written and recited by WILLIAM W. STORY at the Inauguration of the Statue in the Boston Music Hall, March 1, 1856.

Lift the veil ;—the work is finished ;—fresh created from the hands
Of the artist,—grand and simple, there our great Beethoven stands.
Clay no longer—he has risen from the buried mould of earth,
To a golden form transfigured by a new and glorious birth
Art hath bid the evanescent pause and know no more decay ;
Made the mortal shape immortal, that to dust has passed away.
There's the brow by thought o'erladen, with its tempest of wild hair ;
There the mouth so sternly silent and the square cheeks seamed with care ;
There the eyes so visionary, straining out, yet seeing naught
But the inward world of genius, and the ideal forms of thought ;
There the hand which gave its magic to the cold, dead, ivory keys,
And from out them tore the struggling chords of mighty symphonies
There the figure, calm, concentred, on its breast the great head bent ,—
Stand forever thus, great master! thou thy fittest monument

Poor in life, by friends deserted, through disease and pain and care,
Bravely, stoutly hast thou striven, never yielding to despair ;
High the claims of Art upholding ; firm to Freedom ; in a crowd,
Where the highest bent as courtiers, speaking manfully and loud
In thy silent world of deafness, broken by no human word,
Music sang with voice ideal, while thy listening spirit heard,
Tones consoling and prophetic, tones to raise, refine and cheer,
Deathless tones that thou hast garnered to refresh and charm us here.
And for all these riches fineless, all these wondrous gifts of thine,
We have only Fame's dry laurel on thy careworn brow to twine.
We can only say, Great Master, take the homage of our heart;
Be the High Priest in our temple, dedicate to thee and Art.
Stand before us, and enlarge us with thy presence and thy power,
And o'er all Art's deeps and shallows light us like a beacon-tower.

In the mighty realm of Music there is but a single speech,
Universal as the world is, that to every heart can reach.
Thou within that realm art monarch, but the humblest vassal there
Knows the accents of that language when it calls to war or prayer
Underneath its world-wide Banyan, friends the gathering nations sit ;
Red Sioux and dreamy German dance and feast and fight to it.
When the storm of battle rages, and the brazen trumpet blares,
Cheering on the serried tumult, in the van its meteor flares
Sings the laurelled song of conquest, o'er the buried comrade wails,
Plays the peaceful pipes of shepherds in the lone Etrurian vales ;
Whispers love beneath the lattice, where the honey-suckle clings ;
Crowns the bowl and cheers the dancers, and its peace to sorrow brings ;—
Nature knows its wondrous magic, always speaks in tune and rhyme;
Doubles in the sea the heaven, echoes on the rocks the chime.
All her forests sway harmonious, all her torrents lisp in song;
And the starry sphere makes music, gladly journeying along.

Thou hast touched its mighty mystery, with a finger as of fire ;
Thrilled the heart with rapturous longing, bade the struggling soul aspire ;
Through thy daring modulations, mounting up o'er dizzy stairs
Of harmonic change and progress, into high Elysian airs,
Where the wings of angels graze us, and the voices of the spheres
Seem not far, and glad emotions fill the silent eyes with tears
What a vast, majestic structure thou hast builded out of sound,
With its high peak piercing Heaven, and its deep base underground
Vague as air, yet firm and real to the spiritual eye,
Seamed with fire its cloudy bastions far away uplifted lie,—
Like those sullen shapes of thunder we behold at close of day,
Piled upon the far horizon, where the jigged lightnings play
Awful voices, as from Hades, thrill us, growling from its heart :
Sudden splendors blaze from out it, cleaving its black walls apart.
White winged birds dart forth and vanish, singing, as they pass from sight,
Till at last it lifts, and 'neath it lets a blaze of amber light
Where some single star is shining, throbbing like a new born thing,
And the earth, all drenched in splendor, hears its happy voices sing

Topmost crown of Ancient Athens towered the Phidian Parthenon ;
Upon Freedom's noble Forehead, Art, the starry jewel, shone,
Here is yet in our Republic, in the furrows of our soil,
Slowly grows Art's timid blossom 'neath the heavy foot of toil.
Spurn it not—but spare it, nurse it, till it gladden all the land;
Hail to-day this seed of promise, planted by a generous hand—
Our first statue to an artist—nobly given, nobly planned.

Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of Art—
Use must borrow robes from Beauty, life must rise above the mart
Faith and love are all ideal, speaking with a music tone—
And without their touch of magic, labor is the Devil's own.
Therefore are we glad to greet thee, master artist, to thy place,
For we need, in all our living, Beauty and Ideal grace,
Mostly here, to lift our nation, move its heart and calm its nerves,
And to round life's angled duties to imaginative curves.
Mid the jarring din of traffic, let the Orphic tone of Art
Lull the barking Cerberus in us, soothe the cares that gnaw the heart.
With thy universal language, that our feeble speech transcends,
Wing our thoughts that creep and grovel, come to us when speaking ends,—
Bear us into realms ideal, where the cant of common sense
Dins no more its heartless maxims to the jingling of its pence;
Thence down dropped into the Actual, we shall on our garments bear
Perfume of an unknown region, beauty of celestial air;
Life shall wear a nobler aspect, joy shall greet us in the street;
Earthy dust of low ambition shall be shaken from our feet
Evil spirits that torment us, into air shall vanish all,
And the magic harp of David soothe the haunted heart of Saul.

As of yore the swart Egyptians rent the air with choral song,
When Osiris' golden statue triumphing they bore along ;
As along the streets of Florence, borne in glad procession, went
Cimabue's famed Madonna, praised by voice and instrument,
Let our voices sing thy praises, let our instruments combine,
Till the hall with triumph echo, for the hour and place are thine.

Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

[From the Analytical and Historical Programme of the London Philharmonic Concert, July 11, 1870.

The history of this most important, most original, and most noble work, refers to periods extending over more than thirty years of the composer's life. Mr. Grove—whose researches on the subject of BEETHOVEN are as wide as their result is interesting—traces, in a letter, of 1793, to Schiller's sister, that the great artist, already then in his twenty-third year, contemplated an extensive setting of the Ode to Joy. Hence, we may assume that the poem was a favorite with the musician in his earliest days, probably that he knew it by heart in childhood, and that the project of rendering anew its ideas in music was a consequence of his being penetrated with the full spirit of the composition. Evidence has not come to light that Beethoven at this time made any progress in the intended work, or indeed began it. Whatever may have happened in the interim, he entered seriously on the long purposed task about the year 1811-12, when he wrote down some indications of the plan of the work, and even some melodic sketches for the setting of the first words, in a book containing memoranda for the Symphonies in A and in F. These interesting fragments are printed by Thayer, as are also some other drafts of music to the words—different entirely from the finally adopted theme—dating from September, 1822. Meanwhile according to Nottebohm, the Symphony was begun in 1817, and Mr. Cipriani Potter's recollection of having seen some sketches for it, when he was with Beethoven in that year, corroborates the statement. A vote of the Philharmonic Society of November 10, 1822, offered the sum of £50 to the master for the composition of a Symphony ; and he seems to have destined the work he had in progress, for the fulfilment of this commission. His letter to Ferdinand Ries (then in London) of April 25, 1823, has this passage: "I am, besides, far from well, owing to my many troubles—weak eyes among others. But do not be uneasy, you shall shortly receive the Symphony ; really and truly, my distressing condition is alone to blame for the delay." Writing to the same, September 5, 1823, Beethoven says, "The Copyist to-day at last finished the score of the Symphony ; so Kirchhoffer and I are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to send it off." From this, it is certain that the composition had, in September, been some time finished, and it is probable that it was completed in the preceding April; the non-production of the work in England until after its performance in Vienna was therefore consequent upon some causes that are not apparent, causes in which the author of the Symphony was not concerned. The Vienna performance took place, May 7, 1824, at a concert given by Beethoven, when the Mass in D was also first produced. It had been long since the artist had personally appeared, or had produced any work in public; it was generally known that he had composed these two extraordinary masterpieces ; his always increasing deafness, his bad state of health, and his constant apprehension of pecuniary difficulties, made him ever more and more irritable, and this state of mind led him to suppose himself slighted by the public and even by his friends ; the latter, therefore, as much to appease him as to gratify their own earnest interest in the works, sent him a letter, with thirty signatures of the most notable musicians and music lovers in the Austrian capital, requesting him to bring his new music before the world. The concert was given in compliance with this request, but was delayed by many vexations, which, perhaps, were aggravated by Beethoven's susceptible and, at that time, suspicious temper. He himself was present, indicating the times of the movements to Umlauf, the conductor, but unable to hear the music or even the vehement applause it drew from the enthusiastic audience. Madame Sabatier, (then Mdlle Ungher), who sang one of the solo parts, repeated, when she was here last season, the too well known story of his sad insensibility to the general demonstration of delight, which could not reach him through his ears. The Symphony was played in London at the Philharmonic Concert of March 21, 1825, when Madame Caradori, Miss Goodhall, Mr. Vaughn, and Mr. Phillips were the singers, and Sir George Smart

conducted. In April, 1825, an advertisement inviting subscriptions for the publication of the Symphony appeared in the 'Caecilia,' a German musical periodical; and, in a far later number of the same, it is announced as one of the publications issued by Messrs. Schott, of Mayence, during the months of April, May and June, 1826; whence it is positive the work was not printed for more than a year after it had been played in London, but yet appeared while the composer was yet alive to supervise its publication. In February, 1826, suffering from most painful fear of real want during his last illness, Beethoven appealed, through Moscheles and Sir George Smart, to the Philharmonic Society, requesting the fulfilment of an offer that had once been made to him, to give a concert for his benefit; avoiding the delay this would have occasioned, the Society immediately voted him the sum of £100, in acknowledging which, on the 18th of March, Beethoven dictated as follows:—"Say to these worthy men, that if God restores me to health, I shall endeavor to prove the reality of my gratitude by my actions. I therefore leave it to the Society to choose what I am to write for them—a Symphony (*the tenth*) *lies fully sketched in my desk, and likewise a new Overture and some other things.* . . . . . I beg you will deliver the metronomed ninth Symphony to the Society.") Eight days after dictating this, the mighty master was no more. . . . . .

As the choral division of the work is the most novel in purpose, and the least obvious in design, the concise description of its plan may not to some readers be unacceptable. The form in which it is cast is analogous to that of the last movement of the Eroica, being a series of contrapuntal elaborations upon a simple melodious theme; and the surmise is warrantable that the complete artistic success of that earlier great composition prompted the author to have again recourse to the same means, and gave him just reliance on his own power to apply them. What is here, for the first time, styled the *Instrumental Introduction*, is, like the Tutti of a Concerto, a kind of epitome of what follows from the entry of the voices, and is also a link to connect the Finale with the foregoing three movements. The Presto is a prelude to the long passage for the basses, which is directed to be played *selon le caractère d'un Recitative, mais in Tempo.* This quasi recitative is interspersed with short allusions to the first Allegro, the Scherzo, and the Adagio; and these indicate a designed relationship between the feelings expressed in those divisions of the Symphony, and in the last movement. The theme is then given by the unaccompanied basses. This is followed by three Variations—the word is used in its highest sense, as signifying the most skillful and imaginative gloss upon a Cantus Fermus—the first being for the Violoncellos and Violas in unison against an independent melody for the double basses, the second being an intricate piece of four-part counterpoint for all the string instruments, and the third employing the full orchestra. After some extension of the last, the preludial Presto recurs, and introduces the solo voice with a compression of the previous instrumental Recitative. Then, strictly, the Ode begins. The first stanza is set as a bass solo to the melody for which, as it should seem, Beethoven had been for thirty years in unsuccessful search, when the late fruit richly repaid his patient endurance; the second stanza is set to a comparatively simple, and the third to a more florid variation upon this, both for the four solo voices, and both totally unlike the Variations in the Introduction; the second strain of all these three is repeated by the chorus. In the fourth stanza, the musician seizes on the poet's metaphor, and shows us a glittering array of triumphant heroes returning in all the joy of conquest from a glorious success. The structure of this Variation involves not the notes alone, but the essential spirit of the theme. A solo tenor sings through the march of the military instruments, and is afterwards joined by the male chorus. There follows a long passage of fugal character, without voices, whose subject is an off-shoot of the previous Variation, which is made the groundwork of a double counterpoint. Then the first stanza recurs, the melody being assigned in simple notes to the chorus, and the instruments having a florid counterpoint against it, which gives it an effect as vigorous as brilliant. The allusion to the Deity in the following stanza, gives occasion for change of key measure and tempo, and for the happy constrast of the ecclesiastical style. The same purpose is continued in the setting of the second quatrain of the same stanza, with still greater solemnity of manner and even more devotional character. The first stanza is then again resumed, and the theme set to it is wrought together with that to which the words "O ye millions, I embrace ye," are adapted. Thenceforward to the end, through the several changes of tempo, no new ideas are presented, but those which already have been heard are developed with such variety as makes the peroration of this grand discourse the most exciting and impressive portion of the whole, and exalts the joyous expression of the piece to true sublimity.

Beethoven's Choral Fantasia.

This piece was first heard at the author's concert in Vienna, December 22, 1808, when he himself sustained the pianoforte part. It was thus described:—"Fantasia on the Pianoforte, which concludes with the gradual entrance of the whole orchestra, and at last of the full chorus, as Finale." The Fantasia was first printed in July, 1811. Sketches for the composition are found in the same book with those for the Symphony in C minor and for the Quartets, Op. 18, which Thayer refers to the year 1800. The chief theme of the Fantasia belongs, however, to a yet earlier period. It constitutes one movement of a song called "Sighs of an unloved one," set to a poem by Bürger, and the words apportioned to it begin thus:

"Wüsst' ich, wüsst' ich dass du mich
lieb und werth ein Bischen hielteest."

This was composed in or near 1795, while Beethoven was studying under Albrechtsberger.

One may amplify, but cannot invalidate, the composer's original description of the Fantasia. The German acceptance of the title should be taken into account, as signifying an improvisation, or, if not literally this, the appropriating to written composition of such freedoms of the fantasy as would necessarily characterize an extemporaneous performance. Truly of this nature is the long prelude for the pianoforte alone, in which the rhythmical interruptions, the startling changes of key, and the indecision of theme, are tokens of unpremeditation; while the coherence of the whole and its constant climax to a purposed point, show the beautiful organization of a mind that was orderly and symmetrical in its moments of utmost wildness. What is styled the Finale begins where the basses enter with a brief but distinct subject. The phrases of this are interspersed with pianoforte passages of the same free character as the foregoing; but other orchestral instruments successively appear as if to curb the fitful fancy of the extemporist, and call it within formal restrictions. Thus is introduced the Allegretto. Of this, the pianoforte has the simple theme. A variation for the flute follows; then one for the oboes; then a third for the clarionets and bassoon; and the fourth variation employs the string instruments. An extension of this introduces the rest of the orchestra, and the pianoforte presently re-appears with new matter that is a consequence but not a part of the theme. The continuity of this portion of the piece excellently relieves the rhythmical squareness of the Air and of the Variations; but this is again welcome when, first the solo voices, and afterwards the chorus take up the theme. Finally, the noble Coda shows the greatest strength of the master, and here we find him seizing on every word that admits of particular expression, as an occasion to enforce and vary his musical effect—for instance, the striking use of the chord of E flat on the word "pow'r" appears to be the point whence radiates all the brightness of the conclusion.

The original poem is by Christian Kuffner. The following new translation is by Mrs. Macfarren.

Soft and sweet, through ether winging,
Sound the harmonies of life;
Their immortal flowers springing
Where the soul is free from strife.

Peace and joy are sweetly blended,
Like the waves' alternate play;
What for mastery contended,
Learns to yield and to obey.

When on music's mighty pinion
Souls of men to Heaven rise,
Then doth vanish earth's dominion,
Man is native to the skies.

Calm without, and joy within us,
Is the bliss for which we long;
If of art the magic winns,
Joy and calm are turned to song.

With its tide of joy unbroken,
Music's flood our life surrounds;
What a master-mind hath spoken
Through eternity resounds.

Oh! receive, ye joy-invited,
All its blessings without guile;
When to love is pow'r united,
Then the gods approving smile. —*Ibid.*

The Four Overtures to "Fidelio."

[Mr. G. Grove (in the London *Musical World*) translates as follows from the "Beethoveniana" of Herr Nottebohm.]

It is usually believed that the Overture published as Beethoven's Opus 138 was written in the year 1805, and formed the first in the series of the "Overtures to *Leonora*." This, however, is irreconcileable with certain facts which I will endeavor to lay before the reader.

It will be necessary, in the first place, to examine the materials upon which the ordinary belief in this matter is based.

No autograph score of the Overture is known to exist. All that we at present possess is an ancient MS copy of the score and orchestral parts, both of which have been examined and corrected by Beethoven himself. There is no note on either of the date of the composition, but the first violin part bears the following title:—

Ouvertura in C
Charakteristische
Overture
Violino 1mo

The words "*Ouvertura*" and "*Violino 1mo*" are by the copyst. The others "*in C*," "Charackteristish *Overture*," have been afterwards added by Beethoven. Both score and parts were purchased by Tobias Haslinger, at the sale of Beethoven's effects in November, 1827, and are at present in the possession of the firm of Haslinger, at Vienna. The Leipsic *Allegemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for 1828 (p. 111) contains a statement to the effect that Haslinger had bought a packet labelled "Dances and Marches, &c.," at some absurdly low price, and that the packet was found to contain the score and parts of an unknown Grand Characteristic Overture, which, according to the recollections of Schuppanzigh, had been tried over by the composer,—as, indeed, was evident from its containing his own corrections in red pencil. Early in 1828 Haslinger announced the approaching appearance of the work in the Munich *Musikzeitung* as "Grosse charakteristische Ouverture, 138 werk," a title which agrees in all essential respects with Beethoven's own inscription already quoted. The work, however, as we shall see, eventually appeared under another title.

The performance of the Overture after its discovery was at a Concert of Bernhard Romberg's at Vienna, on Feb. 7th, 1828, the report of which in the Leipsic *Allegemeine Musik Zitung* for 1828 (p. 225), speaks of the "great interest excited by Beethoven's last Overture, in MS., from his Remains." The same thing is repeated in the Vienna *Theater Zeitung* for 1828 (pages 68 and 82), while in the *Sammler* for Feb. 28th, 1828, we find: "At this Concert an Overture was given, from Beethoven's Remains, a work which, to judge from its quiet character, belongs to his early period." The second performance took place on the 13th of the following March at one of the *Concerts Spirituels*, in the programme of which it is announced as "Grosse Charakteristische Overture von Beethoven (MS.)" Other reports may be found in the Leipsic *Allegemeine Musik Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 296); the Berlin *Musik Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 215); and the Vienna *Theater Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 151).

It is evident from the foregoing that up to March 1828 nothing was known of the date at which the Overture was composed; nor is anything said to lead to the conclusion that it was recognized as belonging to *Leonora*. It was published, however, in the year 1832 or 1833, by Haslinger, under the title, "Ouverture in C, componirt im Jahr 1805 zur Oper Leonore," &c., and in the first edition of Schindler's *Biography*, (1840) p 58, (compare the 3rd edition i. 127, ii. 42), it is mentioned as the first of the four Overtures to *Leonore*, and as therefore composed before the so-called "No. 2," which was played when the Opera was first put on the boards, in 1805. With these notices, in so far as they give 1805 for the date of composition, all later statements agree; and they evidently form the foundation of the belief mentioned at the outset of these remarks.

I have, now, however, to mention a fact which has made its appearance during my examination of a large collection of Beethoven's Sketches, and is in direct opposition to the ordinary assumption.

On the upper side of a leaf of Sketches are found fragments belonging to the second and third movements of the C Minor Symphony.

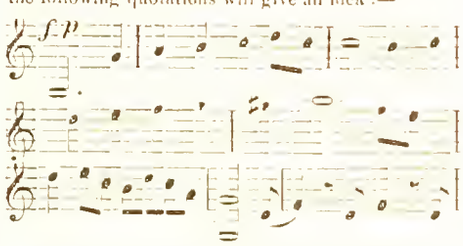
Turning over the leaf we find the top staves of the second page occupied with the following passage from the transition to the *Finale* of the same Symphony:—(we omit quotation)

And this again is immediately followed by a page belonging to the Overture, Op. 138:—(quotation)

From this it is evident that the Sketches for the Overture were made later than those for the Symphony.

We turn now to a collection of Sketches, consisting of four consecutive sheets, containing 16 pages, and belonging to the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" of Vienna. On the first page we find, amongst others, the following, belonging to the C Minor Symphony:—(quotation).

On the second page are Sketches for the Overture, extending connectedly through 12 pages, of which the following quotations will give an idea:—



These again are followed by a Sketch for the first movement of the Violoncello Sonata, Op. 69 (quotation).

From the contents and relative positions of the above quotations, it is evident that the Overture was begun when the C Minor Symphony was near its close, and that it was completely sketched when the Violoncello Sonata was first taken in hand.

The time at which the Overture was commenced would be more exactly ascertainable if we knew when the Symphony was either finished or near its completion. On this point, however, we have as yet no exact information. The original MS. does not exhibit any date. Schindler's first edition (p. 69) states that the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies were written in 1806, 7, and 8; but the third edition says that the C Minor was written at Heiligenstadt, where Beethoven was residing in the year 1808 Little reliance, however, can be placed on Schindler's statements. Thayer (*Chron. Verzeichniss*, p 74) also gives 1808 as the date of composition, but with a note of interrogation. The list appended to the contract with Clementi, and dated the 20th of April, 1807, does not mention the Symphony at all, from which it is fair to infer that it was not at that time ready. The earliest date on which we can absolutely rely is the 22nd December, 1808, the day of the first performance of the Symphony; and this, therefore, limits the period of composition on one side. On the other side there are the following limitations. We can safely say that the Fifth Symphony was composed after the Fourth. Now, we know from the autograph that the Fourth was composed in 1806. It is, therefore, plain that neither the Fifth Symphony nor the Overture can have been written earlier than 1806, 7, or 8. But if the contract with Clementi may be taken as evidence, we can come stil closer, and say that both Symphony and overture were composed sometime between April 1807, and December 1808.

The Violoncello Sonata, being written after the Overture, is of no assistance in the enquiry. Although published in 1809, it was most probably ready in January, 1808, if not sooner.

THE arguments already drawn from the sketches are corroborated in other quarters. In the *Journal des Luxus und der Moden* of January, 1808, is the following communication from Vienna:—"I have much pleasure in informing you that Beethoven has just finished a Mass, which is to be executed at Prince Esterhazy's on the Festival of the Virgin *Fidelio* will very shortly be brought out in Prague, with a new Overture. The Fourth Symphony is in the press," &c., &c. The Mass referred to is that in C, Opus 86, which was sung for the first time at Eisenstadt on the 13th of September, 1807; but which was not complete in the preceding July, as may be seen from the letters communicated by Mr Pohl to the *Grenzboten*, 1868, No. 46 It follows, therefore, that the letter just quoted must have been written between July and the beginning of September. That by the "new Overture" is meant that in C major "Opus 138," is evident from the following considerations Seyfried, in the appendix to his book of *Beethoven Studies*, published in 1832, after speaking of the success of *Fidelio* in 1806 says—"For the Prague Theatre Beethoven wrote a new and less difficult Overture, which Haslinger purchased at the auction, and will probably publish before long"—to which remark Haslinger adds—"The Overture is already engraved in score and parts, and will be published in the course of this year (1832) in various arrangements.

The story is now perfectly clear. The German opera in Prague was to have opened in the beginning of May, with *Fidelio* or (*Leonora*), for which Beethoven was to write a short and easy Overture, in place of the long and difficult one with which his opera had been given in Vienna the year before; and it is this Overture that was published as Opus 138. Being thus composed in the year 1807, it is not the first, but the third of the *Leonora* overtures; and that hitherto known as No 2 (1805) is the first, and No. 3 (1806) the second. The fourth in E major remains in its old position, although as we shall presently see, it was nearly being No 5.

It is difficult to understand how Haslinger, being aware, as he was, of Seyfried's statement, should, on the title page of his edition have named 1805 as the year of the composition of the Overture. One way, however, there is of accounting for this. At the time the Overture was printed only two overtures to *Leonora* were known. Thus in the Vienna *Allgemeine Musikalische Anzeiger* of March 17th, 1831 (Haslinger's own publication) we read—"At the third Concert Spiritual, on the 10th inst, Beethoven's rarely-performed overture to *Leonora* (afterwards called *Fidelio*) was played. Beethoven is known to have superseded this work by another, as being too long for dramatic effect, and too hard for an ordinary orchestra." The Vienna *Theaterzeitung* for 1831 speaks at page 135 of the same concert, and praises the execution of the concluding *presto* of the overture—"a piece in which it is hard indeed to make the violins go well," &c The *Allgemeine musik Anzeiger* of April 21st, 1831, says—"We have reason to believe that at the approaching performance of *Fidelio* at the Court Theatre the two Overtures will be given alternately;" and on the 12th of April, 1832, "at the performance of *Fidelio* for Madame Fischer Achten's benefit—the Overture was that originally composed for the opera, but afterwards laid aside on account of its immense difficulty." There can be no doubt that the two Overtures mentioned in these extracts are the great one in C major of 1806, and the fourth in E major of 1814 Now it must have been known that Beethoven wrote more than two *Leonora* overtures, and that the opera was produced in 1805 with a different overture to that played at its reappearance in 1806 But still, at that time, very little can have been known of the 1805 overture (the actual first), beyond its bare existence, or indeed until its performance at Leinsic in 1840 and its publication in 1842 as "No. 2" And as the occurrence of the passage from Florestan's air in the overture Opus 138 fixed it as one of the *Leonora* overtures, so the assumption was easy that it was the 1805 one, and in this way the addition of that date to the title of Haslinger's edition may be explained.

Of the existence of the Prague overture Schindler had no knowledge; he has assumed Haslinger's date as correct, and, as far as I know, he was the first to arrange the four overtures in the chronological order in which they are at present generally accepted; but it must not be overlooked that neither he nor Haslinger has given us anything in confirmation of the assumed date of Opus 138, and all efforts have hitherto proved unavailing to discover its source, or to find any authority which should in any way corroborate its accuracy. In fact the date is one which never has been, nor can be sustained, and which rests entirely upon itself.

Schindler's farther statement has anything but a probable sound. His words (i. 127, ii. 42 and 43) are as follows:—"The Overture was hardly finished before Beethoven's confidence began to be shaken in it. His friends were of the same opinion. A rehearsal with a small orchestra was arranged at Prince Lichnowsky's, at which the work, as a whole, was found unsuitable for a prelude to the opera. Neither in ideas, style, or character, did it suit the taste of the tribunal, and it was therefore laid aside." One cannot resist asking who it was that constituted this musical tribunal to which Beethoven submitted himself; and, indeed, who ever heard of his submitting himself to such judgment? The utmost that can be true in the whole history is that the overture was rehearsed at Prince Lichnowsky's, and that Beethoven himself discovered imperfections in it and decided on altering them; and this falls in with other considerations which shall be mentioned, and which it is hardly necessary to say will (like the foregoing) be in direct opposition to Schindler's statements.

In the MS. copy of the Overture mentioned at the outset of these remarks, there are many alterations in Beethoven's hand, made at a later date, probably in the year 1814, when he undertook the final revision of his opera. Some of these alterations are only indicated and not thoroughly carried out, and in every case the original reading is legible. The appearance of the MS shows conclusively that it cannot have been a copy made for the press or considered as complete for publication, a fact directly at variance with Schindler's assertion (ii. 42), that Beethoven in the year 1823 was meditating the immediate publication of the Overture "Op. 138," which had been in the hands of Steiner & Co. for several years—an assertion which is as incorrect as another of his statements (i. 127), that the firm of Steiner & Co. had already (that is to say, in 1805) acquired the copyright of the Overture, Steiner's firm not having come into existence until the year 1815. But to proceed. Some of the alterations can be read in two ways, and therefore would only puzzle the engraver and lead to mistakes in the publication. In the editions of Haslinger and Breitkopf all the intelligible and available alterations have been included *

But this was not all. When he was preparing the opera for its third appearance, in 1814, he took the Overture in hand and entirely remodelled it. The principal themes were retained, but the key was changed into E major. That in this form it was intended for *Fidelio* there can be no manner of doubt; for, in the sketches, the chief themes of the Overture are intermixed with passages from Florestan's air at the beginning of the second act.

Beethoven, however, did not carry these intentions into practice, but wrote instead the well known Overture in E major Had he done so we should probably have had five overtures to *Leonora*, and the Overture of 1807 would have been regarded as the forerunner of a fourth in 1814, just as that of 1805 (the real No 1 is now regarded as the parent of that of 1806. It seems probable that when Beethoven first thought of an entire revision of the overture Op. 138 he put it before him in its original form and key, made a few alterations, and added the title "Characteristic Overture." The question now remains. If, according to the ordinary belief, the Overture Op. 138 was composed in 1805 and was the actual first of the *Leonora* overtures, is it explicable, is it possible to believe that, at the final revision of his opera, in the year 1814, he should have gone back to a work from which he was separated by so enormous a gap as the two great Overtures of C major?

*It may be interesting here to draw attention to the principal of these corrections in the Introduction, bars 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, which Beethoven has altered and shortened by a whole bar.

A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK.—No. 6.

(From the London Choir.)

In the evening I followed the usual custom of the musical people of Dresden, and went to the Opera-house, a huge temporary wooden building, capable of seating three thousand persons, erected shortly after the lamentable fire at the late splendid Opera-house, which was totally destroyed. The prices of admission varied from 3s. 6d to 9d, the house being so constructed that every one could both hear and see well. I had a front stall in the parquette, immediately in front of the stage and orchestra, and I was delighted to find on receiving a programme that my long wished for opportunity of hearing one of Wagner's most popular operas in Germany was now to be gratified. We were to have the "Meister singer," and it was certainly put upon the stage and performed most effectively. The orchestra consisted of about sixty performers, directed by that able musician and composer Dr. Julius Rietz, Mendelssohn's friend. Whether from the intense heat and the want of proper ventilation in the building, or from the want of repose, variety and relief in the music, I was quite overcome at the end of the first act, and was com-

pelled to return to my hotel—perhaps a wiser, but certainly a sadder man. Undoubtedly Wagner's instrumentation is the work of a master and not for one moment does he apparently allow the performers to indulge in the luxury of a few bars rest. Nearly every instrument in the orchestra seemed to have an obligato part, and all were playing at one and the same time. It was impossible to catch more than the ghost or fragment of a tune. No sooner did the ear find a snatch of pretty melody when it instantly gave place to another equally brief; every conceivable device seemed to be employed to render every subject peculiar and fragmentary, and yet undoubtedly many of the dramatic situations were powerful and effective. Especially interesting was the opening portion of the opera at the conclusion of the singular and overwrought overture. Here the scene in the church, the groupings, and never ceasing action of two or three score of people on the stage, undoubtedly excite lively interest, and seemed to be highly and fully appreciated by the composer's numerous admirers, who were present in full force, and some of whom did their best to impress upon my mind the sublime superiority of this and other Wagnerian effusions over the masterpieces of those great musicians whom either my education or my prejudices had taught me to esteem the highest. I did not hear very much of Wagner's music, but what I did hear I can conscientiously say I did not like. Richard Wagner's music may possibly be worthy of association, as his admirers affirm, with the greatest operatic inspirations of Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Rossini and Meyerbeer; it may be possessed of many of the highest attributes of the art; it may, and does undoubtedly interest a large section of his countrymen; it may in its association with the dramatic books of his own construction produce novel and startling effects; but it will never, in my humble opinion, become popular with those who love music for music's sake, and believe that melody, form and rhythm, and clearness of design are essential elements in all good and beautiful music. The works of the great masters, which defy the inroads of time, possess the two essentials of life and greatness, beauty and truth; beauty as evidenced in its inspired tune and loveliness; truth in conforming to the canons of art and to those rules of composition by which the man of genius avails himself of scholarship, to cement and consolidate his ideas. It would seem that Wagner, in his late productions, has aimed too much at mystification, or perhaps he regards it as originality. And yet he *has* produced pleasing and intelligable music. His opera, "The Flying Dutchman," composed thirty years ago, and produced with considerable success in London this year, is not only natural and flowing in its music, but is sufficiently interesting and original to warrant the assertion that, had this composer followed the bent of his early inclination and genius, he would have brought the whole musical world to acknowledge that he was the great musical apostle his followers and admirers now claim him to be—a claim to which, I venture to think, any but prejudiced people will deny his right.

The day following I visited the Royal Porcelain Stores, and also took the welcome opportunity of seeing the magnificent collection of paintings in the famous and extensive Gallery, where are a number of representations of the interiors of churches by Peter Neuf, which will well repay careful study—and notably a remarkable effort of Gering's, painted in the year 1665, in which there appears a large organ, elevated on a screen over two arches; but all this has been so frequently described elsewhere, that any further account is unnecessary. In the evening, after having been present at one of those sumptuous dinners for which the large hotels in Dresden are so celebrated, I repaired to the charming Belvidere Gardens on the banks of the Elbe, and there listened to the usual excellent band in the company of hundreds of persons enjoying themselves in a similar tranquil way, and apparently intensely appreciative of the pleasant strains. The next morning (Tuesday) I proceeded to the Hofkirche and kept my appointment with its well known organist, Herr Gustav Merkel, whom I found waiting for me. He began at once to show the specialities and powers of the noble instrument which, built by Silbermann in 1754, has three manuals and a pedal organ of eight stops; the following being its *disposition*:—

MANUAL 1.

	Feet.
Principal	16
Bordun	16
Fagott	16
Principal	8
Gamba	8
Rohrflöte	8
Trompete	8
Octave	4
Spitzflöte	4
Quint	2 2-3
Octave	2
Terz	1 3 5
Cymbel	3 fog.
Mixtur	4
Cornett	5
Tremulant.	

MANUAL 2.

Quintaton	16
Principal	8
Gedackt	8
Quintaton	8
Undamaris	8
Octave	4
Octave	2
Terz	4 5
Quinte	1 1 3
Sifflöte	1
Mixtur	3

PEDAL.

Subbass	32
Posaune	16
Principal	16
Octave	8
Tromete	8
Octave	8
Trompete	4
Mixtur	6
Coppel.	

	Feet.
Rohrflöte	4
Nassat	2 2 3
Octave	2
Terz	1 3-5
Flageolet	1
Mixtur	4 fog.
Cornet [Echo]	5 fog.
Vox humana	8
Schwebung.	

MANUAL 3.

Gedact	8
Schalmei	8
Principal	4
Rohrflöte	4
Quinte [gedt]	2 2-3

No organ I heard in Germany pleased me better than this; it has a ringing quality of tone of a rich and powerful character, and, were the reeds equal to the fine work, the instrument would, for its size, be quite unsurpassed. As with previous German organists, Herr Merkel politely requested me first to try the organ, which I did by playing some English compositions, that appeared greatly to interest him; and afterwards he performed in his own admirable style Bach's Passacaglia in C minor, one of Schumann's Fugues on the name of Bach, and some of his own charming compositions. The reverberation and echo in this church, when empty, are great indeed, greater than I have heard in our English Cathedrals and large public buildings, and I need scarcely add that this fact considerably militated against the clear and distinct hearing of the music. I ought to mention that the case which contains the organ is one of immense size, excellent design, and most richly ornamented. Most of the 16ft. metal pipes are placed in front and divided into five compartments.

The next day, in accordance with an invitation, I paid a visit to Dr. Julius Rietz, when we discussed at length musical matters in general, but more particularly the redoubtable Richard Wagner, as well as organ-music, German and English. As with other Germans, I found him also quite unacquainted with any compositions for the king of instruments by Englishmen, and I felt it therefore a pleasure to be able to enlighten this able musician by going through with him not only many excellent works written for the organ, but also several cantatas, anthems, &c., by some of our first composers. On the whole, he seemed somewhat surprised and much gratified by their perusal. I was highly pleased to receive from Dr. Rietz a copy of a new and exquisite duet which he had just written for organ and violin, and which, since my return to England, I have frequently introduced (such favor has it earned) at my own organ concerts in Leeds. The pleasure of my visit to this most amiable musician was further enhanced by a promise from him to send me a contribution for my organ book.

On the evening of the same day, after having discovered and supplied myself with many new musical publications of much interest and beauty, I left Dresden for Magdeburg. During the journey a singular incident occurred, which showed unmistakably how well the musical education of the young is cared for in Germany.

At one of the stations (Oschatz) where we stopped for refreshments, a number of boys (probably twenty) returning from school, were met by their companions and also by several young girls, whose joy at returning home was evidenced in their beaming, happy countenances. The whole party quickly formed into a procession, and, marching off two abreast with military precision, headed by the biggest boy, who played a large accordion, sang with excellent time and accent to appropriate words a pretty and simple two-part song.

I reached Magdeburg in the middle of the night, and early on the following morning called upon Dr. Ritter, the organist of the Cathedral, to whom I had a letter of introduction, but to my great disappointment found that he had left home only the day previous for his usual fortnight's holiday, and that the immense Cathedral organ which I had travelled nearly 200 miles to hear, would not and could not, as my informant told me, be played during the doctor's absence. I had, therefore, to content myself with an inspection of the Cathedral, in which are many beautiful objects of art, the marble pulpit especially claiming attention, and with eliciting such information of the organ as the attendants of the Cathedral could afford me. The instrument which now stands in the church was built under the direction of Dr. Ritter by N. Renbke of Hausneindorf, near Quedlenburg, at a cost of 7000 thalers. It has four manuals, eighty-one registers, and 5256 pipes, most of the metal pipes being made of almost pure tin; it has also the advantage of the pneumatic lever, and other modern inventions for facilitating performance. On leaving the Cathedral, which I did with a deep sigh of disappointment, having travelled so far for such small results, I encountered several troops of artillery just proceeding from the great fortress of Magdeburg, and who have been since, I understand, actively engaged in the thick of the war. I was now anxious to return to my friends at Hamburg, for which hospitable city I left at 11:30 a. m., arriving there safely at 5 10 p. m.

(To be Continued).

Education in Art.

We must abandon the idea that art is a device of leisure and luxury, a meretricious addition, which the pampered appetite of self indulgence and superfluous wealth makes to its weary stock of the merely useful and the necessary. It is man's inmost dream and longing for perfection, striving to realize itself in external forms. Oh, what hidden poetry there is in all souls! what latent wealth of sentiment, what sensibility to beauty, what yearning for harmony and fine effects of tones and chords in color and tune! Who does not see the secret evidence of an inexhaustible capacity for the enjoyment and use of beauty in color and form, in every lovely woman's dress, however humble,—the twist and folds of her hair, the plaits in her bodice, the sweep and set of her skirts, the neatness and finish of her simplest attire? And what American home—ay, cabin—has not some shrine of taste, even though it were only the white curtains in the spare room, the few pictures, perhaps cut from the newspaper, over the daughter's chest of drawers, or the posey stuck in a broken bottle upon the mantle piece? . . . We commend this example, then, to our village circles. Three times in the year, at least, have a series of tableaux in your town hall. Let all the people come together. Make the occasion one of charity. Let it build up, now this, now that, religious or philanthropic cause. Let all join to aid the Congregational, the Episcopal, the Unitarian or Universalist Society, which ever happens to be the beneficiary for the day. Mutual consideration and common charity will thus be promoted; above all, taste and beauty will creep into the community. Worship will catch unexpected inspiration: home will grow more artistic and beautiful; sparks of genius will be struck out of many cold seeming breasts; old people will appear in new characters; many prejudices will be softened; sectarian rancor will subside; and the wealth and richness of humanity will come out of what seemed monotonous and unpromising spheres. Dull and vulgar life will put on a little bravery and ornament; the taste for pictures will grow; the better art journals will be taken; more attention given to domestic and church music; a finer sense of color and form in nature be developed; and the sacred and divine mission of art be sped on its way, in a country now so bare of its refining influences, yet so ready to carry it, finally, to a pitch never before realized in religion or common life.—*Old and New.*

Why Our Art is Poor. The Gothic cathedrals were built when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshipped. Tragedy was instituted for the like purpose, and the miracles of music all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm, and never out of dilettanteism and holidays. Now they languish because their purpose is merely exhibition. Who cares, who knows what works of art our government have ordered to be made for the capitol? They are a mere flourish to please the eye of persons who have associations with books and galleries. But in Greece, the Demos of Athens divided into political factions upon the merits of Phidias.

In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold. Popular institutions, the school, the reading-room, the telegraph, the post-office, the exchange, the insurance company, and the immense harvest of economical inventions are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants; and their fruits are the superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerate the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man; they are indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany or the isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit whose triple face they are, moulds from them forever, for his immortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.—*Emerson.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, DEC. 7.—Since my last letter quite a number of more or less important events have occupied our musical attention. There is doubt whether the concerts of the Chicago Quintette Society will be carried through the season, they were given at so great a loss. This, however, was partly owing to bad management. The advertising and other expenses were made too great. Of concert troupes we have had three or four. The Lefranc concerts were very poorly attended. Miss Kellogg had a small house, yet larger than Lefranc. The Barnabee troupe came nearest being what it purported. Mrs. H. M. Smith was greatly admired for her simple and unaffected way of singing. Arbuckle's melody playing has never been surpassed here. Barnabee himself, of course, was the trump card—if you know what that means. In the West everybody is supposed to know the mysteries of Euchre, Draw Poker, and other similar games of genius.

Miss Adelaide Phillipps came here for two concerts last week. She employed a small orchestra led by Mr. Grossenth, a very good but terribly ungraceful conductor. The accompaniments were fairly done (much better than what I hear of Maretzek's performances for Nilsson), but the oboes and clarinets were rough enough. The programmes did not strike me as interesting, though I have been assured by members of the troupe that they were excellent. Miss Phillipps sang Handel's noble old melody "*Lascia ch' io pianga*," as she alone can sing it, and "*Una voce poco fa*," and some lighter things among which "Comin' thro' the rye." In this latter she puts in a run near the end that almost spoils the song for me. The entire artistic interest of the concert centred in Miss Phillips, and, as she confined herself to one good song in each programme, it was no wonder the public gave her hardly a larger house than it had already given Kellogg. One Sunday, however, she and Lévy were engaged to sing at Unity Church at the regular Organ Concert, the price of which was raised to fifty cents, for the benefit of the Sabbath School. The house was crowded, nearly seven hundred dollars being taken. The success was complete. Miss Phillips sang in her best method Costa's "I dreamt I was in heaven," and "*Pietà*" from the *Prophete*. The first was the grandest artistic triumph that our concert rooms have witnessed for many years. From all quarters I learn that the impression was most profound. There is one point in Miss Phillipps' singing that I must make bold to criticize, and that is the noise of her aspirations. I do not think it at all necessary that the breathing should be audible throughout a large hall, as in this case, and I speak of it because it is the one blemish on what else were well-nigh perfect. I ought to have particularly referred to Miss Phillipps' singing in "*Una voce poco fa*," which was the most finished piece of vocalism ever heard here, as many say. Not having been here so long, I cannot say. The price of concerts must be lowered or small houses will always ensue. People will not pay opera prices for one or two good songs.

In this Sunday Concert Mr. Creswold played the *Andante con moto* from Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, Monastery Bells, and the Overture to *Tancredi*. This gentleman is one of the most pleasing popular organists in the country, having a very discriminative taste for orchestral effects. In my description of his technique as being "showy but superficial," I was perhaps rather sweeping, and as I have been repeatedly called to account for it, I now rise to explain. By a showy technique I mean command enough of the organ to appear to play almost everything, and facility in stop-work enough to make rapid and effective changes. By "superficial" I mean to say that the pedal playing is not phrased, the manuals in intricate passages are not always clear, and that all light no-organ-like music is better performed than that which is proper to the instrument. Nevertheless this gentleman is really an acquisition to our city, and as a popular player his failings lean to virtue's side.

Mr. Dudley Buck's recitals continue. I append programmes:

Fourth

Sonata in D minor, Op. 15.....J. A. VanEyken
Andante, from the "Sonata Pastorale," Op. 28 Beethoven.
Theme, Variations and Finale in A flat ..... Thiele.
Pictures from the Orient. Op. 66, No. II.... Schumann
Transcription, from the Piano Duets..... Weber
Prelude and Fugue, on the name Bach .....J. S. Bach.
Overture to Stradella".... .. .. Flotow.

Fifth.

a. Grand Prelude in B minor..... . Bach.
b. Study, No. 6, in Canon Form..... Schumann.
Concerto, No. 2, in B flat . ...Handel
Rondo Grazioso ... .Spohr
Concert Fanta-ia, on the Prayer from "Der Freischutz." F. Lux
Spring Song and Romance, Op. 69 ..... . Schumann.
Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor" . . Nicolai.
Adagio, Op. 35 .. ..G. Merkel *
*Organist to the King of Saxony.

Of the difficulty of some of these selections I need not inform eastern organists. The audiences at these recitals are of the most select. I am glad to say that the series is a complete financial success. Every single one of these pieces was performed with great finish, and the most perfect neatness, combined with an intelligent artistic feeling.

On the 16th and 17th we have a Beethoven Festival by the *Concordia* Society. The Choral Symphony will be given, and other great works. *Fidelio* will be given in February. Yours,

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

German Music in Italy.

FLORENCE, NOV. 26, 1870. Florence has been called the capital of bad music, and the title is, alas, too well merited. From time to time there is a convulsive, spasmodic effort to introduce classical music. The effort fails and hope dies. A quartet of stringed instruments give several concerts in Lent, and manage to pay expenses; and last spring HANS VON BUELOW gave us two fine orchestral concerts with a good substantial programme. This same great performer is still here. He has ceased to dispute the position of first German pianist with Rubinstein and Tausig in his own country, and has made Florence his home for the present. He is certainly one of the finest living pianists. Perhaps he is not so grand in very difficult octave passages as Tausig, nor has he as much sentiment as Rubinstein; but with an exquisite delicacy of touch he combines a wonderful power of understanding and translating music. He brings out that part of music which has been produced by brain-work, rather than that part which has come purely from the heart. For this reason he is eminently fitted to perform the works of BEETHOVEN, and during this month he has given us three concerts devoted exclusively to that composer. On the first evening he gave his early productions—none later than 1801,—consisting of a piano solo:

"Sonata quasi fantasia, Op. 27, No. 1." Duets: piano and violin, and piano and violoncello; and a trio of piano, violin and violoncello. The second evening was devoted to the second period of Beethoven's development, ending about 1808; and the third evening gave us works composed between that date and 1821. The opportunity of studying the great prince of composers was most admirable, the execution could not be surpassed; the position of the concert hall was convenient to all; and the price of tickets was reasonable. What was the result? Barely two hundred people were present! Russians, Germans, English and Americans formed the audience. Italians were sprinkled in here and there, and the few who did come disturbed the rest by talking, for "'tis their nature to."

Let us therefore take this example, added to many others, as a proof that the Italians as a nation do not love classical music, and why? Principally, I think, for two reasons, the first of which is *habit*. Their ears are accustomed to melodies, and not to carefully studied harmonies. It is not the fashion to like harmonies. An Aria is what every young lady is expected to warble; and an effective, showy waltz is the most elaborate allowable parlor piece. If, on the contrary, classical music should become fashionable, very many would necessarily be fascinated by its intrinsic merits and cultivate the taste for it; but even then it would gain ground but slowly on Italian soil. Secondly, it cannot grow in the peculiar atmosphere of Italian society. The character of the people is exactly the opposite of its character. They decidedly object to depth; not to seriousness, but to excessive solidity. Their diet is not solid. Their wines are light. Their religion is not a severe one. Their exercise is always gentle. The rain in Italy never seems very wet nor fire very hot. The only thing that seems to be very intense is solar heat, and that affects their whole being. Their conversation is sunshiny, but seldom profound. They consider life in general as rather a sunshiny affair; and their beau ideal seems to be to bask peacefully in the sunshine whenever there is any to bask in. All this is evidently opposed to that patient, reflective, metaphysical German nature, of which classical music is the offspring. Such music, being the result of careful and profound human thought and imbued with sentiment, requires evidently close attention and concentration for its perfect appreciation, besides a certain musical education on the part of the listener. No thought is worth much if its full import is evident at its first expression, and no music is worth much that does not require study and that does not produce new impressions at each repetition. Beethoven's music is eminently of this class. The Italians are certainly capable of understand it, as far as mental power goes, but it must necessarily be distasteful to them. As one of them said to me: "When I want to study, I take up my geometry; when I seek entertainment, let me have some pleasant light music of Donizetti or Bellini, and none of the idiomatic, problematic and fanatic enigmas of Wagner and the other Teutons."

Finally, let us remark, that all things act reciprocally. If the Italians reject good, nutricious music, they must in turn be influenced by that inferior article which their musical nature lives upon; and we Americans, who are not yet mature as a nation, but still in process of formation, may take a lesson from these happy Southerners. We may lay it down as a law, that every successful effort to cultivate the American taste for classical music is a help toward making the national mind thoughtful and elevated.

SIXELA.

The New Opera, "Gulnara."

BY SIG. MAESTRO LIBANI.

FLORENCE, NOV. 10, 1870.—The production of music in Italy, like its vegetation, is spontaneous and abundant. Naples will soon be put down in the school geographies as "a city of 700,000 inhabitants, etc. Its chief products being maccaroni and composers; the difference being that the maccaroni is excellent and the composers otherwise." Petrella, however, has real merit and a good style, although he is a Neapolitan. But the author of "Gulnara" is a Roman, and this is his first opera. He is a man about thirty five, of a light built figure, delicate complexion, very black hair and eyes, and an unusually pleasant voice. He has studied at Rome and published numerous minor pieces.

Sig. Libani paid five thousand francs to have his opera put on the stage, besides one-half of the expenses of new costumes, which adds another thousand, and other incidental expenses, such as music copying, etc. The conditions are as usual in Italy. If the opera fails, Sig. Libani loses 6,500 francs. If it is a success, the director of the opera company pays

a certain per cent. of the nett receipts, and the composer is very likely to sell his opera to some music publisher.

The first representation was on Nov. 9th, at the Pagliano, the largest opera house in Florence. The plot is laid in Germany in the 12th century. Job (barytone) is the usurper of his brother's throne, and covets Regina for his bride. Regina (soprano) loves Oberto, a noble of the court. Gulnara (contralto) is a former courtezan of Frederick Barbarossa, and is full of vengeance against the usurping brother Job. Regina is very ill and Oberto swears to do anything that Gulnara may ask of him if she will cure Regina by a secret process known only to herself, and the compact is made. Frederick Barbarossa returns as a pilgrim and learns of Gulnara's plans of vengeance. Regina appears ready for the marriage ceremony. Job steps in and challenges Oberto. Frederick, how-
er, also appears, stops the duel, and banishes Job.
n the fourth and last act, Job is discovered on the seashore. Gulnara brings Oberto to the spot and swears to put an end to Regina unless Oberto stabs Job. Frederick appears again just in the nick of time to save Job. Gulnara comes in and recognizes her former king and confesses her plan, which was that Oberto was to kill Job, his own father, to avenge the supposed death of Frederick. Gulnara blesses Regina and Oberto, and dies.

There is nothing striking or original in the plot; there is little incident and no real climax. The chorus stands helplessly looking on, and seems almost like the chorus of a Greek tragedy. The whole plot lacks unity, and the music is in harmony with the plot. There are numerous bits of harmony and passages that are very pathetic. The tenor solo in the third act, and a final sextet with full orchestra are really excellent; but the connecting passages are awkward and unmeaning. The composition of the opera shows decided immaturity. The composer has made use of all his instrumental force throughout the opera. To be sure, he has balanced the instruments very well, but the uninterrupted, full volume of sound becomes monotonous; and Sig. Libani has furthermore an unfortunate tendency to make long crescendo movements with a loud explosion of brass instruments at the end. The bassoon seems to be a favorite instrument with him, and its frequent prominence produces a most unpleasant effect. The vocal part of the opera is melodious only for the tenor. The contralto part descends almost into loud recitation; and the bass generally meanders carelessly among his five lowest notes. The composer frequently leaves the singers unsupported by the instruments. This effect is often very pleasing, especially in *piano* choruses well performed; but the Italians sing too much by ear to execute this style of music well, and consequently the two choruses of that nature failed most pitiably: one, on the stage, where the tenors took the wrong note, and another, behind the scenes, where they were all out of time. On the whole it may be said that the vocal part is monotonous and commonplace; that the composer has paid much greater attention to the orchestration, that the opera shows careful work and little sign of great genius. We should say that Sig. Libani had studied Gluck and Wagner and that he was a weak dilution of them both, lacking the characteristic clearness and purity of the former, as well as the daring boldness of the latter. "Gulnara" will probably cross neither the seas nor the Alps; but there is a possibility that the name of Libani may do so at some future day. We remember that *Traviata* was hissed at its first representation, and *Sonnambula* for the first six nights; and yet Verdi and Bellini have won much fame.

The Pagliano was quite full and the audience was unusually attentive and quiet. The "claqueurs" and friends of the composer managed to create some applause during the first three acts; but a dead silence at the end of the opera told plainly that it had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The probability is that Sig. Libani will pocket his disappointment and a loss of 6,500 francs.

The failure of this individual is however of little importance except in its generic signification. The system of producing new operas only at the expense of the composer is evidently disastrous to the development of genius. No young man dares to attempt an opera unless he has five or ten thousand francs to spare; whereas a competent jury might be formed to decide knowingly whether a work had real merit and was worthy of representation or not. In which case every aspirant to musical fame might do his best and in case of failure his time only would be lost.

SIXELA.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 17, 1870.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven.

God consecrates his high-priests with an oil
Of unction, potent far beyond our dreams,
And leads them where his awful glory beams,
Through rugged pathways of divinest toil;
For peace comes perfectest thro' life's turmoil;
And crowned souls, like crowned heads, must bear
Of anguish, more than joy, a royal share,
(Ay, though with compressed lips and heart recoil!)
For the great joy evolved therefrom to Man.
And so we mourn not o'er the drear estate
Which shadowed thee, Beethoven, with its ban,—
A price how small for privilege how great!—
When thy locked sense groped upward and found there
The shining ladder reaching through the air.

J. H. B.

To the Statue of Beethoven in the Music Hall.

With downcast brow, as wrapt in musings grand,
Thou standest ever, through the lonely night,
Or when the hall, through all its listening height,
Echoes thy music from some master hand.
O wondrous heaven-taught spirit, who hast planned
These magic-woven harmonies aright
To hold us spell-bound in a strange delight,
While each emotion starts at thy command,
Cannot the subtle language of thine art
Waft us some message from the silent shore
Thrilling the depths of every world-worn heart?
A childish longing! Thou hast told before
What we, at best, interpret but in part:
We could not understand thee telling more.

—*Harvard Advocate, Dec. 9.*

The Centennial Celebration.

One hundred years ago to-day, in the Electoral city of Bonn upon the Rhine, of humble parentage, was born the Great Musician, whose harmonies are ringing through the world as the most fitting medium men can find for the expression of the universal heartfelt honor to his memory. For what can we say of him, which his own music, through a thousand tongues, in forms as manifold and fresh and individual as the creations of a Shakespeare, do not say for us with an eloquence and power surpassing human speech? Who shall express him truly, if it be not himself? Who declare his meaning, if we do not feel it in his Symphonies?

In the Elector's service, like his fathers, he grew up there in Bonn, while the fierce Revolution was growing and ripening into the whirlwind that swept away the Electorate and changed so much of the old order of things. His genius, too, his music was full of the new life, the spirit of the New Era. Ideals of a better future, of Liberty and Brotherhood, of Love and Truth and Beauty, of Unity and perfect Order, fired his soul and throb forever in those "struggling chords" which he "tore" out of life's hard experience, and resolved them all into sublime assurance of eternal Joy and Peace. Happy and great must be the Fatherland, which counts among its sons a Beethoven, after a Bach, a Handel, a Haydn, Mozart and so many great ones! United Germany, peaceful and strong, intelligent and just, foremost in high ideals and good works, shall be but the fulfilment of the song of all her great tone-prophets. How could a people whose civilization has been all impregnated with such deep, earnest music, fail at last to triumph over the more shallow, baneful civilization whose chief ideal was "*la gloire*" and evermore aggressive? If the music of a people be the expression, as we certainly believe, of the inmost deepest moral quality and instinct of that people, then the ascendency of Germany in European politics as well as culture has been for two centuries most signally foreshadowed.

But such an influence does not stop with national boundaries; it includes the world. Here in the New World, babes as we were in Art, the music of the modern master was particularly sympathetic to the ideals, the whole spirit of the young, free republic. Beethoven's music speaks to our people with more quickening power than any other. Here in New England, in Boston, nursery of generous ideas and larger culture, Beethoven is as much a household name as Shakespeare. With the hearing of the Fifth Symphony, some thirty years ago, our musical culture and enthusiasm, in any live and earnest sense, may be said to have begun. We knew him before we knew Haydn or Mozart. We began with the greatest; he led in the rest; all the nine Symphonies have become familiar to all musically appreciative persons, and are prized among the very choicest treasures of our life. What city has a calling to take part, in the best way it can, though it be humble, in the universal celebration, if not Boston?

But to our task, which, for the present, is to give our portion of the Commemorative programme, beginning at home.

Beethoven in Boston.

The programme of the week cannot be fairly stated without a glance at the whole season. The initiative (in honoring the great Symphonist, was naturally taken by the Symphony Concerts, of which the whole series of ten has been made to pivot upon the idea of Beethoven. Not only the concert of this week (the fourth), but the opening concert, Nov. 3, and the closing one of next March (23d) have Beethoven programmes. Moreover the Symphonies of the second and third concerts have represented his great predecessors, Haydn and Mozart, the series to be continued after the birthday by his followers: Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Gade. The presentation of the four "Leonora" Overtures is another significant allusion. Altogether the ten concerts give us of Beethoven' Symphonies: the three greatest, Nos. 5, 7 and 9, the whole season ending with the exquisite, sunshiny No. 8; of his Overtures, all the great ones; the two finest piano Concertos (in G and E flat); the Choral Fantasia, and divers smaller selections.—So much for Boston's own part. Theodore Thomas also caught the spirit, while his admirable Orchestra were here, and gave two noble Beethoven concerts in October, adding to the list of Symphonies the "Eroica" and the "Pastoral," with much more of Beethoven.

And now for the programme of his Birthday Week.

1. *Tuesday Afternoon, Dec* 13 The Commemoration began with the Public Rehearsal of the fourth Symphony Concert.

2. *Thursday Afternoon.* The Concert, the noblest of the season. Programme: Third and greatest "Leonore" Overture; Soprano Scena from "Fidelio," by Mme. JOHANNSEN; Seventh Symphony—Part II. Andante and Adagio from the "Prometheus" Ballet; Choral Fantasia (Pianist, E PERABO; select choruns from the Handel and Haydn Society.

3. *Friday Evening*, at Bumstead Hall (lower Music Hall), beautifully adorned with flowers, busts, portrait, &c., a Chamber Concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The programme offered as a specimen of his earlier compositions the Septet in its original form; of the middle period, the great B flat Trio, B. J. LANG pianist; and the last of his string Quartets; besides which Mrs. WESTON was to sing the Song of "The Quail" and "Kennst du das Land?"

4. *This Evening*, at the Boston Theatre, his great and only Opera, "FIDELIO," by the combined Richings and Parepa English troupe. This everybody should attend. Report speaks very highly of their performance of it in New Haven; and the Company has given good proof of its resources throughout the week in other operas *Fidelio*, Mrs. RICHINGS-BERNARD, *Marcellina*, ROSE HERSEE, *Florestan*, Mr. CASTLE, *Rocco*, Mr. DRAYTON, an increased chorus, good orchestra, &c.

5. *Monday*, at 2 1-2 P.M., the Festival will be brought to a grand conclusion by a concert given jointly by the Handel

and Haydn Society and Harvard Musical Association; programme:

Overture to "Egmont."
Quartet [Canon] from "Fidelio."
Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. C. A. Barry, Mr. Winch and Mr. Rudolphsen.
Andante and Adagio from the "Prometheus" Ballet.
Hallelujah Chorus from the "Mount of Olives."
Ninth [Choral] Symphony.

Numerous smaller concerts were contemplated, and reluctantly abandoned for the want of a convenient hall. But enough is as good as a feast.

New York. The Beethoven programme of the Philharmonic Society for this evening promises the Seventh Symphony; the "Egmont" music, with Frau Lichtmay for singer, and Mr. Vandenhoff as reader; and the E flat Concerto, played by Marie Krebs.

The Liederkranz give the Fifth Symphony; the two Finales from *Fidelio*, as well as the Quartet from the first act; the hymn: "Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen Ehre;" and the *Sonata Appassionata*, by Miss Krebs.

The Beethoven Männerchor, on the 16th, in the Academy of Music, were to perform *Fidelio*, with the solo artists of the German Opera: Mme. Liethmay, and Messrs. Habelmann, Vierling and Franosch. And on the 17th, in their new hall, a chorus from the "Mount of Olives," a Quartet for piano and strings, and the "Kreutzer Sonata" by Messrs. Mills and Fr. Mollenhauer.

Philadelphia. Mr. Wolfsohn's second Matinée, Dec. 9, was styled "The Beethoven Memorial," and presented the following works of the great master:

Sonata, D minor, Op. 31.
Carl Wolfsohn.
Romanza, F major, Violin.
Mr. William Stoll, Jr.
Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57.
"Adelaide,"
Mr. Egerton Dillingham.
Sonata, C minor, Op. 111.

Mr. Charles H. Jarvis gave his Beethoven soirée on the 10th, with this programme:

Sonata, Piano and 'Cello, Op. 5, No. 1...... Beethoven.
F major. Adagio. Allegro.
Messrs. Jarvis and Hennig.
Sonata, Piano, Op. 2, No. 2. A major ...... Beethoven.
Three movements.
Chas. H. Jarvis.
Sonata, Piano and Violin, Op. 47............Beethoven.
Andante con variazioni.
Messrs. Jarvis and Kopta.
Sonata, Piano, Op. 106, B flat major ......Beethoven.
Allegro. Chas. H. Jarvis.
Concerto, Violin, Op. 61, D major. ...... Beethoven.
Allegro ma non troppo. [Cadenza by Joachim.]
Wenzel Kopta.
Grand Trio, Op. 97, B flat................. Beethoven.
Messrs. Jarvis, Kopta and Hennig.

"The Beethoven Society of Philadelphia," an amateur association of which Mr. Carl Wolfsohn is the founder and director, devote the first of their two concerts (semi-private), to the commemoration of the master. The *Bulletin* says:

The rehearsals for the concert of December 17th are going on so satisfactorily that there can be no doubt of its being a grand artistic success. The Society consists of about eighty ladies and gentlemen, and it is rare to find in such a number so many beautiful voices. They have mastered the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the *Mount of Olives*, the lovely quartet from *Fidelio* [as a chorus], one of the Devotional Songs—"The Heavens are Telling"—and the Choral Fantaisie. In addition, the splendid trio for soprano, tenor and bass, "Tremate, empii, tremate," a work of rare difficulty, will be sung by three of the members, and perhaps the grand dramatic solo for soprano, "Ah Perfido," will also be given. The orchestra will play the overture to *Egmont*, and the Andante and last movement of the C minor symphony.

The West Philaderphia Choral Society had their Beethoven Concert on the 8th, in Concert Hall.

The especial attraction thereof was the mass in C; a noble work, and full of inspiration. It is to be regretted that no other place could be had for its production, for much of the effect of the very creditable performance of the Society was lost by reason of the very indifferent acoustic properties of the hall. Very careful rehearsal had evidently preceded the production of this work, and we take occasion, again, to compliment Mr. Pierson in this regard, and to congratulate the Society upon the possession of so competent a conductor. The solos in the mass, is is right to say, might have been, with one exception, perhaps, entrusted to more competent persons. The soprano was by no means equal to the requirements of the music, and the tenor, we believe, can do infinitely better. A small but well-constructed orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Dietrich, performed the "Egmont Overture," and the glorious overture to "Leonora," No. 3. It also gave the accompaniments to the Mass, and to the final chorus [Hallelujah] from the "Mount of Olives," with which the concert concluded, and which was also well sung by the Society, though it would have been vastly more effective if taken less rapidly.—*Ibid.*

The second of Miss Jackson's concerts, known as the Parlor Concerts, which will be given Monday evening, Dec. 19th, will be devoted exclusively to the works of Beethoven. The instrumental works consist of the favorite "Ghost Trio," played by request; the celebrated "Triple Concerto" for piano, violin and 'cello; and the great string quartet, Op. 74, known as the "Harp Quartet." The programme will be further enriched by M. Emil Gastel, the eminent vocalist, singing three of Beethoven's songs. With the exception of the Trio, all these works are new to a Philadelphia public.

Milwaukee. The Musical Society had two evenings of celebration: Dec. 6, at St. John's Cathedral, and Dec. 9, at Music Hall. On the former occasion the *Marcia funebre* from the Heroic Symphony, and the entire Mass in C were performed, under the direction of Mr. R. Schmelz, with accompaniment of orchestra and organ. On Friday evening a concert, with an orchestra of fifty, and this programme:

Overture to "Egmont."
Seventh Symphony, A major.
Mignon, Song for Soprano ...... Words by Goethe.
Miss Juliette Austin.
Fifth Concerto for Pianoforte, E flat major.
First movement by Mr. Chas. W. Dodge.
Second and Third movements by Mr. Otto Von Gumpert.
Duetto for Soprano and Tenor [Leonore. Florestan], from "Fidelio," Second Act, No. 15.
Miss Juliette Austin and Mr. Wm. H. Jacobs.
Romanza, in G.... ...... for Violin.
Mr. Emil Weinberg.
Overture, "Leonore," No. 2.

Chicago. The Germania Männerchor do the honors here, giving two concerts under the direction of Mr. Balatka:

Friday, Dec. 16.

Jubilee Overture ....C. M. von Weber.
Oration on the Life and Works of Beethoven.
Rev. Robert Laird Collier.
Festival Cantata......................H. Balatka.
Festival Poem, written by ....Dr. C. H. Fessel.
Allegretto and Scherzo, Eighth Symphony ...... Beethoven.
Grand Aria .... Mozart.
Triumphal Battle Song of the Greeks after the Battle of Salamis........................Gernsheim.

Saturday, Dec. 17.

Overture, Leonore No. 2 in C .... Beethoven.
"Ah Perfido," Grand Aria .... "
"The Heavens are Telling" ....Haydn.
"Adelaide"........................Beethoven.
Aria.................................. "
Ninth Symphony .... "

New Haven. The city of the Elms led off last week, with a four days Festival, with excellent intention and devoted labor, having organized a "Beethoven Festival Association" for the purpose, and with a programme good and fit (so far as we have seen) in all except the opening and closing items (an English Opera and the "Battle Symphony"). We are sorry to read, therefore, in the *Independent*, that the accounts of the performance are not flattering.

"The Richings Opera Company gave a performance of 'Fidelio,' to which they were not fully equal. The Mass in C was sung. Miss Krebs played the E flat concerto and the sonata characteristique, and there were various other selections, both vocal and instrumental, making, upon the whole, an excellent series of programmes. Unfortunately, the directors were rash enough to attempt the Choral Symphony, and they failed in it. A successful interpretation of that extraordinary work is a rare and brilliant achievement, which would cover any musical society with glory. We do not believe it is possible anywhere in America outside of Boston. The public in New Haven manifested but a languid interest in the festival, and the pecuniary results were disheartening."

Montreal. We have the programme of a performance on the 15th, given in the Salle St. Patrice, with a choir of 75 voices and an orchestra of thirty, under the direction of Mr. Boucher:

Overture, "Promethee" .... Beethoven.
Sleepers Wake' Choral de "St. Paul" ...... Mendelssohn.
L'Absence—Melodie........................Beethoven.
Le Tremolo [de DeBeriot]. Caprice sur un Theme de "
Lascia ch' io pianga, Romance de "Rinaldo" ...... Haendel.
Cum Sancto Spiritu, Fugue de la "Messe solennelle" Rossini.

Ouverture: "Les Ruines D'Athenes"..........Beethoven.
Kyrie, de la Messe en *Ut*.......................... "
Andante et Allegro, *Sonate Pathetique* .... "
Adelaide, Romance [transposee].............. "
Theme de la "Flute Enchantée," varie par .... "
Alleluia, Grand Chœur du "Mont des Oliviers" "
God save the Queen, avec les variations propres de "

This, for the present, exhausts our available material. Doubtless we shall hear of many more such celebrations in the music loving cities of the wide land. Of course, the story, were it all told, would fall far short of what is done in Europe, though it speaks well for our young nation.

Of the principal Beethoven Commemorations abroad we have already given the leading features of the various plans, many of which were carried out weeks and months in advance of the actual Birthday. Many more, in Germany, are necessarily postponed by the war. But this will not interfere with the greatest of them, in the city where Beethoven spent the larger part of his life and wrote his greatest works; for we read:

A letter from Dr. Sonnleithner, the only living friend of Beethoven, to a London journal, gives some interesting information respecting the Beethoven centennial in Vienna. The festival is to last four days. On the 16th of December "Fidelio" will be sung, with the finest artists procurable, not only in the leading *roles*, but even in the small parts and the chorus. A concert on the 17th will include the grand overture in C, with the fugue, the concerto in E, played by Mme. Schumann and the Choral Symphony. On the 18th [Sunday] the Mass in D will be sung. On the 19th there will be a concert of chamber music and a representation of "Egmont."

London, however, does the most, giving in successive Crystal Palace Concerts, until Christmas, *all* the nine Symphonies, all the Piano Concerts, &c., &c., besides divers whole series of Chamber Concerts. Most remarkable, as also showing the unbounded English appetite for quantity, is the programme of the Philharmonic Concert one day in July, which contained the entire Choral Symphony, the Choral Fantasia, the Symphony in C, No. 1, the Dervishes' Chorus, the Terzetto: "Tremate, empi," and the Scena: Ah! perfido"!

Concert Review. Crowded out. Next time.

The Business of Criticism.

(From the New York Tribune.

A newspaper editor is forced to confront a great many nuisances in the course of his daily labor, but none that are quite so hard to bear as the obtuse though sometimes well-meaning people who cannot see the difference between criticism and advertising. The journalist's right to a free expression of his convictions on political and economical questions is readily admitted; it *ought* to be equally well understood that his criticisms in the different branches of the liberal arts are deliberate and honest judgments, and an interested person who attempts to influence them commits precisely the same offense as the politician who offers an editor bribes to desert the principles of his party. In every well conducted newspaper the four critical departments, literature, art, music, and the drama, are committed to the care of gentlemen who have qualified themselves, by long study and experience, to distinguish the true from the false in those particular branches, to tell whether a performance is good or bad and *why* it is either the one or the other, to encourage merit by discriminating praise, and check folly, humbug, and vice with judicious censure. The public are supposed to await their verdict with confidence that it will be the frank and deliberate opinion of men who possess some special qualifications for pronouncing a verdict. At any rate the journalist makes a tacit promise to his readers that his criticisms shall possess this character, and when he allows them to be anything else, he is guilty of false pretenses.

These principles are so plain that it is a wonder how anybody can misunderstand them; yet nothing is more common than for persons otherwise sensible and upright to enter a newspaper office with requests which are dishonorable to those who make them and insulting to those to whom they are made. Sometimes the agents of this petty fraud are vulgar fellows who have not the art to conceal their dishonesty, and then it is easy to turn them out of doors,—as we have often done to our great satisfaction. Such, for example, was the manager who not long ago offered certain critics a handsome sum of money, "to be applied to charitable *or other* purposes," if they would support an enterprise in which he was about to engage—and in which we are happy to say that he signally failed. Such are the direc-

tors of the so-called "Conservatory Concerts," who inclose with the press tickets a ten dollar bill. These people are not the editor's worst annoyances, because he can kick them without any compunction. But sometimes the insults come from reputable ladies and gentlemen, really unconscious of their offense, and such as these it is harder to deal with. The young lady who brings her volume of silly verses for review, and insists upon having "a nice kind of notice," because she is poor, or because she is ambitious, believes that the business of a critic is "to help people along." Dear Miss! cannot you understand that you are on trial, and the critic is your judge, and the public your jury? What has the editor to do with your personal history? He must not look beyond your book, and, if he does, unless he is a very Rhadamanthus, he cannot be an honest man. The artist who begs us to visit his studio and praise his latest picture,—does he suppose that we have nothing better to do than to advertise him? When his work is on public exhibition we shall go to see it, but we shall go in the interest of the public and not to please the painter; and in the meantime if he wants "a notice" he can write it himself, and have it printed in the advertising columns of *The Tribune* for so much a line. The artists who united a little while ago in recommending us to employ a certain worthy and accomplished gentleman as art critic for this paper, probably did not know that they were committing a gross impropriety, but almost everybody else is conscious of it. The publishers who send us eulogistic reviews of their books, and expect us to print them, probably forget that in courts of justice it is not usual for the prisoner's counsel to write the charge from the bench; and when they urge, as they often do, that the tone of a criticism ought to depend in a greater or less degree upon the liberality of the advertising, they are perhaps unconscious that they are virtually offering the judge pecuniary compensation for a ruling in their favor. The concert-singer who comes here from a distant city, bringing some beautiful encomiums from admiring friends, is sadly disappointed if *The Tribune* refuses to print them in advance of her appearance. The agent of an unknown performer, who asked us confidentially the other day how he could secure the help of the press, was amazed when he was told that he could not secure it at all, and grieved when we assured him that "preliminary puffs" could not be obtained for money, and it was not the business of the critic to help in drumming up an audience. Theatrical agents who vex the editorial patience with entreaties for—"just a few lines to call attention to the advertisement,"—and weary us with offers of free tickets; and, worst of all, the French prima donna, who paves the way for her debut with a noon-day breakfast to the press, or a *petit souper*, at which criticism is to be corrupted in advance with cajolery and champagne,—these are guilty of outrages upon propriety and common sense which are not resented only because they have become so common that their enormity is overlooked. What would be thought of a prisoner on trial, who should ask the judge to dinner?

It is unfortunately true that there are critics who tolerate corrupt proposals, and accept dishonorable civilities, just as there are newspapers with no principle except money-getting; but such critics are not found in the front ranks of journalism; they make their own reputation, find their own level, gather their dirty dollars, and exercise no more influence upon art than the auctioneer or the bill-poster. We have nothing to say of this class of men at present; our business is rather with the authors, actors, and artists of all kinds who refuse to see that the favor of an honest critic is neither to be begged with soft words, nor bought with a bottle of wine, nor conciliated with a costly advertisement; that newspaper offices are not asylums for the relief of the indigent and undeserving; and that no gentleman accepts hospitality and then sits down to write a cold and strictly just analysis of his entertainer's work. Perhaps it is an uncourteous thing to say,—but public exhibitors and performers of all sorts, and their agents and managers, when they visit an editor's office generally come on impertinent errands. *After* their books, their pictures, their acting, their music, have been fully judged and pronounced upon, let them be as civil to the journalist as they please; but while waiting for the verdict, they ought in delicacy to keep aloof.

Miss Annie Louise Cary.

The *Portland Advertiser* gives an interresting biographical sketch of Miss Annie Louise Cary, the contralto, who has of late given Bostonians so much pleasure at the Nilsson concerts.

"Miss Cary is a daughter of Maine, and her family still live in the neighboring town of Gorham, where the first indications of her talent are still freshly remembered. Her ancestors lived in North Bridgewater, Mass., and were noted for some generations for their musical attainments. Her grandfather moved to this State in 1815. Her father was bred to the profession of medicine, to which he brought sound sense, good habits, winning manners and an enthusiasm which insured success. Her mother was Maria Stockbridge, of Yarmouth, long deceased, but warmly remembered for her many virtues. In 1842 Dr. Cary was living in the town of Wayne, in Kennebec county, where his daughter Annie Louise, the youngest of the family, was born. He removed some years later to Gorham, where he has ever since resided. It was a musical family, and Annie's true ear and voice were marked at a very early period. She could sing before she could talk plainly, often chiming in with the older members of the household when singing. Though early recognized as a charming singer, she had no musical instruction except what she received at home, until 1859, when, having completed her education at the Gorham Seminary, she went into her brother's family in Boston. There her rich contralto voice appears to have attracted immediate attention, and early in 1860 she was engaged to sing in the quartet choir at Dr. Stowe's church in Bedford street. After two years in Bedford street, she sang for an equal time at Dr. Lowell's church, and for two years more at Dr. Huntington's During these six years Miss Cary was a pupil of Mr. Wheeler, and received instruction from other teachers in Boston. More and more the possibility of her future opened before her. She began to sing at concerts in the cities and larger towns of New England, and learned to trust her powers. In 1866 she fully determined to visit Europe, in order to get herself under the training of the best masters, and to learn thoroughly the French and Italian languages. Before her departure she gave a farewell concert, to her friends and acquaintances at Gorham. Her father, brothers and sisters assisted at this most enjoyable entertainment, which called out an audience that filled the Congregational church at the village to overflowing. In August, 1866, well provided with letters of introduction to friends in London, Paris and Milan, but otherwise depending on her own resources, she started for Europe. The journey from Boston, through Liverpool, London and Paris to Milan, was accomplished in eighteen days. From London to Milan she was entirely unaccompanied, and passed the last forty hours without food or rest. At Milan Miss Cary met a countrywoman, Miss Whitten, of Boston, since deceased. Together these two ladies devoted eighteen months in unintermitting study to the language of the country and the art of music. Afterward they visited in company, Florence, Rome, Naples and other Italian cities, travelling leisurely, and returning after their vacation to Milan and music. In the ensuing winter Miss Cary was engaged with an Italian troupe to sing in Copenhagen, where she made her *debut* upon the operatic stage. Her reception here was very flattering, and attracted by the glowing comments of the press, one of the Strakosch brothers presently sent for her to meet him in Stockholm, where she sang for the remainder of the season. At Stockholm she was presented to the king of Sweden by the American Minister, and was received with extraordinary courtesy and attention. The next eighteen months were spent by Miss Cary in Germany, in study, except that during the opera season she returned to Copenhagen. Her services were also in request from time to time at concerts in Hamburg, Brussels and other German cities, and she sang also at Christiana in Norway. Last winter Miss Cary was in Paris, still studying her profession, and in February, through the influence of Mr. Strakosch, she was persuaded to appear in London. Her success there was the crowning triumph of her career and led to the engagement with Strakosch to visit this country with Mademoiselle Nilsson. Her first appearance in New York was on the 19th of September, and since that time she has shared the honors of the fair Swede, whose soaring soprano Miss Cary's rich contralto so admirably supports.

Special Notices.

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O Sunny Beam. (O sonnenschein.) 3. A to f sharp. *R. Schumann.* 30
A simple sunny melody with English and German words
"O sunny beam, O sunny beam,
Deep in my heart now sinks thy gleam,
And with it sinks a welcome guest,
The love-dream in my aching breast."

No, No, No! Yes, Yes, Yes! 3. B♭ to f. *McNaughton.* 40
One of the most charming ballads of the season, with a beautiful accompaniment.
"Thro' the dewed meadow straying
Thinking of the old times,
There I met the lassie who went haying
With me long ago, so long ago."

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Tantum Ergo for Two Tenors and Bass With Latin and English Words 6 G to *a* *Rossini.* 1 00
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The Motherless Boy. Song and Chorus 3. E minor to *g* *Kaufman.* 30
"With neither a stocking nor shoe to my feet,
Trudging all day in the pitiless street,
There's no one will give me a morsel of bread,
Not even a hovel to shelter my head."

Mamma lay me down to rest. 2 F to f *Howard.* 40
Written for, and illustrated with a lithograph of Miss Cordelia Howard.
"Mamma! lay me down to rest,
I am weak and weary.
Little sister loved me best,
Called me "Brother dearie."

France. Dear France Forever. Song and Chorus. 3. A to e *Turner* 30
A National Song for the New Republic.
"Republic of France, Arise!
In thy pride and glory!
Asunder break the ties
Of chains now fettered o'er thee."

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Rock me to sleep. 4. E♭ to c flat. *Benedict.* 40
A beautiful setting of the popular verses by Florence Percy.

Rolling Home in the morning. Humorous Song. 2. F to d. *Egerton.* 30

Don't catch a Butterfly. Song and Chorus. 2 B♭ to f. *Smith.* 35

Instrumental.

Thoughts of Home. 4. F. Op. 88. *Wels.* 50
A delicate andante grazioso theme illustrative of a well chosen title.

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Founded on Demorest's popular ballad.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 776. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1870. VOL. XXX. No. 21.

Beethoven.

[From the Philadelphia Post, Dec. 17.]

Just one hundred years ago to-day Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn, and to-day the musical world everywhere celebrates the anniversary. In all the cities of Germany, in London, in the cities of England and America, in Rome, in Florence, everywhere where Beethoven's name is known, his music will be played, and he will be thought of to-day. There is something pleasant in the thought that this most universal tribute ever offered to the memory of a great man should not only be to one whose life was so pure and noble, whose dedication to his work so complete, but that the work itself should be the pursuit of art, and this of so high a type. The man who was in the habit of saying, "The barriers are not yet erected which can say to aspiring genius and industry, thus far and no farther!" was not likely to stop short in fulfilling his own great mission. As has already been said, it is not easy to estimate Beethoven's value to the world, for he not only wrote great works, but he has also inspired them, and if we were to take out of modern music all that owes its existence to his influence, we would leave a fragmentary mass that would hardly hint at its former glory. The richness of orchestral effects, the flexible management of modulations, the greater variety in harmonies, the vivid expression of the life that never lends itself to words, the mastery of genius over pedantry, are among the benefits we owe to Beethoven, but in his own legacy to us he has given to us as a king might. His symphonies, his sonatas, his songs, *Fidelio*, the overtures and masses, the chamber music of all description, suggest a world of wealth, and the modern music without Beethoven is something impossible to realize.

It is easy for us, looking back at the life bounded by the two dates, December 17, 1770, and March 26, 1827, to see that much of the strength and intensity of his music is due to the isolation and concentration of his life, but this was not easy for Beethoven himself to realize. There can be no question of his fortitude nor of his understanding how incomplete and hard was his life. To say that he was deaf is but pointing to the door that stood closely barred between him and happiness. He was a musician, and lived in silence. Even the shouts of pleasure when his works were heard, were but dumb show to him, and we who will hear to-day his music can well afford to think of the author, who never heard it. But this deafness shuts him out from all the pleasures of life, and there is no history of a more tender, more lonely heart, than Beethoven's. When this deafness first came upon him he desired to die, but suicide is not possible to such natures, and he says: "I could not quit this world before I had produced all—had done all that I was appointed to do! When my mission is accomplished, then thrice welcome death! I have been guided through life by Patience, the handmaid of Truth; I will go with her, even to the footstool of the Eternal."

Life was compulsory on this man, and so finally the art that saved him rewarded him, and when Beethoven died he knew that he had lived to a noble purpose. There is little to tell of his career that is suitable for brief newspaper notice, but the lesson of his life ought to be lost on no one. It is his misfortune that none of his biographers have comprehended the breadth of his character, and the mass of insignificant incidents they give us cannot be considered in any degree expressive of his nature; but he found his true utterance for himself, and to understand Beethoven we have only to close our ears to all who explain him, and listen to himself as he speaks in his music.

Weber's Operas.

[From the London Orchestra.]

Karl Maria Von Weber has proved to be the popular composer in the present pre-winter campaign of the opera at Convent Garden. The disagreements in the domestic economies of *Oberon*, his quarrels with the fair partner of his fairy existence, and the strange mode adopted by *Puck* for the fulfilment of *Oberon's* dangerous vow, as interpreted by the honest and simple mind of Weber, seem to suit the temper of the public just at this time, and appear more in harmony with the tone of the art-loving community than the stream of harmonic development to be heard in Mozart, the glitter, clang, and contrast of Meyerbeer, the elegant and sparkling arrangements of Rossini, the long sustained *woe* of Verdi, the fanatical reformations of Wagner, or the academic disposition of Ambroise Thomas. And yet what is popular in the "Oberon" of Weber was popular at its first representation—now some almost fifty years ago. The aria "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see" was voted vulgar and rowdy; the quartet "Over the dark blue waters" a lovely and most delicious joy; the fairy chorus that opens the first act a genuine inspiration—something brought down or up from the real fairy land; the great sea-song something between sacred astonishment and an unmistakable bore; the mermaid's reverie and the temptation of the syrens, genuine delights; and lastly the home song of *Fatima*—"O Araby, dear Araby,"—the favorite of Weber himself—the composition he considered to be the most original throughout the entire work—with all these movements, time has not changed the verdict of half a century. New schools and new notions of the connection between human affections and musical sounds, new theories of the laws of association between objective art and subjective mind, have had no effect, wrought no change with regard to the artistic or public opinion of the position of the "Oberon" as a dramatic work. People like and love now what their fathers and mothers liked and loved in the days of its composer; and what was not understood or appreciated fifty years ago is very much in the same situation in this our present time. The commonly received forms of composition—the waltz, march, romance, cavatina, song, aria, grand scena—such as they are in his opera—are forms understood and accepted now as at first; and in Weber's hands it is admitted these forms, in their several positions, afford a higher enjoyment and produce a more artistic effect, by reason of his own deep spirit and his keen vision into the regions of fairy land. No doubt externally there is a freshness in the laying out of these movements, more ways and means than had been generally known for getting out of the themes every point that was possible; but the great charm is their freedom from all borrowing or copying, or working up a stereotyped routine, or relying on old traditions, or any pedantic attempt at purifying anomalies supposed or otherwise. It is Weber—man and artist—revealing life in fairy land, knightly and courtly life, oriental life—now suffering, now rejoicing—in his peculiar broad and graceful melody, in his own strange, weird, and fitful melancholy. The movements that are liked are felt to be not mere music-making, but clear visions into the world the composer was dealing with; and the movements not popular may be classed as so many struggles of the composer to gain a grasp over the world of harmonic sounds into a definite expression of that which perhaps after all is really beyond definite expression. The instant a composer shows himself to be getting rather wild, fitful, fussy, or infuriated, it is plain that personal unrest, physiological disquiet, have got the upper hand, and he is no longer under the control of the pure spirit of art. There is no lack of fancy or freedom in the "Oberon;" its spirit is ever rich and full of charm; but it has not the even flow of the "Freischütz," the ready and effective power over the dramatic situation, the right, and therefore the popular expression of the scene. Of the "Freischütz" Beethoven said: "There are things here just as I should have done them;" and the remarks of old Michael Haydn, a stiff, stern, square veteran of a critic, are as true and pointed now as when he delivered them. "The 'Freischütz' demonstrates enormous power, used with the most legitimate effect. It is brimful of a rare delicacy and high spirit; and its music is marvellously descriptive of the feelings and situations of the persons in the opera, and even marked by consummate scholarship." Every musician felt the power of the drinking song and the trio in A minor that follows this diabolical attempt at jollity; and when there is added to these the Imprecation or Litany which opens the second act it is impossible to gainsay the fact that a new prophet had arisen up in the operatic world, one who had surpassed his contemporaries, if not his predecessors, in the forcible and veritable portraiture of scenes of the utmost difficulty to realize, and infinitely beyond the reach or grasp of minds of ordinary calibre and endowments.

Here was not a question of romantic myth, national legend, scientific music, or scenic arrangement, but it was the long desired thing done, and well done—the perfection of the German musical drama. Here was the Gluck theory planted on native soil and made national. Here was Rossini, with all that was bad and objectionable in the Rossinian element exorcized. The drama is the story of human beings, whom every one can recognize and feel to be ordinary mortals, people we all have known and mixed with, haunted by an extraordinary and savage imp of Satan casting a cloud and a misery wherever he happened to show himself. A gallery of loveable pictures darkened by infernal struggles and disquiets; but no more so than the time and place rendered natural. It was reserved for Meyerbeer and his scribe to render the legend, exaggerated and oppressive. But easy it is to turn the romantic into farce, and sometimes difficult to prevent the sublime turning off into the ridiculous. Weber gave up his very being to his subject; Meyerbeer took his subject to develope himself and his new grasp on the Weberian method. Both the "Freischütz" and the "Robert," are great works, wonderful in their organization and display of technical power; but whilst the "Freischütz" is honest truth and grand poetry, "Robert" is the dressing up of dramatic means, the application of known resources, the appeal to the tastes and prejudices of the audience, the result of the clever craftsman thoroughly skilled in all the mechanical specialities of the modern opera. If there had been no "Freischütz" there would have been no "Robert;" and if no Weber, then no Meyerbeer.

What the "Freischütz" did for Meyerbeer, the "Euryanthe" has done for Richard Wagner. It may be said, Why has Wagner taken for his model an opera which failed so unequivocally as the "Euryanthe?" True it is that this opera met with no genuine success, but it may be a good opera notwithstanding. The story is disagreeable and not well put together; but for real, earnest, downright truth, the "Euryanthe" is unparalleled; and why it should remain unheard and unknown is perhaps only to be explained by the dread that managers justifiably entertain at attempting to reverse the unanimous judgment of the rarely mistaken public. The public were wrong in Weber's day in condemning this work,

and the public are wrong now in permitting it to lie on the shelf and in obscurity. There are many movements in the "Euryanthe" quite equal in fire and originality to the overture; and of the overture we need not write a line. All the cavatinas are, without exception, beautiful; and each of the finales to the three acts are fine; the first, indeed, is now doing duty as part of the "Oberon," at Convent Garden, although it suffers much by its transposition. The Knight's chorus which opens the opera, and the romance which follows it, would be difficult to match in any French or German opera of these days; and none but Weber could pen the opening of the second act, the duet and aria that follow. When this opera first appeared there was a notion that every form of composition should be based on the fugue; that is to say, its growth and structure should follow that order of tonic relation which had been laid down as the law of this highest style of logical composition. As neither the musician nor the amateur were able to trace this rule in much of the "Euryanthe," the whole of the opera was set down as the work of an enthusiast determined upon upsetting the practices and regulations of all his predecessors in dramatic composition. But it is not so; the "Euryanthe" is built up as legitimately as the "Freischütz" or the "Oberon;" and its differences and variations arise more from the necessity of the subject, than any whim or caprice on the part of the composer. Richard Wagner has enlarged Weber's method, intensified all his inventions, doubled and trebled his orchestra, but he has never surpassed him in the real poetry of the art. In fact there is much of the "Euryanthe" which it is utterly impossible to imitate, and which is never likely to be excelled. The presentation of this opera would open the door to the Wagner dramas. And if their composer is to come to London, and do what he has been doing at Munich, his first and best work would be to prevail on his manager to bring out the "Euryanthe." If the "Hamlet" by Ambroise Thomas may be said to have succeeded, and the "Oberon" continues to be as popular as it is now, there is yet a chance for Weber's much abused, and we think, very ill used work. If Gluck did great things, and we know he did, Weber has done greater; the full justice will not be done him until his three grand operas are thoroughly familiar to the public.

Nilsson.

[From Harper's "Easy Chair."]

And what a vision they beheld! A young, blooming, fair-haired woman, whose earnest, honest, comely face looked frankly and with bright good humor at the audience; who moved rapidly to the front of the platform, and stood calm and erect, with one hand resting quietly over the other before her. Then, when the prelude was ended, she sang, with a fulness, a richness, a simplicity, a power and expression, which were wholly satisfactory. The impression was that of the purest artist. The soul of the singer was rapt in the song, and, as she bowed to the storm of applause, it was with the same self-possessed cordiality as if she were delighted that the audience enjoyed with her and through her the exquisite music. So fresh, so buoyant, so composed, so superior, yet so sympathetic and magnificent, it was impossible not to feel the most inexpressible pity for the elder cavaliers in expansive waistcoats, who looked at her through large lorgnettes, and then said, "Ah, you should have heard Malibran!"

The Easy Chair resolved not to betray that kind of senility at least, and, indeed, it found no difficulty whatever in being as young as on that deeply-in-heart-forever-to-be-cherished day long ago in Berlin, when the little door opened at the side of the platform, and the *diva* of to-day appeared. The impression of that appearance is universal. It is not in the least that of the portrait which has been exhibited in the windows. It is not a half-shy, dreamy girl, with head inclined; it is a young woman, in full and conscious possession of every power, who, richly and exquisitely attired, moves to the front, and with a truly radiant and dazzling smile—a smile not of tender appeal, but of proud, conscious self-assertion — conquers the audience before she begins. No woman ever stood upon a stage with more perfect knowledge of all her powers, nor with a finer instinct of their use. Her face light the moment it strikes the audience. She magnetizes that audience with a glance. She plays with the crowd as with a single lover. She speaks to it with her eyes, with every movement of her head and hands. She is, first of all, and in no poor sense, coquette. The voice, the singing, are but parts of her spell.

* * * * * * * * *

Yes, Musicus, the Easy Chair does, indeed, remember Jenny Lind, and what an artist she was; and Grisi, and how superb she was; and the other singers, and how pleasant they were. But it has heard another who, differing from the best, yet ranks with them—a woman to whom five talents have been given, and who has made them other five. Over and through all your most learned and conclusive criticism, hark!

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on field or hill or river."

For what are human voices and the gift of singing bestowed?

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

No, no; good night, dear Musicus. Memory is the critic to night:

Blow, bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying."

Clara Anastasia Novello.

[From the London Choir.]

This eminent singer is the daughter of the late Vincent Novello. She was born on the 10th of June, 1818. At the age of nine years her parents placed her under the care of their friend, Mr. John Robinson, organist of the Catholic chapel, York, in order that she might derive, at one and the same time, the advantages of country air and diet with those of judicious preparatory tuition, as well in singing as piano forte playing. Miss Hill, of York, was the first singing-teacher.

Here, under regular discipline, Clara laid the foundation both of her subsequent excellence as a vocalist and of her fine health. There are many in York who remember the small, clear, and childish treble of little Clara Novello at the Catholic chapel in that city.

In the year 1829 she returned home to London, and highly amused her parents, while she excited their fond anticipations by her exhibitions of professional progress. Her showy pieces at this early period were, "The soldier tired," the variations upon the Irish melody, "My lodging is on the cold ground," and the air in the *Beggar's Opera*, "Cease your funning," in which Madame Catalani and Mrs. Salmon used to enchant the town.

In the same year her father and mother, upon their return from a visit to the widow and sister of Mozart, at Salzburg, happening to take Paris in their way, found that a vacancy for a pupil in the singing-school for church music was to be filled up in the course of a few days. Mr. Novello instantly made interest with M. Choron, the admirable and respected head master of the establishment, in behalf of his daughter Clara, who was fortunately at that time on a visit to Boulogne.

It was necessary that she should undergo a trial and examination previous to admission, whereupon her mother instantly left Paris, and in three days produced her daughter for the trial. She sang one or two pieces (the "Agnus Dei" of Mozart's *Mass* No. 1, and "The soldier tired"), when the examination was concluded in her favor against nineteen competitors. It was in this excellent academy that she acquired her solid and firm sostenuto, from singing (without the instruments) the choral pieces of Palestrina, Leo, Handel, etc. The cause of her quitting Paris arose from the ecclesiastical establishment being broken up, at the breaking out of the revolution in 1830.

Upon her return to her native country, she made her *debut* here in public at the benefit concert of Mrs. Sewell, at Windsor, where she sang in the duet, "Forsake me not," from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and the little ballad, "Chagrin d'amour."

Shortly after this she received an engagement for the whole series of twelve ancient concerts; and, in the same season, the compliment of being engaged by the directors of the Philharmonic Concerts, where she sang "Per Pietà," of Mozart. In the same year, 1833, she made her first appearance at a provincial festival in Worcester; and in 1834 she formed one of the orchestra at the centenary celebration of Handel in Westminster Abbey. In the same year, the members of the Philharmonic Society again testified their appreciation of her talent, by electing her an associate of their institution. She was at that time only sixteen years old.

After a long course of study in Italy and Germany, this lady appeared on the stage in 1841, at Milan, Bologna, &c., and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. In 1843 she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, in a translation of Pacini's *Sappho*, and achieved a triumph, in spite of the poorness of the music.

Clara Novello's style is purely "correct and rational," says a musical critic of the period. She takes no unwarrantable liberties with her author, and what graces she introduces are never redundant or at variance with the character of the music. Her sostenuto is remarkable for firmness, equality and extension. This valuable qualification in her singing is attributable to her early practice of the long suspensions that constantly occur in the choral music of Palestrina, and which formed part of her almost daily lesson while in Paris.

On the 22d of November, 1843, this accomplished lady was married to the Count Gigliucci, of Fermo, in the Roman States. The Countess Gigliucci took her leave of the profession at the Crystal Palace in the *Messiah*, but she gave, Nov. 26, 1860, a farewell concert at St. James's Hall. Her farewell, it was justly remarked, was in admirable harmony with her pure and spotless career. "It was a manifestation of pure unadulterated art from beginning to end," observed a leading musical journal, "and at the termination of the concert the vast assembly dispersed with the most intimate conviction that music had lost one of its most gifted and justly distinguished representatives," one who for ten years, with Mr. Sims Reeves, had maintained the English school at a lofty standard of excellence.

Faust in English.

The translation of Faust in the original metres by Mr. Bayard Taylor, which is to-day published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., will be a surprise to lovers of Goethe; even to those among them who know Mr. Taylor's earlier works well. It is not only a success, in the common sense of the word—not only a faithful rendering of the sense of the original, in pleasing English verse—but it is a transfer of the spirit and the form of that wonderful book into our own tongue, to an extent which would have been thought impossible had it not been made.

In proof of this we give the following choral song of Easter morning, at the end of the first scene; a song which has always been one of the metrical glories of the German language and the despair of translators. Mr. Taylor has rendered it line for line, and almost word for word; yet preserving the peculiarities of the verse and much of its melodious beauty, without the sacrifice of one of its double rhymes:

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Joy to the mortal one,
Whom the unmerited,
Clinging, inherited
Needs did imprison.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices and precious
Balm, we arrayed Him;
Faithful and gracious,
We tenderly laid Him;
Linen to bind Him,
Cleanlily wound we;
Ah! when we would find Him
Christ no more found we!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has ascended!
Bliss hath invested Him.—
Woes that molested Him,
Trials that tested Him,
Gloriously ended!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Has He, victoriously,
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all gloriously
Now sits exalted?
Is He, in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near?
Ah! to the woe of earth
Still are we native here.
We, his aspiring
Followers, Him we miss;
Weeping, desiring,
Master, thy bliss!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Out of corruption's womb:
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom!

Praising and pleading Him,
Lovingly needing Him,
Brotherly feeding Him.
Preaching and speeding Him,
Blessing, succeeding Him,
Thus is the Master near—
Thus is He here.

There are, of course, many passages in which the translation is less successful than this; but, taken as a whole, it is certainly much the best reproduction of any great German poem as yet given to the readers of English.—*Eve. Post.*

"Judas Maccabæus" and the "Messiah."

(From the London Orchestra.)

Believing, as we have repeatedly had occasion to remark, that musical thought is in abeyance, and that the phrases and forms of the language are worn out—passed into the tamest conventionalism or a petty and paltry euphuism—the consideration of artists and critics should be directed to the living portion of the legacies of the past-away great workers; for from this producing life germ must arise the new order that is to keep in motion the harmonical system of the future. The straight-jacket has been brought within the compass of the harmonical sewing machine: our composers essay counterpoint and turn out a chorus with a certain clearness and distinctness that boasts the sanction of fashion, but altogether wanting in solidity, severity, and appeal to the heart. It is the conventional tweed suit—always the same cut—the same dull hue—the same substance—the neat result of clever mechanism—and all for the moderate sum of three pounds. So it is with the modern oratorio chorus; and three pounds is rather more than its intrinsic merit ought to exact. The solo music is either up in the clouds, making superhuman, although unintelligible efforts, after the manner of the philosopher in the comedy of "*Aristophanes*," or it is the mildest exhibition of the Della Cruscan School—the sympathetic namby pamby, decorous, without art, and continuous without thought. The one attempts the exhibition of the impossible to be calculated volcanic eruption; the other, the commonest known experience of time-worn, and once time-honored, use.

Such being the case, advance is necessary, somebody must improve, the *atelier* must be cleaned out; the workmen must look out for fresh materials, and new tools must be thought of and put into hand as speedily as possible. Invention can only spring from intercommunion with those famous for invention; there is no other way for continuing the chain of new thought and grand idea. And as the culture of the artistic mind should if possible run along parallel with the culture of the popular ear, the best way for creating the forthcoming school, and preparing the ear of the audience for its reception, is unquestionably the constant performance of him who has made the oratorio the heart and soul of musical life in this country. It is said that Mozart kept the preludes and fugues of Bach always on his clavichord; and Beethoven was ever peeping into and poring over the oratorio scores of Handel. What was good for a Mozart and appetizing to a Beethoven must be equally good and appetizing to the young Mozarts of this day, and our hungry and ravenous amateurs. The school to be—the school to come—in all probability will be some form of counterpoint such as is shadowed out at the closing portion of that grand symphony by Beethoven just before the voices break in. Nothing but counterpoint can rub away the affectations and silliness of the present attenuated forms; and the master of counterpoint, who combines with this power the force and impetus of a genial and generous enthusiasm, will sweep off the present system with one blow. Now Handel being more than a mere composer of music—that is to say a great poet—the royal singer in the oratorio—he is of all oratorio writers the one to set up; his are the oratorios to perform, and from him must be taken the lessons in art, theory, and æsthetics. Thus we say to our composers, "Do you wish to write a vocal fugue? Don't go to Marpurg, Andrè, Wolff, or Cherubini, but look into Handel. See how merciful he is; how in the midst of his learned career, he can, and does all at once, throw off the canon and the theme and its reply, and fascinates with the sympathetic force of the etherial and the mysterious. If you cannot write clear and close counterpoint, go and seek it from some not well known artist, and convey it into some proper niche in your work, putting alongside of it such of your own as may prove ample apology for the appropriation." Buononcini is said to have *conveyed* Lotti's madrigal; but as the use involved a prize, Buononcini did a very naughty and not-to-be-imitated thing. But Handel did not disdain in the *Judas Maccabæus* to turn to Buononcini and borrow his themes and ideas for his chorus of "Tune your harps"—a chorus never written down by his own hand, for he was blind when he composed it, and Smith, his amanuensis, dictated from him as he walked up and down his small study in Brook Street. Who would ever think of turning to the Masses by Graun, except for seeing the original upon which Handel made the first chorus in the "*Judas?*" Then for these several conveyances of Handel every one must rejoice, for the next movement is certain to be a roll from the magazine of the Great Thunderer. If Handel borrowed for the chorus "Mourn ye afflicted," he repaid the loan as far as we are concerned with hundredfold interest in the next chorus, "For Sion lamentation make;" and if he made his passacaglia chorus "Ah! wretched Israel" from the theme of Bach's passacaglia, he equals Bach in learning and artistic power, and transcends him in pathos, variety, and intensity.[?] And Handel's mode of conveyancing was admirable—he worked out one composer at a time. *Una* in his first *Te Deum*, Habermann, in his *Jephtha*, Stradella in his first act of the *Israel*, and *Erba* in his second, Muffat in his *Joshua*, and so on. Handel felt himself unequal to satisfy the English public in light themes, and he was too much pressed, and too worn to sit down for close counterpoint. For these two requisites he relied on his special friends—men whom he liked, but whom the world had not thought worthy of note or remembrance. Muffat was the man who claimed to have found out new tunes and a new school; he proclaimed his inventions with all the pertinacity of a Gluck and a Wagner. Handel liked them and knew the public would like them. Thus he borrowed the "See the conquering hero comes," and the March in "*Judas*" from Muffat, having at first placed the Muffat "See the conquering hero" in his "*Joshua*." Now the effect of this system—this wise system of conveyancing is marvellously good. It makes Handel so lively—for when his old bachelorhood is not up to the mark, and he is too grave and sedate to write pretty tunes, he turns to Steffani and Muffat, and makes these gentlemen serve his turn. When he wants a clear, hard, crisp, crystalline piece of counterpoint, he goes to his friends Kalvisch, Telemann, Cesti, and Carissimi, and walks away with their very best, and makes it infinitely better when he has niched it into the place he has fixed for it. It has been said "he picked up a pebble and changed it into a diamond." This is not true; for Handel never looked at pebbles, and what scholar could be found to waste his time over a flint-stone? He reset diamonds and rubies, and pearls, and every sort of jewel upon which he could lay his hand, and further displayed them to the highest advantage by placing them alongside and in contrast with his gems—and these of the very brightest—the most luminous—the never to be matched.

In recommending our modern composers to follow the example of Handel we must note that it must be imitated with great wisdom and no less reserve. For a man who cannot write counterpoint to steal counterpoint would be as ridiculous as dangerous. For one who is incapable of composing strong, staid, and impressive melody, to appropriate the gay and the genial of his departed brother would be conduct most reprehensible and certain to be visited with unpleasant recoil. There is also another difficulty. The conventionalism of modern counterpoint is not that of past times, and with melody every genuine composer has his own order of thought, his own speciality as to the use of the chords and their progress. To borrow from Schubert—a real man in song—from Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr or any true artist of these immediate times is out of the question; and to turn to Sarti, Pergolesi, or any of the modellers of the aria and canzonet would be fatal. These men possessed great power, great thought, great form; and no second-rate genius must adventure to take of or from them. It took all the genius of Mozart to cover up his obligations to his predecessors. We wish—may we hope—our youthful struggling immortals would borrow here and there, and go in for a little wholesale appropriation. It would be a great comfort to the public and special pleasure to the artist and critic—a rill of pure water running through the heart depressing desert. Besides, the habit of reading grand music for such purpose would pull them up, and extract something good out of them if any good be within them. It would be cowardice to borrow an idea without the intention of doing something in return. Who cares whether Handel used the southern *Piff* for his Christmas Shepherd piping, since it is followed by the imperishable recitatives?

Great as is the popularity of Handel, his real power is but just beginning to be appreciated. He wants space, means, and audience; and in the big round world of the South Kensington Museum he will get all there. No works but those of Handel can legitimately satisfy in this enormous concert room, and it will not be too large for his large thoughts. Such a chorus as "We worship God, and God alone," is grand anywhere, superb in Exeter Hall, but what it will be in the Albert Hall people cannot imagine. They must wait until May next before they can realize the idea in its full magnitude and truth. The rust of his antiquarianism, the pleasant spirit of his conventialism, and the occasional necessary consequences of haste and pressure will pass away; but the real, true, special, and individual inimitable and imperishable Handel will remain and assist more in forming and perfecting the new school that is to be, than the work of any of his predecessors, contemporaries, or those that have followed after.

The History of Music.

LECTURE BY J. K. PAINE.

[Reported for the Boston Journal, Dec. 4.]

Mr. J. K. Paine delivered the first of a course of lectures at Wesleyan Association Hall, No 36 Bromfield street, Saturday noon, on "The History of Music." These lectures are to constitute one of the regular lecture courses of Harvard University, and are to be eighteen in number. They will take place on successive Saturdays, and are given in Boston instead of in Cambridge in order that musicians and others interested may be enabled to attend. The audience on Saturday included ex President Hill of Harvard University, Rev Mr Alger, Mr John S Dwight, Mr Carl Zerrahn, and many of the musical artists and teachers of the city.

Mr Paine devoted his opening lecture to the "Music of the ancient nations; music in the early centuries of the Christian era; and Ambrosian and Gregorian song." In beginning he said he should try to follow out carefully in the present course of lectures the principal steps that have marked the development of the art of music in modern times. In this new country we have thought but little of the study of music as a branch of higher education, and though we acknowledge the *practical* value of music in our public schools and concert halls, we have not yet taken equal interest in the scientific and historical study of the art. Many of our most cultivated lovers of music have neglected this branch as quite secondary to the enjoyment of the beautiful realizations of genius as displayed in the symphony or opera. In the lecturer's opinion, we ought not to leave out of sight any means of true enlightenment. To gain a critical understanding and thorough appreciation of great works of art, we must examine the historical process that led to their production. Only on these conditions can we do justice to composers of the past and present. The time was yet to come in America, said the lecturer, when *historical* concerts would be given of such a high order that they would serve as a kind of gallery of the works of art, as a means of educating us to a more Catholic taste. In Germany this has already been done to some extent.

There are peculiar difficulties, remarked Mr. Paine, in the way of tracing, step by step, the rise and progress of music from its feeble beginning in remote antiquity to the present age (from the days of Tubal Cain to Wagner), for music demands a more complex order of symbols and sounds than do mere words, in order to express and record faithfully every subtle emotion and shade of tone. Music is the natural, universal language of man, and was born with speech itself. If we turn to the most uncivilized races of men in all parts of the world, we do not fail to observe a natural love of music, as exhibited in their songs and dances or inspired recitals.

The rhythmical element first aroused the attention of primitive men, and the lowest stage of musical development was marked by the invention of the drum, tambour and castanets, instruments of mere rhythm, which served only to intensify the effect in singing or dancing. The next step was the invention of wind instruments, suggested very likely by the song of the birds, the rushing of water, the whistling of the wind, or by man's own experiments in blowing the crooked horn of an animal. Such may have been the origin of the flute, Pan's pipe and the horn. This imitation of sounds in nature may have led finally to the invention of stringed instruments, like the harp, lyre and cithera. A Greek myth states that while Mercury was walking for pleasure on the banks of the Nile he struck his foot accidentally against a tortoise shell, across which some dried tendons were stretched. This blow produced a musical sound which suggested the idea of the lyre.

The lecturer said he should not devote time to examine the musical records of the old nations like the Chinese, Indians, Arabians or Persians. We find these more or less civilized people in the possession of a variety of musical instruments, of a tonal system of scales and keys, and with a kind of notation. These characteristics are likewise true of the ancient Egyptians, Hebrews and other people of pre Hellenic

culture. Classical Greece was the first land where music was cultivated for its own end. Hitherto it had held a subordinate place in accompanying singing and dancing, the rites of religion; or it was practiced for its supposed medicinal qualities. But the Greeks, with their love and worship of the beautiful, honored music as one of the highest arts. Apollo, the God of the Muses, was represented as the model of singers and musicians; and the world of their gods was full of divine music. The writings of Greek poets, philosophers and historians are full of the appreciation of music. Plato and Aristotle declared music to be a necessary branch of education. The word "music" with the Greeks signified much more than with us, for they included originally under the name not only the art of sounds, but also the arts of dancing, poetry and oratory. In Greece we can trace for the first time in history the national development of music.

The history of Greek music may be divided into three great periods. The first was that of obscure, half mythological times. The second begins with the Dorian migration, about one thousand years before Christ, and closes about the time of the Peloponesian wars, four hundred years before Christ. This period witnessed the development and culmination of Greek music, and the names of her great musicians, Olympus, Terpander, Arion, Pythagoras, Pindar, Phrynis, and Timotheus, testify to the high degree of excellence that had been attained in all styles of lyric, heroic and dramatic music. The third period was rich with great theorists, like Aristotle, Aristoxenus and Plutarch, but also marked the decline of Greek music. The wonderful euphony and flexibility of the Greek language generated music spontaneously, as it were, and poetry and music sprang from one source. The various forms of Greek music may be classified according to the chronological order of its development. In the earlier times were sung the religious hymns of the priests; then followed the Homeric period with the heroic songs of the rhapsodists; then the age of the lyrists and great musicians; and finally, the great epoch of the drama, which was the most flourishing period of Greek music. The chorus of the drama was accompanied by dancing and instrumental music. The singing was in a kind of recitative and arioso style, the latter being used particularly in lyric poetry. The only reputed specimens of Greek music still extant are three hymns to Calliope, Nemesis and Apollo, written by Dionysius and Mesomedes. They were brought to light by Vincenzio Galilei, father of the celebrated astronomer, at Rome in 1581. The different critics have given their own versions of these productions, but Frederick Bellermann is accepted as the latest and best authority on the subject.

[Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen here sang the hymn to Apollo according to Bellermann's version, Mr. Paine accompanying him on the piano, the first time without the use of modernized harmony, and in a repetition, with its use. The effect of the latter instance was quite rich.]

Mr. Paine remarked that this music was wonderfully like Mendelssohn's music to "Antigone." It was difficult, however, to form even a feeble idea of Greek music from these specimens, he thought, for they must have become modernized to some degree by their being written in accordance with our tone system and notation. Our chief sources of knowledge of Greek music are the theoretical writings of Pythagoras, Aristoxenus and Plutarch. We are sure that the Greeks had no melody in the modern sense, for the sounds were held entirely subservient to the metre of the words, whereas in modern music, the syllables of the words are made to conform to equal measurements of time. As they had no practical knowledge of harmony, their melodies could not follow the same succession of intervals as they do in our music. Pythagoras, through the divisions of the monochord, an instrument he invented for the purpose, shows us that they did not distinguish the difference existing between a larger and smaller whole, as we do in modern times; consequently the major third being too large, and the minor third too small, they were badly out of tune, and were classed among the discordant intervals. As no satisfactory harmony can exist without the major and minor thirds and sixths, all dissonant intervals like the second, seventh, etc., could have no meaning with the Greeks, and it was left to modern Europeans to discover the hidden beauty of discords when they are used in combination with concords according to natural laws. Greek music was sung in unison or octave. No other intervals were used except the fourth and fifth, touched sparingly in the instrumental accompaniments.

The foundation of the Greek scale was the Tetrachord, a series of four tones, comprised within the limits of a perfect fourth. The Tetrachord was diatonic, chromatic or enharmonic, according to the disposition of its intermediate intervals. These Tetrachords were combined in an ascending or descending order, and were either conjunct or disjunct, as they were required to complete the series of tones composing the scale or compass of tone. The compass of tones embraced in the Greek system did not exceed two octaves.

The lecturer illustrated the Greek scales by drawings on the blackboard.

There were different keys by transposition in Greek music as in modern music. They were arranged in octave groups, and there were five principal keys which had their station, that is, their fundamental tones in the middle of the compass, and each of which was one-half a tone higher than the other. These five principal keys, accompanied by five relative higher and five relative lower keys, made fifteen keys in all, but in reality there were but twelve, as in modern music, the three highest being repetitions in the octave of the three lowest keys. Besides this class of transposed minor scales, there were diatonic octave groups which were simple rows or orders of tones composed of six whole tones and two half tones, as in our modern scale. Seven octave groups could thus be constructed. Greek notation or semiography answered the purposes of their music. It consisted of characters, letters of the alphabet and astronomical signs which represented the pitch but not the length of the tones. Among the numerous musical instruments of the Greeks were several which have come down to the present day in a modified form. For instance, the ancient phorminx or cithera was the prototype of the Cither and Guitar; the Syrinx or Pan's Pipe and the Hydraulos or Water Organ were forerunners of the modern organ. The ancients also used various kinds of Flutes and Horns, and a favorite instrument was the Aulos, a kind of Flageolet. There were many varieties of stringed instruments, but none that were played with the bow.

With the decline of Greek civilization, music naturally sank, and, with the other arts, was transplanted to Rome, where its theories found acceptance, but its influence was limited by the new conditions of society. The Romans were mere imitators of the Greeks in music as well as the other arts. Greek music was plastic, like all Greek art. There can be no doubt that the early Christian church borrowed much of its music from the East, although this is denied by some. When the Roman world had embraced the new belief under Constantine, music, as all the fine arts, found a prominent place in the service of the church. At even an earlier time antiphonal singing was introduced in the church, and evidently owed its origin to the Greek chorus or Jewish temple music, although it is attributed to Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who, according to a legend, heard their songs answered by angels. The first important step in the advancement of church music, was made in the Council of Laodicea, in the year 367. This Council ordered that none but authorized singers should be heard in the church. Early in the fourth century Pope Sylvester founded a school of singing, which was soon followed by others. In these schools, or under their reputed founder, Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, (who was born in 333 and died in 397,) the various tones were methodized under the name of "authentic." They were thus designated by the church to sanction their use. These four authentic modes or scales, together with the four plagal modes introduced three centuries later, were the foundation of all musical composition until the seventeenth century. The four modes were arranged from the octave groups of the ancient system.

Pope Gregory the Great, who occupied the Pontificial chair from the year 501 to 604, continued the work begun by Ambrose and his contemporaries, in regulating church music. He collected all the good songs, added new ones, had them arranged in the order of the Church Calendar, and had them written down in enduring characters. A copy of this book was laid upon the altar at St. Peter's and fastened with a chain, to serve as a standard for all future time, and from this arose the name *cantus firmus*, firm song. Gregory added to the four Ambrosian authentic modes four additional modes, called plagal, that is derived or borrowed, being taken from the authentic, by simply beginning the order of notes a fourth below. One of the most serviceable improvements rendered by Gregory was to drop the troublesome Greek names of the notes, and adopt the use of the first seven letters of the alphabet. The tones of the lowest octave were designated by capital letters, and the octave above by small letters. In the eleventh century, Guido of Arezzo added double letters for the third octave. Gregorian song was founded on musical metre, whereas Ambrosian song depended entirely on the poetical metre. Gregorian music was sung in slow, simple, unison notes of nearly equal length. As soon as this emancipation of music from the words had taken place, it became possible to dwell at will on the separate tones, and even to apply more than one tone to a syllable. This led eventually to the modern art of figuration and counterpoint. One of the first things needed after Gregory's innovation was a new system of notation. In Gregory's time a kind of notation was used quite different from the Greek semiography. It was called the Neumann notation, being derived from the Greek word neuma—a breath. The oldest copy of the Antiphonar of Gregory, kept on the altar of St. Peter's, was written in the Neuma notation.

This notation, which originated sometime between Ambrose and Gregory, continued in use in the church, with few modifications, until the fourteenth century. The characters were horizontal or oblique lines and points, representing the circumflex, acute and grave accent marks of Greek writings of the Alexandrian time, which may have suggested them. An improvement in the neuma notation was made by Romanus, a singer of St. Gall, who added small letters to the characters, which aided the singers to execute their notes more accurately, and superseded, in some degree, verbal teaching; but, as the intervals were indicated only approximately, the singers still labored on in the dark. The chief advantage of the improvement was to indicate effects of loud and soft (forte and piano), and the quicker and slower performance of single tones and groups of tones. But all this was superseded by the happy idea of an unknown person, viz: to draw a horizontal line over the text. In time a second line was added to represent C, the origin of our bass clef. This is the origin of the modern staff. At a later period a number of lines were added, until even as many as fifteen lines were in use; and at a later period still the notes were written on the spaces between the lines, and the number of lines did not vary from four to six until the staff reached its present form. By command of the Church, the Gregorian song was introduced into distant countries. In the seventh century, Pope Vitalian sent two Roman singers into Gaul and Great Britain, and in the following century singers were sent to France and Germany, where heathenism still prevailed. Charlemagne gave his powerful encouragement to the cultivation of music, as well as to all art and knowledge. During his reign, organs were introduced into Western Europe from the East. He founded schools of singing at Metz and Soissons, and sacred music was taught under his general direction. The most famous singing was that of St. Gall, near the boundary of Switzerland and Italy. In the Gregorian age it was demanded of every priest that he should understand singing. It was the opinion that no one could teach philosophy or religion without a knowledge of music. The prominent part that music has held in the Christian church, almost from its very foundation, marks well the progress of spiritual and intellectual culture that has grown up through the Christian religion. All through the middle ages music typifies the characters of men, and when the Reformation came the new spirit of the time showed itself in the music as well as in the lives of men. It was that the *cantus firmus*, like the dogmas of the church, was found to be too narrow and binding, and doomed to be broken by a higher law. Before that came, however, Gregorian song was destined to become a power in the church for over a thousand years. Attempts were made in Italy to reproduce the Greek system, and to engraft it upon the Gregorian song, but these and later efforts to revive ancient music had no other result than to postpone for a time the development of modern music, which at this early period had already gained too firm a hold on the hearts of men to be lost, notwithstanding the fact that for more than a thousand years in the Christian era, the greatest peculiarity of modern European music, which distinguishes it from all other music, ancient or modern, was lacking, viz: Harmony.

Before the close of the lecture Mr. Rudolphsen gave an interesting illustration of Gregorian song.

Beethoven Centennial Celebrations.

NEW YORK.

[From the Independent, Dec. 22.]

While we write, the Beethoven Centennial is celebrating in all the principal cities of Germany, England and America, and also we believe, in some parts of Italy. The best performances in this country, all things considered, will probably prove to have been in Boston. There is no orchestra in the United States comparable with our Philharmonic; but Boston has superior advantages for the production of choral works, and a better musical public to depend upon, and consequently could offer a richer programme. The celebration in New York has been in the hands of three leading societies—the Philharmonic, the Liederkranz, and the Beethoven Männerchor—acting independently of each other, and each enlisting the enthusiasm of a large circle of connoisseurs. The public generally take no part in the festival; and,

strange to say, have no opportunity of doing so, if they should be disposed. The Philharmonic Society, unable to find room for everybody who wanted to attend the extra concert on the Beethoven night, gave the preference to the subscribers for the regular season, and these entirely filled the house. The Liederkranz is a club, which admits strangers only when introduced by a member, and the club room is too small for a miscellaneous audience. The Beethoven Männerchor, indeed, gave a public performance at the Academy of Music; but the tickets were exhausted a day or two in advance, probably because the members reserved the privilege of disposing of a large part of the house to their personal friends. Thus a man not specially favored by some musical society, or by the conjunction of good fortune and a long purse, if he wanted to celebrate the birthday of Beethoven, on the 17th, would have had to go to the circus or the poultry show. Practically the festival was not open to the general public, for which the general public, not ordinarily caring much for Beethoven, has only itself to blame.

(From the Independent.)

The extra concert given by the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY on Saturday evening in commemoration of Beethoven, drew a very good audience, though the Academy was not quite full, many of the boxes especially, being vacant. A colossal bust of the composer was placed on a pedestal decorated with wreaths of rich natural flowers in front of the stage; and a still more pleasing recognition of the occasion was given by the enthusiasm with which the artists, one and all, interpreted the following excellent programme:

Seventh Symphony .....Beethoven
Scena and aria, "Fidelio". .....Beethoven
Madame Lichtmay.
Concerto for the piano, in E flat ..... Beethoven
Miss Mary Krebs.
"Egmont",..... Beethoven
The songs by Madame Lichtmay; Illustrative Poem read by Mr George Vandenhoff.

It would have been hard to arrange a better selection of works for such a festival, unless, indeed, we could have had the Ninth Symphony, but that of course was out of the question The Seventh is one of the most varied, the most pleasing, and the most thoughtful of the series. It fits all moods, and with its wonderful changes of sentiment, from the tender melancholy of the allegretto to the inspiriting joyousness of the fine allegro, it well illustrates the universality of the composer's sympathies. It was given with unusual delicacy and spirit, as if every man in the orchestra felt the influence of the anniversary, and wanted to do his best. Then the other selections were wisely chosen to exemplify various forms of Beethoven's genius. The recitative and air from "Fidelio" (the famous "*Abscheulicher*" and "*Komm Hoffnung*") are among the best of his vocal compositions; the concerto in E flat is a marvel of piano forte music; and "Egmont" is a dramatic conception of the very highest character. It was rather curious to contrast the effect produced by Madame Lichtmay on a concert platform with her management of the same song on the operatic stage the night before. When she sang in character as *Leonore*, she carried her audience away with the force of her dramatic powers and the evident feeling and intelligence of the whole personation; and when she delivers the same music in the cold atmosphere of the concert room, the faults of her vocalization impress us rather than the dignity of her style. Miss Krebs made a much more ambitious effort with the magnificent concerto than she has ever made before in New York, and she may safely be congratulated upon the success with which she has passed a trying ordeal. The work is well known to our audiences, and the performance of the young lady had to be tested by high standards which the very best pianists have hitherto set up for us. It would be warm praise to say that Miss Krebs did not disappoint us, and that the excellent opinion we had already formed of her abilities was not at all lowered by the manner in which she acquitted herself of this very serious task. But we can say more than that: her performance of this concerto has materially raised her position as an artist, and shows incontestably that she is not merely a young lady of brilliant talents and still more brilliant promise, but already an accomplished virtuoso. She has carried technical proficiency so far that her playing is almost without a blemish. Her touch is certain, delicate, forcible, and as clear as a bell. Her facility is something marvellous, and, as we said on a former occasion, she has a thoroughly musical organization. We do not say, of course, that she has sounded the depth of Beethoven's music: we do not believe that *any* performer can give outward shape to all the beauties which are embraced in these wonderful works, any more than the most consummate of actors can exhaust the wealth of Shakespeare. New artists are perpetually discovering in both a new meaning and a new beauty. Moreover, no very young performer can express the delicate shades of feeling, the indescribable spirituality, in which Beethoven is so far above all other composers. It is not for bright, happy, hearty girls to interpret the profoundest sentiment of the great master; and if we miss in Miss Krebs's playing some of the delicate essence which ought to exhale from such music as this E flat concerto, it is only because she has not yet reached the maturity of years, of experience, and perhaps we should say of sorrows, which is needed to perfect the highest artistic nature.

The music of "Egmont" has never before been performed by the Philharmonic Society, but parts of it are pretty well known. It was written as an accompaniment to Goethe's drama, and consists of an overture, two songs for soprano, a march, four interludes, and a few melodramatic and miscellaneous movements. To fit it for the concert room a short poetical synopsis of the drama was prepared in Germany by Mosengeil and Bernays, and this was translated into English blank verse for the Philharmonic Society by Mr. George Vandenhoff. The music, of course, divested of its proper dramatic accessories, for which reading, even by Mr Vandenhoff is an imperfect substitute, loses a great deal of its effect, but the performance was most successful, and no true lover of art can have remained insensible to the thrillingly sensational character of the close of the tragedy. The overture—a superb work—was beautifully played, and the second of the songs, *Freudvoll und leidvoll* ("Blissful and tearful") was given by Madame Lichtmay with sweetness and feeling. The other—a trying vivace, *Die Trommel gerührt* ("The drum is resounding")—taxed her ability in rapid vocalization rather too much.

The concert by the NEW YORK LIEDERKRANZ last night, at their rooms in Fourth street, was an interesting commemoration, partly from the excellence of the music selected for performance, partly from the enthusiasm of both the audience and the Society, but more than all from the fact that most of the performers were amateurs and yet cultivators of art in its highest forms. What manner of task it was which these ladies and gentlemen undertook may be judged from the programme, on which there appears the name of only one professional executant:

Fifth Symphony [C minor ....Beethoven
Male chorus, *Die Himmel rühmen*.....Beethoven
Lied aus der Ferne.... .... Beethoven
Miss Dungeon
Sonata Appassionata.... .....Beethoven
Miss Krebs.
Selections from "Fidelio.

The grand Symphony, the most impressive with one exception of all the nine, was very creditably rendered by the orchestra under Mr. Paur's direction, and when we consider that only a few of the players were professional musicians, we may well feel surprise that there was no more conspicuous defect than a lack of smoothness. The chorus also in the first part was effective, but we have heard the Liederkranz sing much better on other occasions. The selections from "Fidelio" consisted of the great Leonore overture, No. 3: the quartet, *Mir ist's so wunderbar* (Mrs. Werner, Miss Dingeon, Mr. Steins, and Mr. Nilsen), the Prisoner's Chorus, and the sestet and chorus with which the opera closes. In the sestet Mr. Candidus and Mr. Weibusch were added to the four whom we have already mentioned. To tell the truth, this finale was not very good, both the ladies, and sometimes Mr. Candidus, singing out of tune; nor was the chorus as solid and true as it is wont to be. Despite all these defects, however, many passages were rendered in a most spirited and admirable manner, and the Society deserves our thanks for the zealous and intelligent work. Miss Krebs bore off the honors of the evening. She plays the Sonata with warmth as well as brilliancy; but we have already expressed our opinion of her abilities so fully that we may spare further comment upon her excellent performance. For an encore she gave a polacca of Beethoven's—a delicate piece—and she played it charmingly.

THE BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave its second concert on Friday; and did a little for Beethoven, but not what it ought to have done. The Second Symphony was well performed, and Mr. Richard Hoffman played a part of the piano-forte concerto in C minor, playing it with the neatness, delicacy, and feeling which he always brings to the interpretation of Beethoven. The other pieces for the orchestra were the entire music of the "Midsummer Night's dream," and the overture to the "Magic Flute." Mr. Hoffman played a charming barcarole from a piano forte concerto of Sterndale Bennett's, and Signor Le Franc sang the prayer from Halévy's "Jewess" and Adolph Adam's *Cantique de Noël*.—*Independent.*

VASSAR COLLEGE (POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.) The Cecilia Society of Vassar College celebrated Beethoven's centennial anniversary last Thursday by a concert, under the direction of Professor F. L. Ritter, The chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, and brilliantly illuminated. Directly over the organ, and over the large painting of Matthew Vassar, was the name of "Beethoven" in jets of gas. On each side of the gallery were four scrolls, in colors, each containing the name of one of his principal pieces and the movement. On one side of the name Beethoven was "1770," on the other "1870." In front of the stage was a bust of Beethoven, and around it a lovely wreath of evergreens and flowers.

The programme was selected entirely from the works of Beethoven, and was as follows:

1. Sixth Symphony—Pastoral, op. 68, arranged for two pianos
Misses Lough, Clarkson, Brace, Blair.
2. Adagio—Sonata, op. 14
Miss E. Cornell.
3. Allegro—Sonate, op. 7
Miss M. Young
4. Wonne der Wehmuth.
Madame Raymond Ritter.
5. Largo and Rondo—Sonate, op. 2, A major.
Miss L. Phillips.
6. Kennst du das Land.
Miss A. Billard [teacher of singing].
7. Andante—Sonate pathetique, op. 13.
Miss M. Raymond
8. First Symphony—op. 21, 2d movement.
Misses Emerson, Hinkley, Miller, Shouse.
Address by Professor F. L. Ritter.
Subject—Beethoven.
9. Second Symphony—op. 36, 2d movement
Misses Adams, DuBant, Kellogg, Cleveland.
10. Andante and Allegro—Sonate, op. 57.
Miss A. Sanford
11. Adelaide
Madame Raymond Ritter.
12. Fifth Symphony—Op. 67, 1st movement.
Misses S. Raymond, McBain, Sage, Sheperd
13. The Heavens are Telling
Sung by a chorus of one hundred young ladies

The following sonnet was written for the occasion by Fanny Raymond Ritter:

Great Beethoven! caressed by thy pure tones
We lose the sense of war's tremendous pain,—
Woe-breathing war, the exhaustless curse of Cain,—
Our sisters' shuddering sighs, our brothers' groans!
Thou, who did'st love thy kind, hadst wept to greet
A birth-day darkened by the dreadful pall
That o'er those hundred thousand graves doth fall,
Which gape below two king-crushed nations' feet;
Yet had thy soul, foreknowing final good,
Joyed to behold the star of freedom rise
Pale, trembling, faintly dawning in dark skies
That o'er a red abyss of horror brood:
Fair harbinger of peaceful brotherhood
In days of which thy strains are prophecies!

The exercises were admirable, and received the hearty applause of the large and select audience.—*Eve. Post.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The *Providence Journal* chronicles a 'Beethoven Piano-forte Recital,' given on the Birth-day, as follows:

On the afternoon of that day, a company of ladies and gentlemen from the most cultivated and refined of the fashionable musical circles of Providence, assembled, by invitation, in the piano-rooms of Messrs. Cory Brothers, to listen to a recital of some of the choice pianoforte compositions of the immortal master, given in accordance with previous arrangements, by Prof. Eben A. Kelley, assisted by Mr. A. C. Greene, the well-known and esteemed tenor.

The programme for the occasion was arranged with fine taste and judgment, and contained six selections of the highest order of merit and interest, viz., Sonata Pathetique, op. 13; Sonata, [Moonlight], op. 27, No. 2; Adelaide, op. 46; Andante Favori, in F, Sonate, op. 31, No. 2; and the Marcia Funebre, from Sonata, op. 26. These several great and surpassingly beautiful pianoforte works of Beethoven were performed by Prof. Kelly in a manner evincing the most thorough study and the nicest appreciation of the renowned master's compositions and style, and with such a degree of earnest feeling, emotional expression, spirit and true art-enthusiasm as rendered them immensely enjoyable, and awakened in the minds of not a few of the listeners new perceptions of Beethoven's wonderful and peculiar genius. The entire recital—including the excellent rendition of the "Adelaide" by Mr. Greene—was a really fitting tribute to the memory of the great composer.

BALTIMORE. Beethoven commemorations were held on the evenings of the 16th and 17th at the Concordia Opera House. The first, given by the Germania Männerchor, had the following programme:

Overture, "Egmont".....Orchestra.
Chorus of Prisoners, "Fidelio".....Male Chorus.
"Ah Perfido,".....Soprano Solo.
Concerto for the Violin' Op. 61, Part 1, "Allegro ma non troppo."
Herr Wenzel Kopta.
Ruins of Athens.....Male and Female Voices.
Grand Chorus in 8 Numbers with full Orchestra.

Address by Dr. P. Unger.

Overture, "Fidelio 3rd".....Orchestra.
Quartet from "Fidelio."
"Adelaide".....Tenor Solo.
"Romanze in F-Dur.....For the Violin.
Finale from the Oratorio: "Christ on the Mt. of Olives."
Grand Chorus with Full Orchestra.

The second (Saturday) was by the Baltimore Liederkranz, Prof. J. H. Rosewald, Director, with this programme:

Overture, "Prometheus."
Oration by Rev. H. Scheib.
Crowning of the Bust of Beethoven,
by the Ladies of the Liederkranz.
Meeres-Stille .....Chorus for male and female voices.
Fantasia in C minor, for Piano, with Cho and Orchestra.
Performed by Mme. Weiller.
Adelaide. [Tenor Solo].
Mr. Maximilian Friedman.

Oratorio, "Christ on Mount Olive," including:
Recitative and Aria, for Tenor, [Christus],
Mr. Schomann.
Soprano Solo and Chorus [Seraph].
Mme. Rosewald.
Duet, Soprano and Tenor, [Seraph and Christus].
Mme. Rosewald and Mr. Schomann.
Chorus for male voices, [Warriors],
Double Chorus for male voices, [Warriors and Disciples].
Terzetto, for Soprano, Tenor and Bass,
[Seraph, Christus and Petrus].
Mme. Rosewald, Messrs. Friedmann and Bitter.
Chorus of Angels.
Finale.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 31. 1870.

Christmas Oratorio,—"The Messiah."

True to the good old custom, the HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY performed Handel's great religious Oratorio both on Christmas Eve and on the evening of Christmas. The Saturday performance came at an inspiring hour, and yet unfortunately at the end of a fatiguing week with almost everybody, the celebration of the festival of the Nativity having become more universal with us than ever, and the preparations more engrossing. Moreover, the sudden arrival of cold Winter, after so many weeks of grace, had its chilling and benumbing influence on not a few, discouraging attendance, so that not so many were there as gladly would have been, and those who were there seemed not to be in a very wide-awake condition. (At least *our* Reporter had to wrestle hard with somnolence until the stand-up at the Hallelujah Chorus.) The Chorus seats were not at their fullest, so that the balance of parts was somewhat disturbed; and the orchestra, owing to theatre engagements, was smaller than desirable. But with ZERRAHN at the helm and LANG at the Great Organ, with a willing, well-trained, and strong chorus even as it was, and with good principals, the Oratorio passed off grandly on the whole. The "cuts" were few, and judiciously made. It was well that we could hear on both nights the unbroken chain of choruses, than which the work contains nothing more interesting or more finely contrasted: "Surely he has borne our grief," "And with his stripes," and "All we like sheep"

On Sunday evening both orchestra and auditorium were full, and all went with more spirit and was listened to with lively interest. Indeed we count that, as a whole, among the best performances which the Society have given of the Oratorio. Instances of faltering attack in fugued passages, or of feebly pronounced roulades, especially in the basses, were not wanting; but for the most part the choruses were sure, decided, clear, euphonious and grand, with good light and shade. The final *Amen* chorus, and the ringing semi choruses, never sounded better to us; and in such involved and "catchy" pieces of counterpoint as "His yoke is easy" they were uncommonly fortunate.

There was the usual difficulty in tuning the instruments to the French pitch of the Organ, and this disturbance of the "temperament" may have been one cause of the impression some had that the contralto, Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING, sometimes sang false. We do not think it is a tendency of hers. Her voice is remarkably large and rich in quality, her reading careful and intelligent, and her style large, declamatory and impressive. Yet sometimes, we confess, her song appeared to us studied, wilful and demonstrative, rather than inspired; certain words and phrases in "He was despised" were given with exaggerated emphasis, so that you felt them less instead of more. Yet there is no denying that this lady has one of the richest and most telling voices, and is one of the really well taught, intelligent, conscientious, earnest artists of the contraltos now available. She sang both evenings.

The Soprano Solos were taken on Saturday by Mrs. WESTON, who, but for excessive nervousness attending her almost debut, would have made a most agreeable impression throughout. Her voice and singing have refinement; a sincere musical quality and feeling make themselves felt in her pure, fresh, liquid tones. A voice of good, though not apparently great power; and a degree of execution and expression which promise none the less well that the singer is so evidently modest.

—On the second night, Mrs. JULIA HOUSTON WEST, with all her wonted genuine fervor and devotion to a noble task, and with more than wonted power, sang the great Arias and Recitatives triumphantly

The Tenor part was taken on the first night by Mr. WM J. WINCH,—more successfully than in former efforts, yet lacking the fine, sympathetic quality for such pieces as "Thy rebuke," &c., and solid force for "Thou shalt dash them." On Sunday Mr. F. C. PACKARD took his place, and, for a first appearance in so formidable a task, made a remarkably good impression. He has a sweet, pure voice, of good power and compass, which he uses carefully and well, and he rendered all the trying music with fair execution, tastefully and with chaste expression. His manner showed both self-possession and a due respect for his task and for his audience. If we are not much mistaken, he will prove a valuable accession to our Oratorios and higher concerts. The grand Bass solos were entrusted on both nights, of course, to Mr. WHITNEY; for who else could do them better or so well? By his grand voice, and dignified, grand rendering, he bore among the chief honors. He seems in a great degree to have got the better of a certain heaviness and stiffness of delivery, as well as a certain hollowness in some of his large tones, so that he sings now with an unction and a sympathetic fervor, which, added to his other qualities, make him a very noble Oratorio singer.

Concert Record.

[Crowded out last time]

We must make it very brief. The third SYMPHONY CONCERT (Dec. 16), opened with the *second* "Leonore" Overture, in C, new to Boston. Evidently a first attempt, or rough sketch towards the grandest of all Overtures, the well-known No. 3, yet extremely interesting (and for an orchestra extremely difficult). Like No. 3, it brings in Florestan's Aria almost at the beginning. It introduces the trumpet signal from without, only much less effectively phrased than in No. 3; also the crescendo of violins near the end, but with nothing like the power it finally acquired, and with the difference that it here enters before the Allegro is quickened into *Presto*. Moreover, those very Beethovenish, light, answering *staccato* phrases in the early part, where you seem to tread the air on tiptoe with expectation, are judiciously abridged in the third overture. Some passages, however, in No. 2, we think it must have cost the master severe self denial to cut out; for instance one where the lifting syncopated theme of the Allegro is accompanied by a charming melodic figure echoed about among the reeds and flutes.—And we must add that, after reading the evidence in another part of this paper (Dec. 17), the reader will probably be convinced that the four Overtures have hitherto been wrongly numbered; that this so-called No. 2 was really the *first*; and that the "No. 1," so different from the others, and so much more reflective, quiet and subdued, was written two years later.

The *Aria* and *Gavotte* from Bach's Suite in D were greatly relished; the Aria, particularly, was very delicately rendered. Mozart's great Symphony in C (the "Jupiter") was also brought out satisfactorily, particularly the wonderful Andante; and even the complicated web of the Fugued Finale with four themes was made clear and interesting.

Cherubini's Overture to "Faniska"—an opera which he brought out new in Vienna in the same season that Beethoven brought out "Fidelio," (Nov. 1805)—proved a most charming novelty. Critics of that time thought it praise of enough for *Fidelio* to pronounce it worthy of comparison with Cherubini's operas. Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's Fantasia, op. 15, gave the orchestra great work to do, and it was done, with startling power at times; while nothing could be much more perfect, both in technique and expression, than Mr. LANG's rendering of the Piano part; the broad, rich, solemn chords of the "Wanderer" melody made a profound impression. The Concert ended with the familiar, ever brilliant *Euryanthe* Overture, given with great spirit, and with rare delicacy in the *pianissimo* "ghost" episode.

Mr. ERNST PERABO's third Matinée we were obliged to lose. The programme we have already given.

The fourth and last was curiously interesting:

Serenade for four hands, op. 6, E flat major.
Anton Krause.
Allegro moderato. "Romanze." Alla Marcia. Poco Adagio. Allegro.
[First time in Boston. Arranged by Ernst Perabo.]
Prelude and Fugue, Op 35. No. 3, B minor
Mendelssohn.
Three Biblical Sketches, Op. 93.....Carl Löwe.
No. 1. Bethesda [D minor].
[First time in Boston]
Sonata, Op 111, C minor.....Beethoven.
a]. Maestoso. Allegro con brio ed appassionata.
b]. Arietta, Adagio.

Two or three of the little pieces by Krause were quite original and genial. The Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue (not the very familiar one) was altogether enjoyable. Of the "Bethesda" sketches by Löwe we hardly know what to say, but certainly listened with interest. Mr. Perabo's performance of the last of Beethoven's Sonatas was truly wonderful. The audience parted with regret, but hoping for a return of such choice feasts in future. Mr. P. has been obliged to renounce his plan of giving a Beethoven Concert on the 17th.

The Concert for the Wounded in the Franco-German War, (Sund. eve. Dec. 4) filled the Music Hall and was a great success. The full Harvard Symphony Orchestra, under CARL ZERRAHN, played the "Leonora" and "Euryanthe" Overtures, the Aria and Gavotte by Bach, and the "Preludes" by Liszt. Mr. PAINE opened the concert fitly with his Fantasia on "Ein feste Burg" upon the Organ. The German Männerchöre (Orpheus, &c.) sang the Vaterland's songs admirably; Mr. LISTEMANN played a Violin Concerto by Paganini; and Mme. JOHANNSEN made a fine impression in the scena from *Der Freyschütz*.

Our Beethoven Week.

The series of performances in honor of Beethoven's hundredth birthday fully realized the programme set forth in our last. All the selections were from the master's greatest works, at different periods of his creative career, and were presented in their complete form.

THE HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT of Thursday afternoon, Dec. 15, (fourth of the subscription series) was eagerly attended by the largest and best audience of the season, and seems to have been unanimously regarded as one of the noblest and most perfect concerts, both in matter and in execution, that ever took place in that Music Hall, which, with the fine Beethoven statue presiding in the middle of the orchestra, and its Great Organ, and its busts of great composers with their emblematic brackets, is of all places in the country the most fit for such a tribute.

The orchestra was in full force (sixty-four), and it was pleasant to see the members of the Quintette Club once more in their seats. The public rehearsal of the Tuesday before had given the fullest assurance that all would go well in the concert.

It opened with the greatest of the "Leonora" Overtures, the No. 3, in C, which was admirably rendered, with more precision, spirit, delicacy and verve than almost ever before, familiar as it is with us. The twelve first violins, the eight 'cellos (headed by WULF FRIES) did noble execution. The trumpet signal from without, by Mr. ARBUCKLE, was sounded to perfection. From the vantage ground of this consummate realization of an inspired plan, the hearer could look back upon the first and second overtures presented in the two preceding concerts more intelligently, and see how wonderfully the composer finally succeeded in realizing the ideal boldly and more roughly sketched in "No. 2;" here were the same ideas, but worked up with an amazing gain of beauty and of power! The gentler "No. 1" (now proved to be really No. 3), also derives new interest from the comparison with its more stirring and exciting predecessors.

The great Recitative and Aria from "Fidelio," where Leonora has overheard the foul design against her husband, with her indignant outburst: "*Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?*"; followed by the tender memory, the "rainbow" vision of deliverance; the beautiful apostrophe to "Hope," with the animating accompaniment of horns, (smoothly and truly played this time), and the triumphant rapturous Allegro. "I follow the inward impulse," the resolve to go down into his dungeon and save him from the tyrant's blow, was the fittest piece of vocal solo that could be selected, and Mme. JOHANNSEN was the fittest woman in America to sing it, identified as she has been with the part in all the German Operas here, and an artist thoroughly genial, experienced, who knows *how* it should be sung, and who enters into the full spirit of it in a manner that atones for any wear and tear of voice. A younger, fresher singer would have the advantage over her in power, brilliancy, sweetness of voice, but the ripe *art* is better than all that,—at least for such a task; and many of the high tones which she held out were truly fine.

The Seventh Symphony came home to all with deeper power and charm than ever before; it showed that the musicians felt the spirit of the hour, and that the careful rehearsals under Mr. ZERRAHN are bearing good fruit. Joy in the highest, fullest sense pervades this Symphony; yet most critics, not excepting Berlioz, in remarking that, have seemed to take it in a sense entirely too superficial and too common, as if it were in sooth a light, careless, happy work, rising at times to glorious exuberance of spirits. But it is joy in a much deeper, nobler sense; joy that implies great depths of sorrow and of trial bravely borne, and earnest, high ideals faithfully pursued, and realized in spite of all resistance, side temptations and discouragements. It has its sublime passages, as in the Trio of the Scherzo, where in the very midst and acme of the jubilant excitement the heavens seem to open and flood all with a transcendent, holy light. And how he clings to the celestial vision, and brings it back again, and finally in a few swift, impatient chords abruptly ends it, as if to say: "What can poor mortal genius do further? How continue or improve on that? Away with it, before we spoil it!" And the same abrupt close came by the same necessity after the mysterious, wonderfully deep, solemn Allegretto, with its sad musing, and its great throbbing undertone of Contrabassi heard (or felt) all through the heavenly visitation where the comforting major of the key sets in. The introduction of the whole is stately, laden with great prophecy, and the Allegro, with its ringing dactylic rhythm, traversing the world, is full of joy, but also full of higher meaning. The Finale is the most transporting, irresistible of all vigorous, triumphant movements. Some say it is not equal to the other movements! As if it ought to be, or could be equal to them! After such celestial exaltations, after being "caught up" as it were, into a life above our life, and held there so long, what could the rapt musician do more? What but rush forth in wild abandonment of spirits, and run a mad race with himself, till physical exhaustion bring relief to agony of bliss too much for a mere mortal!

The lighter selections of Part II were doubly grateful after such sustained high flights. The *Andante and Adagio* (Nos. 4 and 5) from Beethoven's copious music to the Ballet "*Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*" (The Men of Prometheus),—an early work, composed in 1800,—strains of exquisite and quiet beauty, were very delicately rendered, all the tender bits of melody from flutes and reeds being sweetly, sympathetically phrased, and the pianissimo of the strings just right, without exaggeration. It is true, Boston could not supply a harpist; but Mr. HAMANN, quietly slipping out of the ranks of the orchestra, gave a fair suggestion of the arpeggios on a piano. The tones of Mr. WULF FRIES's violoncello were very expressive in the long and by no means easy, but very beautiful *obligato* aria and variations for that instrument. There is a pastoral, ideal charm in all that music.

The Choral Fantasia also is, in the best and finest sense, light music for the most part. At first it is a mere rhapsodical improvisation, as it were, full of arpeggios, for the pianist; but there is a high-strung nervous force in it, giving out flashes of great intention; and out of this careless, aimless preluding the whole work develops. First the double basses steal in with an exciting motive in deep, whispered undertone; then comes the first hint of a tune, a sort of Volkslied, simple, cheerful and naive; the same almost with that of the Ninth Symphony, only with the figure reversed; this is caught up and varied by pairs of instruments one after another, with most humorous simplicity, and takes possession finally of the whole orchestra. All the while the piano forte rules, either by open sign or silence, at the centre of the whole, flinging out splendid flashes of bravura now and then, till finally the basses begin to speak (as they do in the Ninth Symphony), the sextet of solo voices begin the hymn in praise of Harmony, and the chorus join in bearing it up through a series of noble climaxes. One or two moments near the end are really sublime; for instance the sudden entrance of an unexpected great chord in [illegible] in the Symphony. Every one familiar with the latter, must have recognized the first hint of its choral movement in this lighter and more sketchy work. It is truly a Fantasia, and if not one of the master's greatest works, it is one of his most genial and charming. Mr. PERABO was singularly happy in the piano part, and the vocal portions were very satisfactorily sung by a select choir of over a hundred voices from the Handel and Haydn Society, which also furnished the soloists.—We fear it will be long before we hear a better concert than that was.

Friday Eve., 16th.—The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB's concert, of Beethoven's Chamber Music, was next in order. Bumstead Hall (below the Music Hall) was made available for the occasion; and the extremely tasteful and abundant decoration of the black wall and platform down in the centre of the amphitheatre, half filled with friendly and appreciative audience, made the scene inspiring. The wreathed bust of Beethoven stood forward in the middle, flanked by busts of Mendelssohn and Mozart, and the Vienna portrait of Beethoven (an excellent copy in oil) hung upon the wall. Pleasant, too, were the faces of the Club with their assisting artists, Messrs. ELTZ, bassoon, HAMANN, horn, and A. HEINDL, double bass, as they sat down to illustrate the composer's earlier period by an excellent performance of the entire *Septet*, op. 20. The middle period was represented by the great B flat Trio, op. 97, played to a charm by Messrs. B. J. LANG, piano, SCHULTZE, violin, and FRIES, cello. For the last period, the work selected was the last of all the "posthumous" string Quartettes, the op. 135, in F,—the strangest and most difficult of all, that in which the Finale bears the motto: "*Muss es sein? es muss sein!*" Suffice it to say, it was made much clearer and more interesting than ever before. Between those three parts, Mrs. J. W. WESTON sang, with musical voice and feeling, the "Song of the Quail," which we do not think a particularly characteristic work of Beethoven, and the first of the Mignon songs: "Knowst thou the land?" which has a singular and solemn beauty.

Saturday, 17th. The Birthday itself was marked by a performance of "Fidelio," by the English Opera Troupe, in the evening. The Boston Theatre was crowded, as on no other night. The performance as a whole was highly creditable, far better than was commonly expected. Of course, there were not a few short-comings; but the whole thing was done so conscientiously and thoroughly, within their means, and all co-operated with such manifest respect for the task, that we cannot but respect the effort. Mrs. BERNARD gave a really noble impersonation of Leonora, the heroic wife, and Mr. CASTLE never sang so well as in the part of Florestan. Mr. DRAYTON's Rocco was genial and grand, and little Rose HERSEE made the best of Marcellina. Nor was Mr. CHATTERTON's Jaquino far behind. Mr. LAWRENCE lacked weight of voice and simplicity of action for Pizarro. The chorus of Prisoners was eked out by some hundred and fifty Handel and Haydn volunteers, who not only appeared frightened, but marred the scene by coming on the stage with music sheets, and not in costume. The grandeur of the finale, however, was really much heightened by such swelling of the numbers.

Monday afternoon, 19th. Combined performance, by the orchestra of the HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS and the full chorus of the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY (some 500 voices), of the great "CHORAL SYMPHONY," preceded by a short First Part: 1. "Egmont" Overture; 2. Quartet from "Fidelio;" 3. Andante and Adagio, from "Prometheus," again; 4. Hallelujah Chorus from the "Mt. of Olives." We have not room to say how admirably the great Symphony was done, particularly the trying Choral Parts, and even the Quartet of Soli. Never before has it been sung so well here. Mr. ZERRAHN's Orchestra was at it's best too; and the whole Concert was indeed most inspiring,—the only drawback being that the Music Hall was not crowded. Otherwise it was a noble ending of a week of worthy homage to the Master.

ENGLISH OPERA.—Too many worthy tasks were undertaken and in some instances with marked success, to pass without notice. But our notes find no room just now.

1871. The New Year opens with good musical promise. First, next Thursday, Jan. 5, the fifth SYMPHONY CONCERT: Overture to "Sakuntala," *Goldmark* (first time); *Mozart's* D minor Piano Concerto, Miss ANNA MEHLIG; *Beethoven's* Overture to "Fidelio;" *Liszt's* arrangement of *Bach's* Organ Fugue in G minor (Miss Mehlig); *Schubert's* great Symphony in C. (Public Rehearsal Tuesday next, at 2 P. M.)

Jan. 7. Testimonial to Mr. KITTER, author of so many patriotic songs. A feature on this occasion will be the first appearance of the tenor singer, Prof. CARL GLOGGNER CASTELLI, recently from the Leipzig Conservatory, where he has been for some years the principal teacher of singing. For war rendering his prospects so precarious there, he has come, with warmest testimonials from the Directors of the Conservatory, to settle here in Boston, both as singer and as teacher. His school is the sound Italian one of Garcia, in which he made his principal studies in Paris. He is not what is commonly called a *German* singer.

Next comes THEODORE THOMAS back with his fine Orchestra, to give three evening Concerts and four Matinees between the 16th and 21st of January.

German Opera at Boston Theatre about the middle of the month.

Mr. B. J. LANG has made arrangements to give four concerts at the Globe Theatre on Thursday afternoons, beginning Jan. 19, and alternating with the Harvard Symphony concerts. There will be a grand trio, a piano concerto and a string quartet at each concert.

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The programme of the ninth concert added two more important works by Beethoven to the list of those previously given. No symphony was performed; the place usually occupied by a great orchestral composition being allotted to the music to *The Ruins of Athens* (Op. 113), which has only obtained a hearing at rare intervals, though detached movements, the Chorus of Dervishes and Turkish March, for example, are familiar. A few lines may be made to comprise the entire history of the music in question. It is Beethoven's share of a "Nachspiel mit Gesängen und Chören," in the preparation of which he was associated with Kotzebue, and the object of which was to inaugurate a new theatre at Pesth. After being employed for its original purpose in February, 1812, portions of the music were used at the opening of a Vienna theatre in 1822, in which year the "March" was first published. The overture was printed in 1823; and, as for the balance of the work, it remained in MS. till 1846. Such is the uneventful history of one of Beethoven's finest efforts at writing dramatic music. Neglect seems to pursue it with unrelenting vigor, the Crystal Palace performance being the first in London for many years, if we except an inadequate attempt at the Oxford Music Hall. Of the twelve numbers not one is destitute of great and striking merit, and concert givers will do well to bestow occasional notice upon a work certain to repay with interest whatever attention it may receive. A better performance in some respects than that given under Mr. Mann's direction would be hard to imagine. The solos might have had more effective delivery; and the choruses were not faultless; but the orchestra atoned, and won three encores in succession, the favored pieces being the Dervish Chorus, March, and interlude of Wind Instruments. That a majority of those present are ready to welcome another performance of *The Ruins of Athens* may be assumed. The second work by Beethoven was his Violin Concerto in the

execution of which Madame Norman Neruda displayed all the ability which has justly given her so distinguished a position. The rest of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's splendid overture, *Hebrides*, and a selection of vocal pieces, including Schubert's *Wanderer*, sung by Herr Stockhausen to Ferdinand Hiller's orchestral accompaniments.

Madame Viardot. In a notice of the concert recently given at St. James's Hall in aid of the "French Refugees' benevolent Fund," the *Athenæum* of December 3rd speaks as follows of the celebrated artist, Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia:—

"The great French basso was succeeded by Viardot, who sang another *à propos* air, as it were — Rossini's patriotic 'Pensa alla Patria,' from the *Italiana in Algeri*. How describe the *furore* provoked by the grandeur of her delivery of the recitative — by her marvellous compass in the *cabaletta?* Her voice is fresher than it was ten years since; in the lower notes it is decidedly richer and more sonorous. That her vocalization is such a marvel arises from the indomitable will that she plays in battling with nature, which has not endowed her with a fine organ. With her, the singing is of the heart and intellect; the voice itself is but secondary. When she has to execute one of those daring scales which she alone can invent, and in which she has to attack high notes, the effect is grating for the moment, but in the next instant there emanate thrilling tones which touch the heart. The upper part of her register she absolutely drags out, by sheer courage, and quite irrespective of the physical difficulties she has to contend with. Her glorious sister Malibran excepted, no artist can be cited who exercised such a potent spell over an auditory, no vocalist gifted with the most sympathetic of organs, and no singer possessing the faculty of florid execution to the most brilliant degree, can be quoted who have such dramatic powers as Madame Viardot. Of every style of art she is a consummate mistress; in the delivery of any graduation of sound she has never been approached; and thus it is that in the portrayal of varied emotions, she enlists the sympathies so irresistibly. In the 'Pensa alla Patria' she exhibited an elevation of style and power of declamation that raised the words to a national import, as if some patriot was striving to rouse his country to a supreme effort. In the subsequent scena from Gluck's *Orphée*, 'J'ai perdu mon Euridice,' the vocalization was of another order of excellence; herein the passionate appeals of Orpheus for his lost spouse were rendered with such acute sensibility, that the emotions of many of the listeners were conveyed more by sympathetic tears than by the ordinary tokens of applause."

Mr. Chorley writes:—"It is understood that there is a chance of our seeing one of the most remarkable impersonations of any time. This is the *Orpheus* of Gluck's imperishable opera, presented by Madame Viardot. Those who remember the effect of this incomparable piece of Art, as exhibited by her in Paris, will bear me out in saying that the opera, though it has been given in London, has yet to be heard and seen and felt here. The performance of Madame Czillag, when 'Orfeo' was produced under Mr. Gye's management, consequently on the remarkable effect produced by the Parisian revival, was coarse, heavy and 'untender,' in no respect to be accepted save by audiences who have never seen the great artist. I shall never forget the eloquence and enthusiasm regarding the French 'Orphée, expressed again and again by Charles Dickens. He could not 'say enough' (to quote his own words) 'in its praise.'"

Herr Pauer's Lectures. The following remarks upon Herr Ernst Pauer's Musical Lectures at the South Kensington Museum, are extracted from an article in the *Standard* of Dec. 5:—

"The first lecture took place on the 16th, the second on the 23d ult., and the third on Wednesday last. The lectures are given for the purpose of describing the invention and gradual improvements of the hmpsichord, clavecin, clavichord and pianoforte; for the explanation of terms used in pianoforte music, as well as of the various kinds of compositions known as concertos, sonatas, suites, capriccios, fugues, preludes, allemandes, sarabands, courantes, gigues, gavottes, &c Biographical notices of some of the composers are also included. The musical illustrations introduced at the first lecture were by Byard, Ball, Gibbons, Purcell, Scarlatti, Rameau, Couperin, and others of a similar period. At the second there were selections from Handel, Bach, and Krebs; at the third from Emanuel Bach, Haydn, Eberlin, Mozart, Haesler, and Clementi. In order to show the most influential composers for the clavecin and pianoforte since 1660, Mr. Pauer has drawn up a chronological table for Italy, France, Germany, and Great Britain. The table for Germany is extensive. That for France Mr. Pauer limits to five names, and after Rameau only two are given; so that from 1764, the date of Rameau's death, to the present time, only two composers can be mentioned—Schubert and Bertini. Italy does not fare much better. Only ten are placed on the list. Since Paradies, 1795, two only are mentioned, Clementi and Pollini. England, according to Mr. Pauer, is richer than either France or Italy. J. B. Cramer is honored with an English nationality; but Cramer was born at Mannheim on the 24th of February, 1771. The lectures are well attended by ladies, Mr. Pauer's skill as a pianist rendering them attractive. The last on Wednesday was illustrated by extracts from Dussek, Hummel, Weber, and Beethoven."

The directors of the Oratorio Concerts have issued a capital prospectus for their approaching third season. We are promissed, among other things, the following works:—Bach's *Passion-Musik*; *Elijah*; the Mass in D of Beethoven, Spohr's *Calvary*; a selection from Mendelssohn's Psalms, and Handel's rarely-heard Chandos Anthems; Benedict *St. Peter*; Hiller's *Nala and Damayanti*; and Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*. It is evident from this that the directors aforesaid have lost none of their youthful enterprise. Looking at the supineness with reigns around, they "point to *better things*, and lead the way." May their shadow never be less! Mr. Joseph Barnby, it is needless to add, will continue in his post of conductor. *Musical World.*

After the death of Professor Otto Jahn, of Bonn, his collection of musical works, a collection perfectly unique of its kind, was sold by auction in the month of April last. The Prussian Government, materially assisted by the liberality of Herr Killmann, of this town, succeeded in securing for the Royal Library, Berlin, the entire Mozart Collection, the most important numbers of the Haydn Collection—several from the Beethoven, and the Gluck Collection, &c. This is a very valuable addition to the Royal Library, which is now the only one in the world that possesses Mozart's entire works. It has, moreover, already obtained the rarest and most costly of Haydn's, so that in time the collection of that composer, also, will easily be completed. With regard to those works of Gluck, and those of Haydn, which are still wanting, manuscript copies may be procured at a trifling cost.

Berlin. It was stated the other day by one of the Berlin correspondents of a contemporary that Herr Joachim had resigned his post as chief of the Berlin Conservatory of Music, and the statement has been widely circulated. It should be added, however, that the resignation of Herr Joachim was not accepted by the Minister under whose jurisdiction such artistic matters come, and that a statement of Herr Joachim's causes for disatisfaction—the reasons, in fact, which led to his resignation—has been forwarded to King William at Versailles. Should his Majesty accept this statement as the great musician would have it understood, Herr Joachim will in all probability retain his position.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Leipsic. In order to render the approaching Beethoven ceremony in some degree worthy of the great master, all the musical institutions here have combined and formed the resolution to devote an entire week, during which only works by Beethoven will be performed, to the celebration of the festival. The "Beethoven Week" will commence on Sunday, the 11th inst., with a grand performance of sacred music. On Monday, there will be a performance in the Theatre; on Tuesday, chamber music; on Wednesday, performance in the Theatre; on Thursday, a concert at the Gerwandhaus; and on Friday and Saturday, a performance in the Theatre—At the 6th Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Franz Bendel, pianist, from Berlin, made his first appearance here; but, probably because he was suffering from nervousness, or indisposition, failed to produce any very particular impression. Dr. Gunz sang the Priest's song from *Die Meistersinger*, by Herr R. Wagner, and songs by Schubert. Herr Bruch's second Symphony, in F minor, was very far from proving a success; the majority of the audience listened in icy silence, while some indulged in open marks of disapprobation.

Venice. *Beethoven*, a drama in five acts, by Signor Pietro Cossa, just brought out at the Apollo Theatre, Venice, has according to the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, failed to interest the public. The drama represents the humours of a vain, egotistical and discontented nature; and throughout the five acts Beethoven wearies the audience by his selfish complaints and by his railings at society.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Kiss the Little Ones at Home. Song and Cho. 2. F to *g*. *W. F. Wellman, Jr.* 30
A charming home song.
"Evening shadows now are falling,
Sad and lonely I have grown;
O, to hear the children calling
In their old familiar tone!
Far away my steps are roving;
Weary now as heart can be!
Darling one so kind and loving,
Kiss the little ones for me!"

Longing. 4. B*b* to e flat. *Abt.* 35
A beautiful song for Contralto.
"Toward the south the clouds are gone,
Toward the south the birds fly on;
What joy from earth might I take flight,
And bathe with them in the golden light!"

Homeless Nelly. Song and Chorus. 2. A*b* to a flat. *McNaughton.* 40
In the popular ballad style.
"There she shivers in the street,
With her little cold blue feet,
Little Nelly!"

The Heathen Chinee. Humorous Song. 3. G minor to e flat. *F. B.* 40
With a lithographic title.
"Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

Little Green Veil. Song and dance. 3. F to f. *Braham.* 30

Instrumental.

Agnes Polka. 3. D. Op. 125. *Von Ette.* 30

Les Brigands Lanciers. 3. B*b*. *Downing.* 40
Music from Offenbach's "Les Brigands."

Le Petit Faust March. 3. C. *Downing.* 30
Arranged from Herve's opera.

Sonata No. 2. 5. F minor. *Martini.* 60
A new edition of the Set of Four Sonatas revised by Carl Banck, adopted by the Conservatories of music in Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, Prague and Suttgart.

Winter Evening Waltz. 3. D*b*. *Hart.* 30
Pleasing and easy of execution.

Mille Fleurs. (Million Flowers.) Polka Redo. 3. A*b*. *Fernald.* 30
As good as all this writer's dance music.

Boston Dip Waltzes. 3. *C. Knight.* 40
Very melodious and attractive.

Seneca Schottische. 3. B*b*. *Barnes.* 30

Books.

Opera of Preciosa. Piano and Vocal Score. *Weber.* Paper 75

Life of Beethoven. By Schindler. Edited by Moscheles. Cloth, 2.00

The Burning Ship. Cantata. *C. F. Baker.* 1.00
A new edition of this popular work has been published. It has also just been issued in England where it is attracting considerable attention.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 777. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 14, 1871. VOL. XXX. No. 22.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Oriental Lyrics.

(FOLK-SONGS.)

NAMEA. (Indian.)

Bells of silver, ringing,
Tinkle under branches slowly swinging;
Yes! it is Namée's light gazelle,
Message sweet from her, adored one! bringing.

Love no price could measure
Bound this letter-wreath, this blooming treasure
Round his slender neck, to prove how well
She loveth me, my pride, my pain, my pleasure!

Messenger flower-laden,
Bear this breathing kiss unto the maiden
Fairer than all maids on earth who dwell;—
Shall I ever reach her lips' rose-Aidenn?

Take this bud, scent-sighing,
Emblem of my passion, pure, undying;
Lay it at her rosy foot, gazelle,
Where I would I were this moment lying!

GUL. (Arabian.)

I seek not treasures that lure afar,
Nor rifle the stores of the rich bazar;
When beautiful Gul became mine own,
I gained the treasures of every zone.
When charms so exquisite met these eyes,
I thought: Gul has plundered Paradise!
For hues less brilliant than hers repose
On pink and 'ulip, lily and rose;
The crown of loveliness, dark yet bright,
She seems to my dazzled, enraptured sight;
The shining robe that her soft limbs wear,
Adorns not, but floats adorned by her.
The ruby's light, and the coral's bloom,
The glow of amber, and myrrh's perfume,
Here richly mingle in wealth untold,
Like morning blushes and morning gold;
Here finely fuse in a glorious One,
Like rays that stream from the splendid sun;
The perfect sun, and the sun's bright beams,
Light, and the fountain of light, Gul seems!

HIND. (Turkish.)

Though thou dost scorn me, Hind, beloved too well,
Eyes dark as thine there are, oh wild gazelle!
Though thou dost throw my wounded heart away,
Rose-checks like thine yet mock the rising day!
Then down with care! I'll seek Stamboul the bright,
Where vain chimeras all are put to flight;
There I shall find some alabaster form,
And Mauritanian figs, and wine-cups warm.
And yet, why struggle? day's o'erbrimmed with care,
And sleepless nights were mine, dwelt she not there.
Ungrateful Hind! with talismanic wiles
Thou lead'st me captive to thy chary smiles!

RACHEL. (Hebrew.)

Haste, Rachel, haste; nor, trembling, longer dally;
O fly with me from envy's power, sweet maid!
Come, let us seek some green, secluded valley,
And hide within its flowering, sheltering shade!

Among the vine-clad bowers, unseen, reposing
Where earth outblooms in wild, luxuriant pride,
Each unto each our soul-felt love disclosing,
Joy shall be ours, joy long to us denied.

There cruel eyes shall nevermore behold thee,
While Nature takes thee to her mother breast;
There heavenly peace, beloved! shall enfold thee,
And my great bliss will be, to make thee blest!

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

The History of Music.

SECOND LECTURE BY MR. J. K. PAINE.

[Reported for the Boston Journal, Dec. 12, 1870.]

The second of Mr. J. K. Paine's series of lectures on the History of Music was delivered at Wesleyan Association Hall, Bromfield street, Saturday noon. His subject was, "The First Attempts in Harmony: Hucbald, Guido, Franco, Adam de la Hale, Troubadours and Minnesingers."

Mr. Paine said that in the middle ages the learned world was much puzzled with the question whether the ancients were acquainted with what we call harmony. Eminent scholars and musical theorists ranged themselves on opposite sides, and the controversy was carried on for centuries. The affirmative opinion was maintained by some of the most learned minds of the middle ages, and outweighed by far all contemporary opposition. In more enlightened days the negative opinion has prevailed, and such eminent musical critics and historians as Padre Martini, Forkel, Fétis, Kiesewetter, Marx and Ambros have proved beyond doubt that the ancients were profoundly ignorant of harmony or counterpoint. While harmony is the chief characteristic of modern music, the Asiatic finds it disagreeable and barbarous. He has no comprehension of any other than unison music, and the sound of two or more simultaneous parts appear to him as mere noise. Niebuhr asked an Arabian how he liked European music, and received the answer: "Your music is a wild, unpleasant shouting, in which no earnest man can find any pleasure." Could a refined Greek musician, Terpander, or Arion, have listened to a modern symphony, he would probably have recognized nothing more than a confusion of sounds, void of all meaning.

We have no knowledge of any attempts to use harmonic intervals during the first nine hundred years of the present chronology. The chief progress made in this long period was in simplifying musical metre by making it more independent of the words, in arranging the compass of musical sounds into different scales, and in adopting a kind of notation. It is wholly unknown to whom the honor of making the first experiments in harmony belongs. The oldest example known of any such music is contained in the treatise of a learned monk, Hucbald, or Hucbaldus, of St. Amand, in Flanders, who lived between 840 and 930, and who was an earnest student of Greek music. Hucbald's art was to set the *cantus firmus*, or principal voice, in the tenor, above which he added a second voice part, singing the same melody throughout four or five notes higher; or he added a third voice to run with the upper melody in the octave beneath; or, again, four voices were used by doubling the parallel fourths or fifth, in the octave. This invention was called the Organum, and also by the ancient name Diaphonia, different sounds, and Symphonia, unison of sounds. The least objectionable kind of Organum to modern ears, was the so-called Roaming or Wandering Organum. It was composed in two voices of parallel fourths, with a refreshing admixture of thirds, seconds and unisons in oblique and contrary motion. The fourth was the prominent interval. Consecutive thirds were carefully avoided.

[An example of this kind of song was given with the aid of Mr. H. L. Whitney. The effect of the dissonant combinations was, to use a mild term, horrible.]

Ambros holds the opinion that the organum was practiced by the monks as a penance for the ear, to counteract the sensuous charm of secular music by something utterly antagonistic. The name "organum" naturally suggests the belief that the first experiments in combining different intervals of sound were made through the organ. In that age organs were of the most clumsy construction. The keys were so wide that the organist used his fists or elbows in playing. Under such circumstances not more than two notes could have been held down simultaneously. Hucbald made improvements in notation by inserting between the spaces of a number of parallel lines the words to a higher or lower position in order to denote the pitch of tones, aided by the letters T and S (tonus and semitonus) placed on the margin to show whether the steps were whole or half tones. He also applied the names of the Greek scales to the church modes, but in a new order.

The speculations of Hucbald and other learned ecclesiastics of his time in regard to music did not extend much beyond the walls of the few monasteries where they passed their lives, and the *practice* of church music was not much influenced by the abstruse theories of scholars. Nearly a century elapsed before any new discovery appeared in music worthy of mention. Music was promoted in the eleventh century by Guido of Arezzo (1023-36), a Benedictine monk of the Convent Pomposa, near Ravenna, whose name subsequently attained a higher fame than that of any musician of mediæval times, lasting even to the present day. Guido's achievements were the improvement of notation and the simplification of teaching singing. He taught his pupils the tones and syllables from the monochord of Pythagoras, which he divided into a scale of twenty-one tones. He also fixed the number of lines on which the notes were written at four. Hitherto no given number had been followed, but they had varied from two to twenty lines. He was also the first to write the notes on the spaces as well as on the lines. Two lines were colored red and green and represented the clefs F and C, and the other lines D and A were black. Notwithstanding the great advantage gained by this simplification the many lined staff continued in use, both in vocal and instrumental music, until into the sixteenth century. Guido was not the inventor of the modern notes, as has been considered; neither did he use exclusively the points of the neuma characters, which were the foundation of the modern notes. His favorite signs of the tones were the Gregorian letters, but he also used many of the neuma characters to which he gave a definite place on the staff to indicate their pitch. The parallel lines were dispensed with when the Gregorian letters were employed, and were simply written above the text. Solmization, or the application of the syllables ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, to the various notes is attributed to Guido, who, indeed, may have adopted them, but which were not developed into a well-regulated system before the thirteenth century. These syllables were taken from the first words of a favorite Latin hymn, which served as a supposed protection against hoarseness and colds.

Neither Guido nor his immediate followers did much for the advancement of harmony. Guido has become a mythical character. He has been credited with far more honor than belongs to him. Writers, particularly those of the seventeenth century, have landed him to the skies. He was called the restorer, nay, the *inventor* of music, and his predecessors and contemporaries were ignored. He was erroneously deemed the inventor of notation, harmony, the gamut, solmization, the clavichord, the hexichord and the harmonic hand, a practical aid to singers, by means of which they could count the twenty notes of Guido's scale with solmization on the fingers of the left hand.

In the history of music the twelfth century is an epoch without names; yet during this period we mark the first appearance of varied rhythm and exact measure in music, and consequently the development of the note. We owe this remarkable change undoubtedly to the increasing influence of secular music under the universal sway of the Troubadours, whose rhythmical and

pleasing melody marked a strong contrast to the grave, nearly equal notes of the Gregorian song. The further growth of harmony was closely connected with this measured, melodious style, and new intervals came into practice. This resulted in a kind of counterpoint called Florid, because two or more notes were used against one as passing notes. This florid counterpoint, or Discantus (different voices), as it was called, was used first in secular music, but gradually worked its way into sacred music in spite of opposition, but it was not before the thirteenth century that it was admitted to general favor. The oldest known writer on the subject of the new notation or mensural music as it was called, was Franco of Cologne, whose treatises are supposed to belong to the latter part of the twelfth century or the early part of the thirteenth century. Franco treats of the various notes used in mensural music, of which there were four kinds with corresponding pauses. Franco's classification of the different harmonic intervals agrees in the main with that of the present day. Among the contemporaries of Franco, probably, was the so called pseudo-Beda, the unknown author of a treatise on music.

In England music has long been cultivated. Alfred the great had encouraged both the practice and science of music. He founded the Professorship of Music at the University of Oxford, in the year 886, and some writers gather therefrom that mensural music flourished in that country.

The theoretical writings of Marchettus of Padua, toward the end of the thirteenth century, followed by John De Muris, Doctor of the Sorbonne, at Paris, about 1330, note a decided progress in harmony and measure. The examples of harmony by Marchettus and De Muris do not lead us to look on them, nor the practical musicians whom they represent, as the founders of modern counterpoint, but rather as guides to the purity and correctness of its elements. De Muris, it appears, was the first musician to adopt the word *counterpoint* as the name for polyphonic music. Before these more correct teachings had exerted their full influence, it was the habit with clever singers to improvise parts to accompany the principal melody or *cantus fermus*. This was called *contrapunctio a mente*, or improvised Discant, and was the general practice in sacred and secular music. In church music it became so offensive to good taste that finally it had to be abolished by papal decree.

The feeble light modern historians have been able to throw on the music of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—the age of Dante, Chaucer and Petrarch—seems to make the darkness of that period more complete. Very few specimens of early contrapuntal music have come down to us, unless they still lie buried in monastery libraries.

[An illustration of this old three-part harmony was given by Mr. Paine, with the aid of Messrs. Whitney and Rudolphsen, in the rendering of a three-voiced *chanson* from a musical play, entitled "Robin and Marion," written by Adam de la Hale, a Troubadour, born at Arras in 1240.]

Thus far, remarked Mr. Paine, attention had been devoted almost exclusively to the history of music in its connection with Christian worship. The first regular attempts in *polyphonic* music were probably made through the agency of secular melodies as manifested in the *Discantus*. At a later period these secular melodies were interwoven curiously and ingeniously into church compositions of the most extended and serious form; even whole masses were built on them. There are no proper evidences, but good reasons for believing that popular secular music existed in the earliest centuries of the Christian era just as it did in antiquity, but there are no specimens left to us in writing. The great migrations of the fifth and sixth centuries in Europe must have destroyed all remnants of popular song previously existing. It required a new culture of society to bring forth new fruits in verse and song. The history of national popular songs well illustrates the idea that in past ages music has been lost for want of a simple and accurate notation, whereas poetry has found a lasting record in written words from remote antiquity to the present day.

The reign of Charlemagne was productive of popular poetry and music, as is proved by the variety of songs of his day, all the melodies of which, unfortunately, are lost. The name *minstrel* or *minestral* was a title given by Pepin, father of Charlemagne, to his chapel master, and subsequently all through the middle ages the name was applied to travelling players and singers, a numerous class in Germany, France, England and Italy from the eight to the eighteenth centuries, a period of a thousand years. The few relics of secular song now at hand of a period earlier than the eleventh century are only in verse. Prior to the age of the Troubadours we are unable to judge of secular music by examples Provençal poetry and song held universal sway in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Kings and princes rivalled each other in the profession of Troubadours. The word Troubadour comes from *trobar*, *trouver*, to find or invent. Besides these royal *inventors*, there was another class of Troubadours who were held in the service of royalty as court poets. The Troubadours, unlike their contemporaries, the German Minne-singers, frequently were unable to sing their own songs, and for this purpose they held in their employ minstrels or Jongleurs, who were persons skilled in singing and playing The Jongleurs held a subordinate position, and they were sometimes compelled to play as many as nine different instruments, and to be skilled in arts of rope-dancing and tumbling, in imitating the song of birds, as well as to be of ready wit and able to joke and play the fool. Hence the name *jongleur* is derived from *joculator*, a jester. The Troubadours never sang for money, but for honor or love, while the jongleur was a paid servant. Although the minstrels are associated with all that is poetical and romantic in English literature, from Chaucer to Scott, and are supposed by some to have been the genuine successors of the ancient bards or scalds, they were in real life far less attractive. They led wild and irregular lives, wandering like Gipsies from place to place without any settled homes, and in larger or smaller parties of men, women, and children. In Germany for a long time they were held in contempt and enjoyed no rights either of church or of State. In France and England they enjoyed better treatment. In the course of time they settled down in towns and cities under the protection of some noble men. It was their custom to choose a leader who received the title of King of the Minstrels. In France there were minstrel kings as early as the thirteenth century. In England a brotherhood of minstrels existed in old times at Beverly, in Yorkshire. The Jongleurs accompanied their songs commonly on the Harp, or Rota, the Peasant's Lyre, a kind of hurdy-gurdy; and later on the Rebec, a three stringed instrument played with a bow. Besides these there were a great variety of instruments in use; as, for instance, the Vielle, or Viola, the name derived from *fides*, a string. *Fidula* was the general name for stringed instruments, and if we follow the word through all its changes from *fidula* to *vidule*, *videl* (or fiddle), *viele*, *vioel*, we reach *viola*, and finally at a later period its diminutive *violin*. Other instruments peculiar to that age were the Gigue, Sambuca, Salteire, Armonia, Muse, Chipponie and Frestale. They have long since become obsolete, and we scarcely know more of them than the mere names. The Jongleur must have played in unison with the melody in accompanying singing, unless he happened to be a little more educated than common, and then, possibly, he attempted a separate part something in the style of the Organum or Discant. The central object of Provençal poetry and music was devotion to woman. The oldest known Provençal melodies are by Chatelain de Couey, a Troubadour of the Twelfth Century; Thibaut, King of Navarre (1201–54); Gaucelm Faidit, and Adam de la Hale.

[Another illustration of the music of this period, a song from Adam de la Hale's "Robin and Marion," was sung by Mr. Rudolphsen. As it was in unison instead of in parts, it was far more pleasing to the ear than the previous selection, being, in fact, quite modern in style.]

Italy was for a time under the influence of Provençal poetry and song. That land suffered a kind of invasion of troubadours and minstrels.

Of all other European countries Germany was most influenced by Provençal poetry, and the minnesingers and meistersingers were a similar class of lyrists, knightly poets and musicians. The German Minnelied (love song) was more earnest and tender, though less brilliant than the song of the troubadour. The minnesinger was devoted to all womankind, while the troubadour sought out a single object of his poetical passion. The minnesingers stood in closer relation to the people than did the Troubadours, counting as many of the burgher class among their number as of the order of knighthood. As the Minnesingers were usually skilled in singing and playing, they dispensed with the aid of the Jongleurs or Minstrels. Many specimens of the minne-songs have been preserved, and we are well able to judge of their characteristics. The recitative style of many of them impresses us. The metre of the words decides the length of the notes. The cadence was often marked by a freer flow of melody. The grave and serious character of the older songs reminds us of Gregorian music. Some of the later specimens are lively and modern in their tone.

[An example of the latter class of Minne-songs, addressed to King Rudolph, was sung by Mr. Rudolphsen with very happy effect.]

The poetry of the minnesingers reached its highest cultivation in the thirteenth century, and was succeeded by the poetry of the meistersingers. They were a class of singers not generally of knightly rank, but included schoolmasters, clerks and mechanics. Guilds or companies of meistersingers were organized in rich cities of Germany, with rules and regulations. Mentz was the centre of mastersinging for a time. A high school of singing was established there. In the fifteenth century it was cultivated extensively at Munich, Strasburg and Ausburg. Nuremberg was the centre of mastersinging in the sixteenth century, and it reached its culmination there under the famous Hans Sachs, the cobbler.

"While the common people sang their songs," writes Brendel, "and the educated enjoyed the strains of the Troubadour and Minnesingers, the scholastic musicians, who called themselves Cantores by distinction, worked on in their pedantic way, indifferent to the outside world. Song to them was not a beautiful art for recreation, but an object of laborious study. But the time was at hand when the idle speculations of scholastics and the mere naturalism of popular music were to be replaced by important practical results, effected by real *masters* in music, who were destined to work out the problem of harmony and to establish the age of modern counterpoint. This happened in Flanders in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK.

No. 7.

[From the London Choir [

It was a relief and a pleasure to find myself once more amongst my Hamburg friends, for, during the journey from Magdeburg, I had heard the war note sounded frequently and in a manner not always the most harmonious or agreeable. All along the line of railway excited groups of people were gathered at the different stations, discussing the probabilities of the war which had that day been declared against their own Vaterland.

In Hamburg, the excitement was intense, I went with my friends to the Exchange, always an interesting and exciting scene, when the merchants gather in thousands between the hours of one and two; but now the place was perfectly alarming from the roar of voices and animated conversation of the traders and others who thronged that immense square on the ground floor of the Hamburg change.

When I remember the different expressions made to me on that memorable day, and compare notes with the facts as they exist at present, I cannot but regard the general judgment of the Germans at that time, as having been founded on a confidence in their own powers, which was not altogether misplaced or overestimated. "Napoleon," said one, "little knows what our resources are." "We have," said another,

"tried to *avoid* fighting, and done our best to remove any cause of quarrel, but he will not be pacified; he *will* fight, and now, mein Herr, he shall have it, and in a way which he will never forget." "We are no match for him on the sea, that we know full well; still we think we know how to prevent him from coming into our ports, and our own dear Hamburg he shall not touch." How true these words were, most of us will now well know. To me, they indicated a complete change in the peaceful occupation of my tour. Up to this time it had been peace, peace, peace. It was now war, war, horrid war. Moreover, there was a little change from that kindly feeling and sentiment which I had so much admired during the first part of my journey, and I saw clearly that I must now make the best of my way back to old England; and at the close of my second day in Hamburg, I secured a berth in the well-known steamer the "Grimsby," which has since been more than once overhauled by French cruisers, and arrived in Great Grimsby early on Sunday morning, July 17. Shortly after leaving Hamburg, when off Helgoland, the passengers were greatly alarmed to sight what was said to be a French fleet, which proved, however, to be, on nearer approach, the chief ships of the Prussian navy, making their way as quickly as possible into ports where they would be safe from the attacks of their more powerful opponents.

And now, having finished my tour, I will venture to offer a few general observations on the cultivation and practice of Music in North Germany, and in what respect we, in England, differ from our Teutonic friends. I may first say that musical training throughout Prussia is regarded as an indispensable feature in the education of every child, no matter what the creed or position of their parents. In the state-aided schools, not only is part singing regularly, systematically, and efficiently taught, chiefly from the large black music board, but partly from the cheap handbooks so plentiful throughout Germany; but to every school there are attached outside masters who impart a knowledge of playing on different instruments for fees which would be considered in England ridiculously small—too small indeed, to reward sufficiently these painstaking educators. The result of this early musical training is to be found in the fact that the whole of the people of Germany at the present time are more or less musicians. Where any particular talent for the art is shown, there are plenty of relatives and friends ready to give counsel and advice as to the best mode of developing it in the numerous schools and conservatoires which exist throughout the country, and which, be it remembered, are partly supported by government aid. But whatever course in life is marked out for the German child, there he carries with him sound elementary musical instruction which enables him both to perform and appreciate music in a way which must conduce to the advancement of the art, and the stability of its professors. Moreover, the education of the professional musician is *thorough*, not only for performances, but in theory and the higher forms of composition.

In this country it is often sufficient for teachers to play a few showy pieces on the pianoforte, or on any other instrument they may wish to teach. The German vocalists, too, as a rule (though we may not always admire their hard and inflexible style), are well acquainted with the theory of music, and feel no difficulty in reading at first sight complex works. There, as a rule, female teachers are not recognized, excepting as overlookers, in a matter of practice and preparation for the master's lessons. The increasing cultivation of music has brought to the surface, in the large towns of England, swarms of ill-educated, incompetent youthful teachers, of both sexes, who generally are enemies and hindrances to the progress of true art—who teach upon no artistic data—and who impart that paltry smattering of musical instruction, which develops itself in the encouragement and performance of senseless, puerile comic songs, trumpery dance music, and easy effective compositions, both sacred and secular, of no meaning, purpose, or good intent. In music, too, as in almost every other matter, the Germans are thoroughly national. We are indeed, as I have already stated elsewhere, greatly behind both the Germans and the French in that *esprit de corps*, that national union of purpose and interests, which help so enormously to consolidate, elevate, and prosper every good and useful undertaking. Throughout my intercourse with the German musicians, I found them anxious—sometimes, indeed, too anxious—to recommend and eulogize their fellow-workers in the art. Most of our professional musicians are aware how different this matter is in our own country, so favored in many respects, and yet so sadly behind in others. In every German town great or small, there are numbers of people who live by, and upon music. Music is the necessity of the community in which they live, and it is therefore for their interest and happiness not only to agree amongst themselves, but also to emulate each other with friendly rivalry in obtaining the greatest amount of perfection in whatever branch of the art they undertake. It must be noted also, how greatly the musicians of Germany are indebted for the prosperity of music, to its recognition and encouragement by the press. Not only have they an immense number of publications of a didactic character, exclusively devoted to music, but almost every newspaper throughout Germany, apportions a considerable amount of space, in noticing musical performances of various kinds, new publications, and letters bearing upon the progress and cultivation of the art.

With a few honorable exceptions, the press of our own country give only small attention to the subject. Ordinary reporters, accomplished in other respects, but musically speaking profoundly ignorant, are constantly employed—often against their will—to write articles upon musical performances of a high character. This want of knowledge and appreciation of newspaper editors and their assistants, many of whom obtain their impressions and information from either humptions or biased persons, is no doubt a great drawback to the progress of the art in this country. As, however, immense sums are spent by those who provide concerts and other musical entertainments, in advertising, it seems but just to expect that newspaper proprietors should give more attention to the subject, and endeavor to secure the services of a musical contributor, as is now invariably the case with the French, German and American newspapers; one who would take sufficient interest in the art, not only to write *con amore* but with a view to impart information and instruction.

In a previous letter, I alluded to the choral associations of Germany, as one of the greatest sources of strength in music, and I cannot refrain from reiterating my fervent hope, that the people of England will perceive that in proportion to the support and encouragement they give to their own local institutions, will the knowledge and practice of music become more general, more appreciated, and further advanced. Undoubtedly England has done much and well for music within the last quarter of a century, and every lover of the art rejoices in its increased and increasing cultivation among all classes. In proof of this, I need only refer to the numerous musical associations and societies—public and private—established throughout the length and breadth of the land, for the practice and performance of both vocal and instrumental music. The opportunities largely embraced of hearing good music excellently performed, and very often—though not so often as could be desired—at a small cost to the listener, unmistakably instance, that the love of music pervades all grades of society, and has become an indispensable element in the recreation of all classes of the people. The formation of vocal classes, and brass bands by artizans, is also a matter of much satisfaction to those who believe as I do, in the power and beneficial influence of music, as a kindly and social agent; the publication of classic works in a cheap form, the issue of several literary and other serials, devoted to the interests of music; the number of compositions frequently issued by the great publishing firms whose large establishments, together with those of the manufacture of pianos, also testify to the increasing love and practice of music; and last, but not least, the almost universal adoption of a higher style and better performance of sacred music in our churches and other places of worship; all these facts give strong and unmistakable evidence of the great progress the art has made in England of late years, and which would be increased to a much larger extent, could we be sufficiently wise to derive those lessons of profit and instruction which assuredly are to be learnt from the experiences of our more artistic European neighbors, especially from those whom I have more particularly specified in the letter I now conclude

Spinnfield villa, Leeds, Dec 7, 1870.

German Versus Italian Music.

In an interesting article in the "Contempory Review," on "Music and Morals," Mr. H. R. Haweis traces by contrast the different emotional influences of the three principal European schools of music. To Germany he awards the palm. Italian music he regards as having been in a decadence for the last 150 years. "We cannot stop to inquire," he says, "whether it was the rapid decline of the Papal power, and consequently of the Roman Catholic faith, which caused the degradation of Italian music; or whether, when sound came to be understood as a most subtle and ravishing minister to pleasure, the temptation to use it simply as the slave of the senses proved too great for a politically degraded people, whose religion had become half an indolent superstition and half a still more indolent scepticism; certain it is that about the time of Giambattista Jesi, (Pergolesi), who died in 1733, the high culture of music passed from Italy to Germany, which latter country was destined presently to see the rise and astonishing progress of symphony and modern oratorio, whilst Italy devoted itself thenceforth to that brilliant bathos of art known as the "Italian Opera." We cannot deny to Italy the gift of sweet and enchanting melody. Rossini has also shown himself a master of the very limited effects of harmony which it suited his purpose to cultivate. Then why is not Rossini as good as Beethoven? Absurd as the question sounds to a musician, it is not an unreasonable one when coming from the general public, and the only answer we can find is this. Not to mention the enormous resources in the study and cultivation of harmony in which the Germans revel and which the Italians, from want of inclination or ability, neglect, the German music is higher than the Italian, because it is a truer expression, and a more disciplined expression of the emotions. To follow a movement of Beethoven, is in the first place, a bracing exercise of the intellect. The emotions evoked, whilst assuming a double degree of importance by association with analytic faculty, do not become enervated, because in the masterful grip of the great composer we are conducted through a cycle of naturally progressive feeling, which always ends by leaving the mind recreated, balanced, and ennobled by the exercise.

"In Beethoven all is restrained, nothing morbid which is not almost instantly corrected, nothing luxurious which is not finally raised into the clear atmosphere of wholesome and brisk activity, or some corrective mood of peaceful self-mastery, or even playfulness. And the emotions thus roused are not the vamped-up feelings of a jaded appetite, or the false, inconsequent spasms of the sentimentalist. They are such as we have experienced in high moods, or passionately sad ones, or in the night, and in summertime, or by the sea; at all events, they are unfolded before us, not with the want of perspective, or violent frenzy of a bad dream, but with true gradations in natural succession, and tempered with all the middle tints that go to make up the truth of life. Hence the different nature of the emotional exercise gone through in listening to typical German and typical Italian music.

"The Italian makes us sentimentalize, the German makes us feel. The sentiment of the one gives the emotional conception of artificial suffering or joy; the true feeling of the other gives us the emotional conception which belongs to real suffering or joy. The one is stagey—smells of the oil and the rouge pot—the other is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with irresistible force the deepest emotional experience of our lives. It is not good to be constantly dissolved in a state of love-melancholy, full of the languor of passion without its real spirit—but that is what Italian music aims at. Again, the violent crises of emotion should come in their right places—like spots of primary color with wastes of grey between them. There are no middle tints in Italian music; the listeners are subjected to shock after shock of emotion—half a dozen smashing surprises, and twenty or thirty spasms and languors in each scene, until at last we become like children who trust their hands again and again into water charged with electricity, just on purpose to feel the thrill and the relapse. But that is not healthy emotion—it does not recreate the feelings; it kindles artificial feelings, and makes reality tasteless. Now whenever feeling is not disciplined, it becomes weak, diseased, and unnatural. . . It is because German music takes emotion fairly in hand, disciplines it, expresses its depressions in order to remove them, renders with terrible accuracy even its insanity and incoherence in order to give relief through such expression, and restores calm, flinches not from the tender and the passionate, stoops to pity, and becomes a very angel in sorrow: it is because the German music has probed the humanities and sounded the emotional depths of our nature—taught us how to bring the emotional region, not only into the highest activity, but also under the highest control—that we place German music in the first rank, and allow no names to stand before Gluck, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Schumann. It would not be difficult to show in great detail the essentially voluptuous character of French music, and the essentially moral, many-sided, and philosophical character of German music. Let not the reader suppose that in the schools of music that take rank after the German school, there is nothing worthy and beautiful to be found. Rossini, and even Verdi, are manifestly full of extraordinary merit; the veteran Auber is a real musical giant; and M. Gounod is surely a very remarkable genius." But these belong not to the giant-world of the Germans.—*Weekly Review.*

Beethoven.

[Extracts from the Oration by Rev. Robert Laird Collier at the Centennial Celebration in Chicago, Dec. 17, 1870.

The spirit of Beethoven will come to you in these days of centennial festivity, not through my inadequate words of appreciation, though they be words intended as the vehicle of admiration and love, but rather through his own weird and far-away reaching measures. Indeed, I only essay to do somewhat to bring his intellectual personality and the time-table of his earthly sojourn into view.

His life, his deepest, realest life, that which alone was life to him, and of whose fullness we all receive, is too sacred and now too celestial for the vocative case; he must be addressed, as he addresses us, in the language too liquid for words—that dilation of thought into sentiment whose only fitting symbol is music. The altitude of this spirit is such that we can reach unto it only by the suggestions of sentiment—certainly not wholly by the appreciation of our intellects. This will find expression not in my straitened and halting words, but that divine and universal language, which his great and genial countryman and contemporary, Jean Paul, beautifully, as was his wont, calls

"The real moonlight in every gloomy night of life."

Nature, our good mother, has seldom smiled more graciously upon our race than in her gift to the world of this well-beloved son. And he, in turn, comforted himself with the instinct and habit of nature; for he was a sigher rather than a singer. Like nature, too, he never let fall the full secret of his powers; but was a suggester of the world beyond, and which can only be revealed in the fullness of time.

Beethoven was born in Bonn, on the Rhine, and died at Vienna, and it was fitting alike to his genius and career that his day of welcome should have fallen in December, and his day of adieu in March. He came when the earth was dreary, and went himself to repose when nature was disporting herself in lightnings and thunderings and storm.

In this interval between his first day in 1770, and his last day, in 1827, a deep monotone of spiritual sadness was the weird cord upon which all included days were strung.

And one New Year's, John, who had become possessed of some wealth, sent his card to his noble brother, as if to mortify and tantalize him: "John van Beethoven, Land Owner." Beethoven returned it: "Ludwig van Beethoven, Brain Owner."

Domestic sorrows and disquietude came like billow upon billow, and, when deep was calling unto deep, his father still dissipated, his brother still exasperating, his nephew, now his ward, through long and vexing litigation, still reckless and ungrateful—the last link binding his heart to home, a link which in itself was the very heart of home, was severed. His mother rested in death; and, as if the fates had ordained that the clouds portentous should have no silver linings, the great personal disappointment and grief of his life settled upon his soul; that sense most needful to him was deadened, and his deafness became an incurable complaint. Yes, complaint, rather than malady, for, though he strove to know the peace of resignation, he never was reconciled to the prison house into which this confined him. What untold depths of despondency attended him! The shadow thrown athwart his path wherever it led when the necessity occurred, and it was constantly recurring, that he must say, "Speak louder; shout—I am deaf." That faculty which was in an outward way most to him became least to him. A flute in the distance, and its tone of molten silver, its soft gray dying out and rising into an inexpressible purple of feeling, and he heard it not! The song of the shepherd, and his ear closed to it! But I am persuaded that our good mother nature had not forgotten to be gracious to her favored child; not with a seeming, but significant benignity, she came and closed his outer ear to the coarser sounds of earth; jealous she was of his inner spiritual ear, to which, with gladness, she revealed her secrets of sound and harmony. For his music, not less than himself, was in fullest sympathy with every living thing. Nature never had a more trustworthy confidant than he.

He was passionate and excitable; this temperament is the birthright of genius. Culture puts the bits in the teeth of such natures, and the champing is what the world calls master-strokes of genius.

Beethoven poured a new spirit of life into the forms of music, and is the foundation—nay, the very ground—in which the foundation of a new order of music is laid. He clothes religion itself in a possible language, to express which speech, by its very formality, is inadequate. Forced from society, its evanescent and mutable fashions had no influence upon his music; so it is divine, in that it is not the voice of a time, but all time; not of a people, but all people. Finally, nature, by her own habit, sanctions the method of the singer. She never brings her messages in words, for words divide the world, as do boundary lines, into nations, each speaking a different language. So, too, the voice of music is universal. The German text is a confusion to the unfamiliar English eye, but the notes of the German staff are the notes of the English staff. The forms of music are the same the world over, wherever the spirit of music has taken to herself forms. Her voice is the symbol of unity and brotherhood. Civilization has its criterion in this, that it advances as man passes from the rigidity of thought and its formal statement to the relaxation of sentiment, and its glow in art and song. So this gives hope of the reunion of the now dismembered race, when sentiment shall bear sway and music shall be its speech. The Rhine shall not divide nor the channel separate, neither shall the great ocean be broad enough to keep asunder continent from continent. We shall be one people, with one language in all the earth. Beethoven was a republican, and liberty shimmered through all his nature, and floats afar out upon all the weird measures and marvels of his music. The calendar of a century closes to day over his name, and the genius of freedom for which it stands is the magic wand uniting the New America to the old Germany.

The oration was received with great enthusiasm.

Musical Correspondence.

Frankfort, Dec. 12, 1870.—I suppose that if there was one thing more than another which, twenty years ago, I should have looked forward to, as among the greatest pleasures of life in Europe, the *one* thing almost unattainable and unapproachable in our country, it would have been the opportunity of seeing and hearing its Art; and, to bring it down to a single point, its theatres and music. Yet, now I am here, I think it is the very one thing that makes me most at home, that reminds me most of home; so greatly, as it seems to me, have we bridged over the great gulf that separated us twenty years ago from the perfection that was to be found here.

To go back to the first of my musical experiments. In Liverpool, I went to St. George's Hall to hear the Great Organ of that city, played by Mr. W. T. Best, who is reputed to be one of the very best of English performers. I found the hall scarcely larger and not so beautiful as our own Music Hall; by no means so well arranged for convenience of public performances, and still less to be commended for its acoustic properties. Its deep galleries are by no means to be compared to our balconies, where no sound is buried; while the marble (or marble seeming) columns, that so beautifully ornament the hall, at the same time make at least one-half of the gallery seats only fit for the pupils of a blind asylum. The programme of Mr. Best was as miscellaneous as any one could desire.

Overture to the Drama "Preciosa".....Weber.
Serenade, "When the Moon is brightly shining."Molique.
Prelude and Fugue, C minor.....Bach.
Organ Sonata, No. 1, F minor.....Mendelssohn.
Allegro moderato. Adagio. Andante recitando. Allegro assai.
Adagio Religioso, for the Organ.....Gounod.
Marche Cortége, Les Huguenots.....Meyerbeer.

The performance was brilliant and masterly, and the organ a very noble one; but if I shut my eyes, I could easily imagine myself at home again, listening to Willcox in the Music Hall, for it was exactly the kind of programme that our organist can give so beautifully, and I could not but prefer the Boston organ, for beauty of tone and general fine effect, to that of St. George's Hall.

Then I tried the London theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, neither of which compares favorably with our American theatres in beauty of architectural effect, in convenience of arrangements for spectators, in lighting, or in cleanliness. Only in one particular are they better,—in the convenient access to those who come in carriages, under a covered way to the very door. If I were to begin to enumerate the multitudinous extortions that await you, from the time you get your ticket till the time you get safe home again,—for *booking* your places, for showing you where they are, for a programme or libretto, for your coat, your umbrella,—I do not know when I should end. The door-keeper takes your ticket which has no coupon for the number of your seat, which you may get or many not. The entrance fee is high, and the inconveniences and manifold extra charges burdensome and annoying. Boucicault was engaged in ventilating some of these things in the London papers, and commending our American ways and prices to the London managers. There is no doubt he was right.

At Covent Garden there was a fall season of Italian Opera. I heard the *Zauberflöte*, *Trovatore* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, Titiens singing the feminine rôles in all of them. She is deservedly an immense favorite in London, where they can never tire of worshipping her as they did Grisi, whom she much reminded me of. Her voice shows that she has passed the zenith of her powers, but her noble style and fine dramatic talent entitle her to stand at the head of modern singers.

The contralti were Trebelli-Bettini and Scalchi, the latter being, I think, the best representative of *Azucena* whom I have ever seen. The operas were generally no better done than I have sometimes heard them at home; the choruses were no better, neither were they better put on the stage. The orchestra, however, was magnificent, and such as we have never had in opera, whatever may have been the promises of Maretzek, Strakosch or Grau. So that on the whole I felt much at home in the theatres, finding no such great difference as would have been observed some years ago. The familiar face of Arditi, at the conductor's desk, brought back the old days of our first acquaintance with Italian opera, very pleasantly and vividly.

Neither was I unduly moved by the monster concerts of the Crystal Palace, for the four thousand singers and two hundred players, well as they sang, were not to be compared to the ten thousand voices and thousand instruments that were heard at the Jubilee in our Coliseum. But the wonderful building is beyond all praise for its beauty and its size, so vast indeed that, besides the space where the twenty thousand hearers of this Concert of National War Songs were seated, there are two theatres where performances could be carried on, at the same time, without interfering with each other. Indeed, the sound of this great chorus was all but lost in the distance when one went to the extreme end of the Palace. I was glad to hear at this time the "*Wacht am Rhein*," whose strains are ringing all over Germany and all through the ranks of her conquering armies in their march through France, this very day sung by four thousand voices; it was an inspiring and noble air. The composer, Carl Wilhelm, was lately hunted up in some obscure little town, and made the recipient of a great ovation in Berlin. His long forgotten song was happily remembered by some one at this time, and the poor country music master awoke one day, like Byron, to find himself famous.

So, neither by monster concerts have I been astonished beyond due limits, by what I have heard on this side of the water. One more experiment I have tried in this city. I enclose the programme of a "Symphony" Concert that I heard here. It does not look greatly unlike a programme of the Harvard Musical Association Concerts, does it?

Symphonie No. 4, in D moll (Introduction, Allegro, Romanze, Scherzo und Finale, von R. Schumann.
Arie aus der Oper "Jessonda," von. L. Spohr, gesungen von Fräulein Elisabeth Avé-Lallemant aus Lübeck.
Concert für Pianoforte in Ss-moll, componirt und vorgetragen von Herrn Capellmeister Carl Reinecke aus Leipzig.

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Liedervortrag von Fräulein Avé-Lallemant:
a. Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter von L. van Beethoven
b. Mein Schatz ist auf der Wanderschaft, von Rob. Franz.
c. Frühlingslied, von F. Mendelssohn.
Solostücke für Pianoforte, vorgetragen von Herrn Capellmeister Reinecke:
a. Lied ohne Worte, No. 1, in E-dur, von F. Mendelssohn.
b. Marcia giocosa, von Ferdinand Hiller.

c. Am Springbrunnen, von R. Schumann.
Fest-Ouverture, von Carl Reinecke [neu]. Unter des Componisten eigner Leitung.

Strangely enough, I felt more at home here than ever. The hall, a real *music* hall, is not quite so large as ours, while the orchestra was somewhat larger, and, both in detail and in its general effect, a great deal better than ours;—Thomas's more resembles it in the excellence of performance of individual members, and in general artistic effect. Yet there was no such difference as would have been observed twenty years ago, between a German and an American orchestra, the differences that exist being such as would be noted perhaps by one critically inclined, rather than obvious to the ordinary listener. The audience, too, was very like our Boston ones, made up of the best people of this wealthy and beautiful city. The Schumann Symphony was splendidly played, and to me was new. This concert was especially interesting to me from the appearance of Reinecke, the Leipzig conductor, of whom we have heard a good deal. You will see by the programme that he appeared this evening as pianist, as composer and as conductor, and I must say that he seemed equally excellent in either capacity. I should say that no one of our resident pianists is superior to him; as a conductor, he seemed fully equal to the requirements of the place, and to infuse something of his own feeling into the orchestra under his control, who, I fancied, were moved to greater efforts under his lead, than under that of their regular conductor. As a composer, his piano Concerto interested me more than the Festival Overture, which concluded with the introduction of the march from "Judas Maccabæus," I think; but both were interesting, and in themes and in their instrumentation proved him to be a man of no ordinary acquirements. Why can we not get some such man in Boston, who, by his own undeniable eminence, should be able really to be above those whom he conducts, and to be in some sort an inspiration to them? We have conductors who are not composers, composers who cannot lead an orchestra, and pianists who are neither the one nor the other; a man who, in his own person, combined the accomplishment of all these, would be a real acquisition to us.

In St. Catherine's Church here I heard an organ concert, for the benefit of wounded soldiers, by Dr. Volckmar, whose name is familiar to organists. The organ of the church is a very fine one, and the performance very brilliant and masterly. The programme was almost wholly, however, of his own compositions, which at last became slightly tedious; for an organ programme, more than any other, requires variety in style and school to make up for the monotony of the sound of the instrument itself, of which after a long time the ear wearies.

At this theatre I have heard *Figaro's Hochzeit Martha*, and some other operas admirably given, by what I conceived to be the regular company, without stars. Mlle. Desirée Artot, a somewhat noted French singer, has just finished an engagement here, but, in a single hearing, I was not especially pleased with her, indeed preferring some of the vocalists of the regular company of the theatre. Here, too, the orchestra is admirable.

This week various performances will be given of concert, opera and oratorio, in commemoration of the centennial birthday of Beethoven, of which I may have something to report.

The only music that has been really *new* to me in the excellence of its performance, has been the Cathedral music of the English church, and especially as I heard it at Chester, where the service of every day was performed with a beauty that I have nowhere heard approached in America, and not equally at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's or the Temple Church. Both voices and general style were infinitely better in the remote rural cathedral of Chester. I have always considered this English service to be the most beautiful and impressive of religious services, and now like it better than ever before. W.

Dec. 19, 1870.—Since I wrote you a few days ago, there has been a sort of Beethoven Commemoration here, very much the same as was arranged for Boston. The war seems to have put an end to any arrangements that had been proposed for any festivals on a great scale, such as, but for this, would doubtless have been given in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the great master's birthday. However, every musical organization here, as with us, has in its own way observed the day, or come as near to it as practicable. The first concert in order of date was that of the Rühl'scher Gesang-Verein, given in the fine music hall of which I wrote you last week. This is a Choral Association, numbering somewhere about 40 voices on each part, the orchestra being the large and very excellent orchestra of the theatre. The performance was preluded by a Prologue, spoken by Herr Zademack, the principal tragedian of the theatre, which was finely delivered, and received with much applause by the audience, who could better judge of its merit than I. The platform was decorated with flowers, and the master's bust crowned with a golden wreath was placed in front. This was the programme: "Overture to *Coriolan*; "An die ferne Geliebte," Liederkreis, gesungen von Herrn H. Vogl; Missa in C-dur." The overture was finely given by the orchestra, which is much larger than our Harvard orchestra, numbering, I should say seventy-five or eighty. The songs, "*An die ferne Geliebte*," were most exquisitely sung by Vogl, who, according to the programme, is a royal court opera singer from Munich. I think I have never heard German songs so beautifully rendered. His voice is an admirable tenor, and the feeling and expression with which he gave the songs were beyond all praise. He also gave the tenor solos in the Mass which followed, and made the second part of the concert. The other solo parts were by Fräulein Louise Thomas, and Frl. Oppenheimer, the latter of whom I had heard in Opera as Nancy in "Martha." She is also an excellent oratorio singer, pleasing me more than the soprano, her voice being much more sympathetic. The choruses were admirably given. Every body really sang, and sang with expression and feeling, seemingly with one thought and one expression, and it seemed to me that the volume of sound, in a hall not much smaller than ours, was fully as great as that coming from our Handel and Haydn Society. As I listened I could not but wish that our Society would some time try the experiment of a performance given by perhaps fifty singers on each part, selected from the whole Society. Judging from this Association I am sure the result would be a success. Our voices are as good as these, and our singers can sing as well, but their merits are covered and lost and buried in a mass of dummies and donothings. It is needless to say that the singers from the theatre treated the music in a very different way from that in which our opera singers go through a concert of sacred music, evidently deeming it worthy of their *best* efforts, instead of merely using it to fill up a hiatus in the week's performances. I observe that the people in the best seats here, in concerts and at theatres, like our own more showily attired people, consider it their privilege to go out before the performance is quite at an end.

Next in order, on the 16th, came the Museums-Concert in the same place, with the following programme:

Ouverture, op. 124, in C-dur.
Concert für violine, op. 61, by Herr Concertmeister Hugo Heermann.
Kyrie, Sanctus and Benedictus aus der Missa Solemnis, op. 123.
Fantasie für P. F., Chor, und Orch. op. 80
Pianoforte, Herr Capellmeister Martin Wallenstein.
Symphonie in C-moll, No. 5, op. 67.

You will admit that this was a good programme, and I can assure you that it was well performed, though, except in the choral parts, it was not greatly better than our own *best* concerts. I mean the exceptionally good ones, such as we sometimes have. Neither the orchestral nor the instrumental solos were on this occasion better than we not unfrequently hear in Boston; but the Choral Fantasia, which was given by the Cæcilien-Verein, was sung in a manner unapproachable by our societies, as they are now made up. This organization, too, was only of some forty voices on a part, who all sang as if each individual felt competent to do the whole of it; nobody hesitated or feared to attack the most difficult intervals of this by no means easy music. The solos were given by the same persons who sang with the other society.

Then on the 17th, *Fidelio* was given at the theatre, which was crowded, as were all the concerts, many being turned away from the doors. The opera was admirably given, and one can never tire of this glorious music. Florestan, Colomann Schmidt; Leonore, Fabbri; Rocco, Dettmer; Marcellina, Labitzki. These all entered into their work with the enthusiasm that we would expect from German singers on such an occasion, and though none of them were great singers, all were so thoroughly possessed by the spirit of the time, that the performance was one of much interest to me. The care with which these German singers enter into the mere business of the stage, in addition to the conscientious fidelity with which they render the music, is very refreshing after long being accustomed to the nonchalance that marks the performances of the Italian vocalists. They never forget that they are *acting* as well as singing, and though the appointments of the stage are old and the scenery shabby, no detail is overlooked in the action of the performers. The theatre, though so much smaller, reminds me of the Boston Theatre as it was at first, when it was of a deep red color, and the arrangements are more agreeable than those of the London theatres. The hours of evening performances are early here, as they begin at 6½ or 7, ending always by 9, when the day seems to close here. After the opera, the Leonora overture was splendidly given by the orchestra, the curtain rising again and showing the stage converted into a bower of blooming roses, of which column after column rose in beautiful perspective. In the middle of the stage on a pedestal, wreathed with flowers exquisitely arranged, was placed the bust of Beethoven crowned with a laurel crown. On this beautiful decorative tribute the eyes of the audience were fixed during the playing of the overture, which closed the performance.

If I had known of any special celebration of the day at Bonn, I should have been strongly tempted, being distant only a few hours' journey, to have gone there on the birthday of the great composer, and have made it a real red letter day in my musical calendar. But failing to accomplish that, I was glad to have heard at this time performances so various in kind, and so excellent in character as these which I have attempted to report to you. A concert of chamber music I was unable to attend, which would have completed the list. W.

Music in New York.

The second Philharmonic Concert (last Saturday evening) had the following programme:

Symphony, "Ocean" ..... Rubinstein.
Concerto for Piano, C minor, first movement.. Beethoven.
Mr. Richard Hoffman

Overture, "Anacreon" ..... Cherubini.
Barcarole from the fourth Piano Concerto. W. S. Bennett.
Overture, "Ruy Blas" ..... Mendelssohn.

The *Tribune* says:

Rubinstein's Symphony does not belong to that bastard order of compositions called "programme music," which need a page of description to explain what they are vainly attempting to imitate,—as if music had no higher aim than to reproduce the sounds of nature, or to describe, by inarticulate notes, scenes, and sentiments which can be much better expressed in written language. . . . If we are asked what are the leading ideas suggested by this Symphony, we answer, immensity and irresistible force. Both these are indicated with wonderful distinctness in the first movement (allegro maestoso), wherein a rather simple theme is treated with admirable breadth, and wrought into a sweeping fortissimo passage worthy of one of the old classical composers. The second move-

ment (adagio), opening with a graceful duet between the strings and reeds, and the scherzo, wherein the lively measure gives place for a time to a few slow and almost mournful phrases, are distinguished for clear and spontaneous melody. The final allegro con fuoco embodies some of the most powerful writing and richest instrumentation in the whole work. Here the idea of repressed force, which has all along been occasionally perceptible, seems to get the mastery; and as, when the terrors of nature show their full power we are taught to look above for safety, the symphony reaches its climax in an adaptation of Luther's choral, "A Stronghold is our God" —not treated, indeed, with very marked strength, but most ingeniously and strikingly introduced The work, as a whole, leaves an excellent impression. Its effects are attained by thoroughly legitimate means, and in forcible, compact, and distinct writing we know of few compositions of the modern school to compare with it. We need hardly say (the work being Rubinstein's) that the harmonies are superb, and that the handling of the different components of the orchestra affords a noble study. . . .

There is little to be said about Mr. Hoffman's playing except what we have so often said before, that in technical accuracy, in refinement, and in grace, it is almost without a blemish. He is one of the best American interpreters of Beethoven's piano music, and he gave the first movements of the C-minor concerto deliciously. Even better than this, however, was his playing of the lovely Barcarole of Sterndale Bennett's —one of the most exquisitely delicate bits of execution that we ever heard on a piano. He was recalled after it, and played a little piece—we believe his own—conceived in a somewhat similar spirit.

The CHURCH MUSIC ASSOCIATION gave the first concert of its second season at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 4. The *Sun* says:

It was as fully attended as any of the previous ones, and as enjoyable. Haydn's third mass was sung. The chorus exhibited a marked improvement over their last year's performance, singing the somewhat difficult fugued passage of the "Quoniam" with much steadiness. They also sang with more confidence and fullness of tone than at the rehearsals.

The music to Von Weber's musical drama "Preciosa" was also given. It was ineffective because of its interjectional character and its lack of continuity. In its place in the drama it certainly is very charming, though even in that form it has had little success out of Germany—the English versions not having met with any special favor.

It is not as strong as Von Weber could write, but there were many in the audience who were glad of the exceptional opportunity to hear it.

Mme. Anna Bishop-Schultz, Mrs. Kempton, and Messrs. Leggett and Danks were the soloists.

In everything that Mme. Schultz sang she showed how excellent had been her training. If the voice has somewhat failed, we may still admire the artist. Mrs. Kempton's singing is marred by that tremulousness of tone that is so frequent, so fatal, and we regret to say so fashionable a vice. Probably the delusion that singers cherish is that this vibration suggests pathos; but while this may in rare instances be the case, the excessive use of the tremolo commonly suggests weakness of voice and the inability to sing a steady tone.

On the whole the Society is to be congratulated on its manifest progress.

Of the performance of the "Messiah," on the 26th ult., by the HARMONIC SOCIETY, the *Independent* says:

Although the chorus was rather more correct than usual, yet, so meagre was it in number [about 100], so indifferent was the orchestra, and so cold and small was the audience, that the entertainment, upon the whole, was dispiriting. Miss Brainerd and Miss Hutchings, who sang the soprano and alto solos, have a well-deserved celebrity in their respective parts; but neither was on this evening in her best voice. Mr. Simpson sang the tenor solos very well. Mr. Jewett, who took the bass, showed improvement since his last appearance in oratorio, though he was unequal to the severe exactions of the noble music of "The Messiah" Prof Ritter, who had been the conductor of the society for several years past, suddenly resigned a short time ago, and the performance on the 26th was consequently given under the baton of Dr. James Pech. To this gentleman we must probably attribute a gross piece of impertinence to the memory of Handel, which has aroused a great deal of indignation among musicians. Dr. Pech undertook to reconstruct "The Messiah," by altering the sequence of the numbers in the second part, so as to finish with the "Hallelujah" chorus; although his plan involved several other changes beside this. Now, Handel wrote his great work with a most religious observance of the meaning of the text, so as to present a complete synopsis of the history of the Saviour, beginning with the prophecies of his coming, touching upon his life on earth, the establishment of his Church, and the great mystery of death and resurrection, and closing with the song of the redeemed in Heaven—the song which the Apostle, in his vision, heard the blessed spirits chanting to the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne. To each of these chapters Handel gave music of a distinct and appropriate spirit; and a musician who cannot appreciate the difference in the character of the songs and choruses, the progressive development of the idea, from the overture to the amen, must have unusually blunt perceptions of art, as well as an astonishing lack of sympathy with the text. Some of the sequences which result from Dr. Pech's arrangement are ludicrous. He puts death after the resurrection, and the rejoicing over the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth (that is, the Church, as Handel understood it) comes long after the final triumph of the elect in Heaven. It does not seem to us that as a musical "sensation"—quite apart from any consideration of the meaning of the text—the new arrangement is the slightest improvement upon the old. Handel was an admirable judge in such matters; and Dr. Pech is not the man to review the great master's decisions. We are aware that a story was once current to the effect that the "Hallelujah" was originally intended to be the final chorus, and that Handel made it change places with "Worthy is the Lamb" because he found that the interest of the second part was flagging; but this intrinsically improbable tale has been completely refuted. The original MS. score shows that the "Hallelujah" has always stood just where it stands now.

DEATH OF CARL ANSCHUETZ. This well-known musical director, who has long been identified with numerous operatic and musical enterprises in New York and other localities in this country, died yesterday morning, after a long and painful disease. He was born in 1813 in Coblence, and was consequently fifty-seven years of age at the time of his death. He was a pupil of his father, Joseph Andreas, a Government official at Coblence, and of F. Schneider, an eminent composer in Dessau. He was the composer of several musical works; among others a composition entitled "The Mass," and in musical circles he was considered an authority on musical matters. He first made his appearance in this country in 1857 with Impresario Ullmann, and was subsequently identified with the operatic undertakings of Grau, Maretzek, Grover, and with the Patti, Ullman and Bateman concert troupes Of late years he has been engaged as the director of Philharmonic concerts, and before his health began to fail founded and conducted a conservatorium of music. The people of nearly every large city of the United States have seen Anschütz acting as a director of one or the other operatic troupes, and in musical circles, as well as among a vast number of private and professional friends and acquaintances, his decease will be sincerely regretted.—*N. Y. Times, Dec. 31.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 14, 1871.

Fifth Symphony Concert.

The largest audience of the season availed itself of the feast provided by the Harvard Musical Association on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 5. The orchestra, in full numbers (65 instruments), and in excellent condition, did good justice to the following programme:

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark.
Piano-forte Concerto, in D minor.....Mozart.
Allegro. Romanza. Allegro assai.
Miss Anna Mehlig
Fourth Overture to "Fidelio" ("Leonore"), in E. Op. 72, (Composed 1814).....Beethoven.

Organ Prelude and Fugue, in G minor, arranged for the Pianoforte by Liszt.....Bach.
Miss Anna Mehlig.
Symphony, in G, No. 9.....Schubert
Introd. and Allegro. Andante con moto. Scherzo. Finale

With the exception of the Symphony, all of these selections figured for the first time in these concerts; and the Overture by Goldmark, a young Hungarian composer (we are told) yet living, was wholly new to Boston. It had been heard with favor in a New York Philharmonic concert a year or two since, and that, we believe, is all that has been known so far of Goldmark in this country. For an Overture, the work is very long; likewise very large, full, crowded in its harmony and instrumentation; very loud and overwhelming in its climaxes, after the modern way of Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz; while in the gentler and melodic traits you think of Gounod and of "Les Preludes." It hath a story to it, so the *Advertiser* tells us,—a Hindoo legend, "the interest of which turns on the losing and finding of a magic ring. A king has wooed and won Sakuntala, and gives her a betrothal ring of magic powers. The course of true love does not run smooth, and among the many trials to which she is subjected is the loss of this ring, which slips from her finger and sinks in the river while she is washing her hands. With the ring departs from her all memory of her former life. Sakuntala wanders in the forests in utter loneliness and forgetfulness. The ring is fortunately hooked up by fishermen and restored to her royal suitor, who finally discovers his wandering love, replaces the ring, and all ends happily."

To this story we must look, we suppose, for the method and progress of the work, rather than to intrinsically musical development. In other words, such form as it has is not purely musical, developed from within, from musical ideas and motives, but is borrowed from without, from a tale or poem; hence it is open to the objection of all modern "programme music": that of pursuing novelty, "originality," beyond the proper sphere and element of music. Such restless enterprise bespeaks ambition, rather than the real genial creative power. Genius stays at home, producing in old forms such miracles of beauty as these bold adventurers have never yet been able to bring back. (See one such miracle in the great Schubert Symphony which made the last and great impression of the concert). That Goldmark's Overture is interesting, that it has traits of beauty and of grandeur, we are far from denying; and yet as a whole we hardly find it edifying; it has not lifted us, as all great music does, into that free ideal element of thought and feeling, where we seem to be at one with all and nearer to the universal heart. The rich, slumbrous, brooding and mysterious harmony of the opening is full of Oriental, even mythical suggestion. There is tender beauty in the melodic theme which is passed about from instrument to instrument, and is continually taken up again and cherished with new fondness (among others by the *Corno Inglese*, exquisitely played by Ribas). Then indeed comes a great crash, like the crack of doom, and the thread is lost; and the music wanders, too woe-begone and self-oblivious *for music*, whether there be a distraught maiden in the case or not; once, while the theme is vaguely recovering itself in the subdued wind instruments, the violins whimper and cry and shiver at an icy pitch upon the very verge of most intolerable discord. This may be graphic, but is it musical? The overture is worked up to an intense power and brilliancy of orchestration at the end, like the grand finales in theatrical spectacles, too bright to look upon. But has it kept the promise of that suggestive opening, and the lovely (although not original) melodic traits that follow? On the contrary, we feel throughout a lack of progress which is painful. A nightmare spell weighs heavily on each tremendous strain of the whole orchestra to get out what it has to say, but nothing comes. Again and again with loud solemnity of emphasis, with startling attitude and gesture, the orator begins his all-important statement, while you listen breathless; "but," "*but*," "BUT," he says:—but nothing comes. Turn now to two of the shortest Overtures, Beethoven's to *Egmont* and to *Coriolanus*, and think how much more is said in such short time, with moderate orchestration, than here is not said at far greater length, with all these extra means!

And yet the work, no doubt, was more than welcome to those persons who find the modern "effect" music appetizing to their musical palate. To most of us such seasoning is too high and makes us not sure if we have the taste of any real game at all. And to all musical persons it was interesting as being one of the better specimens of the new school,—such a work as can be introduced with safety now and then into a pure programme.

Delightful, after it, was the poetic, genial, and thoroughly *musical* Concerto by Mozart, so simple and unstrained in its happy inspirations, though compar-

atively "small," we must suppose, according to the measure of most piano-forte virtuosos and of the lovers of the modern orchestration. It was creditable to Miss MEHLIG as an artist, that she so readily consented to play one of Mozart's Concertos. This in D minor is commonly considered the best of them; and she was happy in her task, in both senses of the word happy. It was well nigh a perfect rendering, the orchestra coöperating well. The first movement, with its syncopated orchestral motive, and rich harmony, is full of beauty and of strength, of fine vitality, leaving a sense of abundant reserved power. The Romanza, beginning like the Trio in *Don Juan* somewhat, is in a very common, but delicious vein of Mozart; but the soft, luxurious melody springs up with startling vigor in the bold triplet passage in the minor near the end. The Finale is original and quaint and full of life. Miss Mehlig's rendering lacked nothing either of technique or expression. The Cadenzas which she introduced in the two quick movements are by Reinecke; we liked the second one the best, in which there is a momentary return of the Romanza theme.

The Overture to "Fidelio,"—the fourth to "Leonore"—completed the series, given in four successive concerts, of the introductions written by Beethoven for his one great drama. It is entirely different in themes and character from the others. In Nos. 2 and 3, you are in the midst of the excitement and the passion of the opera; the idea and plan of the second being more realized and wrought out in the third, which is the greatest of them all. The so called "No. 1" was really composed some two years later (1807), and while it has one or two of the same themes, and wholly the same tone of feeling, is more reflective and subdued,—more like a calm moonlight picture of the memory, musing over the scene of the tempest that has past. Those three are in the key of C. This fourth and last, in E, and written for a revival of "Fidelio" some nine or ten years later, borrows no themes from the opera itself, and is conceived more in the spirit of a regular theatrical Overture. It brings you right before the green curtain, full of expectation, more of joy and triumph than of tragedy. And in its brighter and more buoyant tone it lends itself more naturally as prelude to the light, half humorous music of the opening scene between the jailor's daughter and her lover. None the less is it a beautiful and brilliant work, thoroughly genial and worthy of Beethoven. The brooding and mysterious passage for which the bright, crisp opening chords arrest attention, gives just a passing, brief presentiment of all the prison glooms and shadows of the drama. We doubt if this Overture was ever so well played in Boston.—None of Miss MEHLIG's many fine achievements seems to us more perfect and more wonderful than her performance of the great Prelude and Fugue of Bach, as transferred from the Organ to the Pianoforte by Liszt. When she first played it here, a year ago, in that memorable chamber concert given to her by the Harvard Association, it won many persons to a delighted recognition, for the first time, of the beauty and expression of the Fugue. That she could be equally successful with it in the great Music Hall, holding an audience of near two thousand people in breathless attention to the end, was even more remarkable. In answer to a persistent recall, she played the brilliant, but now rather hacknied "Campanella" of Paganini *à la* Liszt. The recall was improvident in view of the long Schubert Symphony that was to follow, the concert proved too long by just the length of that encore!

Why waste words in idle attempts to say more than has been said so many times about that glorious Symphony—that of the "heavenly length," the crowning work of Schubert? Played with care and with enthusiasm, it seemed more glorious than ever. So uplifting and sustaining to the very last chord, who would fail to hear it to the end, were it to take till midnight! All other cares seem idle and impertinent when one is so engaged. There is extravagance for you! Schubert, in this concert, was made to follow Beethoven, for the same reason that Haydn and Mozart (in Symphony) had been placed before him. Schubert indeed is part and parcel of the Beethoven movement, so to speak. It is impossible not to feel that there is something kindred between these two great spirits. We trace it still as far as Schumann. We have not had the whole of Beethoven, until we have known him also in Schubert and Schumann, distinct as their three individualities may be.

In the sixth Concert (Jan. 26), following the historical sequence of great Symphonists, Mendelssohn will take turn, in his "Scotch" Symphony. The concert will open with Wagner's introduction (*Vorspiel*) to "Lohengrin." Then Mrs. BARRY will sing an aria from Bach's Passion Music; and Mr. PARKER will play, for the first time in Boston, the G minor Concerto of Moscheles,—in honor of the venerated master and teacher who died during the past year. Part II. Symphony; Songs by Mrs. Barry; Overture to "Tell."

THEODORE THOMAS'S Series of "Seven Symphony and Popular Concerts" began in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, with large, enthusiastic audience. With one exception, the plan embraces this time only parts of Symphonies, and the general complexion of the programmes is lighter and more miscellaneous than before. The one Symphony is the G minor of Mozart for the sixth concert; but the "Overture, Scherzo and Finale" of Schumann, in the fourth, may pass for a Symphony almost. The orchestra, of about fifty members, is unchanged and as admirable as ever, having been kept in daily, nightly practice since they last delighted us. In this sense, as a permanent, organic body, Thomas's is really the only *Orchestra* in America, and it is well that it should go about the country giving vivid, right ideas of what orchestral music and interpretation are.

The two programmes, thus far given, were of like pattern: first part classical, consisting of an Overture, a slow movement of a Symphony, a large piano piece with orchestra, and another Overture; second part popular, dance music, variations and light overtures.

On Tuesday evening the orchestra gave exquisitely pure and finished renderings of Cherubini's genial, Anacreontic Overture to "Anacreon;" of the heavenly Adagio of the Ninth Symphony (which, taken thus alone, without the other movements, and being of such sensitive, fine fibre, seemed to us to shiver in the cold at first until it gradually took possession of us), and of the ever fresh Overture to *Oberon*. Before this last, Miss MEHLIG gave an altogether admirable rendering of the Schubert Fantasia, op. 15, as arranged with orchestra by Liszt. But nothing was more perfect in its way than the Variations on the Austrian Hymn from Haydn's Quartet, played by all the strings. The rest of the second part consisted of Strauss Waltzes and Polkas; a wayward Polonaise in E, by Liszt, played by Miss Mehlig, with Schubert-Liszt Waltzes for encore, and the Overture to *Masaniello*.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mendelssohn's romantic sea-shore Overture, "Fingal's Cave" (*Die Hebriden*) led off. Then the mysterious Allegretto of the Seventh Symphony. Then Weber's brilliant Polonaise in E, with Liszt's instrumentation, played with enchanting grace and piquancy and brightness by the fair pianist. And then the singular Vorspiel to *Lohengrin*, which is a piece of far, wide musical perspective, distance and nearness being suggested by continuous high thin tones, white as it were and colorless, very gradually deepening and broadening into the fortissimo of the full orchestra with all its many-hued detail; and then it all recedes again and ends as it began. This is a *foreshadowing* overture. It hints in a single picture, highly poetic in conception and ingenious in execution, although strange enough as *music*, that which is the mainspring of action in the opera, the apparition of a something white on the horizon far away across the sea, which, coming nearer, proves to be the swan-drawn boat bearing the knight of the Holy Graal to the shore of Brabant, and his mysterious withdrawal in the same way when the evil powers defeat the blessing he has brought. In the second part Miss Mehlig played Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, and the "Soirées de Vienne" by Tausig. The orchestral pieces were Kreutzer's "Night in Granada" Overture; "Schlummerlied" by Burgel; Strauss's "Künstlerleben" Waltz and Polka Pizzicato, and a Turkish March by Mozart.—The third and fourth concerts come this afternoon and evening.

TESTIMONIAL TO MATTHIAS KELLER. The *Gazette* of last Sunday about expresses our impression:

The concert, last evening, in Music Hall, besides being a well-earned compliment to a popular author, had especial interest from its serving to introduce two *debutantes*, and two other musicians who had passed their novitiate, but were new to Boston. For each of the first pair—Miss Fanny Keller and Miss Augusta Endres—the same comment will suffice. Each is possessed of a naturally good voice, but each has yet much to learn of all the requirements of a vocalist before she can be fairly recognized as an available concert-singer. Miss Bensley and Mr. Castelli fulfilled all that had been promised. The lady's voice is clear, well-controlled, and of a capacity that reaches apparently higher than any that has yet been heard here, but, like all voices of the brilliant school, it has little or no sympathy. She sung *Mary Polka* and *Robin Redbreast*—both showy and meretricious. Mr. Castelli has hardly sufficient voice to fill the Music Hall, but he has what is nearly as valuable as strength—thorough cultivation and an almost faultless method. The other contributions—organ and piano solos, by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Daum, respectively, and choruses by the Orpheus Musical Society—were abundantly enjoyable. The programme contained several pieces written by the beneficiary.

NEXT.—German Opera begins on Monday! And with about the finest fortnight's repertoire ever yet offered here: "Fidelio," "Tannhauser," "Huguenots," "Don Juan," "Zauberflote," "Freyschütz," Boieldieu's "White Lady," Halevy's "Jewess," "Martha," "Faust," Lortzing's "Czar and Zimmerman," and Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." The principal artists are partly well-known, partly new to us, but all of high repute.

Mr. B. J. LANG gives the first of his four Concerts at the Globe Theatre next Thursday afternoon, when, with the aid of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, he will present a Quintet by Mozart; Beethoven's Trio in C minor, (No. 3 of op. 1), for Piano, Violin and 'Cello; Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor; and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor.

More Beethoven Celebrations.

NEW YORK. The *Tribune* (not the *Independent*) should have been credited with the longer account in our last.

WHEELING, VA. A correspondent writes us: "Our little festival passed off with a degree of éclat that I hardly expected. This is an uncultivated Western town of about 20,000 inhabitants. To inflict upon such a town a classic programme was a bold venture; yet, from the fine manner in which all our music was rendered, the audience not only tolerated us, but went away delighted. We hope yet to make this a little oasis of musical taste amidst the great Sahara of 'Shoo fly' minstrelsy." The concert was given by four German singing societies, assisted by Vaas's Orchestra, Mr. Ebeling and others, under the general direction of Dr. H. J. Wiesel, and the somewhat mixed programme was as follows:

Overture "Poet and Peasant" ..... Suppe.
Orchestra, H. Vaas, Leader.
Chorus, "Home" ..... Abt
Liederkranz Society, H. Vaas, Leader.
Solo, "In Shades of Night" ..... Luther
Mr. P. Tremel.
Grand Trio, B flat, Op. 11 ..... Beethoven.
Duett, "No end to sorrow," from Ruins of Athens. "
Mrs. C. P. Whitney and Mr. E. J. Whipple.
Chorus—The Origin of Love ..... Frei.

Chorus with Orchestral Accompaniment, "On open Sea." Moehring.
Sung by all the Societies. The Orchestra under the direction of Prof. H. Vass. Solo by C. Wilhelm.

Solo, Violin—Romanza in D.....Beethoven.
Herman Ebeling.
Solo, Basso, "Gold. my Friend," from Fidelio. "
E. J. Whipple.
Solo, Piano.—1. Adagio C min., from op. 27, "My love, my angel, my all. 2. Allegro, D maj. from op. 14, No. 2. 3. Only a dream.....Beethoven.
Chorus, "The heavens tell"..... "
All the Societies.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DEC. 31, 1870.—Knowing that your interest in matters pertaining to the advancement of music extends even to our Southern City, I take the liberty of making a few notes for your valuable and ever welcome Journal.

We have here a great deal of musical talent which only needed to be united in different ways to result in mutual advantage to performers and auditors.

Prior to last season the only Societies here were: two German, the Saengerbund and the Arion Club; and one American, the Philharmonic Society. The latter is a mixed society, and will give the Oratorio of the "Creation," with the aid of Miss Kellogg, on the 28th of January. It numbers nearly two hundred voices and is doing well. Dr. J. P. Caulfield is the musical director.

A year ago last October an association named the Choral Society was organized from among the best American male singers of the District. They now number sixty active and one hundred and twenty inactive members. The latter are prominent officials and business men who are interested in the objects of the society. The "Chorals" have become very popular. They claim to be the first American male singing society in the country, and they are considering the question of joining the North American Saengerbund and contesting with the Germans for a prize at the Festival in New York next summer. Mr. Harry C. Sherman is the musical director.

This season a successful effort was made to organize an orchestra from among the amateurs and professionals who reside here. Mr. Geo. Felix Benkert, the musical director, is a musician, heart and soul, and to his abilities and untiring energy are due mainly the success of this enterprise.

They made their first appearance on Friday evening, the 23d inst., under the name of the Amateur Orchestral Union. The performance was commemorative of the centennial of the birth of Beethoven. A great deal of interest was manifested and a large and appreciative audience assembled to hear, for the first time in Washington, an orchestra of forty pieces competent to play a Beethoven Symphony. It was an entire success, and the Orchestral Union is a fixed fact. A copy of the programme is here appended:

*Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven.
Prisoners' Chorus from "Fidelio"..... "
Choral Society.
*Piano Concerto No. 5, in E flat ..... "
Geo. Felix Benkert and Orchestra.
Quartet from "Fidelio"..... "
Mrs. Droop, Mrs. Morrell, Mr. Burnet, and Mr. Chase.
*Symphony No. 2, in D ..... Beethoven.
Soprano Solo, Aria from "Fidelio"..... "
Mrs. Sophie Droop.
*Turkish March, from "Ruins of Athens".... "
* Chorus of Dervishes, " " .... "
Choral Society, with orch. accomp.
Hallelujah Chorus, from "Mount of Olives".. "
Philharmonic Society, Choral Society, and Full Orch.
—*Performed for the first time in Washington.

C. C. E.

A Strange Eulogist.

MUSICAL CONDUCTORS.—AN ENGLISH REFORMER OF AMERICAN NOTIONS.—HANDEL REMODELLED AND BEETHOVEN DEPRECIATED.

To the Editor of the Sun [New York].

SIR:—I notice that the press has called attention to a gross liberty taken by Mr. James Pech in conducting Handel's "Messiah" at the Harmonic Society's concert on Monday evening. Contrary to the whole spirit of the piece, he seems to have twisted the oratorio about and altered the order of arrangement of the choruses to suit his own ideas of the way it should have been written, thereby making nonsense of what Handel and others have considered a somewhat serious and well-considered work. But the press have seemingly overlooked—perhaps purposely ignored—another even greater impertinence, to which, at the risk of giving Mr. Pech that prominence he seems so ardently to desire, I wish to call your attention.

The Philharmonic Society gave a concert on the recent occasion of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth, in honor of that event. A pamphlet was on that occasion thrust into the hands of most of the audience. It was written by this same Pech, and under cover of a thin eulogy, was in reality a tissue of disparagement and abuse of the illustrious composer, containing sneers at his incompetency, reprehension for his carelessness in writing, contempt of his vocal compositions, abuse of his methods, and comparisons of this master with other composers, always to the disadvantage of Beethoven. I confess that I was surprised that the Philharmonic Society should have allowed such a pamphlet to be circulated under their sanction on such an occasion, but I was more amazed at the boundless arrogance of this feeble writer, a musician of no standing whatever, no composer, not even a tolerable organist, yet raising his pen in confident and presumptuous criticism upon the man before whom he should have veiled his face and remained dumb. The worst of it is that what the man says is utterly untrue, and it will only earn him the contempt of every musician. Listen to some of the derogatory remarks: "It is to be regretted that his (Beethoven's) defects are so dazzling and sanctioned by such a name as to mislead many. He has not been such a benefactor to art as either Haydn or Mozart, because *he has made no splendid inventions like the former, nor did he possess the fertility of the latter.*" Was ever a more ignorant sentence penned!

Again: "But if ever complaint be just or a warning voice be raised, it must surely be when a great but irregular artist appears with powers of mind to cast his own imperfections into the shade, and to seduce numbers to endeavor to imitate him." And Pech's is that warning voice! Let the world listen and reverse its judgments.

"Of Beethoven's mind," he says, "we may say that it was completely *sui generis*. How lamentable, then it is, that Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, highly cultivated as they are, *should now be groping after the productions of such a mind.*"

"In some respects the effects which the writings of Beethoven have had upon art must, we fear, be considered injurious."

He pronounces Beethoven "deficient in grace and clearness," and "his harmony on many occasions affectedly harsh." He says, condescendingly, "these defects greater labor and study would have ennabled him to correct." He accuses him of "extravagance that approaches to absurdity," and adds that "his works bear few such marks of studious labor as distinguished those of his predecessors."

He suggests that Beethoven was incapable of writing a "regularly conducted fugue," and dwells on this mere machinery of art as though it were the highest reach of musical composition. He is good enough to inform us that Beethoven entertained "false notions of his art," and that he "mistook noise for grandeur." The "Adelaide" he calls a "pleasing scena," and the "Ah perfido," which is perhaps the greatest dramatic song ever penned, he thinks, "with the other vocal writings of Beethoven, adds but little to his fame." He states that Beethoven "dosed his countrymen," and "thoroughly exhausted their patience" with the length of his symphonies.

And so on through page after page of disparagement and depreciation, mixed up with qualified and condescending patronage. No wonder that the pamphlet has excited the utmost indignation and disgust of musicians of every class, especially of those to whom it was addressed, the Directors of the Philharmonic Society, who seem now to painfully regret its appearance. Nothing would be easier than to show the shallowness of Mr. Pech's twaddle, and the falsity of his statements. Beethoven's four overtures to "Fidelio" show whether he was a lazy, slovenly, careless writer, or not. So does his published score to "Fidelio," containing his thousands of careful corrections. So does his "Sketch-Book," with phrases in some instances worked over twenty times to get them perfect. As to his not being able to write fugues, that is pure nonsense. If he did not write them, it was because he threw off their fetters, and wrote dramatic and not scholastic music. That he *could* write them when so disposed, his last quartet—which is a fugue thoroughly wrought out—is conclusive proof. That his vocal compositions did not add materially to his fame," Pech has himself shown to be an untrue statement in a long and eulogistic article on the mass in C, published in the programme of his Church Music Association Concert last year. But the foolish remarks refute themselves in the minds of all who know Beethoven's works, and it is useless to follow out their errors. When the Philharmonic next gives a festival in reverence of a composer, it is to be hoped they will choose for a pamphleteer some one who will not take advantage of the opportunity to traduce the memory and belittle the works of the man sought to be honored. PHILHARMONIC.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal with Piano Accompaniment.

The Earth is the Lord's. (Sacred). Bass Solo and Quartet. 3. G Solo to *d*. Quartet to d, op. 51. *Lob.* 40

A piece for public worship which is in smooth and religious style.

Angels ever Bright and fair. (Sacred). Quartet and Duet. 3. E to f sharp. Op. 52. *Lob.* 40

A piece capable of much expression, especially in the Duet between the Soprano and Tenor.

Sweet Nellie. Song and Chorus. B*b* to e flat. *C. Hatch Smith.* 30

"Sweet Nellie was our only darling pet,
She left us when the flowers die;
As the Autumn leaves were falling Nellie went
To be with angels in the sky."

Irish Air Castles. Ballad. 3. B*b* to f. *Fernald.* 30

"Sweet Norah, come here and look into the fire,
May be in its embers good luck we might see,
But don't come too near or your glances so shining,
Will put it clean out like the sunbeam's machree."

Dreaming ever, fondly dreaming. Ballad and Cho. C to c. *Christie.* 30

A good melody, well adapted to the words.

"Dreaming ever, fondly dreaming,
In the twilight softly beaming.
Thoughts of beauty ever teeming,
Bring the days of long ago."

You know how it is yourself. Humorous song of the day. 3. F to d. *Pause.* 35

Abounding with capital hits on New York sensations, and sung with great success by Miss Lydia Thompson in that city.

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A first composition of a young writer, which has the merit of good melody and rhythm.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 778. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1871. VOL. XXX. No. 23.

The 17th December, 1870.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

[We are indebted to the London *Musical World* for translating altogether the best and wisest (so far as we have seen) of the hundreds of appreciations of BEETHOVEN called forth by the hundredth anniversary of his birth.]

A time may, perhaps, come, when our almanacs, instead of containing an endless number of the names of saints—of whose life and doings even the firmest believer possesses but a slight knowledge—when, we say, our almanacs will record the days on which were born or on which died those men who have exercised a prominent influence on civilization, in the broadest acceptation of the word. When such is the case, we shall write, at least in Germany, under the date of the 17th December: Ludwig van Beethoven. On this day, a century ago, was our great tone-poet baptized; so much we know. It is considered probable that he was born the day before. When a nation does honor to the memory of a great man, it really honors only itself, for it shows that it knows how to recognize and appreciate a great mind sprung from itself. Ludwig van Beethoven was a genius such as but rarely appears in the art-history of any age or people. It has sometimes been asserted that, among the millions whom birth, education, and circumstances do not permit to participate in a highly intellectual life, thousands would become great men, were fate to favor them. We do not think so, but even were it the case, we should recognize, in this instance as well as in others, the wise economy of Nature. Men cannot master too much at one time, and a considerable period is always needed ere any important, and therefore great, man has worked out his due effect.

The material points in Beethoven's early pilgrimage are pretty generally known—some few, however, require further elucidation. On the whole, his career was simple and quiet. There were none of the wonderful successes which surrounded with brilliancy the youth of Mozart—or of the passionate and almost historical struggles such as Gluck and Handel underwent in Paris and in London. Nay, even a journey to England, like that which crowned the old age of Father Haydn, is wanting in the life of Beethoven. The life of Sebastian Bach alone offers still fewer points of contact with the wide, wide world! Even in his early youth, Beethoven's art became for him everything: a permanent source of employment; a delight; and a means of profit and of distinction. He was only twelve years old when he entered the musical establishment of the Elector Max Franz, filling in it the post of organist, pianist, and subsequently, even of tenorist. Thus, at his entry into life, he proved the support of his family, and felt, no doubt, a certain self-confidence from the consciousness that, though scarcely a youth, he was, in his artistic as well as his social character, satisfying requirements that we are justified in making only on mature manhood. The friendly reception with which he met in all circles at Bonn, especially at Mme. von Breuning's, enlarged the sphere of his accomplishments, and, when hardly more than a youth of five and twenty, he went, well prepared, to the Imperial capital in which his genius and his reputation were destined to burst forth into bloom.

Through the Elector (a son of the Empress Maria Theresa), and those about him, numerous and intimate relations existed between Bonn and Vienna; and, thanks to the intervention of his old patrons, Beethoven was admitted into the first families of the Austrian aristocracy. The dedication of his works would prove, even were we not aware of it from other sources, how deeply indebted the artist felt to those of high birth. It is solely to what they did that Vienna owes the fact of being able to call the great man more particularly her own. It is true that, during the long period of thirty-four years which he spent there, he never sought or found a sphere of personal influence—as a teacher, a conductor, or even as a virtuoso. He gave the Viennese public an opportunity of hearing his works before any one else heard them—an opportunity by which they did not always profit. The concerts at which he did so—and at some of which he appeared as a pianist—were, perhaps, the only occasions that brought him personally into contact with the Viennese public. He had something better to do than to conduct an orchestra or to assist young beginners with good advice—for he was one who directed music into new paths, and, by his works, exerted an elevating and guiding influence upon hundreds of thousands.

As far as a serious artistic life can be so, Beethoven's, taken all in all, may, perhaps, be termed particularly favored. He was able to live entirely for his work, and quickly met with the highest appreciation; while the miseries attending a somewhat badly-managed bachelor's establishment—miseries springing from his amiable weakness for brothers and nephews—must not, in conclusion, be estimated too highly. But there was a grey thread running through his life. When only in his eight-and-twentieth year, he felt a diminution in his power of hearing. For about twenty years the malady seems to have increased and sometimes to have diminished, until it terminated in total deafness. In addition to the pang of only half receiving the living impression of his productions, and of subsequently not receiving it at all—in addition to the rent in his intercourse with the world, which, from the very first possessed great attractions for him—he was most painfully worried, being a sensitive man, by all the experiments with which the disciples of Æsculapius assailed him, and ashamed, for a tolerably long time, to confess his malady, concealing it, and thereby, probably, rendering it worse. Attempts have been made to explain, by this want of the material sense of hearing, many compositions of the last period less practicable and less charming than the rest; but the man who, with his inward ear, could hear the *Adagio* of the Ninth Symphony and the "Benedictus" of the *Missa Solemnis*, required no excitement of the senses. Whatever the amount of sorrow which the idea of the deaf composer may inspire, it is a great question whether his inability to hear did not contribute to make his nature more profound. A musician, as such, is, in general, indebted to his ear for more pain than pleasure—and how little of all we are obliged to hear is worth being heard, every one knows.

How, too, can we speak of solitude in the case of a man who, really and truly, was at home in a different world from that which surrounded him? Every one to whom has been granted, in any degree, the privilege of being artistically productive, can perhaps conceive, with blessed envy, what sort of an existence that of such a genius must be. If the slightest original notion exerts a vivifying influence, how shall we describe the ecstacy which must have been Beethoven's, when the first embryo-like notion of a new composition sprang up in his brain, assuming more and more distinctness of shape, and gradually filling his whole being, till all within him breathed, sang, sounded in melodies, of which he himself a short time before had no presentiment? And these tone-pictures filling the entire man did not vanish from him like light dreams—he knew how to grasp them with a hand possessing the strength of a giant; to hold them fast; to give them form and shape—to cast, as it were, even the most etherial in bronze. Combined, too, with the marvellous charms this great man's fancy afforded him, was the ever-increasing and refreshing consciousness of his own intellectual power, the feeling of his *mastery*, the only true power and true freedom upon earth.

Especial interest is taken now-a-days in investigating most minutely all the details in the social position of great men. There is no objection to this, as long as we do not attempt to establish too close a connection between their works and their circumstances, for such an attempt leads to the most outrageous errors—or as long as we do not, with our enthusiasm reversed, endeavor to perceive the importance of their productions in the most trivial thing we learn concerning what they said and did. It is certain that excellent qualities of heart and disposition generally adorned Beethoven, and people readily forgave him his weaknesses. He met the poetry, the history, the great deeds of his time, with an active intelligence, nay, with passionate sympathy. But there were, and always are, thousands of men, his equals in elevation of character, in social virtue, and in noble conception of life, but not competent to produce anything that shall advance mankind. Beethoven, however, was able to express in wonderful works of art the lofty emotions and views that lived within him—and *that* is what makes him a great man.

Many, on the other hand, attempt to perceive the most essential greatness of such works in certain ideas, which, they assert, serve as a base, and which every one then endeavors to explain after his own fashion. But it is not that which a work of art conceals, it is that which it says, and the way in which it says it, that constitute its greatness. This greatness, moreover, is to be found in the conditions of *that* art of which we are treating. What elevates and inspires us, when we hear any of Beethoven's music, is the abundance, the originality, the boldness of imagination, the endless diversity of the melodies, and the charms they have for the senses, combined with their feeling, kindly power; their ingenious simplicity; their passionate energy; and their proud, high character—it is the way, so logical, and yet so free, in which they are carried out—it is the treatment, healthy, unaffected, and yet so original, of the harmony—the highly-colored, individual employment of the instruments of sound—in a word, the fulfilment of all the conditions which a musical composition demands, if it is to satisfy all that can be expected from it. What that means is known to the many who, gifted and talented as they are, have endeavored, and still endeavor, but in vain, to attain it.

Though Beethoven's name is full of import for the educated in all nations, and though his works have, since the beginning of the present century, continued to spread more and more in all countries, we Germans have a right to call him more especially ours. In political matters the bias of our nature toward the Ideal and the Spiritual may have been an obstacle in our way—but how much that is magnificent has it not produced! Such is the case with the love of instrumental music, that wondrous blossom of German genius, that most true poetry, without material subject, and without doubtful thoughts. Truly, it is a lofty people, from among which hundreds of thousands are continually assembling, in all directions, for the purpose of listening, with pious devotion, to the utterances which their harmony-inspired seers have delivered! In the very strictest, and, consequently most energetic signification of the words, the instrumental works

of our great masters are tone-poems—and those of Ludwig van Beethoven are the most magnificent and the most sublime of any. How deeply what we owe him is felt on all sides, is shown by the festivals, now being consecrated to his memory. Neither the thought of all the great things that have been done and achieved upon the blood-drenched fields of battle, nor anxiety for what still remains to be achieved, has seared our minds into forgetting to consecrate the day which, a century ago, gave us the musician Beethoven. Let us hope that, in the fullness of the power it has victoriously attained, our nation will preserve its noble sense for the Beautiful, and its proud delight in all the magnificent things which its poets, in words, and in tone, have presented to it. And so, on Beethoven's Day, we exclaim to it, in the words of Schiller—

"Freue Dich, dass die Gabe des Liedes vom Himmel herabkommt,
Dass der Sanger dir singt, was ihn die Muse gelehrt!
Weil der Gott ihn beseelt, so wird er dem Hörer zum Gotte,
Weil er der Glückliche ist, kannst Du der Selige sein."

Cologne, 17th December.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Marx's Characterization of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

BY A. E. KROEGER.

About the year 1822 Fred. Rochlitz communicated to Beethoven a proposition from Härtel of Leipzig (the firm is now Breitkopf and Härtel) to write a musical accompaniment to Goethe's "Faust," somewhat in the nature of Beethoven's famous music to Goethe's "Egmont." Beethoven jerked up his head, threw up his hands: "That would be something, indeed! The trouble is, I have for some time been engaged on three other great works. Much has already been elaborated;—that is, in my head. I must first get rid of these; two great symphonies, each different from my other ones, and an oratorio." The oratorio was not even begun; of the one symphony Beethoven left only a few sketches; the other symphony is the world-renowned Ninth.

At the close of the year 1823 Beethoven returned to Vienna. The first part of the great symphony was finished "in his head;" so was also the leading idea of the second part, namely, that —against all rules of symphonical construction— this one should consist of one instrumental part and one vocal part, and that this second unheard of vocal part should have for its theme Schiller's wonderful "Hymn to Joy." The first (instrumental) part had even been sketched in its principal movements on paper. The problem was, how to effect a transition from the instrumental to the vocal part. One day, returning home from a walk, Beethoven cried, triumphantly: "I have it; I have it now!" and he showed his friend Schindler his sketch-book, wherein, under the notes of a recitative there stood these words: "Let us sing the song of the immortal Schiller!" But afterwards he changed these words and substituted the—as we shall see—much more proper recitative: "Ah friends, not these tones; but let us start tones pleasanter and fuller of joy." About February, 1824, the colossal work was finished. In May it was to be performed at a grand concert for Beethoven's benefit,—a concert that was to be a sort of solemn protest against the lighter music of Rossini, then all in vogue, and which attained increased significance by the publication of a highly appreciative letter to Beethoven, signed by the highest noblemen and musical artists in Vienna. Of musical, financial, and other difficulties, there arose, of course, an infinite number, as usual. There was a difficulty about the basso for the recitative. There was a difficulty about the word "Missa" in the programme, which the Imperial censor construed to be a profanation of divine things. Finally came the female soloists: Henrietta Sontag, soprano, and Caroline Unger, alto, and made their difficulties, saying to Beethoven:

"You are simply a tyrant of vocal organs."

To which he replied, smilingly: "You both have simply been spoiled by Italian modes of singing and music."

"But," said Henrietta Sontag, "this part, 'Joy gave mankind grapes and kisses!' can't you change it? It is altogether too high!"

"And," said Caroline Unger, "this part here is altogether too high for an alto voice; can't you change it?"

To all which objections Beethoven replied, "I tell you again and again, No!"

"Well, in God's name, let us go on and finish this torture," quoth Henrietta Sontag.

On the 7th of May, 1824, the grand concert took place. The programme was:

1. Great Overture by Beethoven.
2. The Kyrie, Credo, Agnus Dei and Dona from the Missa Solemnis by Beethoven
3. Great Symphony with Solo and Chorus in the Finale on Schiller's Hymn to Joy, by Beethoven.

The house was crowded; the triumph complete. A critic wrote:

"But where shall I find words to characterize these gigantic works, particularly after having heard them only once, and—so far as the singing was concerned—by no means sufficiently well done. . . Yet the impression was indescribably grand and magnificent, and the applause enthusiastic, that rose from overflowing hearts up to the great master, whose inexhaustible genius had unlocked a new world, and unveiled never before heard or dreamed of marvels of his sacred art." And of the Ninth Symphony he wrote: "Like a clap of thunder the finale, in D minor, announced itself in the shrill, piercing small ninth over the chord of the dominant; in the manner of a *pot-pourri* we then had all the previous chief themes reflected as from a mirror in short periods, and once more presented to us in a mixed sequence; then suddenly the bass-viols growled out a recitative, which seemed to ask: 'What in the world is going to be done now?'—a question they answered with a soft running theme in D major, which developed itself through the gradual joining of all the other instruments by wonderfully glorious connections and measured gradations into a most powerful *crescendo*. But when now, upon the behest of the solo bass-voice, the full chorus of human voices with majestic glory began the great Hymn in praise of Joy, the gladdened heart opened itself in blessed enjoyment to the rapture of the music and the song, and a thousand throats cried: 'Hail, hail, hail! to the divine art of tones! Praise, thanks and glory to its worthiest high priest!' Cooled off, as the writer of this sits now at his desk, he must declare that that moment will never be forgotten by him. Art and truth celebrated here their most brilliant triumph; and it might very properly be said: '*non plus ultra!*' Who could succeed in surpassing this wonderful passage? Hence it is also an impossibility, that the other strophes of the poem —arranged partly for solo voices and partly for chorus, and in various tempos, times and keys— should produce a similar effect, however excellently the separate parts have been treated; nay, the most enthusiastic admirers of the composer are firmly convinced, that the truly unparalleled finale would make a still greater impression in a more concentrated form, and that the composer himself would share the view, had not cruel fate deprived him of the power of hearing his own creations."

Such was the impression produced at its first production by the Ninth Symphony and the novel form Beethoven had given to it. For the ordinary form of a Symphony is the rendering and developing of three or four musical movements by an *orchestra*, as a Sonata is the rendering of three or four musical themes on the piano; the first movement being generally an Allegro, the second an Andante, and the third again an Allegro. If there are four movements, the fourth movement is usually a Scherzo or Minuetto, and leads over from the Andante to the last Allegro. The character of these movements can of course be changed *ad libitum*; in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, for instance, there is no *Andante* nor even the shadow of a melancholy feeling. But in the Ninth Symphony Beethoven gave an utterly new form to the symphony by introducing the human voice at the close, thereby, as it were, suggesting the insufficiency of mere instrumental music to express what he wished to express. And Beethoven had been chiefly a composer of instrumental works. The Ninth Symphony separates, therefore into two chief parts: the first instrumental, the second in the nature of a cantata. The first part has three movements, 1, Allegro; 2, Molto Vivace (being a Scherzo with Trio); 3, Adagio with variations. With the Adagio the first part closes, and in place of the expected fourth movement, Finale, we have a complete Second Part. This second part opens with a sketch by the instruments of all the musical themes of the first part, and of the coming second part; all of these sketches of themes mixed up in a strange way, and dropped almost as soon as taken up, as if Beethoven had been looking for some theme that would not elaborate itself, and had after a short trial found them all insufficient. Finally the bass instruments find the right melody—the one which the voices take up afterwards —and the other instruments striking in, the grand melody of the Hymn to Joy sweeps into full majesty. But at this very point Beethoven once more seems to get dissatisfied, the melody stops, the harsh D minor theme of the first part is heard once more, stops, and, lo and behold, the problem is solved: the human voice enters and stops the instruments: "O friends not these tones! but let us start tones pleasanter and fuller of joy." Then sweeps in the grand chorus.

"Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness,
Daughter from Elysium."

Such is the Second Part.

Much has been written about this Ninth Symphony. It is certainly one of the most admirably elaborated and melodious symphonies of Beethoven, and wonderful in its unity. The grand Hymn to Joy of the Second Part is in almost all its melody musically suggested in the three movements of the first part, particularly in the Trio of the second movement, the *Molto Vivace*. And yet no other work of music has produced so many disputes among musical and non-musical people. Mendelssohn does not like it. Spohr says: "The three movements of the first part appear to me, in spite of some strokes of genius, worse than any of the previous eight symphonies; and as for

the second part, it appears to me so monotonous and tasteless, and in its arrangement of Schiller's Hymn so trivial, that I cannot understand how a genius like Beethoven could have written it." Wagner, on the other hand, is an enthusiast in its favor, and so is Liszt. A scholarly as well as interesting characterization of the work has been written by A. B. Marx in his Life of Beethoven. This we propose now to translate; and these remarks are merely introductory to the translation.

(To be Continued).

The History of Music.

THIRD LECTURE BY MR. J. K. PAINE.

[Reported for the Boston Journal.]

The third of the series of eighteen lectures on the History of Music, by Mr. John K. Paine, was delivered at Wesleyan Association Hall on Saturday. The particular division of the subject treated upon was "The Flemish Composers of the 15th and 16th Centuries; Music in England, France and Germany."

Until the year 1400, said the lecturer, the progress in music was very slow and slight compared with what followed after that date. The new age witnessed the revival of letters, the invention of printing, and the enlightenment of European society. The Netherlands at this period were in many respects in advance of the rest of Europe. For nearly two centuries Flemish composers held undisputed sway, and their name and fame spread over the civilized world. Through them chiefly polyphonic music, which hitherto had given but vague hints of its possible future, became so florid that it was aptly called the age of elaborate counterpoint. Unison singing was wholly neglected for over two centuries. The lecturer referred to an important discovery made in the present century, of an ancient book of songs, called the *Lochheimer Liederbuch*, together with a work on organ playing by Conrad Paumann, the famous blind musician of Nuremberg. This book contains forty five songs and other vocal pieces, thirty-six of which must have been composed before the middle of the fifteenth century. This work goes to prove that correct and good counterpoint flourished first in Germany, though it was yet to undergo a more fruitful development in another country.

[One of the songs of the above selection, a fine specimen of three-part harmony, was sung by Mr. Rudolphsen, Dr. Langmaid and Mrs. Henry.]

It is customary to divide the history of the Flemish school into four epochs, as represented by its composers of most distinctive merit, Dufay, Ockenheim, Josquin, Gombert, Willaert and Orlando Lasso. The first epoch of Dufay and Ockenheim marked the regular development of counterpoint. In the second epoch, artistic skill and finesse, involved contrapuntal progressions, reached an extraordinary height, while the fame of the Flemish composers became universal, and their influence was undiminished until the sixteenth century. The third epoch marks the return from extravagances in technical skill, in abstruse experiments, to more reasonable boundaries of art. The fourth epoch closes with its great master, Orlando Lasso, but who is only nominally to be classed with this school. Since his time Flanders has never regained her ascendency in music.

Mr. Paine gave interesting sketches of William Dufay, the so called founder of the Flemish school, whose reputation as a composer began about 1436, and who died in 1474; John Okeghem, or Ockenheim, who was the real founder and head of the Flemish school, and who lived to the great age of one hundred years, having been born early in the fifteenth century; Josquin de Pres, who was born about 1445, and who may be considered the musical genius of his age, and the greatest master before Orlando Lasso; Nicholas Gombert, of Brugges, who was director of church music for Charles V., and of several others of the early composers. Josquin was led to perform feats of virtuosity in composition, and in his time the words, even of pieces to be sung in the church, became a matter of secondary importance. Vulgar and offensive words were sung in church, and, on the other hand, church music was made to accompany dancing and other festivities. The composers of church music in that day thought they had accomplished something meritorious if they had succeeded in awakening a desire to dance among the congregation. Erasmus says that people ran to church as to the theatre, to have their ears tickled. The lecturer feared this criticism might be applied with some pertinence to people of our own day. Some of Josquin's music, however, was of a very fine character, and Ambros speaks of the Netherland master, in comparison with Palestrina, by saying: "Josquin's compositions possess something that profoundly touches our hearts, while those of Palestrina soothe our spirits with their heavenly strains."

[Two fine examples of Josquin's music, one a specimen of simple counterpoint—note against note—and the other a selection from a motette treated more elaborately, were sung with excellent effect by a chorus of some twenty voices, made up from among our best singers.]

Reference was made to the invention of printing music with movable metal types (made by Ottaviano del Petrucci of Fossombrone, in 1502), a discovery which proved of untold value, and the concluding portion of the lecture was devoted to an entertaining account of the early condition of music in France, England and Germany.

FOURTH LECTURE (Dec. 31.)

Subject: "The Italian Composers of the 16th Century."

The lecturer remarked that while the world had ever regarded Italy with admiration and love, as the birth place of modern literature and art, it seemed remarkable that a less renowned country should claim our homage for the dawn of a new era in music—for working out the problem of harmony, which was no revival, but in reality a new creation in art. It was in Flanders that the principles of harmony were first mastered, and the age of elaborate counterpoint fully established, yet Italy was not without good musicians, who in their comparatively inferior positions, were the means of accomplishing good results.

The forms of secular music most common in Italy in the 14th and 15th centuries were the *Frottole*, the *Villote* or *Villanelli*, and the *Madriale* or *Madrigal*. The *Frottole* were four-part songs of rather a gay and trivial description—often popular street songs. The *Villote* or *Villanelli* were peasant's songs originally, as the name signifies. The *Madriale* or *Madrigal* was known as early as the 15th century, but was not fully developed until Willaert and other masters gave it a permanent form and place in music. The word *madrigal* is derived from *mandra*, a flock, and was formerly applied to simple shepherd's song. There were other favorite vocal pieces of a more general character, which were composed in accordance with a chosen metre, to which the poem was afterwards set. The name given to this style of composition was *modos*, or air, and from this source is derived the modern name air, or *aria*, which signifies the manner of singing and not the medium of song, as many suppose; that is the sound of vibrating air. These forms of secular song were inspired undoubtedly by the beautiful poetry which enriched Italian life at that period—the age of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.

As Rome was the centre of civilization in the middle ages, so it was also the central point of the musical world before Italy gained ascendancy through the genius of her native composers. The Papal Choir was for a long time supplied with singers and composers from all parts of Europe, but principally from the Netherlands. Under the brilliant reigns of Pope Julius II and successor, Leo X.—the patrons of Raphael and Michael Angelo—many Flemish masters were called to Italy. The only Italian master at that time worthy of special mention was Constanza Festa, who was Papal singer in 1517, and died in 1545, and who was the most eminent Italian composer before Palestrina. One of the first masters of that day was the Spanish composer, Christofano Morales of Seville, who entered the Papal Choir about 1540. Among the most prominent among the many Franco-Flemish masters at Rome were Jacob Arcadelt and Claude Goudimel. The latter, who was born early in the 16th century and who was in Rome before 1540, was the teacher of Palestrina. The melody of "Old Hundred" has been attributed to Goudimel. Giovanni Pierluigi, called Palestrina after his birth-place, a small ancient town in the vicinity of Rome, was born in 1514.

The lecturer gave an elaborate and exceedingly interesting sketch of Palestrina and his important services to musical art. When an effort was made to abolish figural or contrapuntal music from the Roman Church and to restore the simple unison Gregorian song, Palestrina succeeded by the exercise of his talent as a composer to defeat it. He was called the Savior of Music. He adopted a style which was destined to be the model for ages, and the *stile Palestrina* became the representative form of *alla capella* music. Palestrina died in 1594 and was buried with high honors at St. Peter's. The list of his works, given by Baini, comprises twelve books of Masses in four to six voice parts, seven books of Motets in four to eight voice parts, and books of Lamentations, Litanies, Hymns, Magnificats and Sacred and Secular Madrigals.

Mr. Paine next gave the sketch of the life and labors of Orlando Lasso, the greatest master of the Flemish school, who was born in 1520, and passed his life for the most part in Italy and Bavaria. His original name was Roland de Lattre, but he changed it because his father had been sentenced for counterfeiting money. Lasso was called "the musical Phœnix of his age," "the prince of musicians," and all the other musicians of the 16th century, except Palestrina, were obscured by his fame. He was a wonderfully prolific composer, and according to Delmotte, his works number some 2437 compositions, which have been collected and preserved at Munich.

In passing to a consideration of the Venetian masters of the 16th century, and their music, the lecturer gave an interesting account of some of the early organ players in the famed Church of St. Marks, which was built early in the 9th century. He then gave some entertaining facts relating to Adrien Willaert, who was born in 1490, and died in 1563, and who was not only the founder or real promoter of the Madrigal, but also of great service in advancing musical art in general; Cyprian de Rore, a Flemish composer, who succeeded Willaert at St. Marks; Andreas Gabrielli, who was born at Venice in 1510 and died in 1586, and the eminent nephew of the last named, Giovanni Gabrieli, who was born about the middle of the 16th century, and composed some very beautiful church music.

In the course of the lecture a chorus of a dozen or more voices gave several interesting illustrations of early Italian music, the pieces sung comprising a specimen of Palestrina's early music, a *Gloria Patri*, written for two choirs, a selection from a motet by Orlando Lasso, and a specimen of the music of Giovanni Gabrieli, which seemed decidedly modern in style.

FIFTH LECTURE. (JAN. 7).

Subject: "The Reformation and its influence on musical art, with brief sketches of the leading composers of that period in Germany and England."

The Reformation marked a new phase in the development of music. It accomplished this directly by means of the Protestant Church, and through the reaction which it caused within the Roman Catholic Church. During the early stages of the Reformation great violence and harm was done to the fine arts; this spirit, however, did not extend in the same degree to music, and although the Presbyterians and Puritans banished trained choirs and musical instruments from their places of worship, the great body of the Protestant world made music the handmaid of religion. As Germany was the central point of the Reformation, so it was in an equal degree the starting point of this new and peculiar phase of musical progress. Although there had been able masters in Germany at an earlier period, contemporaneously with the Flemish school, like Isaac and Finck, still, the true national characteristics of German music were born of the new spirit which animated the people of that time. Martin Luther, the head and front of the Reformation, took the liveliest interest in music, which he exemplified in his grand "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," and other famous melodies and hymns. Some of the noblest words in praise of music are his. There is one great difference between the early Protestant church music of Germany and that of the Roman and Venetian schools of the sixteenth century. The German church music was of a popular character, and sprang directly from the people. It was more simple, lyrical and expressive, but less artistic and elaborate than Italian music, which was the result of individual skill and genius more than of an universal, popular spirit, notwithstanding it was founded on the ancient Gregorian song, and had received considerable impulse from the secular music in Italy during the century and a half previous to Palestrina. There were three sources from whence the Lutheran church derived its music; 1st, from the early Latin hymns and melodies of the Roman church; 2nd, from mediæval popular sacred music in Germany prior to the Reformation; 3rd, from the secular music of the middle ages. In regard to German mediæval sacred songs prior to the Reformation, it is a well authenticated fact that long before that age it was the custom to sing a part of the religious service in German instead of Latin. On the other hand Latin words were not wholly dispensed with in the Lutheran church before the 17th century.

The lecturer mentioned several well-known German hymns which were derived from secular melodies. Many of the melodies have undergone changes since they were written, in order that they might be the more easily sung in unison by a large congregation. At the present day the notes are nearly of equal length. It is a singular fact, remarked Mr. Paine, that neither in England nor America has congregational singing, as practiced, proved fully worthy of its high object, for the reason that the music which is sung is not often solemn nor elevating.

It is too florid and insipid. The rhythm is not sufficiently simple to enable a large body of worshippers to sing the notes properly and effectively, as would be the case were chorals used. Why English speaking people have not appropriated for this purpose the noble melodies sung in Lutheran churches, is hard to understand. No better work could be accomplished for Christian public worship in this country than to introduce everywhere the *right kind* of congregational singing, which ought to be considered just as essential to genuine religious service as the sermon.

Contemporaneously with the simple style of congregational singing, the church service was enriched with artistic choir music; and the contrapuntal treatment of choral melodies in many voice parts was very common in the 16th and 17th centuries. The usual form of such compositions was brief and closely wrought. The melody was frequently placed in the tenor as *cantus firmus*, and the other voices were set to it in free imitative counterpoint. The two fold character of Lutheran church music was shown in the choral books of the 16th century. The style of music which the Reformation inaugurated, which was a combination of the popular element with the development of more artistic forms of expression, reached its culmination in the 18th century, in the Cantatas and Passion music of Sebastian Bach, the highest form of Protestant religious music, if not of all religious musical art.

Brief accounts were given of John Walther, Louis Senfl, Hans Leo Hasler, John Eccard and Michael Practorius, who, with Luther, were the musicians most prominently connected with German music in the 16th century; and a religious song in five part harmony, by Eccard, was sung with fine effect by a choir of fifteen or twenty voices, under Mr. Paine's direction.

The latter part of the lecture was devoted to an interesting account of the music of England in the 16th century, and in this connection accounts were given of Dr. Christopher Tye, Robert White, Thomas Tallis, William Bird, John Dowland, Dr. John Bull, Thomas Morley, and others who were identified with the musical progress of that age. The choir also gave interesting illustrations of the music of the time, the first a madrigal by Dowland, and the other a ballad in five-part harmony by Morley.

Jullien.

A RECORD OF A REMARKABLE MAN.

Most musical amateurs have to this day kindly recollections of Jullien, the superb maestro who years ago gave "monster concerts." His career is thus told in the last number of the London *Choir:*

"This celebrated composer of dance music was the son of Antonio Jullien, band-master of the Cent-Suisses in the revolution of 1789. Upon the massacre of his regiment at the Louvre, he emigrated to Rome, where, attaching himself to the body-guard of the Pope, he formed an alliance with an Italian lady of some distinction. Some time after the union M. Jullien determined on revisiting France, and while on the journey, in the French Alps, in 1812, at a chalet near Sisteron, young Jullien was born. The intervention of circumstances altered the original intention of proceeding to France, and the family remained at Sisteron amid the wild solitudes of the Alps. Here Antonio taught singing, and his little son, with an intuitive genius for music, it is said, learned the solfeggios from casually hearing them several times, so as to be able to repeat them with astonishing precision and fluency.

"His father, surprised and delighted at this wonderful power of acquirement, cultivated his infant voice, taught him a number of pleasing French and Italian songs, and gave concerts in the most important towns in the south of France, where the child was regarded, in all the fondness of public enthusiasm, as *le petit phénomène*. At the age of five, doubtless from the too premature exercise of a delicate organ, he lost his voice, and returning to his mountain home, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the violin, on which instrument he displayed so much skill as to induce his father to project a series of concerts in the principal Italian cities, where he met with universal favor. On one occasion, after performing the difficult variations of Rode at the Teatro Reale at Turin, he was lifted from the stage into the Queen's box to receive the regal marks of delight. This incident brought him into great favor with the court, and for a whole season he was the caressed of the Sardinian *noblesse*. While sojourning for professional purposes at Marseilles, his father met the Admiral de Rigny, then commander of the squadron of the Levant, who induced him to abandon his musical pursuits and enter his service. This strange mutation in their affairs of life led to father and son remaining in the French navy for three years, both being present at the battle of Navarino in 1827. Returning to France at the end of this time, young Jullien, inspired with a feeling of heroism, enlisted as a soldier, and for six months bore the drudgery of a musket in the Fifty-fourth regiment of infantry. But this dull routine of stringent discipline was ill-adapted to the temper and restless genius of our hero. His regiment being ordered to Briançon on the Piedmontese frontier, he deserted for the purpose of visiting his mother, then living at Turin, whom he had not seen for several years. Returning to the quarters at night in a deep snow, he scaled the walls of the ramparts, and seeking the colonel in command, sued for clemency at his hands. The officer who, it seems, was a benevolent man, heard his story, and touched by the filial love of the young soldier, interceded, and thus saved him from the fate of ignominy and death.

"His father, shortly after the occurrence, purchased his discharge, and with the secret love of the musical art burning in his soul, young Jullien set out on foot, and walked to Paris, determined, if possible, to enter the Conservatoire. A firm will and indomitable energy overcame every obstacle, and in less than six months after his arrival he was entered as *élève* in that institution. On retiring from this establishment, Jullien received the appointment of director of the concerts at the Champs Elysées, and the balls of the Academie Royale. In this position he was brought prominently before the public of the French capital, and a well-earned popularity induced him to lease the hotel of the Duke of Padua, which he converted into a grand *salle* for balls and concerts that was long the rage of Paris. So successful was his initial introduction of the Italian casino into France that several managers of the leading theatres formed a clique to subvert the efforts of the devoted *entrepreneur*, the end of which was that the year 1839 drove him to England. He commenced his excellent promenade concerts at Drury Lane theatre, at the same period, and from that time until 1859 his brilliant festivals created, not only in London, but throughout the United Kingdom, the most enthusiastic feelings of interest among all classes.

"Amid the vivacity of his *ad captandum* levities, Jullien never lost sight of the sterling and beautiful compositions of the great masters. In this respect he may be said to have educated the public at large, familiarizing by degrees the general ear with a class of music that formerly was confined to the sympathies and appreciation of the select few. This popularization of the works of such authors as Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn is an achievement in itself worthy of conferring honor on Jullien, who undeniably had the public taste to a considerable extent under his direction. With a laudable desire to establish in London an English opera, he organized in 1847 a troupe of artists of celebrity, and produced a series of works in a style of splendor unprecedented in the annals of the English lyric stage. But this effort, like many others of a similar nature, was ill-requited; and at the end of the season the manager found himself loser of an enormous sum, the results of at least ten years of active professional labor. It was during this time that he introduced to the English public in opera Mr. Sims Reeves, whose fine voice had attracted his attention in Italy.

"M. Jullien's most ambitious work was the opera of 'Pietro il Grande,' produced in 1853, at the Opera House, Covent Garden. Its production was characterized by a magnificence and splendor of *ensemble*, rarely witnessed even at the first opera house of the metropolis; but in spite of the show it did not succeed. M. Jullien was not quite up to the mark in writing a grand opera. To enumerate his smaller works—his 'waifs and strays' of music—would be like naming the leaves of the forest. They have been taken into custody by the world, and many have become 'household sounds.' If Jullien passed the great r part of his life in gilded saloons, surrounded by dance and revelry, his end showed a fearful reverse. Confined for debt in a French prison, he breathed his last amidst poverty and wretchedness, at the beginning of the year 1860. Poor Jullien deserved a better fate! He was a simple, kind-hearted, honorable man, wishing well to everybody. Had he put less trust in his fellow men, he might have prospered in this world's affairs and still have been among us."

Liszt's Description of Wagner's "Tannhaeuser."

"Tannhäuser" has at length been heard in Boston, calling forth, of course, a variety of opinions and a great deal of discussion. It is seventeen years since we translated in this Journal the glowing analysis of Wagner's opera by his great admirer, Liszt, with such hasty rendering as we could make of extracts from the libretto—Wagner's own production—which has indeed no little power and beauty as a poem. To our younger readers it should be as good as new today, and for their sake we reproduce some portions of it.

The plot of "Tannhäuser" refers to the Wartburg at Eisenach, belonging to the domain of the Grand Duke and recently restored, in the most perfect taste, by his hereditary successor. Famous was this castle in the middle ages. Here the landgraves of Thuringia extended a brilliant protection to the minstrels of their time, and the miraculous virtues of Saint Elizabeth, who reigned here, have been recently refreshed in the memory of the faithful by the poetico-religious learning of Count Montalembert. * * *

The story of the opera is borrowed from one of the old traditions of the region. Collating and combining single facts from various chronicles, the composer has shaped out of them an episode, full of poetic, fantastic and dramatic elements. In the thirteenth century, while traces of not wholly vanished heathenism still shone through the superstition, that attached partly to the Christian cultus, and partly to the names of the Greek mythology, (confused ideas of which spread from the learned down among the people,) it happened, that a goddess Holda, who once had been the type of beauty and presided over Spring and flowers and the delights of nature, had gradually in the popular imagination become blended with the Grecian Venus, and at last represented the allurements of appetite and the charms of sensual gratification. This mythical person, whom they called "Dame Venus," had her dwelling in the inside of the mountain. One of her principal abodes was in the Hörselberg, a mountain near the Wartburg. There in a fairy palace she held open court, surrounded by her naiads, nymphs and syrens, whose song was heard in the distance by those unhappy victims of impure desires, who, misled by these fateful voices, wandered by unknown ways into this grotto, under whose inveigling charms Hell lurked, enticing to eternal ruin those who yielded to its damnable temptations.

Tannhäuser, a knight and minstrel, had borne off a splendid victory in one of those contests for the palm of minstrelsy, and had won the secret love of the princess Elizabeth of Thuringia, although to him her admiration seemed but cold and condescending patronage. A short time after he had mysteriously disappeared, no one knew why or whither. When the landgrave was returning one day from the chase, surrounded by the singers who had been Tannhäuser's rivals, and who formed the clear shining Pleiades of that epoch, they found him, not far from the castle, kneeling in the highway, and uniting his fervent prayer with the chant of pilgrims in procession through the valley toward Rome. Speedily recognized and questioned, he answers always shyly and mysteriously: "I come from afar," he says, "where I found neither peace nor rest." Sorrowful and downcast, he is about to continue his lonely way and will not follow his friends. Wolfram von Eschenbach, one of the most famous minstrels of that time, seeks eagerly to detain him and sings to him of Elizabeth:

> Alas! when thou so proudly left us,
> Her heart was closed to all our strains:
> * * * * *
> O turn thee back, thou valiant singer,
> Keep not thy song from ours afar,—
> Back to our tuneful banquets bring *her*,
> Still o'er us shine her virgin star!

Tannhäuser repeats that name with the accent of unexpected joy, and finally, overcome in his strange resistance, he exclaims: "To her! to her! O lead me back to her!"

At Tannhäuser's unlooked for return the princess revives. In his tender love for his daughter, the the landgrave conceives the idea of a new minstrels' contest, of which he proclaims her queen. Persuaded that Tannhäuser will again bear off the victory, he promises to refuse no prize to the victor of that day, and he chooses Love as the theme of their songs. Wolfram begins, himself an enthusiast for Elizabeth, but with that spiritual love that rejoices in self sacrifice, and seeks only the happiness of the beloved object, even at the expense of its own:—Wolfram, who leads the easily forgetting loved one back to her, from whom he can himself expect no other confession than the verse in Schiller's ballad:

> Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe
> Widmet euch dies Herz,
> Fordert keine andre Liebe, &c.

But like the Ritter Toggenburg, while he knows himself not loved, he still loves on; and this self-renunciation, which bows the soul down in its excess of hidden energy, betrays itself in his song, full of mute adoration for the feeling, which finds its only satisfaction in its own self-mortifying persistency.

Tannhäuser rises and sings how he too, better than any one, knows that fountain of bliss and inspiration, of which Wolfram sang :

O, evermore with fev'rish yearning
 The sparkling spring I see, and fain
Must cool this thirst within me burning,
 Nor will the eager lips refrain.

Walther von der Vogelweide sings :

I tell thee this, O Henry, hear it :
 The fountain, it is Virtue, sure,
And thou must fervently revere it,
 And bow thee at a shrine so pure.
But if thy lips thereto thou touchest,
 Thy wanton passion heat to quell,
Or but too near the brink approachest,
 Thou dost dissolve the wondrous spell.

Tannhäuser resumes the strain more vehemently, of which the burthen is : All creatures are created for enjoyment, and only in enjoyment can true love be known. The unworthy strain excites the virtuous ire of Biterolf, who with a warlike impetuosity and in a contemptuous, perhaps jealous tone, challenges him to another contest :

For woman's honor, stainless treasure,
 As knight I ever wield a sword,
But naught see I in aimless pleasure,
 That's worth a blow, or worth a word.

A storm of applause interrupts Biterolf, as well as all the adversaries of Tannhäuser, who replies with bitterness :

Ha ! foolish prattler, Biterolf !
Sing'st thou of love, thou angry wolf ?
What joys well worth enjoying seem
To me, thou truly dost not dream.
What bliss hath wretch like thee e'er tasted ?
 Thy life is poor in love, I trow,
What golden joys on thee are wasted,
 In sooth were hardly worth a blow !

Tumult ensues ; the rattling of swords follows the the accords of harps. Wolfram tries to restore the peace, to banish all disturbance from the hall, and from that hallowed presence ; he apostrophizes Love in a strain of the highest inspiration, striving to sing its praises worthily and purely ; he prays that his song may win the prize of heavenly sanctification, and that all sin may be banished out of that pure and noble circle. Tannhäuser, beside himself through the taunts and rage and malice of which he is the mark, scarcely hears him and attunes a song to the praises of the heathen goddess :

To thee, Love's Queen, be all my songs resounding !
 Now shall thy praise be sung aloud by me !
Thy charm's the spring of beauty all abounding,
 And all sweet miracles do spring from thee.
In eager arms whoe'er hath clasped thee glowing,
 What Love is, *he*, he only may recount —
Tame, shivering souls, such ecstacy ne'er knowing,
 Away ! and seek the mystic Venus mount !

A cry of horror escapes every breast. The noble ladies fly, affrighted by the name that so offends their chastity. The men all draw their swords at once and rush upon the desperate sinner, whose long absence is now at last explained. But Elizabeth, who at first had felt crushed down by this fearful revelation, throws herself instantly between their swords, and covers him with her virgin body, as with a shining shield :

Back ! I care not for death !
What is the wound your swords can make, compared
With the death-thrust I have received from him !

While all are astonished that she has the courage to defend the knight, who has betrayed her, she exclaims :

"Why think of me ? But he,—his weal !
 His hope of heaven will ye rob from him ?"

She claims for him the right of repentance, the benefit of Christ's blood, the appeal to divine mercy, which can forgive more than man can sin :

"See me, the virgin ; he hath blasted
 All my young bloom by one fell stroke,—
In secret love my whole soul fasted
 For him whose glee my heart-strings broke !
I pray for him, his life, his hope of heaven ;
 His mournful steps to sure repentance guide !
The power of faith to him be newly given,
 Whereas for him the dear Redeemer died !"

And the heroic virgin gains the life of her beloved. What divine or human sternness could have resisted virtue so persuasive and so eloquent in love ? Touched and confounded, all draw back, and Tannhäuser, crushed to earth by such a love, whose pure glow bids hope spring again upon the very brink of sheer despair, rushes forth to join the procession of pilgrims on their way to Rome, there to seek pardon for his fearful sins

Through long days and still longer nights did the princess of Thuringia wait for his return, praying, weeping, hoping. One evening, as she was kneeling at the foot of an image of the Virgin, in the same valley where the landgrave had before recovered him, the pilgrims, with whom he had set out by the same road for Rome, came along on their way home. Transported with joy, she stands up to see whether Tannhäuser is among them. She finds him not. . . She sinks down again before the holy virgin, the comforter of the afflicted, and in one of those prayers, which lifts the soul up with it, she proceeds

O blessed Virgin, hear my anguish !
 To thee, exalted one, I pray !
O let me here no longer languish,
 But call me from this earth away
Grant, that I angel-pure may rise
To thy blest realm above the skies —

If ever idle dream were turning
 My foolish heart away from thee,—
If any germ of sinful yearning
 Or worldly passion stirred in me,
With thousand pangs I still have wrestled
To crush the sins that in me nestled

But, if some would not leave me wholly,
 Yet may I still thy mercy feel,
That I, with spirit meek and lowly,
 A worthy maid to thee may kneel,
Thy mercy's richest boon to pray
For [illegible] to wipe [illegible] guilt away !

As she rises, to walk up the hill of the castle, Wolfram desires in vain to accompany her. Alone upon the earth, she loves only solitude, since for her there blooms no consolation more.

In the meantime the unhappy, the renowned guilty one returns. But who under the tattered garments of this pilgrim, with forlorn look and tottering step, would recognize the splendid vanquisher of so many rivals ! It is with difficulty that even Wolfram discerns his features under this sallow paleness. Eager to learn his history, he questions him. Tannhäuser answers him only by ironically asking the way to the accursed grotto. Thrilled with horror, Wolfram, however, does not give up the man whom Elizabeth loves ; he does not allow himself to be discouraged, but continues to question him, and the debilitated pilgrim gives him, in the bitter remorse of his heart, a description of his pilgrimage :

With heart [illegible] as [illegible] penitent
He [illegible] ever felt, I sought the way to Rome
An Angel in me [illegible] steadily wrestled
With my poor pride [illegible] sin, and shook it off
 * * * * *

The weary way of the most lowly pilgrim
W[illegible]king beside me, I found far [illegible]
If [illegible] pressed the tender grass of meadows,
 My naked sole went seek sharp thorn or stone —
Or drank he at cool [illegible] 'neath bushy shadows,
 I sucked the [illegible] sun's hot glow alone
If he sent up his pious [illegible] to heaven,
 My [illegible] would I [illegible] high glory shed —
Slept he in hospitable inn at even,
 My weary limbs made snow and ice their bed ;
All Italy's fair fields around me spreading,
Blindfold I went, the miracle unheeding
Such pains I sought, such rugged ways unbeaten,
That I my inward Angel's tears might sweeten !
At Rome I sought the holy place straightway,
And on the threshold low in prayer I lay ; —
The morning broke — then all the bells were ringing,
 And hymns celestial thro' the air descended :
O then new hopes within my soul were springing,
 For grace to all the welcome sounds portended.
God's minister I saw ; around him pressing
 Great multitudes were kneeling in the dust ;
Thousands dismissed he with his holy blessing,
 Pardoned they rose, all filled with joy and trust —
I too approached ; with drooping head and lowly
Accused myself of every thought unholy,
Of evil lusts in which my soul did languish,
 Lusts, that defied all penance and all pains !
I called on him, in tones of wildest anguish,
 To grant deliverance from these fiery chains —
 And he whom thus I prayed, began
 "Hast thou such sinful passion felt ?
  Hath hell's own fire set thee aglow ?
 Hast in the mount of Venus dwelt ?
  Then thou art damn'd to endless woe !
 For as this staff within my hand
  Its leafy bloom can ne'er regain,
 So ne'er can'st thou, a burning brand
  Plucked forth from hell, find grace again !"

I sank annihilated ; reeling
 My senses left me. When I roused me there,
 Cold night lay brooding o'er the gloomy square ,
Far off I heard glad hymns of mercy pealing —
 O how I loathed their sickening sound !
 Wildly I hurried from the treach'rous ground.
 * * * * *

 Again I seek th' enchanted spot
 Thee, Venus, and thy fairy grot !
 &c. &c.

The chronicles, which report the answer of the bishop, further add that, after the knight, rejected with such inexorable sternness, had returned to his fatherland, to give himself up again to the old dissipations, the unsympathizing priest one day found his staff of almond wood in bloom, proving that even dead wood could, if need were, be re-animated, and that a repentant heart was not to be rejected

Tannhäuser, by the inexorable sentence given over to desperation, since he could find no hearing in ears deaf to pity, seeks again the Venus grotto. He tries to discover the secret path. . . . and the song of the syrens, the voice of the goddess let themselves be heard again. With the despair of one burthened with the curse of excommunication, he rushes toward them. Wolfram with all his strength holds him back, but cannot break the accursed charm, until he pronounces the name of Elizabeth. Again this pure name exercises its magical and saving power. Instantly the impure vision vanishes. The melodies so full of a seductive grace die away, and Tannhäuser, with the same love, the same hope, utters that name once more. At this moment a funeral procession is seen approaching ; it bears to her last resting-place *her*, whose sole desire had been to live and die for him. He sinks down on the coffin, wherein rests a victim, that had borne every sorrow to expiate his sins. He sinks to the ground, he dies He is saved.

Music Abroad.

COLOGNE. A most interesting relic of Beethoven was published on the occasion of the centenary of his birth. It is the announcement of his first public appearance at Cologne, and belongs to a native of the place. The *Kölnische Zeitung* has printed it, with all its peculiarities of style and orthography. Here is an English version as close as the difference between the two idioms will allow :

[illegible] To-day *the* the 26 Martii, 1778, in the Hall of the Musical Academy, in the Sterngasse, Beethoven, the Court-tenorist of the Elector of Cologne, will have the honor of introducing two of his scholars, namely, Mde. Averdonc Court-altist, and his Beethoven's little son, aged six. The former will have the honor of waiting on the public with various beautiful concertos and trios, in which he flatters himself he shall afford perfect pleasure to all his high patrons, since both have enjoyed the privilege of appearing before the whole Court to its great amusement. To commence at five o'clock in the evening. Ladies and gentlemen nonsubscribers pay a florin. Tickets are to be procured at the above-mentioned Hall of the Musical Academy, and also of Herr Claren, on the Bach im Mühlenstein.

It will perhaps strike any one inclined to be critical that the Court-tenorist, Beethoven, thus makes out his "little son" six years old in March, 1778. Were this correct, the celebrated Ludwig would not have first seen the light of day in 1770 but in 1772. We may be permitted to assume that it was a father's natural vanity which represented the "wonder child" as two years younger than he really was.

LEIPZIG,—where more than in any city in the world good music is at home,—naturally shows the richest programme for the Beethoven week. The following compositions of the master were performed

1 Sunday, the 11th December, in the Thomas Kirche, by Riedel's Verein, *Missa Solemnis*, Op 123. 2. Monday the 12th, in the Conservatory, song by Gellert : "Gott, deine Güte" Sonata for the Pianoforte Op. 1[illegible] F major ; Trio, Op 97, B flat major ; "Abendlied für eine Singstimme ;" "Elegischer Gesang" for four voices ; Menuet and Finale from the Stringed Quartet in C major Op. 59 No 3 3 Tuesday, the 13th, Chamber Music in the Gewandhaus ; Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, G minor, Op. 30, No. 3 Quartet for Stringed Instruments, C sharp minor, Op 131 ; Sonata for Pianoforte, E minor, Op 90 ; Septet, Op. 20 4 Wednesday, the 14th, in the Theatre, music to *Egmont* 5. Thursday, the 15th Concert at the Gewandhaus :—Overture to *Coriolan*, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," Op 112 ; Triple Concerto ; Ninth Symphony 6. Friday, the 16th In the Theatre,

Die Ruinen von Athen, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, ballet. 7. Saturday, the 17th. In the Theatre: *Fidelio*. It may, moreover, be mentioned that, on the 11th December, the Amateur Orchestral Union performed the overture, No. 1, to *Leonore*, and the music to *Egmont*, while the concert of Chamber Music, given on the 18th December, by Riedel's Verein, was especially devoted to the great master; the pieces executed being Stringed Quartet, F minor, Op. 95; Pianoforte Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111; *Liederkreis* "an die ferne Geliebte;" and the Quartet in C sharp minor

VIENNA.—The descendants of Beethoven living here—namely: his niece, Mme. Naske-Beethoven, her two married daughters, Mmes Weidinger and Reimler, together with an unmarried daughter and a granddaughter—attended, in boxes placed at their service by the Committee, all the performances of the Centenary Festival. The latter attracted a large number of visitors, among whom may be mentioned MM. Lenz, Nohl, and Thayer, Beethoven's biographers; M. Dessoff, the Russian composer; and Dr. Bach, director of the Mozarteum, Salzburg. The Corporation of Vienna have not been forgetful of the great composer's birth any more than have the art-lovers, more especially so called, of the capital, though they have selected their own way of proceeding. They refused to take any share in the festivities, especially the grand banquet, but they voted a sum of 5,000 florins to the Beethoven Fund, for the assistance of poor and talented musicians.—A number of well-known musicians living in Berlin sent from that capital a laurel wreath, with the request that Dr Standhartner would lay it upon Beethoven's grave. The ribbon of the wreath bore inscribed the following names:—Clara Schumann, Joseph and Amalie Joachim, Julie and Anna von Asten, Bernhard Scholz, de Ahna, Robert Radecke, Max Bruch, Friedrich Kiel, and Earnest Rudorf. On the 17th ult Dr. Standhartner personally performed the honorable service demanded of him.—A Russian lady, Mlle. de Pantschulitschef, to express her delight at the Beethoven Centenary Festival, has presented Herr Herbeck with a conductor's stick, richly adorned with diamonds and rubies. It is to be used by him when conducting the *Egmont* music. By the way, talking of Herr Herbeck, the Emperor has signed the decree, appointing him director of the Imperial Opera-house.—*Corr. Lond. Mus World.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 28, 1871.

Concerts.

THEODORE THOMAS's Series of "Seven Symphony and Popular Concerts" came to an end last Saturday (afternoon and evening), having given a great deal of pure enjoyment to a great many people. The audiences were always large, once or twice filling the Boston Music Hall completely. Many went to hear the nobler selections from the great masters played with such perfection as to time and tune, good quality of tone in every instrument, true phrasing in the violins, fullness and richness of tone in the middle strings (unusual in our orchestras), exquisite precision, delicacy and verve in execution, fine gradation of light and shade, &c., as one can count upon with certainty, and all the time, only in such a permanent organization as this is, composed of superior artists, picked men all of them, whose daily business it is to play together in this way, under true leadership, the whole year round. For these are not musicians who come together as an orchestra (in the higher sense) for ten or a dozen concerts in the winter only, and who drudge in theatres, street bands, or dancing parties all the rest of the time. To this orchestral work the leader and his men devote their lives. Rare technical excellence, as well as sympathetic intelligence in their interpretation of all forms, styles and individualities of composition are the natural result. In this sense, as we have said before, Mr. Thomas has the only real *Orchestra* in the whole country. Every lover, therefore, of the Symphonies and Overtures of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., is glad to hear them in so clear and smooth a rendering; while hundreds of others, less deep and earnest in their loves and likings, seeking amusement mainly and keen sensuous delight, go for the momentary gay excitement of the light and popular pieces, skilfully selected, and brought home with such brilliant tone and thrilling accent. These concerts contain always something for all tastes—of course excepting positively low tastes; always a good share of the choicest matter mingled with,—or this time commonly preceding—the ear tickling lighter strains, which hardly cost attention, certainly no thought, and the startling *effect* pieces which rouse the dull and stupefy the finer sense. There is much for the truest music lover in such entertainments; and yet no miscellaneous programme, as a whole, can satisfy a really deep, true musical desire. That is not, in the highest sense, a genuine artistic occasion, in which there is not a certain unity of design, an uncomprising refinement and nobility of tone (admitting of relief and contrast more effective than is possible to any medley), pervading the whole; giving the programme as a whole such symmetry, consistency and unity as we find typified in the successive movements of a Symphony.

We have already spoken of the first two Thomas Concerts. The third (the crowded matinée of Saturday, Jan. 14) opened with the *Tannhäuser* Overture; followed by the beautiful Adagio from Beethoven's "Prometheus" music (with a *real* harp!); the "*Invitation à la Danse*" by Weber (Berlioz's orchestration); and the "Preludes" by Liszt. So far mostly brilliant and modern, and of course brilliantly brought out. Then came, brightest of all, and genial, worth a dozen "Preludes," the familiar Overture to "Tell." Then that study of *pianissimo* effect, the little Schumann *Traeumerei*, which they who have heard it to weariness must hear again for the sake of the eager curiosity and the young wonder of new comers, who commonly demand a repetition, and commonly get another bit of whisper music (Haydn Serenade perhaps) instead. Then came the fair pianist with the compressed lips and thoughtful brow, Miss ANNA MEHLIG,—an infallible attraction to the Thomas Concerts, and played, as she can play, a Nocturne of Chopin, in F sharp, and the wild *Galop Chromatique* of Liszt;—something more too, we forget what, for encore,—perhaps the "Soirées de Vienne" by Tausig. There still remained Strauss Polkas, a brace of them, and a flaring, blazing, crashing torch dance (*Fackeltanz*) of Meyerbeer, No. 1, in B, in which the Bass Tuba burlesques a melody with its big, bloated tones.

Fourth Concert (Evening of same day). A particularly good one. If only for the privilege of hearing once more, and in the fine rendering of these musicians, that almost Symphony of Schumann's, the suite of movements: "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," op. 52, first heard here in a Harvard Concert last year. The Scherzo was done to a charm. Still greater privilege, if not so rare, was it to hear the *Romanza* and *Rondo* of the wonderful E minor Concerto of Chopin, performed by Miss MEHLIG. A new piece, called "*Tanz-Momente*," by John Herbeck, a sort of poetic reproduction of the spirit of the ball room, not a set of strains to dance by, were worth another hearing. The Overtures to "Midsummer Night's Dream," and to "Fra Diavolo," were like beauties when they look their best. The Variations from Beethoven's Quartet, op. 18, by al the strings, given as perfectly as if there but one upon a part, were enjoyed in breathless silence. A Serenade for Flute and French Horn, (Messrs. WEINER and SCHMITZ), displayed both instruments in an enviable light. More perfect horn playing we never heard. For the rest, another Waltz and pair of Polkas, all by Strauss.

Fifth Concert, Wednesday Afternoon, 18th. The chief attraction was Miss Mehlig's marvellously clear, sure, firm, poetic rendering of the familiar Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor. Next to that in interest were the pieces from Beethoven's Septet (Theme and variations, Scherzo and Finale), as played by all the strings, with clarinet, bassoon and horn parts doubled; one of the Thomas specialities which is always welcome and deserves to be. The Overtures were Spohr's to *Jessonda*, and Rossini's to *Semiramide*,—the latter particularly worth hearing from an orchestra so rich in mellow horn tones. A newly arrived violinist, Mr. CHARLES HAMM, young and modest in appearance, proved himself an artist by his playing of the *Scena Cantante* of Spohr. The remarkable trombonist, Mr. F. LEETSCH, "roared" a Fantasia (by Gottermann), "as gently as any nightingale;" and then the *pianissimists* had *their* delight in the *Abendlied* by Schumann and the Serenade by Haydn. Another Strauss Waltz, another brace of Strauss Polkas (notable for their inventive nomenclature, if the endless family of children do all look alike and leave essentially the same impression), and a "Marche Indienne" by Meyerbeer, filled the cup brim full for those who had not gone away already satiated.

Sixth. Last Saturday Afternoon. That model Symphony by Mozart, in G-minor, in a model rendering, opened the feast most satisfactorily. Miss Mehlig's principal selection was from the B-minor Concerto of Hummel, op. 89. First the *Larghetto*, rather tamely florid, with thin, weak orchestral introduction; then the *Rondo finale*, a most protracted, monotonously continuous stretch of flying passage work, graceful and meaningless, immensely difficult, which always sounded as if coming to an end, but still kept on. Of course, Hummel was a master, and his compositions all musician-like; but somehow, with a few grand exceptions like the Septet, the quickening spark seems wanting in them, and they have soon grown to be respectably old-fashioned. It was a rare example of sustained and even execution on the part of the pianist. Later in the Concert she played a *Nocturne* in G by Chopin, and for a curiosity, an *Etude de Concert* by Rubinstein, with the qualifying epithet "*infernale*," to which it did seem well entitled. This is the piece which was described on a recent programme of Miss Krebs, in New York, as a study "on false notes," puzzling many a reader. The mystery was soon solved. It consists of a series of break-neck arpeggios, which rushing upwards, strike with emphasis the semi-tone below or above the tone proper to the harmony,—a mere exaggeration of the *appoggiatura* in fact, and nothing "false" about it but the name. A "Cavalry March" by Schubert proved to be an effective and exciting orchestral transcription of one of his four-hand marches for piano. The "Preciosa" Overture by Weber, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Scherzo, were delicate, delicious pictures. The Waltz this time was for our "Sub-hub" neighbors, who love to come to town for matinées (judging by its title of "*Vorstaedtler*") and by Lanner. (Is this the difference between him and Strauss?) The Polkas, though, were metropolitan, of Strauss; and one was "Ladies' heart" and one "sent in,"—rare ingenuity of names! The final crash came in another *Fackeltanz* by Meyerbeer (No. 3, in C-minor).

Same Evening. The seventh and last concert had for programme this:

Overture. Fidelio.....Beethoven.
Maurerische Trauer Musik. (Koechel, 447).....Mozart.
Concerto for Piano, D minor.....Mendelssohn
Miss Anna Mehlig and Orchestra.
Scherzo. Op 19, [new).....Goldmark.

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Overture. Larline.....Wallace.
Traeumerei. [by request.....Schumann.
Waltz. Sphaeren Klaenge.....Strauss.
Ave Maria. [for Orchestra by F. Lux].....Schubert.
Ballet Music. King Manfred [new].....Reinecke.
Polka Mazurka. Stadt und Land, }
Polka Schnell. Eile mit Weile, }.....Strauss.
Marche Hongroise. Rakoczy.....Berlioz.

MR. B. J. LANG's first of four concerts at the Globe Theatre, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 19, drew a very choice and (for a chamber concert) a arge audience. There were at least three hundred good listeners, seated mostly in the parquette of the handsome theatre, in comfortable seats, with everything cozy and harmonious about them, and condu-

cive to those "fits of easy transmission" which hold of musical as well as of electro magnetic spheres. And to auditors so seated, and not under any gallery, we think the belief expressed upon the programme, that for such a number the Globe Theatre would "prove to be particularly good for music," was confirmed. The selections (made "with special consideration for the younger class of concert goers," that is, with a view to give fresh auditors a chance to hear those standard, sterling works of chamber music, which, from their very familiarity to more experienced music-lovers, are apt to figure for a while less frequently in other programmes) were as follows:

Quintet, Op. 108.......................... Mozart.
Trio in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, (Piano, Violin and 'Cello
Beethoven
Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31, for Piano........Chopin.
Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, Op. 25 ...Mendelssohn

The beautiful Mozart Quintet,—the one in which the clarionet plays a leading part (Mr. RYAN, with his brethren of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club), was artistically rendered, the instruments being in fine sympathy with one another, except that the reed tones now and then stood out a little too boldly in the front. The piece gave a fine healthy zest to the beginning. The early Trio of Beethoven was gracefully and cleanly executed by Messrs. LANG, SCHULTZE and WULF FRIES. Mr. Lang seized the spirit of the Scherzo by Chopin, and conveyed it to his hearers so well that one scarcely thought of the masterly ease of execution it involved. For the Mendelssohn Concerto he had but a Quintet accompaniment, Mr. EDWARD HEINDL's double bass forming a background to Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Ryan and Fries. This, of course, after the full orchestral accompaniment of the day before, recalled the old comparison of an engraving to a painting, but it lent a good support and set the solo in a strong light. Mr. Lang's was a very fervent, carefully studied, finished and intelligent performance. Our sole misgiving was, that there was now and then a little over-refining of expression in the tender passages, and almost too fiercely passionate an accent in the fiery Finale. Perhaps the conscientious labor was *too* well prepared; perhaps it was our colder mood. But it was a thoroughly refined performance, and, like the whole occasion, gave a fine and keen enjoyment to all present. The grouping of artists on the stage was picturesque and musical to look upon.

Mr. Lang's programme for next Thursday includes a string Quartet by Beethoven in A major (one of the six in Op. 18); Beethoven's first piano Concerto in C, Op. 15; the Chopin *Ballade* in A flat; and Mendelssohn's C minor Trio. These concerts come in pleasant alternation with the Harvard Symphony Concerts.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT of this week (too late for fuller notice now), offered: The introduction to Wagner's "Lohengrin;" the Aria, "Erbarme dich," from Bach's Passion Music, sung by Mrs. BARRY; the G minor Concerto of MOSCHELES, played (for the first time in Boston, in honor of the master's memory, who died last March) by Mr. PARKER; the "Scotch" Symphony by Mendelssohn; songs new to our Concert rooms, ("Rose, Meer and Sonne," *Schumann*; "Verdi prati," *Handel*; "In the Spring," *Franz*); and Overture to "Tell," *Rossini*.

The programme for the Seventh Concert (Thursday, Feb. 9), is as follows:—

Part I. Third Symphony ("Cologne,") in E-flat, *Schumann*. Part II. Fantasie-Overture to Moore's "Paradise and the Peri," *Bennett*, (first time in this country); Piano Concerto, in F minor, *Chopin*, (HUGO LEONHARD); Overture to "Genoveva," *Schumann*.

There has been a fortnight of GERMAN OPERA at the Boston Theatre, closing to-night. The company is large, and the performances have been marked by many excellencies and many faults. But the enterprise has merited better patronage than it has had (with the exception of two or three nights), if only for offering so rich a repertoire: for it is something rare indeed to have an opportunity of hearing in one fortnight *Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, *Der Freyschütz*, the *Huguenots*, Halevy's "Jewess," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" (with CARL FORMES for Falstaff,) Flotow's "Alessandro Stradella," Gounod's "Faust," "Martha," and for the great gratification of the curious, Wagner's *Tannhaeuser*.

PRAGUE.—On the occasion of the Beethoven Centenary, the Emperor of Austria bestowed the Cross of the Franz-Joseph Order upon Dr. A. W. Ambros, in recognition of that gentleman's exertions in the field of musically historical investigation.—The rehearsals of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* have begun, but there is not much probability that the work will be produced before the first of February, at the earliest.

SALZBURG.—The Beethoven Jubilee was duly celebrated here. On the 17th, there was an extra performance at the theatre, when the programme included Lenau's poem on Beethoven; the chorus of Prisoners (sung by the members of the Liedertafel) from *Fidelio*; and Goethe's *Egmont*—of course with Beethoven's music. On the 18th, the members of the Liedertafel and Singacademie, combined, gave a performance of the *Missa Solemnis* in D.

GRATZ.—The Beethoven Centenary was celebrated in a very appropriate manner. Herr Kreibig, the manager of the Landschaftliches Theatre, gave a performance on the 16th December of *Fidelio*, the receipts being devoted to the Musicians' Pension Fund. The house was exceedingly full, as it was, also, on the following day, the 17th, when the attraction was Goethe's *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music. A Festival Concert got up by Professor Augustus Pott, likewise on the 17th, was most numerously attended.

HAMBURGH.—In honor of the Centenary of Beethoven's birth, none but pieces of his composition were played at the third Philharmonic Concert on the 16th December. The *Sinfonia Eroica*, and the third *Leonora* Overture were executed in a spirited manner by the band. Mlle. Clara Schumann played the E flat Concerto and the grand Variations in C minor. Mlle. Marianna Brandt, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, sang the scene and air, "Ah, perfido," and three Scotch songs, with violin and violoncello accompaniment. This young lady, who is a pupil of Mme. Viardot-Garcia, appeared, also, in *Fidelio*. Both in the concert room and on the stage she was much applauded.

MUNICH.—The Theatre Royal devoted three days to the Beethoven Centenary. On Friday, the 16th December, there was a model performance of chamber music in the Residenztheater; on Saturday, there was a Symphony supplemented by a Mass; and on Sunday, the 18th, Goethe's *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music.—The Centenary was commemorated at the Volkstheater by the performance of the piece entitled *Beethoven*, and written by Herr Schmidt. By the way, his Majesty the King of Bavaria has forbidden any of Offenbach's operas being for the future performed at this theatre.

"Tannhaeuser" at the Boston Theatre.

[From the Daily Advertiser, Jan. 21.]

The "Tannhaeuser" of Richard Wagner was given entire for the first time in Boston last evening. The audience was immense, occupying every seat and much of the standing room below the amphitheatre, and it was so earnestly bent upon being enthusiastic that it took all suitable and many unsuitable occasions to burst into rapturous applause. We do not propose to enter into an elaborate analysis or criticism of "Tannhaeuser" at this time. Our readers have had for some time a correct general idea of Wagner's mode of expressing his thoughts in music; and many of them have doubtless long desired to improve an opportunity for better acquaintance like that of last evening. And without admitting a tithe of what the admirers of Wagner claim for *Tannhäuser*, we must express our sense of obligation to the company who have set the work before us in so acceptable a shape. It is something to gratify the curiosity, even if the ear be tortured and the mind wearied in the process; and the most bigoted "classicist" in music could not listen to a complete performance of "Tannhäuser" without gaining much knowledge and experiencing some upliftings of the soul. The instrumentation, as all students of music know, is nothing short of marvellous. In the midst of recitatives of the dullest order of vocal composition, one can always turn to the orchestra and become thoroughly interested, if he be not absolutely pleased. In very many passages, and indeed in some whole scenes, it is impossible not to be impressed with the idea that Wagner has deliberately subordinated the voices to the instruments; and sometimes he seems to have forgotten his singers altogether, so completely are they swallowed up by the volume of orchestral sound. How uncouth and barbaric some of his instrumental effects are, our readers do not need to be told; if Richard Wagner were deprived of the cymbals, the drums and the triangles, he would be helpless enough, no doubt; but still the fact remains of his possessing an astonishing capacity and ingenuity in elaborating his ideas through the medium of the orchestra, and in his most inspired moments he attains to a subtle expressiveness in this kind to which no [?] operatic composer — Mozart always excepted — has ever reached.

In other respects many of the excellencies and deficiencies of "Tannhäuser" are on the surface. Wagner has the slenderest vein of melodic genius to begin with, and with five possible exceptions there is not a real air in the opera. *Tannhäuser's* "*Sei's sol mir, du, nur dir mein Lied ertönen*," of the first act, the march which introduces the fourth scene in the second act, and *Wolfram's* "Hymn to the Evening Star," are worthy to be called airs, and, though not melodically rich, have a peculiar nobleness and elevation of quality which are very stirring. The melody, also, of the Pilgrims' Chorus is so grand and uplifting as to be worthy of the isolation of fame which it has obtained among the numbers of the opera. The vast body of the work is given up to recitative, through great, sandy wastes of which the singers are constantly compelled to wade. In many places, however, a fine melodic treatment, if we may so say, is used without the form of a rounded melody, and, in not a few instances, astonishing and most impressive climaxes of passion are reached by this method alone,—the best example of which is afforded by *Tannhäuser's* description of his interview with the Holy Father in Rome, "*ihn durch sich Gott verkündigt*" and the agony and despair of his rejected repentance; and a very beautiful illustration of the capacity of this form of composition for the expression of pure and exalted emotion is given in *Wolfram's* song at the *Landgrave's* festival, "*Blick' ich umher in diesem edlen Kreise*." The composer's greatest powers are exhibited, and by far the strongest points of this opera are seen in the concerted pieces which come at or near the conclusion of each act. The chief of these, a septet and chorus in the first act and an octet and chorus in the second, are miracles [?] of musical composition, the simplest framework of melody being taken and over this a vast fabric of harmonic combination being raised. The effect produced by these numbers, as one by one the voices are wrought into the fabric of the piece, each distinct in its form and character, yet all uniting in a single inspiring purpose, as voices and instruments intensify and increase in volume, and as all at length sweep with an onrushing *crescendo* to a grand climax of sound, is indescribably exciting. We dwell, how-

ever, too long upon the excellencies of the work, great as these are; its defects, in addition to those already suggested, are legion. If "Tannhaeuser" be taken as an exemplar, Wagner's capacity for the expression of feeling in music is narrow enough. Three kinds of emotions he seems to be able to give utterance to, namely: rage, despair and spiritual aspiration. If he can do anything else this opera gives very little indication of it. The music assigned to the part of *Venus*, which should embody the passion, fervor, and fascination of sensual love, is worse than tame; it is contradictory to the sentiment of the character and the scene; and throughout the work there are abundant examples of a similar incapacity in other directions. If Wagner's genius can be proved to be lofty, it must also be admitted to be painfully cramped and narrowly circumscribed.

Considering the immense difficulties of the work, it was very well presented last evening. There were, of course, many short comings and there was not a little singing out of tune, in which Franosch, the *Landgrave* of the opera, was painfully conspicuous. Mme. Lichtmay's *Elizabeth* was noble in conception and performance. Carl Bernard as *Tannhäuser* though again vocally inadequate to his part, acted with great fervor, and in his great declamation of the third act, of which we have already spoken, reached a pitch of tremendous power and intensity. Vierling as *Wolfram* appeared to far greater advantage than at any previous performance, and gave an impersonation to both the acting and singing to which it was impossible to take exception. Nearly all the others acquitted themselves with credit. The *Venus* of Mlle. Roemer was not absolutely bad, but probably no one was disturbed at the loss of her scene in the last part, although the dramatic continuity of the act was completely ruined by the omission. The orchestra did finely with their very difficult music; and the choruses and concerted pieces were generally rendered with the greatest fire and with respectable precision.

From the *Transcript:*

"Tannhäuser" is certainly a good specimen of romanticism in music, but it does not signalize an operatic independence and reform, as many had been led to expect; nor does it establish its composer as a chief of a lyrical school.

The intellectual nature of the composer's ideas and designs and the lyrical quality of his product in this opera can scarcely be questioned. It is all very rich and splendid composition, and with its breadth and strength and its ingenious presentation of scene and drama, is a piece of musical painting that appeals very strongly to the imagination, and is full of dramatic expression. The forms, however, are every way conventional, and the really strong points of the opera bear the pronounced style of the modern school, and all the combination music of the work is a perpetual reminder of Meyerbeer and kindred composers.

Vocally the work is rather weak—that is, there is no melody of distinct beauty and saliency, showing a creative faculty in that direction, and all the solo numbers of the opera seemed to strive against a dull vein of musical thought, and seemed to be handled with no interior intelligence or happy intention. In his concerted music in this opera Wagner is far more able and strong. This is judicious and effective, smack as it may of imitation and conventionalism, as witness the finale of the First Act and the contest of the bards in the Second Act. In all these situations he writes with a rhapsody that disarms all criticism, and a force of thought leading to supreme climaxes that are marvellous in their sway upon the hearer.

But after all Wagner's true field is the orchestra; his nature is instrumental and not vocal; and in this province he is all alive, all various, individual and creative. Whatever failure there may be to give the dominant sentiment and passion of the drama through the language of the voice, the passage of the piece is beautifully and wondrously accompanied, colored and indicated through the orchestral medium. This is dramatic music in the best sense; and one can well withdraw from viewing the scene upon the stage to take in the wealth and harmony of instruments as they are wrought to lyric uses betraying at every step an uncontrollable liberty if not an outright inspiration.

From the *Evening Gazette:*

The work, in any event, is not to be dismissed with a sneer. In spite of all its distortions of harmony, its ever-recurring dissonances, and its perpetual strivings for effect, there is much that is impressive, and some of the best effects are reached by legitimate and simple means. The choral which calls Tannhäuser back to his duty is of celestial beauty. The song in praise of Venus could not be more appropriately conceived. And the instrumentation, with all its crashes and shrieks, is never thoughtlessly scored. The march, which begins the second act, is, next to the choral, the simplest composition in the work. It is very likely that, when Herr Wagner is in his dolcest, he thinks himself in his most interesting moods. The songs by the competing minstrels in the Wartburg hall are models of dullness, [?] being neither chant, recitative nor melody, judged by an example of preceding writers. But Wagner claims that he is to be bound by no example, and that he is preaching a new musical religion. Still, one is hardly able to hold a clear judgment after a single hearing, and so we hope that the opera will soon be repeated. The orchestra did far better than we had been led, by its previous efforts, to expect. Herr Bernard, as the vacillating hero, did better than on his first appearance, but his voice is hard and dry. Mme. Lichtmay made a noble Elizabeth. Mlle. Roemer, as Venus, was by no means equal to the requirements of the *rôle*. The rest of the cast was as follows:—Hermann, Herr Franosch; Wolfram, Herr Vierling; Walter, Herr Habelman; Biterolf, Wilhelm Formes; and the Shepherd, Mlle. Haffner. Each one seemed inspired by an earnest endeavor to give a conscientious rendering of the score, which is so strongly charged with inharmonious sequences as to lead many to think that there was a constant false intonation by all of the singers. It would have been matter for little wonder, indeed, had they been all astray from the pitch, the rejection of the idea of tonality being one of the composer's occasional idiosyncrasies.

From the *Sunday Times:*

If a first-rate elocutionist were to read Browning's "Ring and the Book" before such an audience as assembled in the Boston Theatre on Friday evening, there would, no doubt, be a small portion of the auditors that would sufficiently comprehend the author's purpose to be impressed with its breadth of thought and dramatic power; but how differently would the same audience receive "Hamlet." So with Wagner's "Tannhäuser." A great portion of the very large audience that listened to its performance on Friday evening were, no doubt, deeply impressed with the earnest purpose, the genius and skill displayed throughout the work; but we feel sure that they were convinced that its distance from the range of human sympathies, its continual abstractions, its heaviness, its lack of vitality, would always stand in the way of anything like even a moderate popularity.

And yet it is a work of great power and beauty, the production of a man of genius, of thought, of a very high and earnest purpose, and of a most thorough musician, and should not be judged lightly after the too slight acquaintance of a single hearing. We feel confident, however, that, interesting as the work is to all thoughtful minds, the same lack of vitalizing elements that have stood in the way of its general acceptance everywhere but in Berlin will also render its performance inappreciative and critical Boston a notable rarity. Wagner's genius is not lyrical, and he very seldom indulges in melodic writing. The opera consists chiefly of a series of long recitatives, cast in a very dramatic form, very often of a noble strength and beauty, and very often long, uninteresting, and consequently tedious. The story is told by a series of solos; the picture is painted in deep, broad masses, and in a very serious and sombre key, into which but seldom flashes a ray of high light. In the voluptuous scenes the music is coldly philosophical and full of abstractions, as in the very first scene, where the hottest blooded of mortals would have found no difficulty in resisting the songs of both Venus and the Sirens.

The strength of the work undoubtedly lies in its choruses, which are largely conceived and broadly and effectively built up, and its marvellous wealth of instrumentation. The familiar "Chorus of Pilgrims," the finale to the first act, and the opening chorus of the fourth scene in the second act, where the theme of the march is very skilfully worked up, are all noble examples of chorus writing, and are managed with a true musicianly skill. Many of the scenes are very effectively conceived and arranged, showing that Wagner, who writes his own libretto, is an artist in a very high sense, who knows the value of contrasts and subtle combinations.

We can fully appreciate the energy and hard, conscientious labor that must have been brought to bear on the production of such a work, and the German company is deserving of the highest praise for its enterprise in bringing this opera to the notice of the musical public. When the ungracious task of learning and singing such an immense amount of music that will nowhere sing itself is considered, the performance must be considered as in many respects a remarkable one. The whole work, complicated and devoid of movement as it is, went off with astonishing smoothness, leaving but little to be desired save in the orchestral parts, which sometimes lacked smoothness and completeness. Mme. Lichtmay's Elizabeth was a very noble performance, abounding in strong points, and marked with a very high conception and artistic execution. She delivered her recitatives with great energy and power. Especially in the intercession for Tannhäuser and in the prayer to the Virgin, she sang with great purity, tenderness and emotion.

Herr Bernard dissipated all doubts as to his vocal capabilities that may have been felt on his first appearance, and gave the trying and oftentimes unsingable music of Tannhäuser in a very intelligent manner. The audience were too well nigh exhausted to fully appreciate the height of intense and passionate utterance to which he rose in his last long recitative. We have seldom heard anything so fine [?] on the operatic stage. The other solo parts were very acceptably rendered, and the choruses were all grandly and effectively given.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 779. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1871. VOL. XXX. No. 24.

Something about Beethoven's Last Days.

BY DR. FERDINAND HILLER.*

Though I am no Nestor, yet there are probably few persons living who have had, as I have, the happiness of seeing and speaking to the greatest artist of the present century. When I was a somewhat precocious youth, like most musicians, I was fortunate enough, during the years 1825–27, to be under the instruction of that excellent man, Hummel, at Weimar, and had the privilege of accompanying him on a professional trip, which he made, in the year 1827, by way of Leipsic and Dresden, to Vienna. It was a cold winter, with heavy falls of snow, and we had to suffer much discomfort upon the road. But I still remember with delight our journey from Dresden to Prague. We travelled in broad daylight by sledge, and a pleasing feeling of youthful joyousness comes over me, when I recall to mind how, by the side of my beloved master, I drove through the white mountains of Bohemia, as they gleamed in the rays of the cold sun. On Tuesday, the 6th March, 1827, we arrived, fatigued and jolted to bits, in the Imperial city. No later than the 8th, we paid Beethoven a visit.

Though, at that period, people heard altogether less of the greatest men than they now hear every week of the smallest, intelligence of Beethoven's illness had reached us at Weimar. He was suffering from dropsy. We heard from the artists whom Hummel visited in Vienna the worst accounts of him. His condition, according to some, was hopeless; according to others, inexpressibly sad. We were told of total inability to hear; and of continually increasing suspicion of everybody; to which were now added bodily suffering—unsuccessful operations—dejection and solitude; nay, more, an exterior that almost inspired terror. With this preparation, we drove out to the suburb. Traversing a spacious antichamber, in which high presses sustained thick heaps of music tied up together, we reached (how my heart beat!) Beethoven's sitting-room, and were not slightly astonished to find the master, to all appearance, quite comfortable, seated at the window. He wore a long grey dressing-gown, at that moment completely open, and high boots reaching to the knees. Reduced by his sad illness, he seemed to me, as he stood up, of tall stature; he was not shaved, and his thick, half grey hair fell in disorder about his temples. His features assumed a most friendly and bright expression, when he perceived Hummel, and he appeared extremely delighted. The two embraced each other in the most cordial manner. Hummel introduced me. Beethoven was thoroughly kind, and I enjoyed the privilege of seating myself opposite him at the window.

We all know that conversation was maintained with Beethoven partly in writing: *he* spoke, but those to whom he spoke had to write down their questions and answers. For this purpose, thick packets of ordinary quarto-sized writing paper, with a lead pencil, were always lying close to him. How painful it must have been for a vivacious and even rather impatient man, like him, to be obliged to wait for every answer, and endure at every instant of the conversation a pause, during which his thinking powers, also, were, so to speak, condemned to inactivity! He followed with an eager eye the hand of the writer, and seized at a glance, rather than read, what was written. The conversation suffered, of course, very materially, in animation, from the necessity there was for visitors to write everything down.

I can scarcely blame myself, however much I may regret the fact, for not having at the time written out more at length than I did all that Beethoven said; nay, I ought, on the contrary, to feel delighted that, though only a boy of fifteen, and in a large city for the first time in my life, I retained sufficient composure to note down anything at all. For the most complete exactitude of everything I am in a position to narrate, I can conscientiously answer.

The conversation turned, at first, as usual, on things at home; on our journey and stay; on my position towards Hummel, and so on. Beethoven inquired with extraordinary interest after the state of Goethe's health, of which we were able to give him the very best account. A few days previously the great poet had written some friendly verses, referring to our journey, in my album. Poor Beethoven complained very much of his health. "I have been laid up now these four months," he exclaimed. "One's patience is at last exhausted." A great deal in Vienna did not seem to agree with his way of thinking, and he spoke in an exceedingly sharp manner on "the present taste in art," and on "the dilettante-ism here, which spoils everything." Nor was the government, even in its very highest branches, spared. "Write a bookful of penitential hymns, and dedicate them to the Empress," he said, laughing discontentedly, to Hummel, who, however, did not take advantage of the well-meant advice.

Hummel, who was a practical man, profited by Beethoven's momentary favorable state to make a communication requiring some time. Literary piracy then flourished luxuriantly in Germany. In the case of one of my master's Concertos (I think it was the Concerto in C major), it came to pass that the piece, of which a copy had been surreptitiously obtained from the printing-office of the legitimate publisher, had been engraved not simply after but before* the legal copies—in a word, they published it sooner than its owner had been in a position to do. Hummel wanted to petition the high *Bundestag*, so that a stop might be put to these disgraceful proceedings, and Beethoven's signature struck him as of the utmost importance. He sat down to explain the matter in writing, and, in the mean time, I had the honor of being allowed to continue the conversation with Beethoven. I did my best, and the master gave further utterance, in the most confidential manner, to his sadly-passionate feelings. His observations referred mostly to his nephew, of whom he was very fond, who had caused him great anxiety, and, at that time, had got involved in difficulties with the authorities about some trumpery matters—for so, at least, Beethoven, appeared to regard them. "Small thieves are hanged, but the big ones are allowed to go free," he exclaimed pettishly. Enquiring about my studies, he said, to encourage me: "We must always propagate" (fortplanzen) "art," and, on my speaking of the exclusive interest then excited in Vienna by Italian opera, he burst out with the remarkable words: "They say: *vox populi vox Dei*—I never thought so."

On the 13th of March, Hummel took me for the second time with him to see Beethoven. The master was in bed, apparently in great pain, and sometimes groaning deeply; despite of this, however, he talked a great deal, and in a very animated manner. He seemed to take very much to heart the fact of his not being married. On our first visit, he had joked on the subject with Hummel, whose wife he had known as a young and handsome girl. "You," he said laughingly on this occasion to Hummel, "you are lucky; you have a wife who takes care of you, and who is in love with you—but I, poor wretch!"—he added, sighing deeply. He begged Hummel, moreover, to bring his wife, who had not been able to make up her mind to come and see the man whom she had known in all his vigor, now that he was in such a state. Some one had shown him, a short time previously, a picture of the house where Haydn was born—he had it near his bed and showed it to us. "It caused me a childish delight," he said—"this cradle of so great a man!" He afterwards made a request to Hummel, regarding Schindler, subsequently so frequently mentioned. "He is a good fellow," he said, "and has taken a great deal of trouble about me. He intends giving a concert shortly, and I promised him my co-operation. But nothing will, probably, come of the promise. I should like you to do me the favor of playing on the occasion. One ought always to help on poor artists." Hummel, of course, consented. The concert took place—ten days after Beethoven's death—in the Josephstadter Theatre. Hummel extemporized in an evidently very inspired style on the Allegretto of the A-major Symphony—the public knew the reason of his appearance; his performance and the way in which it was received formed a most inspiring whole.

Shortly after our second visit, a report was spread about Vienna that the London Philharmonic Society had sent Beethoven a hundred pounds sterling, to help him in his illness. It was added that the surprise had produced such an effect upon the poor great man, that he felt alleviated even bodily. When, on the 20th, we were again standing by his bedside, we gathered, it is true, from what he said, that this mark of attention had gratified him exceedingly, but he was very weak, speaking in a low voice, and in broken sentences. "I shall soon leave, probably, for above," he whispered after our greetings. Such exclamations frequently occurred; between them, however, he spoke of plans and hopes, which were, unfortunately, not destined to be realized. Referring to the noble conduct of the Philharmonic Society, he praised the English, and talked of making a journey to London, as soon as he was better. "I will compose them a grand overture and a grand symphony." Then he said he would pay Mme. Hummel a visit (she had accompanied us), and go and stay at I know not how many places. We never once dreamed of writing down anything for him to read. His eye, which, the last time we had seen him, had been still tolerably animated, was now sunk, and he experienced a difficulty in raising himself from time to time. We could no longer give ourselves up to any delusion—the worst was to be feared.

But wretched indeed was the appearance of the extraordinary man when we again visited him, on the 23rd March—it was destined to be the last time. There he lay, faint and wretched, sometimes giving a low sigh. Not a word now escaped his lips—the sweat stood upon his forehead. It so happened that, on one occasion, he could not find his pocket-handkerchief when he required. Hummel's wife took her tiny bit of delicate cambric, and wiped his face with it several times. Never shall I forget the grateful expression of his sunken eye, as it then looked up to her.

On the 26th March, while we were stopping in the art-loving house of Herr von Liebenberg (formerly a pupil of Hummel's), with a joyous party, we were surprised between five and six o'clock by a violent thunderstorm. There was a thick drizzling fall of snow, accompanied by loud claps of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, which completely illumined the apartment. A few hours later some guests arrived with the in-

* From the Kolnische Zeitung

* There is a pun in the original, but it cannot be rendered in English. Le voici, ce calembour, pour ceux de nos lecteurs qui ne comprennent pas l'idiome de Wagner—non l'Allemand, ce qui est tout autre chose: 'nicht allein nach, sondern vor-gestochen wurde.'"—*Translator.*

telligence that Ludwig van Beethoven was no more—he had expired at a quarter to six. The peculiar coincidence of the natural phenomenon with the death of so great a man would, assuredly, in heathen times, or in times more devout than the present, not have been looked upon as merely accidental.

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 29th March. The friends invited met at the residence of the Deceased, Schwarz-spanier-Haus, No. 230, on the Glacis, outside the Schottenthor. The procession set out from there at three o'clock and proceeded to the church of the Trinity. Eight *Capellmeister* (marshalls of art, unstained with blood), Eybler, Hummel, Seifried, Kreutzer, Weigl, Gyrowetz, Würfel, and Gänsbacher, held the corners of the pall. The coffin was decked with garlands—but no orders lay upon it—Beethoven had never had one. A great number of musicians carrying tapers surrounded the coffin (I can still see Lablache's immense form among them). The procession was endless; the masses of people moving along were to be counted by thousands—all Vienna seemed to be in the streets. Seifried had fitted a chorus for male voices to something of Beethoven's for trombones—the effect was most touching and impressive. I could not penetrate inside the church, but drove off with Hummel to the Währinger churchyard, that was, as it were, completely studded with human beings. We took up our position at the grave, and their awaited the arrival of the hearse. Up to the last moment it was undecided whether or no Anschütz, the celebrated actor, should deliver an oration written by Grillparzer—but it ended by Anschütz delivering it outside the entrance to the churchyard, so that we lost this portion of the ceremony. After a somewhat considerable interval, the procession approached. The coffin was lowered into the ground—Hummel, profoundly moved, threw some laurel-wreaths upon it—others followed his example. There was, as far as I can remember, neither any further speaking nor singing, but every one appeared to feel deeply the solemnity of the moment, and a sentiment of profound respect and sorrow soughed, as it were, through the whole of the immense mass of the people.

There are not probably many now alive who were present at that regal burial in the full consciousness of the grandeur of the man whom the earth covered. But, since then, millions have grown up in whose intellectual life Beethoven occupies a place which no one else and nothing else could fill. It is not till its outer covering has turned to dust that true genius stands out in all its perfection, and that endless love surrounds him who has himself no love more to bestow.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Marx's Characterization of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

BY A. E. KROEGER.

[Continued from page 387.]

To comprehend a work of art like this, one has to know all its divisions and their relations to each other. As we have already seen, the fundamental division of the Ninth Symphony is into two parts, the second to which is Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," with an introduction recapitulating all the chief themes of the First Part. This First Part comprises in itself three movements: an *Allegro*, a *Scherzo*, and an *Adagio*.

Now the most important and distinctive portion of a Symphony (as well as of a Sonata, a Quartet, &c.), as it regards form and internal structure, is the *first movement*,—commonly *Allegro*, or some quick tempo. The key to the whole work must be found there. Therefore, to aid the student in the understanding of the Symphony in question, we append (from Marx) the following analysis, or skeleton, of the usual structure of the first movement of a Symphony, a Sonata, violin Quartet, &c. It is simply the formula to which, with more or less modification, all so called classical Sonata movements will be found to conform. The divisions are numbered and lettered for easier comparison with the observations of Marx. And in our translation of the latter, the number of the measures has been given for the convenience of those who are able to obtain a piano arrangement of the work, and thus to study it out minutely.

The First Movement of a Sonata, or a Symphony, resolves itself into three divisions, as follows:

I.

a Introduction.

b. Chief Theme in Chief Key.

c. Transition (Generally, in Symphonies, &c., modulated into the dominant if the piece is in major, into the small upper third if the piece is in minor.)

d. Chant. (Generally, in Symphonies, &c., in the Dominant if the piece is in major, in the small upper third if in minor.)

e. Final Theme. (Generally, in Symphonies, &c., in Dominant or upper third as above.)

II.

Middle Group. Connecting Part I. with Part III.; taking all its themes from Part I., but elaborating them *ad libitum*, in divers keys, &c.

III.

Repetition of Part I. in a varied way and (generally) with an Appendix, giving additional energy or a new variation to the chief theme.

And now it is Marx himself who speaks, and gives us his analysis of the Ninth Symphony.

And so once more, and for his last Symphony, the master called together his army of instruments; once more to show us a world of souled and active beings proceeding from the element of sound; beings that sing the everlasting battle and mourning song, which is called life, and that find the only consolation of life in the command: to love each other, like the little children of Saint John.

FIRST PART: FIRST MOVEMENT.

a. In the undetermined—the Quint—the second violins and the violoncellos, swelled by the low breath of the horns, begin to sound trembling tones, from the pregnant night whereof lightning-flashes of a new birth dash down into the depth, (1st to 17th measure). *b*. In a slow* anxious way there then arises a powerful, sinister form (17th to 22nd measure); a creation rather of the commanding will than of the hearts' emotion. For the will announces itself in the rhythm; and there it fixes this unchangeable sinister D—F—A, telling it to strike *now*, to dash down *now*, to stand and root itself *firmly now*.

This internal formation of the *chief Theme*, so very simple in its conception,—and yet in its development of so irresistible a will power,—is of the highest significance for the whole composition; and precludes all supposition that the meaning of the Symphony might have a connection with the meaning of Schiller's Ode. The Symphony has solitarily entered the dark path of its course in this solitary, powerful harmony of its instruments. *c*. The subdominant is now introduced (22nd to 26th measure)—again with the impress of most self determining will—to fix this chief theme still more permanently, that now, amidst the sound of trumpets and horns, proclaims its existence of woe to the wide world, and then with stubborn defiance plunges back into the night, (34th measure.) This defiant stubbornness, which yet cannot keep from twice crying out its woe, this staying on the dubious quart-sixth chord, that wrenches itself into the fundamental chord with contemptuous disregard of the mediating dominant, this lawless and loose down-plunging of the violins: all suggests titanic formation and a wizard power.

And is not Beethoven the wizard creator and master in this world of instruments, which now listens to his command for the last time?

Once more, and this time planted more firmly upon the tonic, the depth trembles as at first in the Introduction, and the quickly vanishing sounds of the violins and basses dash down in the same way, and grope anxiously and restlessly around amongst second fiddles and violas; and then there again arises that grand tone formation of the chief theme from the darkness of the night; but this time in the more secure and luminous key of B flat major; soon, however, turning back into the melancholy of D minor. This is accomplished in a very energetic manner by the energetic rhythm as well as by the opposition of the instruments: all the brass instruments being opposed to the string instruments. Then the whole, closely following the theme in sixteenths, gets into a pushing movement, from which there arises an elegiac chant of the first violin, which the viola and basses repeat, the fagott accompanying in octaves, and which in the next measure the flutes, oboes and clarionettes take up in double octaves.

In a quick, decisive transition the dominant of B major is taken hold of and kept, amidst the chanting of the elegiac song, by the fagotts, clarionets and flutes, alternating with that of the same song by the oboes and horns, until the second part of the chant enters (80th measure) which is again an alternate song of clarionet and fagott opposed to flute and oboe, supported by the bass viols. From here the voices,—scarcely for a moment arrested by a couple of energetic beats,—float into B major (108th measure), return to B flat, waft themselves from sixteenths into the double-quick movement of thirty-seconds, and finally elaborate *e*. the chant into the final theme from the firm germ of the chief theme; but this time it sounds boldly and strongly in B flat major (150th measure); and yet that Elegy to which the instruments have been surrendered until now checks even this bold conclusion in producing any real joyful effect. So also in this conclusion the separation of the instruments is kept up; the violins are in advance; the orchestra follows; and it is not till in the fourth beat (153d measure) that the mighty unison-theme is also rhythmically brought to perfect unity. One step from B flat to A and we are again at the beginning, which was the Introduction to I.

But it is here not simply a repetition of that I.; it is now the introduction of II. of the first movement of the Symphony. The A minor chord changes into the sixth chord (*F sharp—d—a,*) which again turns into the chord of the subdominant, G minor, which with its peculiarly soft and plaintive character has not the gloomy effect that the chief key, D minor, had in I. Both modulations occur again in the middle of the measure; and this premature pushing ahead, which we meet so often in the first movement, this stepping upon the secondary instead of the primary rhythm of the measure, is significant of the elegiac character, that rules throughout the whole first movement.

The chief theme now expands itself in G minor (179th to 189th measure). The horns, flutes, clarionets and oboes sound their long note, whilst the second violin and violoncello tremble forth their tremolo; the first violin and the viola meanwhile move in advance, followed first by the fagott, then by the flute, and finally by the oboe and clarionet together, the bass viol intermingling lowly. This chief theme is again (189th measure) followed by the final theme of I., but this time in the woeful chord of C—F sharp—A—E flat, and dragging along a new elegiac chant, taken from the sixteenth-motive of the sombre but energetic chief theme. Both themes interchange again and expand in all directions; the plaintive theme passing from the bass viols to the first violin, second violin, horn and brass instruments. It is absolutely impossible to develop the progress and change (to the 298th measure) of this sad and yet forcible, often tender and then again excited play of tones, that grope around as if they had lost their way. Moreover the decision is at hand.

* What Marx (or his translator) means by "slow" and "anxious" here, we cannot comprehend.—ED.

III

This decision is nothing else than that same first call and flash of lightning of the Introduction to I., which comes in now as the beginning of III, that is to say as the return of I., just as it also constituted the fundamental motive of II., to which it furnished indeed its chief theme and its final theme. Now the ruling power of this thought is decided! It announces itself (303d to 315th measure) in the highest power of all the violins and violas of the orchestra, and rings out amongst the long-breathed cry of all the wind instruments as well as amongst the incessant knocking of the trumpets and the tremendous trembling of the bass viols (extending through three octaves); immovably holding itself, like a phantom of terror, or the sombre flaming earth-spirit before Faust, who had conjured it up and could not support its view—upon *F sharp—A—D*; until in the twelfth beat (312th measure) it turns into E flat major, and three beats further finally into the chief key, D minor, therein to complete itself in the form of the chief theme. To complete itself? Ah no! The dreary giant spirit does not yet allow completion. Even that very first chord (*F sharp—A—D*) cannot be well conceived—in the sense of the whole movement of the present moment—as purely a D major chord; it rather suggests (as if we heard *D—F sharp—A—C*) G minor, the subdominant; which now returns (*D—F—A* changing into *C—D—F sharp—A*) amidst the departing roar of the storm, until after 16 measures a friendly strip of blue sky looks down through the thunder clouds. It was the chant which passed by, quiet but full of comfort, without endeavoring to hide the accents of its melancholy.

Thus the first movement of the Ninth Symphony passes away. We dare not follow the all powerful and over-rich development into its details; we must not even try to gather together all the connecting signs, that attest our conception of the work. Richer, though gloomier, than any other movement of Beethoven's previous works, does this movement roll along its mighty waves, like the sombre stream of Hades. And where Beethoven generally loved to develop his mightiest, gladsomest power—in the appendix—he here completes his dreary giant picture, causing it to arise in its wierd power still more formidable than before.

For after the imperative final theme (419th to 426th measure) the modulation stays quiet on the last harmony, takes up the first violin, accompanied far down by the shadow like fagott, and sounds once more the first theme of the movement; and now for the first time undeniably unfolds the sorrowful heart that beats in this mighty breast (426th to 431st measure) and that can find no end to its grand complaint, the flute intermingling its innocence breathing tones with phantasy-like freedom. Once more the instruments start, as in I., their mixed chants, once more the theme, made out of a combination of the 3d and 4th measure of the chief theme, is heard, but this time in the far-off resounding, comforting tones of the first horn, to which the second horn forms the dark back ground (469th measure). Then we hear here in D major, in a natural healthy voice, and in pleasant cheerful tones, what at first in the bass and in G minor sounded gloomily and plaintively, as if it never could rise to cheerfulness. True, here also it soon returns to the gloom of D minor with the sombre piano intonation of the violins and the bass viols; finally the movement leads again to the concluding theme.

But here there arises as the final assurance a new picture, which seems to spring from the region of shadows. Violas, violoncellos, bass viols and fagotts commence very lowly (the first named in a tremolo) a weird movement (513th measure); the second violins and first violins join it gradually and keep up the tremolo, and amidst the agony cry of the wind-instruments, the deep current with thrilling restlessness rolls along its gloomy bed, and spreads itself out over all the octaves, and swells from its secresy into the force of thunder, and gropes around with outstretched arms, and sounds like the cry for help of the alarm-bells.

This life of the instrumental tone beings hides sombre mysteries in its heart. What must have their creator have experienced in his fated life of seclusion, and what must he have hidden in the eternal dumbness of his breast! Having for the riddle of his own internal life nothing but the riddle language of tones,—one mystery for the solution of another one! But he stood unbent, though deeply moved. How powerful and firmly fixed he stood is testified amongst other things by this perfect freedom of the instruments, each of which seems to exist only for itself, whilst he guides them all with firm rein along his road, and by the perfect and clear form given to these thoughts of wonderful depth and wealth. If our modern form-worshippers would but allow themselves to be taught, instead of confusing themselves and those who confide in them, this last and great work would furnish them the safest anchor.

The first movement of every Symphony is decisive as to the thought of the whole work; it is particularly so decisive in the Ninth. And what has it uttered? The endless complaint of everlasting dissatisfaction, which accompanies in his own realm of the world of instruments Him, who filled and invigorated it with his mighty soul! Even though those voices of the instruments charm all nature together, even though they whisper into our ears sweet spirit tones, or sweep down from heaven like the greeting of angels to men: still man always needs, above all, Man, and the voice of man is to man the most dear, most deeply felt, most comprehensible music. This is universal truth; and this truth arose to the consciousness of Beethoven in the world of instruments that he had so mightily peopled.

Then came the time to separate. And if, mayhap, —as we cannot know—a presentiment of his death touched the noble man, it must have helped to awaken that consciousness and united with it. Was not he solitary in the loud world of man as he was solitary in the world of his instruments and musical visions? And his open, loving, altogether harmless soul so yearned for the dear companionship of man! This sense of brotherhood and love of men,—how it penetrates all his works, his letters, and even shines through his attacks of suspicion, jealousy and injustice!

Thus the external resolve to give to his Symphony a new formation by appending to it a final chorus, became an internal necessity. That which was a general truth and a particular life experience of Beethoven, became now the ruling idea of the Ninth Symphony.

(To be Continued.)

Liszt's Description of Wagner's "Tannhaeuser."

(Continued from page 388.)

Passing over the Abbate's long analysis of the now very familiar Overture, we give what he has said of the opera itself.

The first scene leads us into the mysterious grotto, which, as the tradition tells, was in the Horselberg. There in a rosy twilight we see nymphs, dryads and bacchantes waving their thyrsus wands and wreaths to the rhythms, which formed the first fifty bars in the Allegro of the Overture. They surround the goddess, luxuriously stretched upon her couch, clad in the Grecian tunic, which flows in rich folds around her form, as if its slight net work formed a yet rosier vapor than the whole atmosphere around. In the depths of the grotto the tranquil waters of the lake reflect the shadows of the bushes, under which happy couples wander to and fro; there we behold the tempting syrens. At the feet of Dame Venus sits her lover, melancholy and gloomy, listlessly holding his harp in his hand. She asks him the cause of his sadness. He heaves a deep sigh, as if awaking from a dream that had led him away from the surrounding element. Alarmed she presses her inquiries. "Freedom!" replies the prisoner at last, and suddenly seizing his harp, he begins a song, in which he makes a vow ever to praise her charms, but adds that he is consumed by a yearning for the upper world:

> But from these rose-lit od'rous bowers
> I yearn for woods and breath of flowers,
> For our own sky's clear blue, serene
> For our fresh meadows pleasant green,
> Our little wood-bird's cheerful singing,
> Our village bells so friendly ringing
> From thy soft empire I must flee,
> O queen, and goddess! set me free!

This song, full of manly energy, gives us again the melody which we have twice indicated in the overture; its words are in praise of Venus. But this strophe is instantly followed by an antistrophe, which, by painful, half-disturbed modulations, escapes from the breast like a piercing scream; the scream of the caged eagle, that would return to the realm of storms and sunshine; the cry of the soul that would wing its way back to heaven. Thrice are strophe and antistrophe repeated, and every time a half tone higher, which lends thrilling climax to their impassioned intonation.

By a single word, but one of those words which suffice to invest Poesy with the fullest majesty of her sister, Truth, Wagner reveals the greatness of a soul unsatisfied in the lap of sweetest inactivity, when Tannhäuser exclaims:

> Mortal remain I yet, and human,
> Too great thy love, O thou more than woman,
> If gods forever can enjoy,
> My lot is change, my pleasures cloy,
> Not joy alone my heart contains
> In pleasures still I long for pains.

To long for pains! Is not that the longing for the Infinite? For what are pains but the sufferings of the soul chafing against the limits of our nature, which it will never renounce striving to overstep?

The offended enchantress starts up, like a wounded tigress, interrupts her prisoner, snatching the harp from his hand, and summoning up a cloud which parts them from each other, she mocks at the vain remorse of her delirious slave. She reminds him that he is accursed, that he belongs to her through all the powers of everlasting doom that he must no more think of a world which would repulse him with horror, should he go back. The proud knight does not believe the imperious dame, and replies: "Repentance will remove the ban!" Their mutual resistance is expressed in a duet, full of impetus, of mutually kindled scorn and hatred, which Venus suddenly breaks off, to have recourse to weapons of blandishment. She lets the songs of the syrens resound which in the distance seem to grow still more languishing and seductive; and inclining herself towards him, she seems to distil the fatal poison drop by drop into his veins,—that impotence of pleasure which twines about his drooping energies with indissoluble chains. Her somewhat lengthy song takes, a semitone lower, that lovely motive for the clarionet, which occurs in the overture. It is accompanied, too, *pianissimo*, and veiled by the tremolo of the violins. To those who cherish symbolism, this scene may be designated as the description of one of those inward conflicts, which rend the manly breast, during which the soul debates with itself, however divided it may be in its will, unlike in forms, but identical in essence; such would fancy that they heard in it, not different persons, but different expressions of the passions, rebutting one another in a vehement conference, whose fatal or marvellous issue no one could foresee. Tannhäuser forcibly disentwines himself from the arms of the goddess, and in feverish excitement exclaims: "My salvation lies in the holy Maria!" Scarcely has he pronounced this name, when the goddess, the nymphs, the syrens and bacchantes vanish. It all melts away.

Instead of the grotto, we see the outside of the mountain, in whose interior all this is located by tradition, and the rural scenery about the Wartburg. In an instant the knight is transported from the depths, where in the intoxicating mists of sweet perfumes the lamps with their colored sheen illumined a night of pleasures without end, into the freshness of a pure Spring morning. To the bewildered tumult of the last scene succeeds total silence of the orchestra, and the soft, dreamy tune of a shepherd, seated on a neighboring rock, the refrain of his reed pipe, happily imitated by the English horn, creates a beneficial contrast. Presently you hear a chorus of pilgrims in the distance; during the pauses the voice of the shepherd, commending himself to their prayers, forms a new contrast; his pastoral melody winds like

a flowering field vine about the stern outlines of the pious hymn, which rises like the arching of a Gothic vault.

The pilgrims approach, appear, and pass before us, and their song, in which the second half of the religious theme of the overture is interwoven, wears a calm and serenely pious character. In this repose there vibrates, however, a certain exaltation and enthusiasm, and you can distinguish in it an enduring ecstacy, a secret uncontainable delight. They stop before an image of the Madonna; Tannhäuser at their chant falls upon his knees. As much overwhelmed by the miracle of mercy, that has rescued him, as he is surprised to see his bold wish so suddenly heard, his deliverance so unexpectedly fulfilled, he repeats the words of the pilgrims:

> Ah, heavy weigh my sins on me,
> No longer can I bear the trial;
> All rest and comfort now I'll flee,
> And choose but pain and self-denial.

The bells of the distant churches summon the faithful to morning prayer, and at the same time hunting-horn signals, from different distances (alternating between F major and E flat minor), complete the impression of this hour of rural repose and woodland solitude. Presently the landgrave with his hunting party comes along, and perceiving a knight who takes no part in the chase, he approaches him and recognizes Tannhäuser. We have already said, that Wolfram von Eschenbach, his rival in minstrelsy as in love for the princess Elizabeth, who loves him, has finally persuaded him, in speaking of her, to resume his old rank among the minstrels, whom he has so often vanquished, and who nevertheless have mourned his absence. The *cantilena* of a lovely melodic motive, breathing a tender and inward emotion, is resumed again in his first eight measures and dialogized in the andante of a Sextet, composed of the five singers and the landgrave, who entreat Tannhäuser to return to them. At the name of Elizabeth his face lights up as with a quickening beam, and he exclaims:

> Again I know thee, ah! and love thee,
> O beauteous world, so long withdrawn!
> Again the heavens smile sweet above me,
> And flowers are fresh with dewy morn.
> The Spring with thousand friendly greetings
> Like music in my soul doth stir;
> In tender and tumultuous beatings
> My heart cries out: To her! to her!

As soon as his voice unites with the others, the Septuor sets into a joyful and rapturous Allegro, whose finale, interrupted by the fanfara of the chase, forms the conclusion of the first act. The different voices are grouped in such a masterly manner, and their parts in this ensemble piece are marked with such select and noble fineness, that there is no mistaking therein the calling of the minstrel, the challenge of noble rivals to a noble contest. This finale takes an irresistible hold upon the public, and universal admiration and applause resound through the hall.

Nothing can be more natural, more chaste and piously tender, than the cheerfulness, the joy, so frank and free from jealous feeling, with which Elizabeth receives her knight, whom Wolfram himself leads to her. With lightsome step, and with the happy smile of first youth, which has not yet lost the demeanor of childhood, she hastens into the hall, where she had heard the songs so deeply buried in her heart, and whose threshold, since the disappearance of her minstrel, she had never crossed. With outspread arms, as if she would spread over all surrounding things the clear light of her happiness, the radiance of her sympathizing and high hearted bliss, she trips in, already dressed for the approaching festival, not doubting that her knight and singer will bear off the victory and win her for the prize. A simple rim of gold, more like a halo than a diadem, encircles her blond head; her long tresses fall under a light veil down over the drapery of white satin, whose embroidery marks the picturesque boddice of the female costume of that epoch. A mantle of blue satin fastened on the shoulders seems, like heaven's azure, to float around this vision of embodied innocence.

If the goddess,—crowning with roses her dark hair, fastened by a Grecian net over her voluptuously curved neck, and crossing the purple ribands of her sandals over her alabaster feet,—exercising all her might, revealing all the charms concealed under her half closed eyelids, and in her girdle, which now brightly gleams and now vanishes from sight, has presented to the pleasure drunken minstrel Beauty itself, Beauty absolute and incomparable:—so on the other hand the princess Elizabeth must transport his soul by a lofty and surprising beauty, which descends to him as it were from the empyrean heights, to dispute the other, that came up out of the briny waves to the abode of mortals.

The duet between Tannhäuser and Elizabeth might, for feeling and musical beauty, be compared to that between Achilles and Iphigenia by Gluck. The same enthusiasm in the joy of the present, the same chaste *abandon*, the same simple and full confession of a deep passion, the same renewal of an always varied and yet always identical theme,—a theme, so full of pure and happy love, that one might believe it an echo of celestial bliss, never to be interrupted or disturbed. . . . It ends with an Allegro, in which the loud jubilee of the joy intoxicated soul breaks out, and which breathes an impassioned ecstacy, that rings like a high hosanna sung to Love.

The minstrel contest, although a little abstract and metaphysical, yet intimately involved in the knot of the drama, is an episode which controls it and whose musical part is treated with a great expenditure of power and thought. It is preceded by a march, during which, with all the ceremonial etiquette of those times, the distinguished guests of the landgrave pass across the stage, to seat themselves according to their rank in seats arranged in semi-circles, the centre being reserved for the minstrels. The high barons appear, their mantles embroidered with their coat of arms. The noble ladies, dressed in the colors of their houses, let their trains be borne by pages. The march has a felicitous rhythm, neither too much accented, nor too characterless. It admirably indicates the composed, proud bearing of these noble gentlemen, for whom it is an equal glory to handle the harp or the sword. This march, in B major, is followed by a second in G, marking the entrance of the minstrels; in a more solemn measure, it has a more earnest, elegant and noble character than the first; this is one of those well thought out details, which make Wagner's compositions so rich and full of study.

When the numerous guests have arranged themselves in their places, and the minstrels have appeared one by one, a deep silence ensues. Wolfram is the first who rises, for Elizabeth has drawn his name from the urn. Like the rest, he bears his harp in his hand; this instrument accompanies all their songs, and plays, not only in this act, but throughout the whole score, a great part, which requires a skilful artist to execute the complicated passages, which are too prominent to admit of being shortened. Wolfram's recitative is executed in a rich style. It is the song of a contemplative soul, shaken by no inward passion, and prompted by no outward spur. As Tannhäuser prepares to answer him, the orchestra resumes the first notes of that voluptuous *motive* in the overture, which also formed the rhythm of the bacchantes' dance, when he, begging of Venus his "Freedom!" still promised to continue to praise her charms. As if this slight band of a promise, which he flung behind him at parting, were enough to draw him down to perdition, the spectator, the moment he is reminded of it, is seized with an instinctive terror, which increases moment by moment, like the awe preceding a catastrophe. As the strife grows more exciting, and more and more vehement rejoinders end with embittering the guilty knight, the tones become clearer and higher every time that fatal reminiscence strikes the ear, till finally Tannhäuser, desperate and beside himself, takes up entire the strophe of the first act, and sings the same praises of the Goddess of Love, without reservation or disguise.

The amazement, terror and confusion of the tragic situation which now follows, are spontaneously checked by the gestures of Elizabeth, who throws herself between him and danger. She espouses and defends in the most touching manner the cause of her faithless knight. She does not hide the tears which swell her breast. Presently her voice dies out in long-drawn tones, as if her physical powers had forsaken her in this painful task; presently her spiritual strength re-animates her, and, with more and more touching and penetrating tones, she calls heaven and earth to witness that obstinacy here were sacrilege; she is inspired to disarm their wild fury and commands them, in the name of the Saviour himself, to refrain from hasty condemnation. At the first answer, which Tannhäuser had made to Wolfram, she had felt her heart beat with passionate sympathy; in confession of this, she had given him a sign, which he however had not noticed, since in all other quarters he had found no favor; she knew that, even if sin had seduced the bride-groom of her soul, it must have been through treachery, for she neither doubted of his inborn high-heartedness, nor of the means of his salvation. When they have sheathed their swords, Tannhäuser's bold bearing yields to helpless exhaustion, and he sinks down at her feet. Elizabeth concludes her prayer of highest love and sorrow with an exhausted, dying voice. Filled with wonder and amazement, all exclaim: "An angel came down from the etherial light, to announce to us God's holy counsel!" and these words are conveyed by a melody which, cheerfully and mildly, rises and floats through several measures, during which this angelic being seems to become visible to our eyes. The compassionate, persuasive song of her, who has succeeded in inspiring gentleness in the infuriated souls of the rude knights, is very long, and written in a manner which cannot be better characterized than by saying that it approximates to the church style. In it appears that extraordinary rhythm, which in the following ensemble pieces (when the by-standers, smitten by this sublime interposition, dare not resist so heavenly a manifestation of love), seems to return the beating of those agitated, inspired, awe-stricken hearts. This grand finale repeats also the principal theme of the aria of the princess and ends with a resumption of the melody: "An angel came down," &c. Wagner has seen fit here to carry the melodic development of this chaos to the extremest limits of musical effect. Composed merely of men's voices, borne along by a single soprano, like a silver censer, whence ascend dark clouds of smoky incense, this chorus expresses a deep felt earnestness and spreads abroad that pious, devout feeling, which one is only wont to find in holy temples. The act closes with Tannhäuser's call to repentance. He joins the pilgrims, who are just then passing by the castle, and repeating the first fragment of their morning song, upon their way to Rome.

[To be Continued.]

Beethoven's Centenary in Dresden.

BY PROFESSOR E. P. EVANS.

[From the Independent.]

Although the public mind is now chiefly occupied with military and political events, the Germans do not forget those heroes of art, whose achievements have done more than all the triumphs of diplomatists and field-marshals to render the name of their fatherland illustrious. A cheering evidence of this fact is furnished by the enthusiasm with which the recent centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birth has been celebrated throughout all Germany, from the Baltic to the Alps.

Here, in Dresden, the so called "Florence of the Elbe," justly famous for its love of music and the fine arts, four days were devoted to the celebration. The first festival was held on the evening of the 16th, in the new and beautiful hall of the Trades Union, which was adorned for the occasion with a colossal statue of the great composer by Professor Schilling. The programme opened with the magnificent march and chorus from the "Ruins of Athens," followed by a poem written by Adolf Stern, and recited in an admirable manner by Fräulein Langenhaun, of the Royal Theatre. Then came Beethoven's overture "*Zur Namensfeier*," succeeded by a well-written and well-delivered address by Dr. Julius Pabst, and an unusually fine performance of the Ninth Symphony, with concluding chorus, which is in many respects the grandest of Beethoven's creations. After the concert was ended, the banquet began, and continued till after four o'clock in the morning, the substantial repast being enlivened by music and poems and the customary pyrotechnics of post-prandial eloquence. On the evening of the 17th there was a celebration in the Royal Theatre, of which the first part consisted of an allegorical drama entitled "The Awakening of the Arts," and written for the occasion by Julius Rodenberg. In the opening scene the arts of poetry, architecture, sculpture, histrionics, dancing, painting, and music (personified by actresses in appropriate costumes and with characteristic emblems) were seen reposing in sleep on banks of cloud, having fled from the earth in consequence of the tumult and terrors of war. Suddenly the voices of an invisible choir were heard ascending from the earth, and calling on the fair sisters to return and gladden the world with their presence. Gradually the arts awoke, and a discussion ensued as to the propriety of heeding the call and descending to dwell again among men. Painting declares that she loves to dip her pencil in the wonders of creation, the glow of the morning or the colors of the sea, but not in blood; Architecture laments the futility of her toil, since her most beautiful and costly structures are destroyed by the hand of war; Poetry doubts whether a people in the splendor of its victories has any sense left for art; Sculpture despairs as she sees her finest images and most divine forms broken in pieces; Histrionics finds in these earnest days no place for her double mask of tragedy and comedy; Dancing, the expression and embodiment of joy, dares not enter, with tambourine and "light fantastic toe," the arena of international strife, which is trodden only by the iron feet of soldiery; Music alone is not despondent, but answers the complaints of her sisters with cheerful and prophetic words. A people, she says, to whom freedom is dear will also cherish art as a sacred possession.

Not for fame or conquest, but for fatherland, they seized the sword and sang a "song of home" as they marched to victory. Poetry will receive new inspiration from their heroic deeds; for, without Achilles and his army, where would have been Homer and the Iliad? Architecture will teach how to erect a temple of peace with grander columns and stronger arches than heretofore—a new Parthenon, new Propylæa; under the plastic hand of Sculpture new forms of heroism will step forth from blocks of marble; Histrionics will show the events of history in their eternal connection, and represent them in transfigured light for the instruction of future generations; Painting will portray them in living colors on the canvas; and even the jocund Dance will feel incited to join and lead the festive throng. Music then calls upon her sisters to descend with her to the earth, where a great nation seems to forget the calamities and bitter stress of war, in its eagerness to do homage to the master who brought to them from Heaven the highest revelations of harmony and symphony. As the sisters vanish behind the clouds, a beautiful rainbow spans the sky—a symbol of the perfect unity in diversity of the seven arts, and at the same time a herald of their peaceful reign. The third scene was on the earth, and represented a public place, with a temple in the background. In the foreground were two altars, which the people were adorning with flowers and strewing with incense, as they sang the well-known chorus from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" —"*Schmuckt die Altäre!*"

But the most remarkable feature of the whole drama was the procession of the artists, who descended the steps of the temple and occupied seats on each side of the stage. First came the representatives of Poetry—Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Dante, and Shakespeare. These were followed by the composers—Mozart, Weber, Haydn, Bach, Gluck and Handel; the actors—Eckhof, Iffland, Devrient, Garrick; the architects—Erwin von Steinbach (with a model of the Strasbourg Cathedral), Schinkel, and Palladio; the painters—Raphael, Durer, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Rembrandt; the sculptors — Thorwaldsen, Rauch, and Peter Vischer. These illustrious dead were personated in the most perfect manner by actors, dressed in appropriate costume and with a strikingly faithful "presentment" of the faces of the deceased. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Shakespeare, Dante, Bach, Garrick, Raphael, Durer, Rubens, Michael Angelo, and Rembrandt were easily recognizable as they appeared on the stage. Particularly fine was the aria with chorus, in which the hope was expressed that this festival might be prophetic of the people's future, and a revival of the fatherland bring with it a revival of the arts. In the fifth scene the seven arts reappeared on the earth, and a flash of lightning kindled the two altars, on the front of which were the words Freedom and Beauty in letters of fire. The drama closed with the chorus "Germania! Germania!", after which there was a representation of what Dr. Pabst calls "the queen of the operas," Beethoven's Fidelio. Those who are acquainted with the singers of Germany will have a sufficient guaranty that it was excellently performed in the fact that Rocco and Florestan were sung by Scaria and Von Witt, and Fidelio and Marcelline by Mme. Kainz Pause and Mme. Otto Alvsleben. On the evening of the 18th Goethe's Egmont was given, with the music of Beethoven's Egmont; and on the evening of the 19th there was a repetition of Rodenberg's Allegorical Drama, followed by a concert of selections from Beethoven—among them the Aria "*Ah Perfido*," sung by Fräulein Zimmermann, with the clear and pure tones for which her voice is remarkable.

"Beethoven is Germany" says Victor Hugo. Of all the arts, however, music is the most cosmopolitan; and of all composers, Beethoven is the most difficult to confine within geographical or national boundaries. Since his death, forty three years ago, he has constantly increased in popularity—not only in Germany, but throughout the civilized world; so that it may be safely asserted that his works are now performed more than those of all the other classical composers put together. In the symphony, which is the most comprehensive form of pure instrumental music, he stands unrivaled and unequaled. Compared with these free and bold creations, the productions of Haydn and Mozart are timid and feeble. In them the great master revealed himself as in no other of his works. His deafness deepened and intensified the peculiar character of these compositions, as is clearly seen in the Ninth Symphony. As the blind prophet discerned the future without his vision being disturbed by any fleeting phenomena of the present, so the deaf musician listened to soul entrancing harmonies from within, unbroken by the fret and stir of common life around him

Dresden, December, 1870.

The History of Music.

SIXTH LECTURE BY MR. J. K. PAINE.

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser, Jan 14]

In his lecture last Saturday, Mr. Paine began with a description of the notation of the middle ages, and proceeded from that to the tonal methods then employed. In discussing these he remarked that, although they afforded, by their greater number and complexity, more variety in composition, yet the music, compared to that of later times and the present, was stiff and objective rather than sympathetic and subjective. From these topics he passed to the history of musical instruments, selecting the organ as the first, because, when all others were left to amateurs and the *dilettanti*, this was used by the great masters. Describing the first organ, he said it contained but one row of pipes, and had keys a foot long and three or four inches wide, which were struck with the elbows and fists. He gave short sketches of the first organists, Italian and German, and by way of illustration performed on the piano two of the ancient compositions He described in an interesting way the lesser musical instruments of the middle ages, tracing their changes and modifications into their present forms. The lute he considered as in some sort a progenitor of the piano, having been the instrument of amateurs and households in the olden days. Speaking of the difficulty of keeping lutes in tune, he quoted a remark that if a person kept a lute eighty years he would have occupied sixty of them in tuning his instrument. He added that it was said that to keep a lute in Paris costs as much as to keep a horse. He mentioned several instruments which had become nearly or quite obsolete, one of them being a kind of bassoon with a mouth piece inserted in a bag, which, being inflated with wind, caused the instrument to produce what Praetorius described as a cackling sound. In the course of his lecture he introduced the fact that Bach first taught the use of the thumbs in fingering, only three fingers having been employed previously, while the thumbs were regarded as incumbrances. Having concluded his lecture, Mr. Paine treated the audience to a performance of Dr Bull's "King's Hunting Jig."

SEVENTH LECTURE, JAN 21.

Mr. Paine's subject on Saturday last was the origin and early progress of dramatic music, beginning with the religious dramas of the early church and ending with the establishment in a crude form of opera and oratorio. Having remarked that the epic form preceded the dramatic in music as well as in poetry, and that the Christian church, after setting its face against the theatre, finally gave it not only countenance but encouragement, Mr. Paine proceeded to give the history of the plays and dramas which subsequently developed themselves into opera and oratorio. The miracle plays, or as they were subsequently vaguely called, mysteries, were in vogue quite early, and before the tenth century they were popular and exercised a powerful effect on the people. These plays were originally performed wholly by ecclesiastics. Afterwards laymen were allowed to take part, and at a later period the participation of priests was forbidden.

Strolling musicians became the performers, and the subjects and the manner of treatment became not only secular but vulgar. The plays, even when sacred, had gradually increased in length until they occupied several days in the performance. The movable stage was divided into three parts. Above was the celestial choir; below, on the second stage, was the congregation of saints, and the remainder of the singers occupied the lowest stage. At one side was the mouth of a cavern, from which issued the most frightful howls, supposed to represent the agonies of the damned. The jesters and buffoons were assigned this task of howling, and they issued from the mouth of the cavern to assume the comic parts of the drama In England these mysteries were performed and the whole drama of the universe was represented from the creation to the day of judgment. The several guilds had different subjects assigned to them,—to the dyers the deluge, to the tanners the creation, to another the fall of Lucifer, and so on Only one of these mystery plays has remained to the present time,—performed once in ten years at Ober-Ammergau in the Bavarian Tyrol. It was performed last year, but not as usual through the entire season, owing to the interruption caused by the war.

There was another class of plays set to music, of which the "Robbin and Marion" of Adam de la Hale was an example. A specimen from this work was given in the second lecture. In the passion plays there was nothing spoken. The story and the dialogues were intoned, and the words of the people sung by a chorus. It was a common custom to give the words of the several characters in part harmony. Mr. Paine gave a singular description of an entertainment provided on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke Sforza with Isabella of Arragon in the fourteenth century, and of the masks, which were long a popular class of dramatic entertainments, into which music was introduced In all these performances solo singing was unknown, even up to the sixteenth century. All the speeches of single characters were sung in the form of madrigals by persons behind the scenes. There was a curious play of this period wherein a servant accidentally pulls the spigot out of a wine-cask and lets the liquor out. The master and servants grope on the floor, berating each other in five part harmony until the unlucky spigot is found. It was toward the middle of the sixteenth century that a composer conceived the idea of giving the highest part of a madrigal to be sung by a single voice and the other parts to be performed on instruments. But this was not like the aria system of the present day. The melody had no beauty of its own disjoined from the accompaniment.

The invention of the opera and the oratorio, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, Mr. Paine conceived to mark the second of three great ages in the development of music,—the first being the reformation of church music in the middle ages and the third the improvement of instrumental music in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Mr. Paine gave a sketch of the origin of the opera in the effort of Florentine musicians, who met at the house of Bardi, to revive the ancient Greek tragedies; and of the oratorio in the church concerts. A specimen of each was given,—a recitative from one of the earlier operas by Peri, composed for the marriage of Henry IV. of France, and another from an opera or oratorio of the "Soul and Body," both interesting as illustrating the progress which solo singers had attained in that age. Although we speak of these specimens of dramatic music as recitative, they differ widely from the recitatives of our day, being about midway between that class of music and the aria Mr Rudolphsen sang both selections finely The early operas were attempts to revive Greek tragedies, but they must have differed widely from those dramas The effort however, resulted in the introduction of a new element in musical development, which afterwards grew and improved very rapidly.

EIGHTH LECTURE, JAN 28.

One of the most interesting thus far The general subject was the second period of the Opera, and the manner in which, under various influences it emerged from the crude and imperfect form in which it first appeared, from the hands of Galilei, Caccini and their contemporaries, to a more artistic and pleasing and popular form. The vocal illustrations of several successive composers were given with the admirable assistance of Mrs. Barry, and were sufficiently numerous to indicate the very substantial and rapid progress made in a very short time.

Mr. Paine gave a description of the opera of "Berenice," performed at Padua on a great occasion toward the end of the sixteenth century introducing choruses of one hundred virgins, one hundred horsemen, and several others of equal numbers accompanied by one hundred musicians on horse-back. Two elephants and two lions were also brought upon the stage and the whole scene was one with which no spectacular play of modern times can compare The first performance of an opera as a public exhibition for the people was at Venice, and before the close of the sixteenth century three hundred and fifty-seven operas by forty different composers had been performed, but it was not until later that the name of opera was given to these works. Monteverde, who was a native of Cremona and was born in 1568, was one of the greatest musicians of his time He was an innovator in the introduction of discords Indeed, there is hardly a dissonant interval in use in modern music which he did not employ There was a great deal of contempt exhibited at the time of Monteverde's "music of the future." His most valuable improvements were in the increased efficiency given to the orchestra and in the introduction of the true arioso style The orchestra he caused to give very much more dramatic intensity to the accompaniments He also was the first to preface the opera with an instrumental overture, which he called a toccata. One of these toccatas, it was prescribed, was to be played through three times before the rise of the curtain He was also the first to use the tremolo effect on the stringed instruments a practice which was very much derided at first, but which has steadily held its place and has come to be regarded as a perfectly legitimate effect. An interesting selection from Monteverde's opera of "Ariadne" was sung by Mrs Barry A brief sketch of Cavalli followed, and a Siciliano of his composition was sung and was received with evident pleasure by the listeners

Carissimi, who flourished during the middle and toward the close of the seventeenth century dying in 1674, was the originator of the chamber cantata—a composition resembling the opera in form, but performed without scenery and the modern oratorio, except that its subject was always secular He also greatly improved the recitative and air, and exerted on the progress of music a much greater influence than is usually allowed him He wrote many oratorios and masses As a

singer he was very eminent and vastly improved the vocalization of his period. Chamber cantatas moulded the popular taste for music and exerted nearly as much influence in determining its form as madrigals had done a century earlier. Solo singing became very much in vogue, and the beautiful as distinguished from the elevated style began to prevail in Italy. Mr. Paine's remarks on Carissimi were followed by a selection from that composer's cantata on the death of Mary, Queen of Scots,—a most beautiful composition, full of melody and containing many suggestions of the modern Italian aria. Mr. Paine called attention to the stiffness and lack of motion in the accompaniment, to which attention was not paid very generally until somewhat later.

Stradella was one of the most prolific composers of this age, and, so far as his works have been preserved, the best. A story is related that he was to have been murdered by hired assassins, and the time chosen was at the performance of one of his oratorios. The assassins were, however, so much impressed by the excellence of the music and the raptures of the listeners that they relented and would not take the life of a man who contributed so much to the pleasure of the world. Stradella's prayer is a very well known composition, but it bears internal evidence of having been composed at a later period.

Germany was a willing learner in musical art from Italy. With one or two exceptions every known form of modern music had its origin in Italy. Germany had the not less honor of enlarging and ennobling each form as it appeared. The most noted of German composers of the 17th century was Schütz, who died in 1672. He was educated in Venice, but in carrying to Germany the Italian forms he did not forget his nationality. His compositions have a distinct German style. He was the first to introduce the opera in Germany. Besides being thoroughly educated in all branches of learning he was much esteemed for his sterling qualities as a man. He wrote music for the Passion as described by the four evangelists, and gave to the modern sacred cantata its style. Mr. Paine described the cantata of the "Conversion of St. Paul" by Schütz, showing that very striking dramatic effects could be produced by the use of music alone. Mr. Paine spoke of Schütz as the direct forerunner of Bach and Handel.

Contemporaneous with Schütz in Germany there arose a great master of music in Italy,—Scarlatti,—who died in 1675. Most of his compositions have been lost, for reasons which the lecturer subsequently explained. But he was a most prolific composer, for besides numerous other productions he is said to have written one-hundred operas, five hundred cantatas and two hundred masses. The glory of the Italian opera begins with Scarlatti. He exerted great influence on the dramatic character of the art of singing, added greatly to the refinement and expression of the accompaniment and introduced the overture with marked effect. The reign of melody was fairly inaugurated under him. To illustrate his style, Mrs. Barry sang two selections from one of his cantatas. Mr. Paine called attention to the fact that in the first, a recitative, there was a great likeness to the form afterwards so largely used by Bach, and that the air which followed was much similar to the later compositions of Handel, who was a close student of Scarlatti's works. The two selections were very pleasing and instructive. Mr. Paine closed his lecture with a description of an opera of the early days, where the machinist was of more consequence than either the author of the play or the composer of the music. The opera in question had its scene laid in the infernal regions, and from the description given must have been both fearful and grotesque.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 11, 1871.

Sixth Symphony Concert.

The concert of Thursday, Jan. 26, came in the midst of a violent snow-storm; yet the Music Hall, inside, wore as genial an aspect as ever, with hardly a perceptible thinning out of the large and constant audience that has become identified with these occasions. The orchestra were in full force (12 first violins, 10 second, 8 violas, 7 'cellos, 7 basses), and did their best (which is now much of the time very good indeed) in the performance of the following programme:

*Vorspiel to "Lohengrin".....R. Wagner.
Aria: "Erbarme dich" ("O pardon me, my God"), from the St. Matthew Passion Music. (Orchestral accompaniment completed by Robert Franz.....J. S. Bach.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
The Violin Solo by B. Listemann.
**Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3, in G minor, Op. 58. Moscheles.
[Born 1794; Died, March 10, 1870.]
J. C. D. Parker.

Third Symphony ("Scotch"), in A minor, op. 56. Mendelssohn.
**Songs:
a. "Rose, Meer und Sonne." [From Rückert's "Liebesfrühling."] Op. 37, No 9.....Schumann
b. "Verdi Prati," from the Opera "Alcina"....Handel.
c. "In the Spring." Op. 22, No. 3.....Franz.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini.

Haydn, Mozart, BEETHOVEN, Schubert, Mendelssohn—so far had we got in the succession of great Symphonists before and after Beethoven (to whose memory the whole series of ten concerts is dedicated by placing a Symphony of his—in fact a whole Beethoven programme almost—in the first and last concerts also, making him the alpha and omega of the series). *This* week Schumann came, as next in order of succession, and next time comes Gade. Mendelssohn furnishing the central feature, this whole programme was in a measure fitly toned to him; at least, with the exception of the opening and concluding overtures.

The "Scotch Symphony," his greatest orchestral work, has in it much that is brilliant, jubilant and sunshiny, as well as much that is wild and grand and mystical as on the shore of the great deep. It is extremely picturesque throughout. Nor does it confine itself to impressions of nature; it catches also here and there the *humor* of Scotch life, as in the little mocking cadence in the second movement; and it goes off with a rollicking sort of "We won't go home till morning" chorus in the brief Finale in the major. And yet to us the dominant impression always after an elaborate work of Mendelssohn is sad, contemplative, akin to gentle, passive reverie. A Symphony by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, or by father Haydn, sets a very different tone. With Mendelssohn, the Aria by Bach and the Concerto by Moscheles helped to complete a picture in a certain delicate, subdued, gentle tone of color. But it is indeed a noble Symphony, full of invention, of beautiful ideas, showing a masterly control of all the orchestral resources, and developing with perfect unity to the end. There are many times when, perfect as we know such a work to be, we are not in the mood to enter into it. But this time it truly spoke to us with power, and brought renewed assurance that Mendelssohn also is great, if in a way of his own which possibly is not the greatest. In the rendering of the whole work Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra seemed all alive and careful and particularly happy.

—But, to take things in their order,—the short prelude to "Lohengrin," which, as we have said before, is just a piece of broad musical perspective, a sort of atmospheric picture without break or visible step taken anywhere, tones growing out of tones as forms and colors in "dissolving views," was rendered with a purity and delicacy, and a finely graduated *crescendo*, which must have given an impression of beauty as well as of mystery, to those who have found it wild and uncouth before. To understand it fully, one of course must know Wagner's opera; and then he will know why it begins with the aerial, white tones of the violins thrilling at a height where it is so difficult to keep them true and even; and why the other instruments with cool, gradually deeper, larger tones steal in so imperceptibly, and the whole keeps broadening and greatening until, with the startling, sublime fortissimo of the whole orchestra, you feel that the mystery at first so distantly descried, far over the water, is now close upon you (the arrival of Lohengrin in the boat drawn by swans); and then, with brief suggestion of the tragic complication his arrival causes, the withdrawal in the same miraculous manner, and the picture finishing as it began with the thrilling pianissimo in *alt*. There certainly is poetry in the conception, and we think Wagner has made it palpable in tones. *Such* a breath of "future" music, while it ministered to the demand of curiosity, was not in violent contrast to or out of keeping with what followed.

The Aria from the Passion music ("*Erbarme dich*") had been sung twice before by Mrs. BARRY in former series of these concerts. Yet no one knows it too well; very few well enough to feel themselves familiar with or half appreciative of its beauty, and its deep, tender, quiet and unspeakably religious feeling. In fact the charm of such melody, inwrought and intertwined with such accompaniment, is inexhaustible. We but begin to know it when we hear it once. Of course it is not popular music; it is not brilliant, startling, sensuous, or catching. But it is profoundly edifying, and its beauty is of the kind that is eternal; the deeper one's experience in life, the more one knows of sorrow and of trial and has felt after some divine and sure support, the more beautiful, the more sweet and comforting and quickening will he find this music. Therefore it becomes a duty, in the making up of serial musical programmes with a view to higher musical culture, to open now and then some glimpses into this too long strange element of the divinest and sincerest music ever written, and so make a beginning, by little and little, with our public of an acquaintance with Sebastian Bach; for so long as he remains a stranger to us, we have not yet penetrated into the holy of holies of the temple of harmony, nor is our life intrinsically musical. Like an old masterpiece of painting, an Aria like this must be brought out from time to time,—the same piece—and seen in a better and better light, with better skill of exhibition (or performance) and better preparation on the hearer's part: and while we listen or muse afterwards, the fire will surely burn within us. True, its appeal is most interior and private, and therefore what is called *effect* with a large audience, followed by loud applause, is not to be expected; it is too good for that. But when a few of these melodies shall thus have become somewhat familiarized to our best audience, when their sweetness shall have sunk into the souls of not a few, then there will come the strong desire to hear, and the ardor and courage to study and perform the Passion Music as a whole, and we shall stand more on the level of the advanced musical culture of to-day, and shall know better how to assign to every kind of music its due and relative degree of consequence. Mrs. BARRY is so far our best interpreter of such serious, sustained, sincere, quiet melody. She has studied it with real interest, and though her tones do not carry all the weight nor thrill with all the brightness of some singers, yet the rich, sweet, sympathetic quality of her voice, her excellent phrasing, and above all the refinement and expression of her singing, go far to make Bach's music truly felt. Since her brief stay abroad she seems to give out her tones with greater freedom, and by the earnest, close attention of the whole audience it was evident that the piece was more truly appreciated than ever before. What she lacked of opportunity (in a piece so sombre) for more open, livelier response, she had in full measure in the three charming songs by Schumann, Handel, and Franz,—each a model in its kind, and sung delightfully, with fine pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. PARKER.

The Concerto in G minor by Moscheles was given, for the first time in Boston, partly in honor to the memory of the master, who died last March in Leipzig, one of the foremost musical characters of the last half century, the friend of Mendelssohn, the pupil of Beethoven, intimate with all the great musicians, one of the most renowned of teachers and as a man so honored and beloved by all. His piano compositions are very numerous; and there is much among them, of his earlier and middle period, which deserves to live. Among the Concertos of importance, when we go outside of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Chopin, [and our concerts have long since, with the exception of Mozart, exhausted that list], what remains of equal interest with this which is esteemed the best of those by Moscheles? It ranks at least with those by Hummel, and, to our mind, has far more of original poetic quality, where the other has but graceful passage work. The first movement is full of fine and delicate beauty. The leading theme, and still more the melodious second theme, both presented at some length first in the finely instrumented orchestral prelude, are of a most winning character. The further exposition and variation of them by the piano is entirely in the genius of the instrument and grows in interest to the

end. There is a delicate and subtle charm throughout all its modulations and changes of form and phrase. A thoroughly *genial* first movement, in the handling of the orchestra as well as of the principal instrument. Only too delicate, perhaps, for full appreciation by a great audience at a first hearing. The Adagio, opening with horns and bassoons in rich, solemn chords, seems almost too short, so full of beauty is it; and the manner in which the six-eight rhythm of the Finale grows out of what seems but a passing ornamental figure [in triplets] of the Adagio, is quite felicitous. Mr PARKER played it *con amore*, entering fully into the spirit of the work, as if he were doing heartfelt honor to his old Leipzig master. Indeed he never played so well; from first to last it was all clear, clean, finely phrased, with a crisp, vital accent, and a true intelligence and taste combined with a remarkably free and finished technique. Both the piece and the performance gave great satisfaction, though of course Beethoven smites with a surer, grander power, and Chopin woos with a more irresistible, seductive invitation, [which the good Moscheles, however, did resist].

At the close of such a concert, the very familiar, brilliant Overture to "Tell" might seem superfluous. But it was perhaps in refreshing contrast to the rather subdued and meditative tone of the whole programme, and it was one of those thoroughly "popular" things so often called for, which happens at the same time to be thoroughly *good*.

This week [Seventh Concert] Schumann takes his turn as Symphonist, with the E-flat, or "Cologne" Symphony. This forming the second part, the first part consisting of his "Genoveva" Overture; Chopin's E-minor Concerto played by HUGO LEONHARD; and a new composition by Bennett, called *Fantasia-Overture* to Moore's "Paradise and the Peri."

For the Eighth Concert [Thursday, Feb. 23] the programme offers: Part I. Overture to "Medea," *Cherubini*. Symphony in C minor, No. 1, *Gade*. [It has been found impossible to procure the parts for Gade in A minor, but this No. 1 is by far his best, and has not been heard here for several years.] Part II. *Schumann's* Overture to Byron's "Manfred," and an Entr'acte from the same, never before played here; for conclusion the Orchestral Suite in C, by *Raff* (first time).

MR. B. J. LANG'S second Concert at the Globe Theatre, Feb. 2, had the same select, large audience, and offered the following matter:

Quintet in C, Op. 163, for two Violins, Viola and two 'Cellos.....Franz Schubert.
Allegro ma non troppo. Adagio espressivo. Scherzo. Finale.
Pianoforte Concerto in C major, Op. 15.....Beethoven.
Allegro con brio. Largo. Allegro.
Ballade in A flat major, op. 47.....Chopin.
Trio in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin and 'Cello.
Molto Allegro agitato. Andante con moto tranquillo. Scherzo. Allegro assai appassionato.

The Schubert Quintet with two 'Cellos (Messrs. FRIES and AUG. HEINDL,—the violins and viola by Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and RYAN), has been an important feature in the Mendelssohn Quintette Club programmes, from time to time, these ten years, and it is always welcome for its rich, full polyphony, and large plan in accordance therewith, as well as for the genuine flavor and the *Schwung* (as Germans say) of the Schubert genius. Mr. LANG had ample sphere for all his fine, clear, finished technique, and tasteful phrasing and accent in the earliest of Beethoven's five Concertos, which, though by no means so grand as the fifth or so subtly poetic as the fourth, is full of charm, singularly naive and honest. It had been played but once before in Boston, and then by Mr. Lang at a Symphony Concert three years ago. This time, with only the shadow of an orchestra (string quartet with double bass) it sounded to us more dry and tame than then; and the very elaborate cadenzas (by Moscheles?) seemed drawn out to tedious length. The *Scherzando* character of the Finale is full of crisp, sunshiny humor. We are thankful for the too rare chance of hearing such a work. The *Ballade* of Chopin, beginning grave and march like, was finely rendered. But the real awakening life of the concert was in the superb Mendelssohn Trio, which went to a charm.

For next Thursday afternoon Mr. Lang's programme shows: a Quartet (No. 67) by *Haydn*; a Capriccio, for piano, by *Bennett* (E major, op. 22); for another piano solo, *Liszt's* "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude;" and the great B-flat Trio of Beethoven.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY.—A goodly show of talent and of progress was made by pupils of Mr. EICHBERG's school at the quarterly concert in the crowded Boston Music Hall last Wednesday afternoon. They were all solo performances. The most remarkable, and indeed exceptionally interesting, were the specimens of violin playing by a picturesque young girl of hardly thirteen (Miss Persis Bell), and a still younger lad (Master A. Van Raalte). The former played the Andante from the Mendelssohn Concerto with purity of tone, true intonation and good style, really surprising. The boy, a bright and playful looking chit, was equally successful with the well known Mayseder variations. And both together gave a clear, euphonious rendering of a by no means easy Duo Concertante by Dancla. It is something, truly, if we have begun to raise such pupils, though the cases doubtless are exceptional. There was good piano playing: of a Chopin Waltz, by Miss C. B. Nickels; a Duo from *Rigoletto* (Wolff) by Misses Starr and Nickells; a Mendelssohn Capriccio, by Miss Smith, and, particularly, the first movement of the Beethoven Sonata in B flat, op. 22, by Miss E. Spicer. The singing, chiefly under Mme. JOHANNSEN's direction, she playing the accompaniment, was highly creditable; that of the Prayer and Barcarolle from Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," by Miss Hungtington, was indeed remarkable and full of promise. The two pieces on the Great Organ (a *Vorspiel* by Bach, and part of one of Handel's Concertos) we did not not hear.

THE sweetest songs are those
That few men ever hear
And no men ever sing.

The clearest skies are those
That farthest off appear
To birds of strongest wing.

The dearest loves are those
That no man can come near
With his best following.

—*Robert Kelton Weeks.*

PHILADELPHIA.—The *Evening Bulletin* (Jan. 16) speaks of a series of concerts, than which none in this country were ever yet conceived with a more pure artistic motive, or persevered in with a more disinterested, brave devotion. We are glad to hear that the effort persisted in, largely at her own cost, for several years, by the lady who originated them, is at length beginning to meet with its reward. The *Bulletin* says:

Miss Jackson's Parlor Concert at Natatorium Hall, last Saturday night, was one of the most delightful of a very charming series. The programme was filled with selections from classical composers, and it found in the fine artists who conduct these entertainments skilful and sympathetic interpreters. The playing of Mr. Hennig and of Guhlemann was especially good. The former gentleman never fails to display exquisite taste in his violoncello performances, while Mr. Guhlemann, with his violin, invariably gives satisfaction. These concerts deserve more generous support than they have received. They are so good that it ought not to be difficult to crowd the hall wherever they are given.

Of Mr. Jarvis's third Soirée the same journal tells us:

The following remarkably interesting programme was presented:

Piano Solo—Suite in G.....Domenico Scarlatti
Sonata—Piano and Violin, No. 2, op. 78.....Raff
Messrs. Jarvis and Kopta.
Concerto—Violoncello, B minor, No. 3.....Goltermann
Rudolph Hennig.
Piano Solos—1. Abendlied.....Schumann.
2. Novelletten, E major, Op. 21.....
Violin Solo—Suite for Violin.....Vieuxtemps.
Wenzel Kopta.
Trio—Piano, Violin and 'Cello, F major, op. 6.....Bargiel.

The studies of Scarlatti and the novelette of Schumann are at the very opposite extremes in piano-forte music, and their introduction at the same concert was a happy thought of Mr. Jarvis, for the contrast was a most interesting and instructive one. There is little danger that the claims or the merits of the latter composer will be overlooked, in our time, at least; but there was reason to fear that this late might have been Scarlatti's, had not Mr. Hans von Bülow, in his enthusiastic researches, discovered among other valuable works these very interesting studies. Mr. Jarvis, accomplished in all the schools, interpreted them with proper fidelity to the traditions, and at his hands none of their perennial freshness and beauty was lost. The *Toccata* may be particularized as having been endowed by him with a charm which many very skilful artists would have failed to give it. The *Sonata* by Raff is not entirely new here, it having been given by Messrs. Wolfsohn and Colonne. Its merit, in many respects, is great, and a first hearing of it inclines one to the faith that, "being of the gods," it is destined to endure; but familiarity with it will, we think, have the effect of abating much of our enthusiasm for it. The romantic school has added much that is already valuable to the musician's *repertoire*, but a great part of the *sonata* is romanticism run wild, and, in spite of the graceful beauty of the slow movement, the work, in its completeness lacks the indescribable element which forever distinguishes genius from mere talent.

Mr. Hennig's performance of the Goltermann Concerto was characterized by absolute perfection of intonation, and a vigorous bowing and brilliancy of execution which surprised us even in this accomplished artist. He has never done better than upon this occasion.

Mr. Kopta's selections were not especially happy. Mr. Vieuxtemps, in these pieces, excites our curiosity, perhaps, but not our interest. The same ground has been gone over so frequently by Bach and Handel, that the present composer would have been surer of success in fresher fields. His other works in the modern style all possess abundance of merit; and if Mr. Kopta had produced any of them with the skill and expression that he gave to these palpable imitations, he would have had reason to be very proud of himself.

There remains to commend Mr. Jarvis's delicate treatment of the exquisitely graceful Raff transcription, and his intelligent interpretation of the novellette of Schumann, a noble and genial composition, requiring brains and marvellous *technique* to give it adequate justice, and the artistic performance of the Bargiel trio, a really enjoyable work, which never would have been written, perhaps, had Robert Schumann never lived.

Philadelphia is, or has been, just now indulging in the Thomas Orchestra concerts, in Miss Kellogg's concerts, and in the English Opera (offering such works as the "Marriage of Figaro," "Martha," "Fidelio," "Oberon," and "Der Freyschütz.") Neukomm's *David* was sung lately by the Handel and Haydn Society.

PORTLAND, ME.—"The Rossini Club" is an association of young ladies, pupils of the best teachers here, who meet weekly and practise for mutual instruction and pleasure. They gave last month their first public concert, to raise money to buy a pianoforte. The following selections, we are told, were all done really well:

Overture "Die Waldnymphe," arranged for 4 hands.....Bennett.
Song "Bird of the merry greenwood.....Abt.
Vocal Quartet: "La Carita".....Rossini.
Rondo.....Weber.
Duet: "La Regata".....Veneziani.

Trio: "Vieni a' mar".....Gordigiani.
Solo: "Se Crudele".....Donizetti.
Scotch Symphony (two movements).....Mendelssohn.
Aria: "Gli angiol' inferno," from "Magic Flute".....Mozart.
Chorus "The Lord is my Shepherd".....Schubert.

NEW YORK.—The *Sun's* critic says of the third Philharmonic Concert:

It was much better in the selection of the pieces played than in the manner in which they were given. In the Overture, Scherzo and Finale, by Schumann, there was some unusually crude and slovenly playing. There were times when belated instruments were heard coming in after the others at a pause, and there was also a general lack of finish in much that was done.

This was the more noticeable by contrast with the recent concerts given by Theodore Thomas's orchestra, which were in every respect superior to those of the Philharmonic Society. There are disadvantages as well as advantages in a large orchestra. The Mozart symphony, for instance, which was played on Saturday evening, was written for an orchestra half the size of this one. Its delicacy and grace were rather overpowered by the number of the instruments. Mr. Bergmann appeared in the triple character of conductor, composer and performer. A romanza for bass clarionet, with accompaniment for two clarionets and two bassoons, composed by him, was given. It was a most melodious and admirably constructed composition, and served to display the qualities of an instrument so rich, warm, and powerful in tone, so extended in scale, and so beautifully voiced, that it is an exceeding pity that it should not have found its place among orchestral instruments. It was admirably played by Mr. Bochm; and when we consider that to play an ordinary clarionet well is the work of a lifetime, he deserves double credit for the skill with which he managed this exceptional instrument. The effect of these five bass reeds played together was very peculiar

The color of the tone was sombre, deep, warm, and rich. There is always a soft languor in the sound of combined reeds moving

"To the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders;"

and this composition was full of that subtle and soothing beauty.

Much alike in spirit was the serenade for four violoncellos by Lachner, in which Bergmann played second 'cello, Bergner playing the first. Mr. Bergmann has a strong and manly way of playing this instrument, somewhat in contrast with that of Mr. Bergner, who, though indisputably a consummate musician, resorts too constantly to the *tremolo*. It is a trick that catches the popular ear; but when too often used, it demoralizes and weakens the general style. It is like that fatal vibrating quality of the voice that many of our singers think so fine and pathetic, and cultivate in that unhappy delusion.

Musical Correspondence.

New York, Jan. 30.—There has been plenty of music in New York during the month of January. On the 14th inst. Miss Marie Krebs commenced a series of superb piano forte recitals at Steinway's small hall. This is the programme to the first:

Sonata, E flat, op 29.....Beethoven.
Miss Krebs.
Ave Maria.....A. Rosch.
Mme. Krebs-Michalesi.
Cat Fugue.....Scarlatti.
Impromptu, A flat.....Chopin.
Novelette, No. 4, D.....Schumann.
Miss Krebs.
Waldesgespraech.....Schumann.
Mme. Krebs-Michalesi.
Moonlight Sonata, C minor.....Beethoven.
Miss Krebs.
Der Neugieriger.....F. Schubert.
Valencia's Rose.....C. Krebs.
Mme. Krebs-Michalesi.
Waltz, F major.....Rubinstein.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 4.....Liszt.
Miss Krebs

The audience was the most critical that has been seen in Steinway Hall for many months, for almost every pianist known in New York was present. The programmes were excellently rendered. At the 3rd, on January 28, she was assisted by Mr. Wenzel Kopta (violin) and Mr. Wm. Candidus (tenor). The fourth and last takes place this week.

Miss Kellogg made her first appearance in this city, in oratorio, on Thursday, the 19th inst., with great success, though it would have been much better if she had selected some other building than the Academy of Music, which is the last place in New York to hold an oratorio performance in. The chorus sang well, but the orchestra was a disgrace to New York.

Theo. Thomas visited us last week, after a long absence, and gave two fine concerts. At the first (Jan. 27th) Miss Mehlig played Liszt's Concerto in E flat, the orchestra playing a mixed programme. The second (Jan. 28) was a grand symphony concert, with this programme:

Symphony, No. 6, "Pastorale".....Beethoven.
Concerto in E minor.....Chopin.
Miss Mehlig.
Overture, "Faust".....Wagner.
Septet, op. 20.....Beethoven.
Hexameron [duet].....Liszt.
Miss Mehlig and Mr. Mills.
Poëme Symphonique: "Les Preludes".....Liszt

The orchestra played superbly, and so did Miss Mehlig. The audience was a large, orderly and attentive one. These are the only concerts which can be given by Theo. Thomas here this winter. He will of course return in the spring to Central Park Garden.

The third Philharmonic Concert of the season takes place next Saturday. The orchestral pieces are as follows:

Symphony, D, "French".....Mozart.
Overture, "Sakuntala".....Goldmark.
Overture, Scherzo et finale, op. 52.....Schumann.

The soloists are Mr. F. Bergner (violoncello) and Mr. E. Boehm (bass-clarinet)

The Church Music Association have in preparation for their second concert (Feb. 21) a new overture by Lindpainter "Jubel," Beethoven's Mass in C (played last year, and repeated by general request), and the "Spring" from Haydn's Seasons. They have also the entire music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, for the last concert.

J. M. W.

Macon, (Georgia), Jan. 30.—The Maconites enjoyed last week an entertainment by the "Adelaide Phillipps Concert Company," which was refreshing to music lovers after a season of musical dearth.

Miss Phillipps came unheralded and unadvertised; and as she enjoys a reputation more local than continental, very few had heard of the fair cantatrice. But we presume to say none could have felt any disappointment in her wonderful contralto voice. The compass of her voice, as well as her executive skill, as exhibited in her rendering of that most hackneyed concert aria: "*Una voce poca fa*," was astonishing. It seemed to us a perfect piece of vocalization. She very graciously responded to all the encores, as did the other artists, and we were thereby compensated for a too short programme. A little ballad which she gave as an encore, called, we believe, "*The Angel of the Rosebush*," sung in a hushed, suppressed *sotto voce* (most effectively after a Laughing Song) still haunts us like a tuneful, sad spirit. But let me ask if public singers will never weary of "Comin' thro' the Rye," and if *claqueurs* will never cease applauding it! The coquetry of that bonnie Scotch lass is now acknowledged, and she certainly must be *passée*.

Mons. Levy excited a *furore* with his matchless performance on the Cornet. What a charming instrument it is in the hands of an accomplished player! His skillful producing and sustaining the voluptuous tones of the familiar melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," deliciously excited our musical sensibilities, and enfolded us in a reverie, from which we sighed to be aroused.

Mr. Ed. Hoffman, we suppose, would be startled to hear himself called a great artist or an *homme de génie*. He is neither, but we enjoyed his music notwithstanding. He played several original compositions with a pleasing grace and limpidity, on a light and sweet-toned Knabe Piano, just suited to his style. The "Last Hope," by Gottschalk, however, was rendered by him with less sentiment than we have heard from many amateurs. Mons. Hasler, if he had not been so extravagantly announced, would have astounded us more; but we can say he had a pleasing voice, of no particular strength, compass or cultivation.

We left the hall grateful. Grateful that these refined musicians had not passed us by, and that we had been mildly, not wildly entertained for one evening with music not severely artistic, but adapted to a people as yet untutored in musical classics.

Philadelphia, Jan 16. Mr. Editor:—In your Journal of Music of this week you publish a letter dated at Washington, D. C., in which appears the claim of the Choral Society of Washington to be the first American Society formed in the country for the production of male voice music. The "Abt" Society of Philadelphia was organized in 1867 in this city, and at present consists of about thirty of the picked (male) singers of Philadelphia. No one has yet been admitted who is below the standard originally set up, consequently there is no "dead wood." They have twice performed Mendelssohn's Cantata "Sons of Art," which was given up by the German Societies in despair. In using the "Chickering Collection" they took "at sight" any number of the collection yet published, which you will see is a fair test of ability. The Conductor is Mr. Michael H. Cross of the Cathedral, a finished conductor and composer. The Vocal Union, a society of about the same number of members, not rating as high as the "Abt," has nevertheless a strong and well-balanced collection of voices. Conductor, E. J. Wolsieffer. They are the juniors of the "Abt" by about a year, so that two of our societies are older than the "Choral," and will be happy to contest the palm with them at any time.

H. R. B.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Proposal. 4. B*b* to f. *M. S. Downs.* 40

Words by Bayard Taylor Charmingly sweet poem, melody and accompaniment. Sung by Nilsson.

"The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love thee!"

Separation. 4. E*b* to e. *M. S. Downs.* 40

With its varied harmony and deep pathos, reminds one of the best German songs.

Those scenes which were so dear to me; or, The Georgian maid's farewell. 3. F to *g*. *Henry Schoeller.* 30

Very graceful melody. The words are well written, and contain a farewell to the hills of Georgia.

Two Little Shoes. Ballad. 3. A*b* to d. *Dr. Crabtre.* 30

Very sweet and pathetic.

"Two little shoes laid away in the drawer,
Treasured so fondly,—never to be worn.
Two little feet laid away in the tomb
Cold and all lifeless,—sadly we mourn."

Instrumental.

Our Society Galop. 3. D*b*. *H. B. Hart.* 30

Mellow and sweet rather than brilliant Not only "our" society, but societies in general will be pleased to hear it.

Poetry of Motion. Danse Caprice. 5. C. *S. B. Whitney.* 60

Mr. Whitney has been very fortunate in the composition of this beautiful piece, which cannot fail to make a sensation, when played with any degree of taste and execution. The melody of the dance is remarkably pretty, and the intermediate passages give all needed power and sprightliness.

Juvenile Reception Waltz. 3. F. *Charles J. Grass.* 35

Good for a juvenile student. Has a pretty air, a tremolo, and some good runs for the left hand.

You know how it is yourself. Polka. 3. F. *Joseph Poznanski.* 40

A characteristic and sprightly polka, with the melody of a favorite song.

Montague. Mazurka Polka Caprice. 3. E*b*. *John Simpson.* 30

Varies to two, four and five flats, and has also a great variety of time and of arrangement, and is brilliant and melodious.

Books.

Eaton's New Method for the Cornet. 1.50

This handsome and complete book contains a good elementary course, plain directions, a fine selection of favorite airs, so arranged that they may be played with the ordinary piano accompaniment, and a few difficult pieces, trios, &c. As the Cornet (or Little horn,) is not out of place, when softly played, in ordinary rooms, this book will furnish a new inducement to learn it.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., a small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 780. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1871. VOL. XXX. No. 25.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

To the Telegraph.

Thou wondrous living chord
Of Earth's mysterious lyre,
What message dost thou bring
To fill the soul's desire?

Like the Eolian harp
Thou moanest to the blast,
But wilder, deeper tones
Along thy lines have passed.

Sighs from all sorrowing hearts
Give thee thy ceaseless pain,
Sweep o'er thy trembling strings
And breathe to heaven the strain.

But not with grief alone
Man's restless heart is torn,
Not only notes of woe
Upon thy strings are borne.

Hope, triumph, joy and love,
These beating bosoms fill,
With every pulse of life
Thy swift vibrations thrill.

With all sweet harmonies
That move the human breast
O blend one strain from heaven
And make us wholly blest.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Opera.

NEW YORK, FEB 17.—The first performance of Herr Krackajokesky's new Opera, "Orpheus in Hades," on Monday evening last, at the new East River Theatre, was a decided sensation in our dramatic and musical world. We can give in words but a faint idea of the original work, or of its spirited representation. The composer is a young man, as yet unknown to fame, but we venture to predict for him a highly successful career. The character of the orchestra he has so admirably organized and drilled, is something entirely new and original. Profoundly impressed with the importance of introducing into his musical score and instrumentation, as much of the *infernal* element as was necessary to carry out his vivid idea of the celebrated descent of the old poet into the Plutonic regions, he has not hesitated to make use of many instruments not usually employed in modern orchestration. The scenery, too, and the whole *mise en scene*, is as original and novel as the music and libretto. We were not near enough to distinguish clearly the precise form of many of the musical instruments used, (and unfortunately had left our opera-glass at home) but in the dim and lurid lights which most of the scenes demand, they appeared to bear strong resemblance to some familiar articles in household and culinary use:—such as tongs, shovels, pokers, coal-scuttles, gridirons and copper kettles. In this, however, we may be mistaken. The effect of these, in some of the fortissimo movements of the choruses, may be more easily imagined than described.

There is one striking scene,—where Orpheus is entering the Inferno, in which the Chinese gong is used with thrilling effect. Still more striking is the use of this instrument where the singer first approaches the Styx—whose rattling and thumping in the opening *Bangando* movement, is certainly startling, to say the least: not to speak of the display of Satanic fire-works in the background—in which the wheel of Ixion is turned into a revolving fire-wheel. Critics may object to this reversion of the old fable, in which the wheel aforesaid stood still at the sound of the Orphean lyre. But true genius should not be bound by any servile bonds to any literal adherence to such superannuated myths.

There is one exceedingly novel and effective scene in the second act, in which the three-headed guardian of the portals of Pluto opens in a remarkable trio. The composer has conceived the original idea of a large dog-headed, triple-mouthed mask, under which are esconced the three deep basso singers, Signor Growloni, Signor Rorio, and Signor Snarliani. We regret that we cannot report the music, as we do the words of this Trio, and the chorus of the Furies. Nothing can be finer in its way than the transition of the fierce Cerberus from his determined opposition to the intruder, down through gradually subsiding semitones and chromatic intervals into the slumberous state produced by the music of Orpheus.

TRIO BY CERBERUS.

First Head.

Bow wow! what strolling singer's this
A coming to the realms of Dis!

Second Head.

That feller that's a-comin' here,
He seems to be some poet seer.

Third Head.

Now don't make such a tarnal fuss!
This is the celebrated Orpheus!

TRIO OF HEADS

A pretty fellow for a bard!
Seize him, furies, grip him hard!
Entrance here we can't allow,
Bite him, tear him! bow wow-wow!

CHORUS OF FURIES AND DEMONS.

Snarly, growly, howly, yow!
Keep away sir, or we vow
We will knock you all to flinders,
And then burn you into cinders.
Bring not here your twangling lyre!
Back, I say—or I will fire!

SOLO BY ORPHEUS.

Oh where in Heh—heh—hades
Is she, the queen of ladies?
Wherever can she be,
My lost Eurydice!

TRIO BY CERBERUS (derisively.)

You're rid, I see,
You're rid, I see,
Of her who used your wife to be.
Go back! You'll never find her here,
We'll bite you, if you come too near!

First Head.

He's tuning his guitar—I vow!
T'wont do, old fellow! Bow-wow-wow!

Second Head.

His singing makes me stretch and yawn,
A lovely opera air—I swan!

Third Head.

I'm losing all my Bow-wow-wowzy!
That music makes me awful drowsy!

The three Cerberean heads here all pass through drowsy semitones, and finally unite in a snoring trio, forming a very original bass to a more original air sung by Orpheus, but the poetry of which is too long and doleful to transcribe.

The part of Eurydice was very touchingly rendered, especially when her husband is forbidden by the fates to touch her.

On the whole we venture to believe that the Cerberus scene will become very popular, and that we shall soon hear snatches of the airs and choruses warbled in our streets—especially after midnight—by the Bow-wow-wowry boys.

C. P. C.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Marx's Characterization of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

BY A. E. KROEGER.

[Continued from page 195.]

FIRST PART.—SECOND MOVEMENT.

The first movement has furnished no satisfaction; it has not even opened a prospect of it, as does the first movement of the C-minor Symphony, which, where it naturally could not bring the victorious decision, at least gathers together and advances the forces that ensure victory. Now this first movement of the Ninth Symphony swells to a titanic force, but its heart is full of sadness.

Then begins the second movement: *Molto Vivace.* (SCHERZO, *Introduction.*) Once more the beat of Beethoven's life-awakening wizard staff gives the forcible sign (1st to 9th measure) and immediately the tone spirits, obedient to the beckoning of their master, commence an airy, mysterious dance, (*chief theme* beginning at 9th measure) The second violin is in advance, the viola follows, then the violoncello, then the first violin, finally the double bass: and all, softly and mysteriously, with the same restless, rhythmical haste and breathless endlessness; only the violins are reënforced by the oboe, and the violas by the oboe and clarionet. It is not the melody, nor this or that voice,—for they all float minglingly in a confusing indistinction of each other—which here gives significance; the significance lies altogether in the inexhaustibleness of this life and in the ghost like, incessant movement; ghostlike, because to human movement this equality of hasty, unmeasured motion would not be adequate. These dance vortices increase from their secret beginning into a wild, loud-crying exultation, in which the oddly-placed trumpet daringly mixes, as it may happen. The tone forms, without slacking their restlessness, gradually vanish (77th measure) after the noisy triumph of their fairy-dance, and a sort of doubting meditation seems to take hold of them, when, behold! the same theme with great vigor and with a remarkable change (118th

measure) fixes itself again and maintains itself amidst the defiant interruptions of all the string instruments and throughout all the octaves—they beat sixteen times before the conclusion—and yet that secret dubiousness does not vanish.

Now, finally,—at the conclusion of the first part of this movement, which is repeated—the dizzy dance stops, and stops again, in order to repeat itself in a still dizzier way in the second part; the choruses of string instruments alternate with the wind instruments in sounding the introductory theme, and with increased haste (the rhythm of four measures changed into one of three measures) the chief theme again hurries past.

It is an endless, breathless, giddy life, full of mystery, a life inexhaustible and unsatisfied, with no aim in it nor indication of any outside of itself. The excited play of these phantom-creatures, that hide in the instruments, and then elf-like flash out with their ringing laughter, gives no satisfaction to the soul and to man's craving for man.

Suddenly all this life hurries away, the three four time changes into four four, and a new life picture has arisen with wondrous rapidity. (*Trio*). A new world of existence, altogether unsuggested by what has passed before, opens itself and gently beckons the dizzy dancers into its peaceful circle. Lovingly, like remembrances of youth, balsamic like the pure breath of the meadows and forests, and simple in the charms of its country innocence, this song (412th measure) is borne along by the united oboes, clarionets and fagotts, with the breath of a quiet, soothing consolation; there is a sort of festivity, of country-devotion in the evening's quiet, in the second part of the second movement. Lovingly the master dwells upon this picture, so far as heart and art permit. All the instruments are called to enjoy this life of peace; the horns with their gentle echo, accompanied on high by the violin (at first it was the bassoon down low), the bassoons accompanied by the sharp flute, finally even the trumpets with their ten fold horn-sound, for such is here their effect. It is always the same picture, which smiles at you with the same smile, and evermore seems to change form and color. It is enchantment.

Is there satisfaction in this second part? Clearly not, since all soul connection with the first part and with all the parts of the first movement is wanting. And this Beethoven has thoroughly felt. The picture vanishes, the dance tries to begin again (538th measure) and vanishes, the song sounds once more—(556–563d measures)—a few beats—and all has vanished.

And now it *is* decided. This world of instruments, so full of life, so thousand formed, so soul entrancing, carrying the imagination farther above the limits of the human than any other art can do, is nevertheless not in itself sufficient to give full satisfaction.

This is not a mere assumption or a conclusion drawn from some assumed premise. *Beethoven himself testifies to it with words spoken by himself.* But, taking it for the present as simply an assumption, it completely explains the idea of the work, as we have sought to establish it, and the meaning of every movement and part of a movement, and their want of connection with and relation to each other. We will add at once that the same holds good in regard to the third movement, which follows now, the *Adagio*.

It is true there is not an absolute want of connection and relation in these movements, only we do not discover the relation in the movements themselves; it does not exhibit itself till after the third movement.

Third Movement

This third movement, in B flat major, and marked *Adagio molto e cantabile*, is the parting word. Immersed in love, grandly conceived, and full of inexhaustible melancholy, as a grand and strong character of this life parts from infinite memories.

Two choirs, of the wind and of the string instruments, alternate with each other, commingling their sad strains; and two thoughts: the presence at parting, and the past with its remembrances and its smile amidst tears, follow each other and change, externally clearly divided, as was proper to the transfigured vision of Beethoven, and internally one, two sides of the self same face.

The wind instruments begin with their soft, plaintive accents, soon supported by the lower string instruments; then the string instruments, without the double-basses, start the low parting-song steeped in devotion and melancholy. The clarionet, fagotts and horns echo the conclusion; and thus in ever solemn measuredness, though with profoundest emotion, the first, second, third and fourth strophe pass by. In the last the wind instruments repeat the conclusion, and finally, the overflowing, soulful clarionet leading the chorus,—the whole last strophe rises high, as if the heart could not grasp it.

At this point the wind instruments enter with the deep bass viols and strike some arpeggios, like the harp-sounds of a prelude or afterlude, whereupon the chord changes from *f—a—c—e flat* to *f sharp—a—d*, which is to stand for D major; and then commences the second movement of the *Adagio*, with the signature *Andante moderato*. In all respects different from the *Adagio*, it yet is related to it in the general character of its emotion. It was not an arbitrary expression, when we spoke at first of this melody awakening remembrances, the melody as well as the bass seems—just as in the Trio of the C-sharp minor Sonata—to suggest an echo of beautiful peaceful hours, which here, however, are veiled with sorrow by the more shadowy-sound of the viola and second violin in the melody, by the at times interrupted movement of the basses, the quietly (on A) brooding violoncello, the cutting sobs of the first bassoon and of the clarionet, and afterwards of the oboe and the flute.

We cannot follow the third movement any further. It has shaped itself into the form of variations, in order to imprint its meaning more and more intensely on the heart. At the end the will of the master arises high and in unbroken force, even though the tears still dim his eyes. But the song closes as it began.

[Conclusion next time.]

The History of Music.

NINTH LECTURE BY MR. J. K. PAINE.

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser, Feb. 4.]

The subject on Saturday last was Italian opera in the eighteenth century. For nearly a hundred years Italy produced not only the greatest number but the most eminent composers, and held the rest of the world in a species of musical bondage. Sketches were given of the lives and a description of the music of very many of these. Durante, who was born in 1684 and died in 1755, was an eminent musician. He did not much in the way of dramatic composition, but devoted himself chiefly to church and chamber music. He was more renowned as a great contrapuntist than as a melodist. He improved the methods of orchestration and gave some of the earliest indications in this direction of the great movement which has since played such an important part in the development of music. His church music was characteristic of the times, being less elevated and much more sensuous than that of Palestrina. He composed a great number of works, but was, after all, much greater as a teacher than as a composer. He was outshone by his pupil and rival, Leonardo Leo, who was most famous as a melodist. Leo was very popular in his day, and was excelled as a melodist by none of his time. He has, however, been too highly praised by a later musician of the same era—Pacini. Mr. Paine passed briefly over some of the composers of this time. One was mentioned whose music was very much disliked by the Emperor Charles VI., because it abounded so greatly in shakes. At last he was persuaded to hear a new piece by this composer. The hint had been given to the composer, and the piece proceeded without a single shake or trill. When the last number began it was found to be a fugue movement which started off with four trilled notes. As the theme was taken up by the several parts there was a bewilderment and complication of trills which caused the emperor to laugh outright, and the joke was so good that it was the beginning of the composer's fortune. The style of Vinci, another composer of this era, caused a German writer, commenting on the absurdities of Italian music, to say that the Italian composers made the characters in their operas sing for fifteen minutes on the words "*à la, à la,*" before letting the audience know that they were trying to say "*à la vendetta!*"

Pergolese was one of the best known composers of this time in Naples. He improved and made his greatest successes in *opera buffa*, although not the originator of that style. He became very popular by some of his operas of this character and essayed a grand serious opera, which had so little success that Pergolese, mortified and disappointed, abandoned writing for the stage and composed only for the church. He died prematurely of consumption at the age of twenty-seven years. One of his latest compositions was the famous "Stabat Mater," which is still known, performed and admired. The first number, a very beautiful duet, was sung by Mrs. West and Mrs. Barry. Mr Paine called attention to the resemblance it bears to some of Mozart's earliest compositions, but he said of the work as a whole that it is distinguished rather for sweetness than for grandeur, and hardly deserves the place it has maintained.

Jomelli, born in 1714, was held in very high esteem at first, but was later in life treated with only cold respect. This was perhaps partly due to the change which came over his style of composition, which must be called an improvement, after his visit to Germany. Sacchini, born in 1728, surpassed all of his time in *opera buffa*, and was the favorite composer of the anti-Gluck party in Paris, in a contest famous in the history of music. Mr. Rudolphsen sang a very interesting and beautiful aria from an opera by Sacchini, showing the style of the school of that age. Paisiello was one of the most eminent composers of the time, and his operas are almost the only ones of that era which are still performed.

The progress of the opera in the first half of the eighteenth century was almost wholly confined to the musical part of it, and but very little improvement was made in its dramatic form. The several points in which improvement was made were noted by Mr. Paine, and an interesting indication of the low state of the opera and of opera management was given in a series of amusing and satirical instructions by Marcello to composers, singers and managers. Steffani and Lotti, two famous Venetian composers, were sketched and a selection of the music of each was sung. The first was a duet from a cantata by Steffani, sung by Mrs. West and Dr. Langmaid. Mr. Paine remarked that the music of Steffani reminds one of Palestrina by its purity and elevated character, and of Handel in other respects. Indeed Handel was known to have composed duets in the manner of Steffani. The praise accorded to his music was fully justified by the piece sung, but it was by no means so pleasing as a *da capo* song by Lotti, sung by Mrs. Barry, which immediately followed. The resemblance to Handel's music in the latter was very marked, and the melody was most beautiful.

In conclusion Mr. Paine spoke quite briefly of the Roman and Bolognese composers, Galuppi, Bononcini and Hasse, describing their music and their connection with the London movement against Handel, but giving no selections from their works.

TENTH LECTURE, FEB. 11.

(Reported for the Boston Journal.)

The subject was "Italian Masters of Singing, Musical Theorists and Instrumental Music to the end of the 18th century." He said the great Italian school of singing was universally acknowledged as the only true vocal art which history records. Among the reasons for this was the language, which was music of itself, and the musical temperament of the people, which displayed itself as spontaneously as the song of birds. Then again the natural sequence of events in the latter middle ages readily accounted for the cultivation of artistic singing in that country. It received a new impulse with the advent of solo singing, early in the 17th century, and reached its maturity as a system of voice culture in the last century. The latter part of the 18th century witnessed the full culmination of this art, which has so alarmingly degenerated at the present day. The development of vocal composition and the art of singing went hand in hand, and the founders of the opera and cantata, Caccini, Carissimi, Scarlatti and others, were singers and teachers of singing, as well as composers. During the middle ages women were debarred from participation in church music by ecclesiastical law, and the soprano and contralto parts were supplied by falsetto singers.

In Palestrina's time they were superseded by boy singers, and they in time were supplanted by male so-

prano and alto singers (castrati), who did not, however, enter the papal choir until 1625. This class of singers soon became very common and included the greatest virtuosi of the last century. The severe studies pursued by students of singing at that time resulted in a wonderful training of the voice. The first regular treatise on the art of singing was published by Giulio Caccini in 1601 at Florence. He treated of the art of perfect intonation; gave directions as to the execution of the trill, and declared that extended roulades and florid passages were by no means important to a good style of singing. He was accepted as the founder of the so called *dramatic style* of singing, in distinction from the *chamber style*, which found its origin at Rome under Carissimi. The greatest singers of the eighteenth century, Senesino, Carestini, Cuzzoni and others, united these two styles, and carried the art to the highest perfection it has ever attained. The host of excellent singers, performers and composers in Italy during this epoch was unprecedented, and the most delightful music resounded where one would ordinarily expect to find only the dregs of musicians.

The vocal school of Francisco Antonio Pistocchi, founded at Bologna in 1700, taught the method which has been the basis of all good singing to the present day. All the arts of practical singing were systematized; particular attention was paid to the quality of tone, and correctness and beauty of style were demanded as essentials of the art of musical delivery. Pistocchi was a thoroughly educated musician, and was respected as a composer and excellent soprano singer. Antoine Bernacchi, one of his most celebrated pupils, was a very successful teacher of the same methods. With a feeble voice at the outset, he developed it so wonderfully under the direction of his teacher, that he was pronounced by Handel to be the king of singers, and was for a long time connected with Handel's opera in London. He had many noted pupils, but the influence of his teachings extended to the greatest singers, Senesino, Carestini and Farinelli, who in a great measure adopted his style. At the middle of the 18th century, Italian singing had reached the full height of its glory, and the possessors of flexible voices became wealthy and self important. In the eager desire to hear these wonderful voices, tenors and bassos disappeared entirely from the opera, and as the public were attentive only to the solos, the singer was given full opportunity to display his voice and execution. The composer became the slave of the virtuoso, and even the heroic struggles of Handel against the cabal of Italian singers were for the time unavailing. Among these singers was Francesco Bernardi, commonly called Senesino, born at Siena in 1680, engaged by Handel in 1720, who sang at the Haymarket in London, until the musical quarrel broke out, when he joined an opposition company. Carestini, also called Cusanino, who succeeded Senesino in Handel's opera in 1733, possessed a voice of wonderful range and flexibility. Caffarelli, one of the most celebrated singers of the Neapolitan school, was born in 1703. He was a pupil of Porpora, and, according to some accounts, after receiving six years of eccentric instruction, was declared by his teacher to be the greatest singer in the world. He was looked upon as Farinelli's rival, and some critics considered him the greater singer.

Vittoria Lesi, of the school of Bernacchi, was a remarkable contralto singer. The extraordinary compass of her voice enabled her to sing the bass airs in the opera with perfect ease. The greatest female singer of the last century was Faustina Berdoni, born at Venice in 1693, and she was for many years the chief ornament of the opera at Dresden. She was also remarkable for her personal charms. Her manner of singing was expressive and brilliant; her manner of execution finished. She possessed peculiar skill in the execution of the *tremolo*, could rival any instrument in rapid skips, and possessed wonderful powers of mimicry and action. Her only successful rival among her own sex was Francesca Cuzzoni, though she was inferior as an actor. She was a native of Parma, first appeared in the opera at Venice, and went to England in 1723, where she was held in high favor for several years, and then returned to her native land. While both these artists were in England the spirit of rivalry and jealousy possessed them to such an extravagant and even furious extent, that once when they happened to meet in public they came to blows. Cuzzoni having taken an oath that she would never accept a lower salary than her rival, the directors finding their interests in jeopardy, offered her a guinea less salary than Faustina, and thus compelled her to refuse the engagement; she left the country and died poor and neglected at Verona in 1770.

The greatest singer of all the remarkable virtuosi was Carlo Broschi, commonly called Farinelli. He was a scholar of Porpora, born at Andria, in Naples, in 1705. At the age of 17, in Rome, while singing an air with obligato trumpet accompaniment, he prolonged a note until the trumpeter was compelled to give up the contest, and then with smiling ease continued to hold, shake and swell the same note, and in the same breath introduced a series of rapid and difficult runs and passages until his voice was lost in a storm of applause.

From England he went to Madrid, where, by his wonderful power of song, he restored the despondent King, Philip V., to health. The King conferred high honors on him, and during the first ten years of his residence there he sang the same four airs to the King every night. After twenty four years' service at the Spanish Court he retired, because the new King hated music, and passed the remainder of his life at Bologna. He was undoubtedly the greatest singer that ever lived, and his perfect intonation, noble style and power of artistic expression have never found an equal.

The present century had witnessed the decline of this beautiful art, and vain was the search for great singers to compare with Farinelli or Faustina.

Mr. Paine said: "The principal causes of this degeneracy are easy to trace; first, the rapid development of instrumental music within the last hundred years has exercised a bad influence on the art of singing, by the increased importance that is attached to the instrumental accompaniment. The latest composers are not content with the coloring furnished by the less powerful wind instruments in the orchestra, by the motives, obligato passages and other ornaments which may be introduced to adorn and beautify the music, and intensify the dramatic and lyrical expression of the vocal part, when used with taste and discrimination, but they have overloaded and disfigured their scores by the inordinate and unmeaning blasts of trombones, trumpets and other brass toned instruments in the midst of the solo part, so that oftentimes the singer strains his voice in vain to be heard above the din of the orchestra. Now what is gained by this? Are the ideas of these masters so grand and significant, so weighty with thought, that they require this constant tension on the resources of the orchestra and singers? But, setting aside this abuse of material, if we turn to more reasonable exhibitions of modern instrumentation, we still find that the singer has been made to depend so absolutely on the instrumental accompaniment as to be of fatal injury to the art of singing. In the great school of the last century, the singers were obliged to rely more on their musical instinct and perception. They practiced their exercises without the aid of any instrument, and were trained to find the pitch without a tuning fork, or any other guide than the inward ear.

Another powerful cause of the decline of the vocal art is owing to the fact of the gradual raising of the musical pitch, which has been growing higher and higher ever since modern instrumental music gained such prominence. The natural compass and range of the human voice had served hitherto as the legitimate guide of pitch; but as soon as solo instrumental performers, or virtuosi, found that their instruments gained a certain brilliancy by higher tuning, even though at the cost of pure resonance of tone, they soon succeeded in effecting a change in the pitch. From observations made by Chladni, Scheibler, Opelt and others it has been decided that the standard *a* of the Royal orchestra at Paris in 1788 had 409 vibrations in a second. Soon after this time the concert pitch began to grow higher, and in this century it has attained a point *full a tone and a half* higher than in Handel's time. The highest point was reached a few years since at St. Petersburg where the number of vibrations of *a* exceeded 466 in a second. It was very natural that a reaction from such an unreasonable extreme should take place. At Paris a fixed standard was adopted, which gave the *a* 435 vibrations in a second. At Berlin, Dresden, Vienna and other leading musical cities of Europe this lower standard has been followed, although the pitch may vary there slightly from the French normal diapason. In Boston, the Music Hall organ is wisely pitched to the French normal diapason, but our orchestral pitch is about three eighths of a tone higher, or 445 vibrations in a second. This is more than a tone higher than a hundred years ago, when the human voice regulated the musical pitch, as it always should do. The lower standard ought to be introduced everywhere. It is a great error of judgment to suppose that the orchestral instruments, or the organ and piano, sound better at such a high pitch. They may gain a certain brilliancy, but they lose, on the other hand, a good deal of their peculiar individual quality and resonance of tone."

* * * * Italy was the home of violin playing, as of great singers, and the honor was claimed for Archangelo Corelli of being the founder of the higher art of violin-playing. The first Italian violinist of his time was Giuseppi Tartini, born at Pirano in 1692. He was called by his countrymen the "master of the nations." He led a romantic life, and while concealed in a convent he dreamed one night that the Devil appeared to him in person and proceeded to lecture him on his bad performance on the violin, and then showed him how to play some passages where difficulties had harassed Tartini. The result of this free lesson of his Satanic majesty was the celebrated *Devil's Sonata*. Germany was hardly behind Italy in the possession of eminent masters of the violin, and German masters of the organ, which still held its prominent place in church music, soon outstripped all others. The French were distinguished as harpsichord players earlier than either the Italians or Germans, and the Couperin family, renowned for their musical gifts, did much toward the cultivation of instrumental music.

The first treatises on Thorough Bass were written early in the 17th century, but it was not until the publication of later works by Rameau and others that the system acquired its modern significance.

The illustrations performed by Mr. Paine on the piano were enthusiastically received, and consisted of a selection from a *suite* by Couperin; "The Egyptian," a dance movement by Rameau; a sonata from Domenico Scarlatti, and, by special request, a fugue by Alexander Scarlatti.

Biography of Palestrina.

(From the Christian Remembrancer.)

There are few in the present day, especially among those gifted with musical knowledge or taste, who have not heard the name of Palestrina; few, perhaps, who are not in some degree familiar with his works. But while we doubt whether even the musical world are fully aware of the vast debt they owe him for the wondrous reformation which, single handed, he effected in their science, we are not without hope that to the general reader, also, the details of his chequered life may not be unacceptable; that, as an instructive biography, it may at least repay the trouble of a short notice.

The age of Palestrina was that wherein the human mind achieved its first decided step in the march of modern civilization, that which witnessed the outburst of the great reform movement throughout Europe. And we must premise that, among the abuses so universally prevalent, the state of music was by no means the least. Not to mention the strange effect which must have been produced by the compositions of masters, who enveloped themselves in a maze of theoretical difficulties, while they avowedly and on principle scorned to consult the ear—an effect which one of the cardinals of the day honestly compared to the noise of a pack of young swine—the themes themselves of the sacred compositions were not unfrequently of the most objectionable character. What else can we say of a mass composed upon the subject, and bearing the title of, *L' Homme armé*, or, as we should phrase it in our own vernacular, "The British Grenadier?" The most loyal admirer of "the glorious land we live in," would hardly choose this for the subject of an anthem. Or, again, what else can be said of the fact, that not loyal only, but loose and dissolute songs were employed for the same purpose; and that, too, with such audacity, as not to discard even the words, which, whether gross or amorous, were sung in the very chapel of the Pope, along with those of prayer and adoration?

Such was the state of things, when, in the summer or autumn of the year 1524, the infant Giovanni Pierluigi, the subject of our memoir, first saw the light in the ancient town of Praeneste or Palestrina.

His parents were of humble condition, deriving their chief support from the sale of the produce of their little garden in the Roman market. We have no record left of his early years; but all that we know of his after life leads us to the conclusion, that he was trained from the first in habits of simple, unpretending piety. If it were not too fanciful, we should be inclined to argue, from the name he received at his baptism—the name Pier (or Peter) inserted between the other two of Giovanni and Luigi—that his parents were persons of religious feelings and habits. It would seem to indicate, that in the home of his childhood was reverently cherished the ancient tradition, that on the hill of Praeneste S. Peter first preached in Italy the tidings of the Gospel. And this supposition is rendered more probable, by their early dedication of their son to the Church, in the capacity of a choister. No doubt he had given while yet a child undeniable tokens of the genius which afterwards displayed itself; yet we are loth to suppose, with some editors of his works, that the motives which influenced such a decision were merely mercenary; that the parents of the young Pierluigi were prevailed upon to place him within the walls of the sanctuary by a side glance at the princely for-

nies that were being realized by many of the musical professors of Italy. If such were the case, never did man imbibe less of the spirit of his parents. We shall have occasion to see him, hereafter, clinging to the Church with all the love of a devoted servant and son, at a time when such an attachment might have seemed but to impede his rising fortunes; we shall see him even when in the zenith of his fame, and at the head of the most renowned musical school in Italy, devoting still his chief energies and the chief portion of his time to the service of the Church, while he appeared but occasionally to direct in person the studies of his disciples. Why should we not, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, and with much indirect evidence to confirm our view, suppose him to be one of those young Samuels, such as we wish our choir-boys ever to be, dedicated to the Church from the first in a spirit of devotion and reverence, and perfecting for himself what was thus begun for him by others?

Another circumstance which may have tended to form the character of the young Palestrina was this; that his studies as a youth were pursued under the direction of one who played a conspicuous part in the religious movement of the day. Sent to Rome at the age of sixteen, he was placed under the tuition (as Baini, his biographer, has fully proved from documents), of Claude Goudimel, a Burgundian, whom we afterwards find associated with Clement Marot and Beza, in the arrangement and setting of the psalmody of the Reformers, and who finally suffered for his faith at Lyons, in the massacre of S Bartholomew. Of a master like this, with so strong a religious bias and character, so sincere and real in his convictions, we cannot help supposing that, in addition to the musical skill which he imparted to his scholars, (and he had many who afterwards became famous), he would impart also, to all who were capable of receiving the impression, a thoughtful and religious tone of mind; that the young Pierluigi would at least lose nothing of his early piety in the school of Claude Goudimel. The traces of his hand may yet be recognized in the works of his scholar. There are yet to be seen among the writings of Palestrina, not themes merely with similar treatment, but whole passages transferred note for note from the pages of Goudimel.

We do not, then, mean to claim for our composer originality in the strict sense of the term. We do not mean to assert that he was the founder, but rather the perfecter of a school. Like our own Shakspeare, he found his materials for the most part ready to hand; but made them his own by his way of treating them. In their passage through his mind they became invested with the beauty and richness of his genius and fancy. Taking for his foundation the old Church scales, which S. Ambrose was the first to weed out of the impracticable intricacies of the Greek theory of music, and which S. Gregory afterwards reduced to a definite system; and together with them, studying the old Church tunes, which for centuries had been consecrated to the uses of devotion, he developed out of these materials, by the aid of great genius, great science, and a truly devotional spirit, a style of Church music calculated alike, from its grave dignity, to grace the public worship of the sanctuary, and from its noble vigor to express the feeling of each hearty and genuine worshipper.

To those who may be curious to see the process by which Palestrina gradually formed himself, the way in which he was wont to plunge a fine old hymn into the furnace of his mind, and setting it, as it were, red-hot on the anvil, beat out on all sides glorious sparks of harmony, we would recommend the study of such a composition as the "Beatus Laurentius," to be found among the twenty motets of this author, recently published in Paris. The ancient plain chant, or choral song in commemoration of the martyr S. Laurence, is there not only taken as a theme for the melody, but preserved entire amidst the surrounding harmony; the tenors singing it straight through, while the other voices comment upon and illustrate it, by an appropriate and expressive counterpoint. It is to this style of composition that we must refer the origin of the word Motet, practically synonymous with our English word Anthem. The term was meant to describe that "movement," that *setting in motion* of the plain song of which we have been speaking. It denotes the work of one who, starting with a theme as simple, yet bold and solemn, as may be—continues that theme—and gradually unfolds it, arranging and combining its several details according to certain established laws of harmony, and with a strict regard to unity, so as to no part of the composition to lose sight of the original idea. From such a source, and by such a process, it was that Palestrina imbued his mind with the elevated and severe grandeur which has been remarked as characterizing his style, together with the beautiful and substantial melody which even modern critics admit that he has united to his harmony. A noble thought, grandly developed, and simply yet beautifully clothed—such may stand for a general description of the works of this composer.

It could hardly be that one whose mind contained the germs of such music as this should fail at an early age to attract notice. Accordingly we find him, in his twenty-seventh year, established as choir-master, and soon after as chapel-master, of the Julian Chapel in the Basilica of the Vatican. Up to this time he had no doubt remained under the tuition of Goudimel; for of his first book of masses, published three years afterwards (in 1554), we are told, that they bore marks rather of the pupil than of the master. One remarkable feature in them confirms the account before given of the model on which Palestrina formed his style; namely, that the plain chant is continuously sung by one or other of the parts, accompanied by the rest with an incessantly varied counterpoint. As yet the author had not diverged from the beaten track of his predecessors, in paying the slightest attention to the sense or connection of the words. There is, however, a circumstance connected with the publication of this book, both interesting in itself, and important as giving evidence of the spirit in which it was undertaken, and showing that time only was waoting to enable its author entirely to throw off the trammels with which a bad system had shackled him. In a little frontispiece placed at the foot of this his first production, and of which Hawkins has preserved a facsimile, we find the young composer represented in his ecclesiastical garb, offering upon his knees the book which he had just written to Pope Julius III., his patron; and we conclude from this early token, that the aim and employment of Palestrina's life is already settled, that he regards his calling as a sacred one, and has devoted himself once for all to the service of the Church; and we feel that, if the devotional music of his day and country is to be reformed, to him, of all others, we may look for its reformation.

The work, notwithstanding its imperfections, met with great success, so evidently did it surpass all others of the age; and the Pope, by way of recompense, removed the author from his post at the Basilica to the choir of his own chapel. This we may date as the happiest period of Palestrina's life. For one so full of high aspirations to be placed, at the opening of manhood, in a position so eminent; welcomed, encouraged, and promoted by the patron whose approbation he was most anxious to secure; at a time, too, when that patron had leisure as well as inclination to watch over and foster the dawnings of his genius—for Pope Julius, it must be remembered, had now withdrawn from politics, and, in the retirement of his villa, devoted himself to less turbulent and more congenial pursuits—for a young and hitherto unknown composer to be placed on a sudden in circumstances so promising, must naturally have shed a gleam of joy over the present, and of hope over the future. While, to add a further element to this pleasant period of his existence, we find that he changed the single for the married state; and a book of madrigals produced during the same year may be considered as the expression and utterance, in his own sweet language, of his earthly felicity.

[To be Continued.]

Liszt's Description of Wagner's "Tannhaeuser."

(Concluded from page 395.)

At the begining of the third Act, after the return of the pilgrims, who this time, as they cross the stage, take up the entire religious *thema* of the overture, Elizabeth kneels before the image of the Madonna, which we saw in the first act, and offers up her last prayer, in which she seems to breathe forth her last sighs for him, whom she has loved so patiently and so forgivingly. The long holding notes of the wind instruments, rendered sombre by the half stifled groaning of the *corno di bassetto*, help us to feel her deadly exhaustion. One might almost say that Wagner was unwilling to forget a single stage in this agony of hope, so careful is he to gather up each cry of anguish that escapes from every recollection hovering about her; reviving in the orchestra, as things that must come back in the consciousness of the dying maiden, fragementary reminiscences of the past, of her intercourse with Tannhäuser, her duet with him in the second act, the prayer that saved his life, the song of Wolfram, when he tried to restore unity among the minstrels and to rescue Tannhäuser from his illusions, &c. * *

Wolfram alone, after she has withdrawn, turns to the evening star and commissions it to pour out its balm of consolation upon the maiden who will not be comforted. This romanza for baritone is one of the most melancholy outbursts of love, and affords one of those moments of repose in which the attention, overstrained and distracted by the action of the drama, can surrender itself entirely to a purely lyrical emotion. But this resting point was indispensably necessary before the finale of the opera, which may be counted among the most astonishing of Wagner's creations. We allude to the scene in which Tannhäuser is recognized by Wolfram and tells him the story of his pilgrimage.

The verses of his narrative are exceedingly fine; but Wagner has found the secret of uniting them with such an admirable correspondence, of so completely blending words and music, that it is impossible on the one hand to let the words pass unobserved so greatly is their clear and intelligible declaration brought out by the musical intonations, or on the other hand to err so far as to consider the music merely a subordinate matter, simply used to make the words more prominent. Wagner is very far from exposing himself to such a calumny, as that which accuses Gluck of a blasphemous speech; to-wit that the great master was heard to exclaim, before sitting down to compose: "Great God, grant me grace to forget that I am a musician!" Great musician as he is, Wagner still remains no less distinguished as a poet and prose writer: but however much he may be a poet, he finds only in music the perfect expression of his feeling, and indeed so perfect, that he alone can tell us, whether he suits his words to his melodies, or whether he seeks melodies for his words. The bitter and cutting narrative, which flows with painful sarcasms from the compressed lips of the desperate excommunicated man, is so heart-rending, that there are some persons who could not endure it to the close. In this multiform confession, wrenched from the most fearful anguish, there is a succession of recitative, speech, exclamation, shrieks, sardonic laughter, all mingled with such pathetic truth and such variety of passionate, inconsolable and frantic emotions,—hopes realized or deceived, pity refused to gnawing wounds of conscience, pardon forever impossible to sin repented of in bitterest tears, the most pressing entreaties rejected, the most glowing remorse spurned, and finally extreme terror as the thought of unavoidable perdition, —that this moment seems itself to form a drama within a drama. By its sombre coloring, by its terrible death-anguish, it is sharply discriminated from what precedes and what follows. . . . . .

The terrors of this fearful night, whose gloom continually deepens with Tannhäuser's narrative, reach their climax at the recollection of Dame Venus's habitation in the mountains, which opens, to swallow up its prey, while the Goddess shows herself and calls to her victim to draw him back to her. These suggestions of voluptuous pleasures, fanning an unextinguishable flame, while they add their thrilling vibrations to the convulsive plaints of the unhappy man, raise the awful aspect of this moment to the intensest pitch, and impress upon it the most preternatural torments, which the human imagination has embodied in its conception of hell. During this interlude, which offers to the senses only alluring forms, and yet excites our utter terror, since it leads a more poetic truth to the infernal *sabbath*, where mortals hold intercourse with demons, than the hideous, grotesque and repulsive representations thereof given with equal bad taste by the most different arts, —you hear the Allegro of the overture behind the scenes, as if it sounded from the bowels of the mountain. Tannhäuser, in the extremity of his despair, seeking Venus, with a mournful shriek takes up again the passage in the overture, which there led in the dominant melody, and which now prolongs itself into the orchestra by a shuddering tremolo of violins. This confounding and electric out-gush of voluptuousness is interrupted by deep silence, as Wolfram pronounces the name of Elizabeth, which Tannhäuser in a stupor of amazement repeats. The parti-colored twilight disappears. The mountain closes, and the spectator says to himself: "The earth has him again!"

Just as the funeral possession appears, bearing Elizabeth upon a bier, and the wretched sinner sinks down by the side of her pale corpse with the words: "Holy Elizabeth, pray for me!" and dying there is finally united with the object of his love; just as the long funeral train, headed by the landgrave, and attended by a crowd of priests, knights and noble ladies, fills the whole scene with a dense mass, making it resound with dirges, accompanied with the muffled toll of bells,—just then the sun comes up over the sorrow-clouded valley. At this very instant all, as at a visible sign that the eternal light has glorified the two lovers, strike up a tremendous chorus to the first eight bars of the religious theme of the overture, a "Hallelujah! he is redeemed! Hallelujah!", with which a group of pilgrims, who have just come from Rome, bearing the news of the miracle of salvation, announced to the implacable bishop by the blooming of his staff, unite their voices. This Hallelujah, by

its holy unction, by its glory-radiating splendor of joy, gives us confidence and hope again and lets us revel as it were in heavenly refreshment.

The two lovers, whose fate we have followed with such intense anxiety, have ceased to live. Excess of suffering has killed them both. Yet, no sooner has this great drama ended, passed before our eyes, and become an image in our memory, a shudder in our heart, than our soul is comforted and again cheered up; the wounds it gave us are healed, the pains it occasioned us are quieted. We believe that the noble and long-suffering bridal pair have arrived in a safe haven. We believe them happy. We believe them surrounded by an incorruptible, unfading and immortal bliss. He has heard the last prayer of Elizabeth, so full of humility and love: could he not in this hearing find for her the triumph and beatitude? At the sight of this soiled destiny, trailed like a broken reed upon the earth, but blooming again, like a radiant lily, in the skies, we clearly feel how the erring may be saved, so mighty is the power of religious exaltation contained in the finale, which forms the epilogue to the opera. To lead the minds of a frivolous public thus, by means of a commanding power of Art, beyond its ordinary bounds of fancy:—to make it thus experience the feeling of true joy springing out of actual sorrow, through the transporting power of spirituality and the highest longing of our nature:—is not this one of the most beautiful and glorious victories for which poets and artists are privileged to strive!

Music Abroad.

London.

Coming Events.—The *Musical World* (Jan. 28) announces the following:

First of all, there is the prospectus of the Oratorio Concerts, which are to enter upon their third season on the morrow of St Valentine. The directors have already accustomed us to look for novelty in their schemes; indeed, enterprise as distinguished from routine, was the *mot d'ordre* under the inspiration of which they started on their way. Right well have they kept to it thus far; and now let us glance at promises for the immediate future. Of works never yet given at these Concerts there are to be performed Benedict's *St Peter*, Dr Ferdinand Hiller's *Nala and Damayanti*, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, and Tenth Chandos Anthem; a new composition, "chiefly orchestral," by Mr Joseph Barnby, and a *De Profundis* by M. Charles Gounod. Here is, indeed, a goodly lot; for, although *Israel in Egypt* has become familiar, enough remains to satisfy the loudest clamorer for that which is strange. The selection of a Chandos Anthem is very welcome, as a partial set-off against the long neglect endured by those fine compositions. We wish, however, the promise were not coupled with that of "additional accompaniments," because, when an unfamiliar view of Handel is afforded, the old master should be shown alone, and not Siametically united to an inferior being. Interest will, of course, be excited by Mr Barnby's work, as that of a clever and aspiring musician; while that of M Gounod, much of whose strength lies in church composition, is sure to be eagerly anticipated. No more need be said about a prospectus which advocates its own cause sufficiently well, except to point out that Bach's *Matthew Passion* is down for repetition. By-and-by, perhaps, when the English public have had this glorious work sufficiently crammed into their heads, they will begin to like it.

Our next prospectus is that of Mr. Henry Leslie, who announces for his sixteenth season three concerts of unaccompanied music, and a performance of his own oratorio, *Immanuel*. Each of the former, we are glad to observe, has a distinct individuality, and is not a mere chance collection of odds and ends. Thus the opening programme is devoted to the works of English composers, from old Thomas Weelkes down to young Arthur Sullivan, from which a capital selection has been made. Concert the second is dignified with the title "Historical, and illustrates the music of 280 years—from 1500 to 1780—the less known composers laid under contribution being Carissimi, Frescobaldi, Lulli, and Stradella. Concert the third is devoted to sacred music, including some movements from Gounod's second Mass for male voices; and, as regards *Immanuel*, it will be enough to say that "several important alterations have been made since its previous performance in London." On the whole, Mr. Leslie's season will turn out not less interesting than the best of its predecessors.

Mr. Henry Holmes announces the fourth series of his Concerts of Chamber Music, in which he will be assisted by Mr F. Folkes [second violin], Mr. Burnett and Mr Hann [violas], Signor Pezze [violoncello], Mr. Sheldock [pianist], and a variety of singers. The works announced for performance are all of acknowledged merit or unquestionable interest, for which the following names and the number of times they occur are guarantee:—Beethoven, four times; Mozart, twice; Haydn, once; Schumann, twice; Schubert, once; Mendelssohn, twice; and Brahms, once. On all accounts we wish well to Mr. Holmes and his laudable enterprise—which, by the way, was successfully "inaugurated" at St George's Hall, on Thursday evening.

Beethoven at the Crystal Palace. (*From the same*):

The series of twelve concerts given before Christmas at the Crystal Palace was the most remarkable since the institution of these excellent and thoroughly healthy entertainments. Mr. Manns kept his promise strictly with regard to Beethoven, whose name was conspicuously prominent in every one of the twelve programmes. How it was intended to do honor to the immortal musician on the occasion of the centenary of his birth need not be repeated. A brief recapitulation of what was done will therefore suffice.

At the first concert Beethoven was represented by the symphony in C (No. 1), and the pianoforte concerto in G (No. 1)—played by Mr Charles Hallé; at the second, by the symphony in D (No. 2); at the third, by the overture to *Prometheus* and the symphony in E flat (the "*Eroica*," No. 3); at the fourth, by the symphony in B flat (No. 4), and the pianoforte concerto in C minor (No. 3)—played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann; at the fifth, by the four overtures composed at various times for the opera of *Fidelio*, the three in C in a group at the beginning, the fourth, in E, at the end of the concert (a very proper arrangement, the fourth possessing nothing in common with any of the others), and the symphony in C minor (No. 5); at the sixth, by the great overture in C, called the "*Weihe des Hauses*," and the Mass in C (No. 1); at the seventh, by the symphony in F (the "Pastoral," No. 6), and the pianoforte concerto, No. 2 (in B flat)—played by Mr Franklin Taylor; at the eighth, by the symphony in A (No. 7), and the pianoforte concerto in E flat (No. 5), the last and greatest of the series—played by Mme Arabella Goddard; at the ninth, by the overture and incidental music to the *Ruins of Athens*, and the violin concerto in D (the only one composed by Beethoven)—played by Mme. Norman Neruda; at the tenth, by the symphony in F (No. 8), the overture written for Goethe's tragedy of *Egmont*, the pianoforte concerto in C (No. 1), played by Herr Pauer, and the beautiful cycle of songs, six in one, entitled "[illegible]," sung by Mr Sims Reeves (accompanied by Mr Arthur Sullivan); at the eleventh, by the septet for string and wind instruments,—the string parts being played, as at the Paris Conservatoire, by the whole string orchestra,—and the overture written for Collin's tragedy of *Coriolan*.

At the twelfth and last concert of the series, which took place on Saturday, Dec. 17th, Beethoven's birthday, the entire programme was devoted to his music, vocal and instrumental. To this concert might fairly have been adjudged as motto, *[illegible]*. A more varied and attractive selection could hardly be imagined. It began with the overture to the ballet of *Prometheus*, composed at Vienna in 1800, and ended with that musical colossus, the Ninth Symphony (with chorus), composed in 1822-3 also at Vienna, where, notwithstanding that it was originally intended for the London Philharmonic Society, which had bought and paid for it (£50), it was also first performed, on March 21st, 1825. Thus we had the great musician both in the vigor of his early manhood and at the glorious close of his career; for the symphony was the last great orchestral piece of Beethoven, and, five string quartets excepted, his last great work. The compositions which separated the overture from the symphony in this really memorable concert were specimens derived from various periods of Beethoven's intermediate career. First, there was one of the arrangements of national airs, made for George Thomson of Edinburgh. The air selected was "Sweet power of song," words by Joanna Baillie (still better known as one of Moore's *Irish Melodies*—"Rich and rare were the gems she wore"). Beethoven has arranged this for two voices, with accompaniments for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. The singers on the occasion under notice were Miss Ellen Horne and Julia Elton, the string parts were given by four violins and four violoncellos in the orchestra, and the pianoforte accompaniment was entrusted to Mr Beringer. To this succeeded the well-known "Adelaide" (1796), sung by Mr Vernon Rigby and accompanied on the piano by Mme. Arabella Goddard; after which came the (to amateurs) scarcely less familiar *Choral Fantasia* (1808), the pianoforte solo by Mme Goddard, the full choral parts being sung by the Crystal Palace Choir, which Mr Manns has been some time training with such diligence and care, and, to judge by this display, with such excellent results. Then came the ballad of Mignon, "Kennst du das Land?" coupled with "Herz, mein Herz"—both to Goethe's text (1810), sung by Herr Stockhausen, to the accompaniment of Mr. Franklin Taylor; and then the four melodies which Beethoven wedded to the same poet's little stanzas, called "Sehnsucht" (1808-10), sung by Miss Arabella Smythe. The "Thirty-two variations in C minor on the original Theme," for pianoforte solo (1807), the first of two pieces unique in their way, in regard to the form of which Beethoven, in all probability, was more or less influenced by J. S. Bach's *Chaconne*, with variations, for the violin, followed next,—Mme Goddard again being the pianist. These were the pieces which divided the *Prometheus* overture from the Ninth Symphony; and every one of them had a value of its own. The concert was nearly half longer in duration than almost any other concert we can remember at the Crystal Palace; but all the artists engaged in it did their very best. There was not an instant of dulness; and what, so far as the orchestra and chorus were concerned, was a magnificent rendering of the greatest of symphonies brought to a fitting climax a performance in every way worthy to commemorate such an occasion as the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the greatest of all musicians. Never did Mr. Manns bring more enthusiasm to his task, and never did he more richly merit the unanimous applause which greeted him when that task had been accomplished.

The twelve concerts thus terminated, it should be understood, contained many more things which, under other circumstances, would have claimed special notice; but the chief point of interest was in Beethoven; and to Beethoven, on that account, our remarks have been confined. For a time, owing to the Christmas festivities, the Saturday Concerts were, as usual, suspended; but they are happily to be resumed this very afternoon—with a programme, by the way, which does not contain a single piece by Beethoven, either vocal or instrumental.

Monday Popular.—Crystal Palace.—Mme. Schumann. The *Orchestra* of Feb. 3, tells us:

The second appearance of Mme Szarvady made the last Monday Popular Concert as memorable as its predecessor. Associated with Mme. Norman Neruda upon a work like Mendelssohn's Quartet in B major, it may be understood how exquisitely she brought forth results of the finest musical art. The taste and precision given to this performance were of the highest order. The composition is one which—early and immature work of its author as it is—yet calls forth great and varied talents in its interpretation. Brilliancy, and sympathy, and tenderness, and exactitude, all are needful, and these qualities are amply supplied by the great pianist whom patrons of music best remember under her name of Wilhelmina Clauss. In Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" she was only less successful, through having entered on debateable ground. Schumann's recognition is still only partially effected notwithstanding the skill and persistency of his wife and the energy of his admirers. Mozart's Sonata in F major was a more unexceptionable triumph for the lady, and here she and her coadjutator, Mme. Neruda, enjoyed the victory undisputed. This indeed was the best applauded *morceau* of the programme. Haydn's D minor Quartet closed the concert, which had been diversified by the singing of Herr Stockhausen.

Last week the programme of the Monday Popular Concert ran as follows:

Quartet in A minor, Op. 29........................Schubert.
Cavatina from "La Fete du Village"..................Boeldieu.
Fantasia in F sharp minor..........................Mendelssohn.
Prelude, Allemande, and Courante in D, for 'cello..Bach.
Songs...Schumann.
Trio in C minor, Op. 1..............................Beethoven.

The quartet of Schubert's—his fifteenth—is eminently characteristic of his style, and its airy beauty and delicate charm render it ever popular with these audiences. Mme. Norman-Neruda was again the leading violinist, Miss Agness Zimmermann the pianist, and Herr Stockhausen the vocalist. The execution of the second lady in Mendelssohn's Fantasia was as easy and brilliant as usual, and her reception proportionate.

The Monday Popular Concert of this week had for its chief feature the rentree of Mme Schumann, who was warmly acclaimed. She soon exhibited the possession of undiminished powers in the fire and facility of her rendering of Schubert's A minor Sonata. The various movements were followed with unfailing attention and prolonged applause greeted the end of the intellectual treat. In Beethoven's duet sonata in C minor for pianoforte and violin, she had the advantage of Mme Norman-Neruda's co-operation, and the result was a noble execution on both sides. The quartets were Mendelssohn's in E flat and Haydn's in G—executants as before. The songs were "Per la gloria" by Buononcini (Handel's rival), and Schumann's "Nut-tree," the latter accompanied by Mme. Schumann to Herr Stockhausen's singing.

The resumption of the Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace was characterized by the following programme:

Overture, "Medea"....................................Cherubini.
Aria, "Non mi dir" (Don Giovanni), Mlle. Corani..Mozart.
Symphony in B minor.................................Schubert.
Aria, "Per la gloria," Herr Stockhausen.............Buononcini.
Violin Concerto, Mme. Norman-Neruda...............Mendelssohn.
Canzone, "Marinella," Mlle. Corani..................Randegger.
Aria, "Non piu andrai" (Nozze di Figaro), Herr Stockhausen....................................Mozart.
Overture, "William Tell"..............................Rossini.

Schubert's unfinished symphony is a fragment which induces regret that it should never have been finished, so exquisite is it in its passionate melancholy, and its melodic grace. It was admirably executed. The violin concerto of Mendelssohn, having Mme. Norman Neruda for an interpreter, was in the best hands. Mlle. Corani sang very effectively.

The first of Mme. Schumann's Recitals took place at St James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when a large audience,

attracted by her celebrity, attended. The programme, which was varied and full of interest, opened with Beethoven's Grand Sonata in B flat, a work which displayed at the fullest Mme. Schumann's highest range of powers. Her delicate tone and dainty touch in the scherzo and minuet, and the force and energy of the final presto, were points of excellence which alone sufficed to prove her a consummase artist and brilliant performer. Two characteristic morceaux by Mendelssohn and Brahms succeeded, and then the gifted pianist played Sebastian Bach's fine Italian concerto, in which the phraseology of the master found an interpreter quite as apt and skilful as she proved herself in the more striking grandeur of Beethoven. The rest of the programme consisted of one of Mendelssohn's fine pianoforte preludes in E minor; a sweet and eminently characteristic "nocturne" by Chopin; and a very impassioned brilliant "impromptu" by the same composer. Mme. Schumann maintained the power of this very trying performance, as well as the interest of her admiring listeners, to the last, and was frequently rewarded by well-earned and enthusiastic plaudits. Herr Stockhausen was the vocalist.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 25, 1871.

OUR MUSIC PAGES—Having completed Mendelssohn's "Elijah," we have now begun to give our readers, in fortnightly instalments, the whole of Messrs. Ditson & Co.'s carefully edited and beautiful edition of SEBASTIAN BACH'S incomparable "PASSION MUSIC ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW," as arranged for voices with piano-forte by Julius Stern, but with the substitution of the admirable arrangement by Robert Franz in most of the solo Arias, and with English text as close as could be made both to the music and to the sense and style of the original German, which is also given. The Translator's Preface, in our number before the last, will explain in what sense and spirit this was done.

When we have printed enough pages of it to afford specimens of its various forms of composition (double and single choruses, chorales, recitatives, arias, &c.), we shall try to give a descriptive analysis of the immortal work. The music is very difficult, and as far as possible from "popular;" but it is destined to sink deeply into earnestly musical and pious hearts. This is already proved here, as abroad, by the impression made by the Arias that have been sung in our Symphony Concerts, and by the deep love, and the desire for more of it, which those portions that were studied last winter by the Handel & Haydn Society inspired in the hearts of two or three hundred singers. This interest will deepen and extend when the Society performs a large selection from it during their Festival next May; and we have no doubt that a public presentation of the whole work will be demanded of more than one Oratorio Society before two years have passed.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The seventh Symphony Concert (Feb. 9) had the usual large and deeply interested audience, who all sat and listened as if unwilling to lose a note of the choice programme:

Overture to "Genoveva".... .....Schumann.

Piano-forte Concerto, No. 2, in F minor, Op 21...Chopin.
Maestoso. Larghetto. Allegro vivace.
Hugo Leonhard

Fantasie-Overture to Moore's "Paradise and the Peri," Op. 42.....WM. Sterndale Bennett.

Introduction. "One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate."

Choral. "Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit."

Scene I. "While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds."

Scene II. "Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's lunar Mountains,
Far to the South, the Peri lighted."

Scene III. "But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary.
Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
* * * *
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies!"

—

Symphony, No. 3, in E flat.....Schumann.
Vivace. Scherzo. Andante. Religioso, [suggested by a religious ceremonial in the Cologne Cathedral]. Allegro.

This programme *was* choice,—one of the richest, most unique, consistent, satisfying of the season, although it did not seem to suit the mood of newspaper criticism quite so well as usual. But, leaving Beethoven programmes out of the question, what have we had, or can we have, much better? Stress has been laid upon the work by Bennett as the only piece new to Boston, and more words used to show that it is not "great," than are vouchsafed to all the rest of the selections. There was no need that it should be great; in the midst of three great standard works it was introduced as a pleasing bit of variety and novelty, a delicate, refined, poetic, charming piece of instrumental art, albeit with no more of originality or decided force of genius in it than one is wont to expect from the gentle, graceful muse of the composer of the "Naiads" and the "Wood Nymph" Overtures. It has an exquisite theme pervading it, and the instrumental coloring is full of charm.

Much briefer, and in the closer, rounded form of an Overture proper, that to "Genoveva," by Schumann, to say the least, wears well, and never was enjoyed with keener zest than on this its sixth hearing here, for it has figured once in every season of these concerts. The oftener it is heard, the more is it recognized as one of the very best of Overtures. It is a true creation, one of those living forms that come out whole and perfect at a single cast. Romantic, somewhat mystical, deep in feeling, full of recondite and subtile graces, yet vigorous and wholesome, with the breath of the woods in it, and ringing jubilee of horns borne in upon fresh breezes to revive the spirits ere they droop with excess of sentiment or cloying beauty,—and yet all this unforced, unmanaged, true as life and nature—this Overture is one of the happiest and most characteristic instances of Schumann's genius and can never be unwelcome to a musically cultivated public.

Then it must be borne in mind, that this was in some sense the Schumann Concert, he taking his turn as symphonist among the great ones after Beethoven. The "well-known" Cologne Symphony (as some of our aforesaid critics called it, dismissing it with a word, as if it were too common an affair to lend any significance to a concert) had been heard just twice before in Boston (and that was two years ago);—twice and no more, except by those more earnest music-lovers who attend rehearsals, and who seek, by every possible hearing as well as by private study through four-hand arrangements, &c. to really become acquainted with these formidable masterworks; but in *this* class how many of the gentlemen, who issue their critical dicta with such crank assurance after every concert in the newspapers, can be counted, think you?

Is it a rash surmise, that (say) a third part of the constant attendants of these concerts have taken pains to study in some way the symphonies, overtures, concertos, &c., set down for performance, and thereby prepare themselves to listen in the right spirit, and with understanding? And if so, are not all of these more competent to pass a judgment whether on the composition or performance, than some of the professional "authorities" who have not prepared themselves at all? But we do wrong to some of them to charge them with assurance; rather is it the want of assurance, the want of any positive perception or conviction on which true assurance can be based, that leads so many to assume the assured tone, as if in duty to the dignity of their position, and in a bewildered and uncertain state of mind, with no opinion in them, no impression which they trust a few hours afterward (unless confirmed by more assured ones who speak first), yet to pronounce an opinion, as if *ex cathedrâ*, feebly echoing the stronger speaker, or else evade the issue in a cloud of generalities about the concert, leaving *nothing* said of that which was most worthy of remark.

In the rendering of this "Cologne" (or "Rhenish") Symphony the Orchestra did themselves great credit. The broad syncopated rhythm of the first movement, full and majestical, like a full-freighted noble vessel bearing down upon a noble river; the quaint, original *Volkslied*, or vintagers' song, as it were, of the *Scherzo*, its swinging dance yielding to a moment of thoughtful sentiment, and then renewed with alternation of fine freaks of humor between various sets of instruments; the tender, quiet beauty of the *Andante*, a sort of song without words; the solemn pomp and mystery of that vision of high mass in the Cathedral; the glorious relief and freedom of the finale, with its frolic allusions to odd features in the solemn scene before,—all came out clear and vivid. The two Overtures likewise were finely played, the wind instruments being particularly true and delicate in the Bennett music.

We wish we could say as much of the accompaniment to the Chopin Concerto; but much of that was coarse and over-loud; owing doubtless to the want of time for sufficiently nice rehearsal of such things. Mr. LEONHARD gave a most masterly and finished rendering of the piano part, in all respects worthy of a musician of such fine intelligence and insight, so accomplished as a pianist, so conscientious and thorough in his preparation. As a writer in the *Advertiser* truly says (protesting against a disparaging and unjust criticism which had appeared there), "he presented the Concerto to the public polished and rounded like a perfect pearl, no smallest shade or detail of meaning being neglected." Mr. Leonhard, like some other artists of a fine poetic temper, may not possess all the modern piano virtuoso's power of making every note tell upon the physical ear of every person in a vast audience; but his *technique* was so fine as not to escape the recognition of his disparagers, while in point of feeling and interpretation, we doubt not, nearly every appreciative listener in that audience agrees with us, that this rendering was equal to the best of this or any Concerto we have heard in Boston. In the words of the writer above quoted: "He, and his friends for him, have a right to complain of the hasty and unthinking verdict of those who have no standard of musical culture and judgment by which to measure the merits of his excellent performance."

In *this* week's concert (too late for notice now) Gade furnished the Symphony (C minor, No. 1); the Overtures were Cherubini's to 'Medea,' and Schumann's to "Manfred," followed by a lovely little *Entr'acte* from the same, entirely new here; and for finale, the Orchestral Suite, in C, by *Raff*, which is all but new.

For the ninth and *last but one* of the Symphony Concerts (March 9) the programme offers: Part I. Overture to "Medea" by *Bargiel* (first time); Alto Aria: "Grief and Pain" from *Bach's* Passion Music (sung, first time in Boston, by Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING); "Tasso" (Symphonic Poem) by *Liszt* (first time).—Part II. The happy little Symphony in G, (No. 13) by *Haydn*, which was so much relished a few years ago; Songs, by Miss Sterling; Overture to "Ruy Blas," *Mendelssohn*. The non-arrival of the score and parts to the *Schubert-Joachim* Symphony, which have been copied in Vienna for these concerts, has compelled this change of programme. The series will end, March 23, with another Beethoven Concert, Miss Krebs playing the E flat Concerto.

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MR. B. J. LANG, in his last concert at the Globe Theatre, gave the following programme:

Quartet, No 67.....Haydn.

Capriccio in E major, Op. 23 .....Sterndale Bennett

Pianoforte Solo, "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude" Liszt.

Trio in B flat major, Op 97, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello.....Beethoven.

The cool, fresh, cheerful Quartet of Father Haydn,—a sincere and thoroughly ripe, artistic kind of music, which grows more refreshing as one gets to be more *blasé* to the modern strainings for effect,—was nicely rendered by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The Capriccio by Bennett, a volatile, light, graceful thing, was reproduced accordingly, with utmost ease

and nicety, by Mr. LANG, with accompaniment of string quartet and flute (which did not always sound so well) to represent, as we presume, the orchestra.

The 'Benediction, &c.," by Liszt, quite an elaborate piano solo, is in some respects an interesting composition, earnest in intention, with several distinct themes and movements, clothed in rich harmony, suffused with a warm halo of sentiment; but we could not help feeling that, after all, it was too like affected sentiment, and that the momentary inspiration had all faded out before the end. Mr. Lang played it, however, *con amore* and devoutly, with much expression, and had the close (no doubt with many the sympathetic) attention of the audience throughout. The glorious old king of Trios, the Beethoven in B flat, went finely, and could not fail to be inspiring.

Next Thursday, for his fourth and *last* Concert, Mr. Lang offers: *Mendelssohn's* Quintet in B flat minor; Concerto in C, by *Bach*, for three pianos (Messrs. LEONHARD and PARKER coöperating); some Piano pieces not yet named; and the *Mendelssohn* Concerto in D minor.

MISS KELLOGG'S concerts, in the Music Hall, Feb. 9th, 10th and 11th, were without orchestra, of the kind called miscellaneous, and mostly hackneied in the selections. But they exhibited the lady and her singing to much better advantage, than any appearance she had made here for some years. The very general criticism the self-conscious and affected manner which she had acquired seems to have been taken to heart truly, and she is now more modest and subdued and simple. Her singing, too, though it was mostly of the ballad kind, indulging less in the *bravura* which was once her forte, sounds more sincere and real, and has a riper, richer, larger character.

Of her associate artists, Sig. VERONI (whose English accent is native and to the manor born), has a pure, at times sweet tenor, but a little dry, with a fair style; and Sig. RANDOLFI (a manifest German), with a hearty, manly air and bearing, has a hearty baritone that corresponds, and sings such pieces as Stigelli's "Tear" quite admirably. The three voices blended finely in the Trio by Gordigiani: "*Vieni al mar.*"

Mr. JAMES M. WEHLI played the same sort of Piano-forte Fantasias on "Martha," 'Sweet Home,' &c., in the same old way, with wonderful perfection and brilliancy of mechanism;—always his own compositions or compoundings. He seems to keep on hand an assortment of scale exercises, runs, arpeggios, and pyrotechnic figures, wheels, &c., all practiced, polished to perfection, and in these he sets whatever well worn melody he chooses for a theme. The theme may vary, but development there is none, and the firework accompaniment always about the same.

NEXT IN ORDER.—Mr. CARL GLOGGNER-CASTELLI, late Professor of Singing at the Leipzig Conservatory, will give a couple of Matinées at Brackett's Hall, on the afternoons of March 1 and 15. Besides his own vocal contributions (and he is a ripe and finished artist) there will be piano solos by Mr. EDWIN J. BUTLER, and violin solos by Mr. F. F. FORD, both graduates of the Leipzig school.

The programme prepared for the concert to be given on Sunday evening the 5th proximo, in aid of the Relief Fund of the Boston Musicians' Union, contains much excellent matter, and nothing that is uninteresting. Besides the large orchestral force, the Orpheus Musical Society will appear, and there will be vocal performances by Mrs. J. W. Weston, Mrs. Houston-West and Mr. M. W. Whitney. It is a long while since the society made an appeal to the public, and as that public may not understand the object to be aided, it may be well to state that the Relief Fund is established for the aid of sick or disabled musicians, and for other charitable purposes, on the principle of Masonic institutions.—*Gazette.*

Thomas E. Chickering.

The shafts of death have fallen frequently and suddenly of late among the bearers of respected names in our community. And it is not a little singular that in the same week died the heads of the two great rival piano forte manufacturing houses in America: the elder Steinway, and the subject of this brief notice. Col. Chickering, the oldest of three brothers, who have so successfully continued the noble business built up by their father, and who all of them inherit likewise the sterling, generous traits which made him beloved of all, was called away (by sudden apoplectic stroke) in the prime of manhood almost, having lived but seven and forty years. His winning, amiable disposition from his childhood made him many friends. He had served a thorough practical apprenticeship in his business, having, first, and last, with his own hands made every part of a piano. His sympathies were large, so that he found time for zealous participation in musical, military, charitable and social enterprises. He had been president of the Handel and Haydn Society, Commander of the "Ancient and Honorable," and during the war did honorable service at the head of a regiment, for which he was brevetted General. He was modest, manly, kindly, gentlemanly and true. To all, in all conditions, his words and manner were those of a friend. We can say nothing better, nothing truer of him, than what has been said in all the public journals; for instance this in the *Gazette*: "His presence was a sunbeam to his family, his friends, his business associates and his employees. No man ever told him a tale of distress and left him empty handed. No institution, enterprise, or public project of any merit was ever explained to him without gaining his cordial personal and pecuniary co-operation. Under the pressure of whatever trying circumstance, he was always the high toned, courteous, affable gentleman. He had been engaged in the prosecution of many public measures, had commanded many men, had mixed with many classes, but he has left not a man or woman behind him who cherishes an unkind thought for 'Tom Chickering.'"

The funeral of the late Thomas E. Chickering took place in Trinity Church, Summer street, Saturday forenoon, beginning at eleven o'clock. Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, to the number of fifty, the Third Cavalry Association, fifty members, and about fifty members of Post 15, G. A. R., occupied the right body of the church, the centre pews on the right being reserved for the relatives and friends of the deceased. The workmen in the employ of the Messrs. Chickering, to the number of 390, filled the entire left of the body of the church. The members of the piano forte and organ manufacturing and the music publishing trade were also seated on the right. The right hand gallery was filled by the Handel and Haydn Society, and in the choir gallery was seated a volunteer select choir, consisting of the following named singers, under charge of Mr. J. C. D. Parker, the organist of the church: Mrs. Smith, Miss Gates, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Osborn and Miss Failer, sopranos; Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Wadleigh, Mrs. Shattuck, Mrs. Tufts and Miss Winch, altos; Dr. Langmaid, Dr. Stickney, Mr. Merrill and Mr. Winch, tenors; and Messrs. Whitney, Winch, Sprague, Pazolt and Powers, bassos—the gentlemen named forming the Chickering club. The left gallery was thrown open to the public at large. The coffin was borne into the church preceded by Bishop Eastburn, repeating the opening portion of the burial service, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and the following gentlemen who acted as pall bearers: General F. W. Palfrey, Colonel Henry C. Brooks, Dr. J. B. Upham, Mr. Henry A. Green, Mr. Henry Saltonstall, Mr. Oliver Ditson, Colonel F. G. Pope, Major George S. Worcester.

The services began with a chant by the choir: "Lord let me know my end"—rendered antiphonally. The lesson was read by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and the hymn: "Hear what the voice from heaven declares," was sung by the choir. The sentences were then read by Bishop Eastburn, and the committal was recited by Mr. Brooks. The Chickering Club, unaccompanied, next sang: "I heard a voice from heaven," composed by Mr. J. C. D. Parker. At the close of the services, the Handel and Haydn Society, conducted by Carl Zerrahn, sung the choral from Elijah: "Cast thy burden on the Lord," with the addition of the two verses which were sung by them in Music Hall at the time the Hon. Charles Sumner delivered his oration on Abraham Lincoln. After the singing an opportunity was given to view the body, and the large assembly passed out of the church. The funeral cortege then moved to Mount Auburn, where the remains were deposited in the family tomb.—*Adv.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 17.—The third Philharmonic concert of the season took place on the 4th inst., with this programme:

Symphony, No. 5, in D major	Mozart.
Recitative and Romanza [bass clarionet]	Bergmann.
Mr. E. Boehm.	
Overture, "Sakuntala" [by request]	Goldmark.
Serenade for four violoncellos	Lachner.
F. Bergner, C. Bergmann, A. Hoch, A. Leisegang.	
Overture, scherzo et finale, Op. 52	Schumann.

The programme was the most unsatisfactory that the society has given this season. The orchestral pieces were admirably performed. Mr. Boehm played fairly, though the instrument is one that should never be heard except in an orchestra. The accompaniment is arranged for two clarionets and two bassoons. The quartet for four violoncellos was played finely and was encored by the audience, which was the smallest that has attended a Philharmonic concert for many seasons. For the next concert, to take place on March 4th, a new overture 'Aladdin," by Reinecke, and Schumann's Cologne symphony are promised. The soloists are not yet announced.

Miss Krebs's pianoforte recital, on the 4th, had the following programme:

Sonata, Op. 53	Beethoven.
Miss Krebs.	
Aria	Mendelssohn.
Miss Clotilde Saar.	
Fugue, A minor	J. S. Bach.
"Warum?"	Schumann.
Toccata	"
Miss Krebs.	
Rondo for two pianos	Chopin.
Miss Krebs and Mr. Mills.	
"L'Estasi d'amore," Waltz	L. Badia.
Miss Clotilde Saar.	
Don Juan. Fantasie	Liszt.
Miss Krebs.	

These concerts are becoming exceedingly popular here, and scores of persons were unable to obtain admission. They are to be repeated until further notice. Miss Krebs plays the entire programme from memory. Her execution is almost faultless, and she plays with fervor. At the concert on the 11th she was assisted by Carl Bergner (violoncellist). The sixth takes place on the 18th. She will be assisted by Miss Henrietta Beebe (soprano), Signor A. Randolfi (baritone), Mr. S. B. Mills (pianist), and Mr. L. Dachauer.

Mr. James M. Wehli commenced a series of pianoforte recitals at Booth's theatre yesterday. The programmes are not as classical as those of Miss Krebs. [Indeed!]

The 3rd Euterpe concert took place on the same day at Association Hall, before the largest audience that has yet greeted them. The programme, as will be seen, was very attractive and varied. It was as follows:

Andante and Allegro, two movements from Symphony No. 2	Norb. Burgmüller
Allegro for Concerto in E minor	Chopin.
Mr. S. B. Mills	
Walpurgis Night	Mendelssohn

Miss Ida Rosenburg also sang an aria in the first part. Mr. Mills played in his usual admirable style. The "Walpurgis Night" was well performed, but the chorus and orchestra were far too few for such a work, the chorus numbering about fifty and the orchestra thirty, under the direction of Mr. John P. Morgan. The concert is to be repeated in Brooklyn.

On Wednesday there was a concert at Steinway Hall for the benefit of the Strasbourg sufferers, in which all the leading artists here assisted.

The Glee and Madrigal Society will give a concert to-night at Steinway Hall, for the benefit of the Samaritan home. A concert also takes place at Association Hall, on Saturday, in which Mme. Anna

Bishop, Mr. James M. Wehli, the Mendelssohn Union and other artists appear. There is also the usual Saturday afternoon concert at the same hall. For coming concerts we have Church Music Association concert (Feb. 21), Philharmonic Concert (March 4), and an innumerable number of miscellaneous concerts, and "Il Trovatore" at the Academy on Monday, for the benefit of the Samaritan Home.

J. M. W.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The programme of the Philharmonic Concert on the 28th embraced Schubert's great symphony in C major, Spohr's overture to "Jessonda," Lindpaintner's "Guerrière" overture, a recitative and romanza composed by Mr. Bergner for bass clarionet, with accompaniment of reed quartet, and two songs by Madame Gazzaniga. Here were only two novelties—the Lindpaintner overture, which has "God save the king" for its theme, and Mr. Bergmann's study of reed effects, which seems to have been generally liked. The Schubert Symphony was caviare to the vulgar; most of the critics of the daily press found it tedious, and several of them pronounced it weak—that extraordinary work which Robert Schumann called the greatest since Beethoven!—*Independent.*

PLYMOUTH ORGAN CONCERTS.—An inopportune snow storm did not prevent a very full attendance at the concert on Saturday, thus testifying to the high esteem in which both Mr. Bristow and Miss Sterling, the artists of the occasion, are held by the public. This was Mr. Bristow's first introduction to the great organ, whose thorough acquaintance is more difficult to obtain than that of an Englishman, or a Beacon street Bostonian. But Mr. Bristow speedily overcame its difficulties and rendered a programme full of choice and brilliant selections. The Bach Pastorale was full of intricate harmonies, and, with the exception of the andante, head [!] rather than heart music. The andante from a Mozart Sonata was a delicious bit of heart music, showing that Mozart was rather a follower of Emanuel Bach [!] than of the great Sebastain, if Mozart may be considered as the imitator of any one. The Cathedral Fugue of Attwood, whose compositions are too seldom played, was a grand bit of harmony, massive in some measures, and very warmly appreciated. The "Egmont," "Semiramide," and "Stradella" overtures were given with special brilliancy, and with a very close reproduction of the orchestral effects with which Mr. Bristow, as a prominent member of both Philharmonic orchestras, is familiar.

Miss Sterling chose for her performance the tender aria from Bach's Passion: "Grief and Pain," which she sang with fervor. We have no contralto who can so well interpret these great works; nor does there appear to be any one who cares or dares to undertake the mission of introducing the people to music of this school. It does not tickle the popular taste, but it nevertheless serves to educate and raise it above being satisfied with melodies of the "Shoofly" grade. Her second selection, a Canzonetta of Mozart, was splendidly given and received with hearty demonstrations of enjoyment. So also was the beautiful song of Schumann, "Stille Liebe."—*Sun.*

FARMINGTON, CONN.—Two very interesting concerts were given at Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School, Feb. 2, by Mr. Charles Klauser, one of the most able teachers of music in the country. Messrs. Julius Schuberth, violinist, Charles Werner, violoncellist, and F. von Inten, pianist, were the artists, and sustained their reputations as good musicians. The following programmes show how much is done in this institute, in regard to musical education:—

First Concert.—Trio, piano, violin and violoncello, B flat, op.—*Beethoven;* a. Canzona, violin, op. 85, No. 5—*Raff;* b. "Impatience," violin, op. 20, No. 3—*C. Schuberth;* Prelude and Fugue, E minor, "Notre temps," No. 3—*Mendelssohn;* Serenade, violoncello, from the Concerto, op. 34—*Lindner;* "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," piano, op. 26—*Schumann;* "Amourette," Violin, Romance, op. 20, No. 3—*C. Schuberth;* Introduction and Polonaise, violoncello and piano, C, op. 3—*Chopin;* Serenade, piano, and violoncello, E flat, op. 148—*Fr. Schubert.*

Second Concert.—Trio, piano, violin and violoncello, D, op 70, No. 1—*Beethoven;* Larghetto, violoncello—*Mozart;* Canon and Fugue, piano, on a theme by *Mozart*—A. A. Klengel; a. "Adelheid," chant for violin—*Krebs;* b. "Mystification," violin, capriccietto, op. 19—*C. Schuberth;* Two Morceaux, piano and violoncello, op 11—*Rubinstein:* Ballade, piano, G minor, op. 23—*Chopin;* a "La Desir," violin, romance, op. 25, No. 25—*C. Schuberth;* b. Tarantelle, violin, op 85, No 26—*Raff;* Noveletten, piano, violin and violoncello, op. 29—*Gade.*

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—A fine Concert of miscellaneous music, consisting of choruses from Oratorios, Part Songs, Glees, Songs, &c, was given by the "Plymouth Choral Union," on the evening of Friday, 3rd inst., to an audience that filled Davis's Hall to overflowing.

This young society, organized but a few months since, have been hard at work under the direction of Mr. F. H. TORRINGTON, of Boston, and the fine rendering of the programme at this, their first concert, was conclusive evidence of the ability of the director, and very complimentary to the ladies and gentlemen composing the chorus.

The solos were all taken by members of the society, and some of them finely sung.

Mr. Torrington, also, played a very fine Violin solo, which received the encore it deserved, to which he again responded.

An "Orchestral Grand" Piano of Hallett, Davis, &c., sustained the full chorus with telling effect.

A.

BALTIMORE.—The New York *Weekly Review* is "sorry to state that the orchestra of the Peabody Institute has been dissolved. Whoever could have advised the step must have had little sympathy for the cultivation of musical art, and surely violated one of the principal stipulations of the founder. Thousands of dollars were destined every year to be used for the purpose of propagating the taste for music, and because the concerts so far did not pay, they had to be discontinued and the orchestra disbanded. Thus Baltimore is at present without an organized professional orchestra, and must be satisfied with one chiefly consisting of amateurs. The latter organization enjoys the venerable name of the Haydn Society. It was formed about eleven years ago, and gives, during the course of a year, four subscription concerts. The orchestra consists of six first violins, six second violins, four violas, three violoncellos, two double basses, two flutes, one oboe, two clarionets, two trombones, two cornets, two horns, drums and tympani. With the exception of Messrs. Jungnickel, Maas, Metz, J. W. and Harry Deems, and the conductor, Mr. Tichde, all the members are amateurs, representing various phases of the cultivated classes of society in Baltimore. They come together once a week, in the large music room of Mr. J. W. Deems, a very indefatigable worker in the field of music, who recently wrote a pianoforte method which, when published, will surely be successful, as it is really progressive and practical. The event of the week was the series of concerts given by Mr. Theodore Thomas, who, together with Miss Anna Mehlig and his orchestra, appeared for the first time before the Baltimore public."

DEATH OF MR. STEINWAY.—Mr. Henry Steinway, the founder and chief of the celebrated firm of Messrs. Steinway and Sons, died at his residence in New York last Tuesday, in the 73d year of his age. His decease was the result of a lingering illness. He was a native of the Duchy of Brunswick, in Germany, where he was born on the 15th of February, 1797. Very early in life he exhibited musical taste and talent. He used even then to make musical instruments—the cythera and the guitar—on which he played, in a skillful manner. His first pursuit was cabinet-making. Then he worked in an organ factory. Then he studied piano making. Finally he established an independent business. In 1850 he emigrated to this country,—bringing his whole family, excepting one member,—and continued in the piano trade. Their first establishment was in Varick street, and was opened in 1853. In the next year they moved into more spacious quarters, in Walker street. Their first great business success was made in 1855, when they won a gold medal by a piano—constructed on a new plan—which they exhibited at the American Institute Fair, at the Crystal Palace. Thereafter the business of the firm steadily increased. In 1859 they erected the mammoth factory which they still keep in action. The late Mr. Steinway retired from active business some years ago; but he retained to the last his interest and pride in the firm which he had founded, and which he lived to see enrolled among the most prosperous and renowned establishments in the United States. The three sons of Mr. Henry Steinway—William, Theodore, and Albert—who have managed the house with great skill, will hereafter constitute the firm. Mr. Steinway has passed away at a ripe age, and when the work of life had been well done; and he leaves an honored memory as well as an important trust to his descendants.—*Weekly Review, Feb.* 11.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Over the Merry Campanian Plains. 2. F to f. *L. Bordese.* 35

Lively semi-Italian melody, suggestive of artist life on the Roman Campagna.

The Swallow. 3. A*b* to f. *Ciro Pinsuti.* 40

Poetry from the "Afterglow," which means the "Twilight." Perfectly charming melody, which will elicit applause in parlor or concert hall, and pretty accompaniment.

"Rising, floating, wheeling,
Thro' the azure blaze,
Like a summer feeling
Flashed from other days."

Twenty Years. 2. F to f. *F. B.* 40

Poem by Bret Harte, who sings warm-heartedly of friendship and old memories. Vignette title.

"Beg your pardon, old fellow! I think
I was dreaming just now when you spoke.
The fact is, the musical clink
Of the ice on your wine goblet's brink,
A chord in my memory woke."

Tho' absent, not forsaken. 4. G to e. *J. H. Speir.* 30

Varied, effective melody.

I arise from dreams of thee. 4. D*b* to *a*. *W. A. Smith.* 30

Words by Shelley. Fine melody and effective concert song.

"I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me, who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet."

The Golden Streets. Song and Chorus. 2. G to d. *W. Kittredge.* 30

A sweet, pure song well fitted to be popular in "meetings" and Sabbath Schools.

"When we go up the Golden Streets
We'll sing the songs of Zion."

Woodland Echoes. 3. A*b* to f. *M. W. Hackleton.* 30

A quick, light, sweet, "pattering" melody, with a pretty echo introduced.

"Summer on the hills in royal robes is glowing,
'Mid the fragrant leaves the sweet wild rose is growing."

Instrumental.

Life Dreams. Waltzes. 3. *A. H. Fernald.* 60

A capital set of waltzes, [four, with coda] all full of rich melody.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 781. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 11, 1871. VOL. XXX. No. 26.

La Villa Rossini.

[Translated for this Journal, from *Le Gaulois*.]

It will be curious, some day, to sketch the eccentric encampments assigned by the necessities of the war to the *corps francs*: sometimes a factory or a public hall room, a church or a cafe; sometimes a farm or a historic house, an abandoned quarry or a young ladies' boarding school.

The *tirailleurs réfractaires Parisiens*, and the company of *francs tireurs* Deschamps, to which I had the honor of belonging, occupied alternately an abode illustrious among all, Rossini's villa.

Pallas encamped at the house of Apollo, as an old marine said, a *franc tireur* of my company.

This Villa Rossini, which all Paris knew, is situated on the Avenue Ingres, at the gate of the Bois de Boulogne, with its back as it were against the ramparts.

Large, high, white, square and citizen like, it lifts its head rashly above the fortifications, and seems built on purpose to receive the bombshells.

There lived and died the author of *Guillaume Tell*. And from there, our *remingtons* upon our shoulders, our revolvers in our belts, we set out for the Moulineaux, the bridge of Sèvres or Billancourt.

Rossini adored his villa and this charming, this admirable Bois de Boulogne, where he walked incessantly, till it became like his own private park. Everybody knew him, loved him, in the neighborhood, and the guards of the Bois pointed out complacently the little tufted valley where he promenaded every morning, and the rustic bench on which he used to sit.

Where now shall we find the little bench and tufted valley? where the Bois de Boulogne?

It burns between our two andirons.

Poor Rossini! He, whose teeth were set on edge so by the shrill scream of the locomotive, what would he have said of the marine pieces of the honorable M. Fleuriat de Langle, pleading without respite, but a little strong, the cause of Paris?

What would he have said, above all, to see his peaceful villa, where he *fut monté* so voluptuously, transformed into a post of *francs-tireurs*?

In the antichamber, instead of flowers, caps and knapsacks, carbines and bayonets. In the vast kitchen where, gently leaning on his long cane, he did not disdain to come and watch with his own eye, so amiable and fine, the macaroni that he loved, a *franc tireur* is paring onions, or stewing a cat soldier fashion.

In the grand saloon, painted in fresco, are mattresses in place of tapestry, and on these mattresses *francs tireurs* snatching a little broken sleep between two cannon shots.

In the time of the illustrious maestro I visited this celebrated villa, and I found it adorned with magnificent presents and precious souvenirs; on the mantlepiece, marvels of art, a very beautiful and very fine figure of the master of the house; then a superb medallion in Sèvres porcelain, with the names of all Rossini's masterworks for an inscription.

Farther on, in a delicious little salon, all hung with chintz, a very curious æolian harp.

In place of the harp we have to-day a chest, our chest of cartridges!

A large and beautiful iron railing, opening upon the garden, at the left of the oriental kiosk of the *conciergue*, led obliquely to the house. But in front of the doorsteps, on the Avenue Ingres, was a little gate half hidden by dense ivy and surmounted by a gilded lyre.

It was Rossini's private entrance, and it was there we mounted guard.

Here, too, Rossini loved to stroll under the shade of the sycamores of the Avenue and to mingle, unknown, with the ball players at the Ranelagh.

Bombs have replaced the balls, and instead of the little gilded lyre, the flag of Geneva flaps sorrowfully in the wintry wind, and seems to bleed with its two cross shape wounds.

The greatest luxury of this historic villa, which now for nearly five months has been our post of privilege, is the gardens sown with greensward and masses of shrubbery, decorated with statues and with a very beautiful fountain in carved stone: three allegorical figures, Faith, Hope and Charity, sustain, evangelically, a huge vase, from which fall long and tufted garlands of ivy.

One morning, after passing a snowy night upon the outposts, amid fire of musketry, we came back more in the humor, I assure you, of swallowing a good soup, than of humming a grand aria from *Guillaume Tell*.

In crossing the garden I suddenly descried a superb angora hanging in a bush,—an angora of the handsomest, the fattest, the most tender species!

—Providence has good moments, said I to myself. Behold our breakfast! Doubtless it is the God of armies who has sent it. Surely he has felt some compunctions, for, it must be confessed, he spoils us only moderately.

Saying this, I unsheathe my sword-bayonet; the furious cat glares wildly at me and, with a bound, takes refuge at the feet of the three theologic virtues—of the fountain.

I was hungry and gave chase: with a new bound he leaps upon the shoulder of Charity, as if he would make appeal to my sentiments of humanity.

I was hungry, I repeat it. I draw my revolver and take aim. Behold the creature crouching on the arm of Hope! I aim again, I fire, and . . . . I perceive my angora squatting like a sphynx upon the head of Faith.

From this pedestal he plunges into the thicket and disappears. 'Tis Faith alone that saves!

That morning we breakfasted upon a shoulder of King Charles.

In the neighborhood of the Villa Rossini, at nearly equal distances, dwelt formerly Proudhon, Jules Janin, Lamartine.

* * * * *

The châlet of our master, Jules Janin, has always remained the discreet sanctuary of the Muses; but the abode of Proudhon has become a post of veterans or guardians of the peace; the châlet of Lamartine, those *Charmettes*, in the Bois de Boulogne, has been transformed into a park of artillery, and cannons crouch where sighed the singer of *Elvire* and *Graziella*.

But as for us, we make our camp at Rossini's. To-day, *tirailleurs* and *francs tireurs* have quitted the villa of the great maestro, and without doubt the little gilded lyre will shine again above that gate where we kept guard.

Adieu, Rossini! and, in the language of the old marine, *franc tireur* of my company, Pallas, poor Pallas in deep mourning, thanks Apollo for his hospitality.

FULBERT DUMONTEIL.

The Hundredth Anniversary of Beethoven's Birth.*

ANOTHER ESSAY BY FERDINAND HILLER.

"*Quasi Fantasia*"

The year 1749 brought us Goethe; 1756, Mozart; 1759, Schiller; and 1770, Beethoven. Thus, within the short space of twenty-one years four of the greatest poetic geniuses were born—four men of whom not only the German Fatherland, but all mankind must be proud.

And even more happy than proud, since the most splendid gift which the Divine Being from time to time vouchsafes to poor humanity is that of genius. Through it we receive the highest good in which we are capable of participating—the forgetfulness of self in a nobler life. Genius it is that gives us, if but for a few short hours, that which the believer awaits with earnest hope in another and a better world.

Has there ever existed a poet who transported our souls into his ideal kingdom with more irresistible force than our Beethoven? Certainly not. More universal effects have been achieved by others, but none more deep or noble. Nay, we may say without exaggeration that never did an artist live whose creations were so truly *new*:—his sphere was the unforeseen.

Amidst so much that is trivial and dispiriting in art and life, the widely diffused interest, the delight in the creations of the wondrous man is a bright sign of our times. I do not say the *comprehension* of them; that is not, and cannot be the case. But there are, perhaps, no poems in the love and admiration of which so many of the highest intellects concur as the tone-poems of our master. To the essential nature of our Art, which bears within itself the all-reconciling element of love, must we attribute the fact that against it the most violent differences in religions, political, and philosophical opinion make no stand—it is the might of Beethoven's genius which subdues the proudest minds, while quickening the pulsations of the simplest hearts.

If in anything the will of man shows itself weak, nay, helpless, it is in the matter of intellectual creation. A very strong will (is not even this beyond the reach of most?) may lead to great learning, to brilliant technical acquirements, to virtue itself; a spontaneous poetic thought in word, tone, or color, it will never be able to bring forth. Thus, the true relation of genius to us is that of a star, diffusing light and warmth, which we enjoy and admire. Since, however, to the higher man recognition and gratitude are necessities, since he desires to add intelligence and reverence to his admiration, and would willingly offer up love also to the subject of it, he begins to investigate. He asks, what the divine germ, existing even in the lisping child, demanded for its development; what brought it out into blossom—what influences worked upon it beneficially—to what extent he who was so nobly gifted was supported and furthered by moral strength—how he used the talent committed to him—finally, how he fought through the life-struggle from which no mortal is exempt.

And then he inquires again and further: which of his qualities, which of the properties peculiar to himself, affects us most strongly?—in what relation does he stand to the development of his art—in what to that of his nation?—how does he appear with regard to his own century?

A mere attempt at answering these questions, and the many connected with them, would require an enormous apparatus of a biographic and æsthetic nature, including a knowledge of the

* This Essay is prefixed to the beautiful volume recently published in London "BEETHOVEN, a Memoir," by ELLIOTT GRAEME. It originally appeared in Germany in the *Salon*

history of art and culture, and an acquaintance with musical technicalities. It does not fall either within our power or the scope of these pages to make any approach to such a task. A few slight hints may suffice to prevent our forgetting (amid the extraordinary and all-engrossing occurrences of the present time) the day which sent to us a hundred years ago the no less extraordinary man, who, a prophet in the noblest sense of the word, foresaw and declared (though only in tones) the nobleness and greatness which will be revealed by the German people, if friendly stars shine upon their future.

A species of caste seems to have been implanted in man by nature—there are families of statesmen, warriors, theologians, artists. It will nevertheless be admitted that while it is often the case that circumstances, family traditions, cause the sons to follow in their fathers' footsteps, it frequently happens that the calling lays hold of the man, becomes, in the truest sense of the word, a *calling*.

Several of our first composers have sprung out of families in which the profession of music was chiefly followed—but certainly not many. One thing, however, was common to nearly all—they were marvellous children, prodigies. *Prodigy!* now-a-days an ominous word, recalling immediately to mind industrious fathers, who force on concerts, and musical attainments which do not refresh by their maturity, but only excite astonishment at the precocity of those from whom they are exacted. The abuse of the phenomenon has brought the latter itself into a bad light. A musical hot-house plant forced into premature bloom through vanity or the thirst for money may soon become stunted; none the less, however, does the fact remain, that no intellectual gift shows or develops itself earlier than that of music. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Hummel, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann, Liszt, Joachim, were prodigies. Nature knows what she is about. He alone to whom this wondrous tone-language has become a second mother tongue, will be able to express himself with freedom in it; but how soon do we begin to attempt our mother tongue! And how few succeed in really learning to *speak* it!

It would be inexplicable had not our Beethoven been almost a prodigy. He was one, but after such a sound, healthy sort, that those about him were more struck by the thought of his great future, than enthusiastic about his achievements at the time. The compositions which have been preserved to us from his boyish days bear traces, even then, of the frank, honest mode of expression which remained his to the end of his career. Naturally, their contents are trifling; what has a boy of twelve years to communicate to the world, if his inner life develop itself according to nature? Borne onwards by his artistic readiness, he attained, however, at a very early age an honorable, independent position with regard to the outer world. He had barely quitted childhood when he was organist at the Elector's Court in Bonn. At a later period he occupied for several years the post of violist in the orchestra. The viola was then one of the most neglected orchestral instruments, and we must form but a slight estimate of Beethoven's achievements upon it. It was, however, invaluable for him, the future Commander of the instrumental tone-world, to have *served in the line*. In fact, every striving young composer ought, as a matter of duty, to act for at least one year as member of an orchestra, were it only at the great drum. It is the surest method of making the individuality of the different sound organs ineffaceably one's own. When the latter are entrusted to capable executants (as was the case in the Electoral orchestra), the idea of a definite personality is added to the peculiarity of the instrument, which is not at all a bad thing. How often in later years may the image of one or the other of his former colleagues have presented itself vividly and helpfully to the mind of the master, as he sat meditating over a score! How often may he have heard in spirit an expressive solo performed by one of them!

The stimulus which Beethoven received from singers in those early days at Bonn did not work very deeply. His own father, indeed, was one of the Elector's vocalists, and sang both in church and on the stage. But he was a sorry fellow, who saw in his gifted son only a means of extricating himself from his gloomy pecuniary difficulties, and certainly not the man to inspire him for the wedding of Word to Tone—the noblest union ever contracted.

Even in the most magnificent of Beethoven's vocal works there exists a certain roughness; the words dominee over the melody, or the latter over the poem. That perfect union—that melting in one another of both factors—which is peculiar to Mozart and Handel, is found only separately (*vereinzelt*) in him. Would a youth spent in the midst of a great song-world have led our master along other paths?

Certainly not without significance for his development was the fact, that he was born on the lovely banks of our jovous old Rhine. Do we not sometimes hear it surging like a wave of the mighty stream through the Beethoven harmonies? Do we not feel ourselves blown upon by the fresh mountain air? And do not the cordial, true-hearted melodies, which so often escape from the master, breathe the very magic of one of those enchanting evenings which we talk or dream away on the shore of the most truly *German* stream? The taste for an open air life (a life *im Freien*, in freeness, as the German language so nobly expresses it) remained faithful to him until the end; and we can scarcely picture him to ourselves than as wandering in forests and valleys, listening for the springs which sparkled within himself.

Scientific knowledge, even in its most elementary form, was hardly presented to the notice of the young musician, and if at a later period any interest in such pursuits had arisen within him, he would have been obliged to dismiss it. On the other hand, he buried himself with his whole soul in the loftiest works of poetry, that second higher world, and always came back with renewed delight upon the works of Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Schiller. Many and varied were the influences which they exerted upon him. They were to him "intellectual wine," as Bettina once named his music. But those are completely mistaken who expect to find, either in them or anywhere else, positive expositions or elucidations of Beethoven's compositions, as some have occasionally attempted to do, building their theory partly on utterances of the master. When the latter refers the constantly inquiring secretary, Schindler (I know not on what occasion), to Shakespeare's "Tempest," it was, after all, only an answer—nothing more. The awakening of pure musical imagination is just as inexplicable as are its results. One thing alone stands firm, that which speaks to the heart, came from the heart,—but the life-blood which pulsates at the heart of the true artist is a thousand times more richly composed than that which flows in our veins. No æsthetic physiologist will ever be able to analyze it completely. And in life, is it only the deep thoughts, the extraordinary occurrences, which call forth all our sensations, out of which alone our happiness and our misery are formed? Is not a calm, serene autumn day enough to entrance our inmost nature? a single verse to console us? the friendly glance of a maiden to throw us into the sweetest *reverie?* What trifling influences affect the eternally rising and falling quicksilver of our hopes! And thus the smallest occasions may have been sufficient to cause vibration in a soul so highly strung as Beethoven's. Most powerfully, however, in such a genius, worked the pure creative impulse, that eternally glowing fire in the deepest recesses of his nature, with its volcanic—but, in this instance, blissful eruptions.

We know that Beethoven proceeded as a young man to Vienna, which he never afterwards left. He found there (at least in the first half of his residence) enthusiastic admirers, intelligent friends, admission to distinguished circles, and lastly, that most necessary evil—money. Nobody will grudge to the lively, good-humored, imperial city the fame of being able to designate as her own a brilliant line of our greatest tone-poets. But then she ought not to take it amiss that we should wonder how, within her walls, at *that* time, so magnificent an artistic development as Beethoven's should ever have been accomplished. Shall we say, not *because*, but *in spite of* her? or shall we utter the supposition that no agglomeration of men can be sufficient for genius, since it treads a way of its own, which bears no names of streets? When, however, the question comes under discussion, of the relation of a great composer to *that* public among whom his lot is cast, we cannot deny that it is easier to understand how a Handel created his oratorios in the so-called unmusical London, than how Beethoven composed his symphonies in the musical Vienna of the period. The former found himself in London in the midst of a grand public life,—grand were the powers over which he held sway, like the continually increasing throngs of listeners who streamed to his performances. When, on the other hand, we hear of the difficulty with which Beethoven, during the course of a quarter of a century, succeeded in giving about a dozen concerts in which his Titanic orchestral poems were performed *for the first time*, we become faint at heart. And I cannot do otherwise than express my conviction that, under other conditions, no inconsiderable portion of his works, which are (to use Schumann's expression) *veiled symphonies*, would have revealed their true nature. The world of the musicians would hardly have been more enriched thereby, but the musical public would have benefited. For millions would have been edified, where now hundreds torment themselves (with quartets and sonatas) for the most part in vain.

Yes! these symphonies and overtures, with their unpretending designations, are the first poems in our time, and they are *national poems* in a far truer sense than the songs of the Edda, and all connected with them, ever can or will be for us, despite the efforts of littérateurs and artists. Yes! in the soul of this Rhinelander, who every day inveighed against the town and the state in which he lived, who was zealous for the French Republic, and ready to become Kapellmeister to King Jerome—in this soul was condensed the most ideal Germania ever conceived by the noblest mind. With the poet we may exclaim, "For he was ours!"—*ours* through what he uttered—*ours* through the form in which he spoke—*ours*, for we were true to the proverb in the way we ill-treated and misunderstood him.

"Industry and love" Goethe claims for his countrymen. No artist ever exercised these qualities with regard to his art in a higher degree than did Beethoven. *She* was to him the highest good—no care, no joy of life could separate him from her. Neither riches nor honors estranged him from the ideal which he perceived and strove after so long as he breathed. He never could do enough to satisfy himself either in single works or in his whole career. He spared himself no trouble in order to work out his thoughts to the fullest maturity, to the most transparent clearness. To the smallest tone-picture he brought the fullest power. His first sketches, like the autographs of his scores, show in the plainest manner that inflexible persistency, that unwearied patience, which we presuppose in the scientific investigator, but which, in the inspired singer fill us with astonishment and admiration. In all conflicts (and every artistic creation is a conflict) the toughest difficulty is *to persevere*.

Truth was a fundamental part of Beethoven's character. What he sang came from his deepest soul. Never did he allow himself to make concessions either to the multitude and its frivolity, or to please the vanity of executants. The courage which is bound up with this resembles the modest bravery of the citizen, but it celebrates even fewer triumphs than the latter.

Beethoven was proud, not vain. He had the consciousness of his intellectual power—he rejoiced to see it recognized—but he despised the small change of every-day applause. Suspicious and hasty, he gave his friends occasion for many complaints, but nowhere do we find a trace of any pretension to hero-worship. He stood too high to feel himself honored by such proceedings:

but, at the same time, he had too much regard for the independent manliness of others to be pleased with a homage which clashed against that.

What a fulness of the noblest, the sublimest conceptions must have lived and moved in him to admit of their crystallizing themselves into the melodies which transport us!—softness without weakness, enthusiasm without hollowness, longing without sentimentality, passion without madness. He is deep but never turgid, pleasant but never insipid, lofty but never bombastic. In the expression of love, fervent, tender, overflowing with happiness or with melancholy, but never with ignoble sensuality. He can be cordial, cheerful, joyful to extravagance, to excess—never to vulgarity. In the deepest suffering he does not lose himself—he triumphs over it. He has been called humorous—it is a question whether music, viewed in its immediateness and truth, be capable of expressing humor—yet it may be that he sometimes "smiles amid tears." With true majesty does he move in his power, in his loftiness, in the boldness of his action, which may rise to defiance—never to senseless licence. A little self-will shows itself here and there, but it suits him well, for it is not the self-will of obstinacy, but of striving. He can be pious, never hypocritical; his lofty soul rises to the Unspeakable; he falls on his knees with humility, but not with slavish fear, for he feels the divinity within. A trace of heroic freedom pervades all his creations; consequently they work in the cause of freedom. The expression, "*Im Freien*," liberty! might serve as the inscription on a temple dedicated to his genius!

Like nature herself, he is varied in his forms, without ever relinquishing a deep laid, well-concerted basis; he is rich in the melodies which he produces, but never lavish: he acts in regard to them with a wise economy. In the working out of his thoughts he unites the soundest musical logic to the richest inventive boldness. Seldom only does he forget the words of Schiller, "In what he leaves *unsaid*, I discover the master of style."

This wise economy does not forsake him either in the selection or the number of the powers which he employs. He avoids every superfluity, but the spirits of sound which he invokes must obey him. Nevertheless, not to slavish servitude does he reduce them; on the contrary, he raises them in their own estimation by that which he exacts from them. What might be urged against him, perhaps, is that he sometimes makes demands upon them to which they are not adequate, that his ideal conception goes beyond their power of execution.

He has spoken almost exclusively in the highest forms of instrumental music, and where, in one way or other, words are added to these, he has always been actuated by high motive. He sings of Love and Freedom with Goethe, of Joy with Schiller, of the heroism of Conjugal Love in "Fidelio;" in his solemn Mass he gives expression to all those feelings which force their way from man to his Maker.

Enough, enough! we would never have done, were we to say all that could be said about such a mind. Dare we now really claim his creations, which breathe the highest humanity, as specially *German?* I think this will be granted us when we add to it the consideration that our greatest poets and thinkers have, in like manner, struck root firmly in their nationality, whence they have grown up—away, beyond—into those regions from which their glance embraced but one wholly striving human family.

It has been often declared that we, for long, felt and recognized our national unity only through the works of our poets, artists, and philosophers; but it has never been fully recognized that it was our first tone-poets in particular, who caused the essential German character to be appreciated by other nations. There are, perhaps, no two German names which can rejoice in a popularity so widely diffused in the most dissimilar nations—equal to that of Mozart and Beethoven. And Haydn, and Weber, and Schubert, and Mendelssohn! what a propaganda have they made for the Fatherland! That they speak a *universal* language does not prevent their uttering in it the best which we possess *as Germans*.

Nevertheless, as men are constituted, it is not to be denied that what enchants does not on that account overawe them; they *esteem* the beautiful, they *respect* only force and strength, even should these work destroyingly.

Well, then! Germany has now shown what she can do in this way; she will bloom afresh, and follow out her high aims in every direction. The consideration which we could long since have claimed as a people, will then be freely accorded to the German state.

As a musician, I can wish for the nation nothing better than that it should resemble a Beethoven symphony—full of poetry and power; indivisible, yet many-sided; rich in thought and symmetrical in form; exalted and mighty!

And for the Beethoven symphonies I could wish directors and executants like those of whom the world's history will speak when considering the nineteenth century. But History, if at all true to her task, must also preserve the name of the man who, nearly seventy years ago, created the Eroica,—an achievement in the intellectual life which may place itself boldly by the side of every battle which has left invigorating and formative traces on the destiny of mankind.

Mendelssohn at Buckingham Palace.

The original of the following interesting letter by Mendelssohn has just been published by his son in a German periodical. With the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which we borrow the translation, we wonder how many more of these charming effusions are lying concealed.

Frankfort, July 19, 1842.

MY DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER,—I must tell you a little [illegible] days after our trip to [illegible]. I couldn't make up my mind to go to Dublin because of the twelve hours' sea journey, the thought of which crushed all my ideas. We spent two [illegible] days in Manchester with the uncles and aunts, but as soon as we got back to London the whirl began again. I could tell you all about it [illegible]—how [illegible] carried on with Sir Edward Bulwer, and how old Rogers, Sam Rogers, you know [illegible] begged her to bring up her [illegible] to be as charming as herself, and to speak English as well [illegible] and how Mr. Bunsen [illegible] and how we [illegible] at the Beneckes', and Klingemann [illegible] a West Indian planter [illegible] Sir Walter Scott, and how the Duchess [illegible] gave me a fish dinner at Greenwich with whitebait and speeches, and how they sang my Antigone music at the Moscheles'. I must imitate that on the piano for you at home—I see Rebecka laughing already [illegible] never write [illegible] and how I waited for Herr von Massow at the Brunswick Hotel, and spoke to Herr Abeken at the Bunsens', and how we had a great dinner at the Bunsens'—all this I shall describe minutely when I see you; but I must at once tell you all the details of my last visit at Buckingham Palace. I know how it will amuse you, dear mother, and me too. It is, as G. says, the one really pleasant and thoroughly comfortable English house, where one feels *à son aise*. Of course I do know a few others, but yet on the whole I agree with him. Joking apart, Prince Albert had asked me to go to him on Saturday at two o'clock, so that I might try his organ before I left England; I found him alone, and as we were talking away, the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. She said she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour, and then suddenly interrupting herself exclaimed, "But goodness, what a confusion!" for the wind had littered the whole room, and even the pedals of the organ (which, by the way, made a very pretty feature in the room), with leaves of music from a large portfolio that lay open. As she spoke she knelt down and began picking up the music; Prince Albert helped, and I too was not idle. Then Prince Albert proceeded to explain the stops to me, and she said she would meanwhile put things straight. I begged that the Prince would first play me something, so that, as I said, I might boast about it in Germany; and he played a Chorale, by heart, with the pedals, so charmingly and clearly and correctly that it would have done credit to any professional, and the Queen having finished her work, came and sat by him and listened, and looked pleased. Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from "St. Paul"—"How lovely are the messengers." Before I got to the end of the first verse they both joined in the chorus, and all the time Prince Albert managed the stops for me so cleverly—first a flute, at the forte the great organ, at the D major part the whole, then he made a lovely diminuendo with the stops, and so on to the end of the piece, and all by heart—that I was really quite enchanted. Then the young Prince of Gotha came in, and there was more chatting; and the Queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones. "You should sing one to him," said Prince Albert; and, after a little begging, she said she would try the "Frühlingslied" in B flat—"If it is still here," she added, "for all my music is packed up for Claremont." Prince Albert went to look for it, but came back, saying it was already packed. "But one might perhaps unpack it," said I. "We must send for Lady ——," she said. (I did not catch the name). So the bell was rung, and the servants were sent after it, but without success; and at last the Queen went herself, and while she was gone Prince Albert said to me, "She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance," and gave me a little case with a beautiful ring on which is engraved "V. R. 1842." Then the Queen came back and said, "Lady —— is gone, and has taken all my things with her. It really is most annoying." (You can't think how that amused me.) I then begged that I might not be made to suffer for the accident, and hoped she would sing another song. After some consultation with her husband he said, "She will sing you something of Gluck's." Meantime the Princess of Gotha had come in, and we five proceeded through various corridors and rooms to the Queen's sitting-room, where there was a gigantic rocking-horse standing near the sofa, and two big bird-cages, and pictures on the walls, and splendidly bound books on the tables, and music on the piano. The Duchess of Kent came in too, and while they were all talking I rummaged about amongst the music, and soon discovered my first set of songs. So, of course, I begged her rather to sing one of those than the Gluck, to which she very kindly consented; and which did she choose?—"Schöner und schöner schmückt sich!" sang it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. Only in the line "Der Prosa Last und Müh," where it goes down to D, and then comes up again chromatically, she sang D sharp each time, and as I gave her the note both times, the last time she sang D, and there it ought to have been D sharp. But with the exception of this little mistake it was really charming, and the last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural from any amateur. Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written the song (which I found very hard, but pride must have a fall), and beg her to sing one of my own also. If I would give her plenty of help she would gladly try, she said, and then she sang the Pilgerspruch "Lass dich nur," really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression. I thought to myself, one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times; upon which she said, "Oh, if only I had not been so frightened; generally, I have such long breath." Then I praised her heartily, and with the best conscience in the world; for just that part with the long G at the close she had done so well, taking the three following and connecting notes in the same breath, as one seldom hears it done, and therefore it amused me doubly that she herself should have begun about it. After this Prince Albert sang the Aerndte-lied, "Es ist ein Schnitter," and then he said I must play him something before I went, and gave me as themes the chorale which he had played on the organ and the song he had just sung. If everything had gone as usual, I ought to have improvised most dreadfully badly, for it is almost always like that with me when I want it to go well, and then I should have gone away vexed with the whole morning. But, just as if I was to keep nothing but the pleasantest, most charming recollection of it, I never improvised better: I was in the best mood for it, and played a long time, and enjoyed it myself so that, besides the two themes, I brought in the songs that the Queen had sung, naturally enough; and it all went off so easily that I would gladly not have stopped; and they followed me with so much intelligence and attention that I felt more at my ease than I ever did in improvising to an audience. She said several times she hoped I would soon come to England again and pay them a visit, and then I took leave, and down below I saw the beautiful carriages waiting, with their scarlet outriders, and in a quarter of an hour the flag was lowered, and the Court Circular announced, "Her Majesty left the palace at twenty minutes past three," and I went off in the rain to the Klingemanns, and had the double pleasure of pouring out all my news to them and to Cécile.

I must add that I begged the Queen to allow me to dictate my A minor symphony to her, as that had really been the inducement to my journey, and because the English name on the Scotch piece would look doubly well. Also, I forgot to tell you how just as she was going to begin to sing she said, "But the parrot must go out first, or he will screech louder than I shall sing." Upon which Prince Albert rang the bell, and the Prince of Gotha said he would carry it out, and I said, "Allow me," and carried the great cage out, to the astonishment of the servants. There is plenty more to say when we meet; but if Dirichlet goes and thinks me a little aristocrat because of these long details, I swear I am more radical than ever, and call to witness Grote, Roebuck, and you, my dear little mother, who will be as much amused by all these details as I am myself.

Verdi on Modern Art.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE COMPOSER.

We reprint the subjoined remarks and letter from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"After the death of Saverio Mercadante," says that journal, "who for so long a period was regarded as the patriarch of Italian (especially Neapolitan) musicians, his post as director of the Musical Conservatory at Naples was offered to the author of '*Il Trovatore*,' '*La Traviata*,' and '*Rigoletto*.' Signor Verdi, however, too well satisfied with the position he has held, and still holds in a great measure, as the most popular dramatic composer of his time, did not appreciate the honor intended to be conferred upon him, and replied to his friend, Signor Florimo, who conveyed to him the proposal of the directing members of the Conservatory, as follows:"

GENOA, JAN. 5, 1870.—*Dear Florimo*: Nothing could have flattered my *amour propre* more than the offer of the directorship of the Naples Conservatoire, conveyed to me through you, from the professors of that institution, and from so many Neapolitan musicians. It is painful to me not to respond as I could wish, but, with my engagements, habits, and love of independent life, it would be impossible for me to undertake so laborious a task. You will say: "How about art?" Very good; but I have done as much as I have been able to do for art, and, if occasionally I am to do more, it is indispensable that I should be, as before, entirely free. Were it otherwise, you may imagine how proud I should be to occupy the position once held by such founders of a school as Scarlatti, Durante and Leo. It would have been glorious for me (nor would it be just now a step backward) to train pupils in the strict and profound, though clear and simple studies of those great masters. I should have liked, as it were, to stand with one foot on the past, the other on the present and future; for of the "Music of the Future" I am not afraid. I would say to young students: "Practice fugues constantly, assiduously, and to the utmost, until you have become so strong and sure as to subject the notes to your will. You will thus learn to compose with freedom, to dispose the various parts naturally, and modulate without affectation. Study Palestrina and some of his contemporaries; pass then to Marcello, and direct your attention chiefly to recitative: attend now and then performances of modern operas without yielding to the fascination of florid harmony and orchestration, or chords of the diminished seventh—quicksands, or harbor of refuge (as it may be) to all who do not know how to write four bars without their assistance." After superadding a broad literary culture, I would say, finally: Write in good faith, and (provided you can boast of an artistic organization) you will become composers. At all events you will not swell the crowd of mere imitators, or be lost among those morbid representatives of our time, who, while searching and searching, and sometimes working skillfully, yet never succeed in lighting upon anything new.

For singing I should also have recommended the old school, combined with that of modern declamation. To put in practice these rules, apparently so simple, it would be necessary to superintend with so much assiduity that twelve months in the year thus exclusively employed would not suffice. With my home and personal interests so remote from your city, how could I possibly attend to all these things? Be good enough, my dear Florimo, to express my great regret to your colleagues and to the musicians of your "bella Napoli" that I cannot accept an offer with which I feel so highly honored. I trust you will find the man of whom you are in want—one, before all, learned and strict in discipline. Licenses in counterpoint may pass, and occasionally prove effective on the operatic stage; but in a Conservatoire, to progress is to go back to the ancient rules and canons.

Adieu! Believe me ever, yours affectionately.

GUISEPPE VERDI.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Marx's Characterization of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

BY A. E. KROEGER.

[Concluded from page 402.]

SECOND PART.—WITH CHORUS.

And now, according to the well founded construction of a symphony we ought to hear the fourth movement. Thereby the Ninth Symphony would be closed and completed in the manner of the previous eight. But quite a different thing was resolved by fate and the spirit of the master.

There he stood at the boundary of his symphonic empire. His fate had separated him from men, and he had founded for himself this empire, had lived in this instrumental world into which he had breathed his life and spirit. He had unlocked this life with wizard power to the entrance of the Idea. These beings, that to others appeared mere tools of wood and metal, he had made into the image of man, human souled, so that you often think: now the mouth of that instrument must open itself and speak words, human words. And yet the instrument was not man, was not his like, gave not satisfaction to his often erring, often deceived, always love desiring heart. Men, men he needed; that friendly society, which he expresses a longing for in his *Last Will*, and which he always longed for, the brotherly embrace. More than all the enchantments of his strange world would have been to him that friendly intercourse from which fate had remorselessly excluded him.

This he confesses now. When the Finale of his Symphony ought to have begun, a wild cry of the orchestra rends the harmony, and breaks with crashing fury into the peace of this world. A mighty recitative of the Basses follows with strong emphasis: are the instruments to speak? Once more the indignant orchestra utters its cry and the basses speak again, but words not understood. And now fly, like the shadows of fleeting clouds, past the vision of these speakers, the dream forms of their past life: the energetic command of the first movement, in opposition to the milder speech of the bass voices; the fairy dance of the second movement, in opposition to the greater urgency of the bass voices; and finally the evening song of the third movement, that prayerful, tranquil, parting word. And now these speakers, the first ever called from instrumental life into the world of speech, start the melody.

"Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness,
Daughter from Elysium!"

Not, however, in the tone of that grand hymn, which continues:

"Hearts on fire, with step of lightness,
On thy holy ground we come!"

But in altogether a popular tone. Men, only men, in brotherly communion, walking arm in arm; this is his whole desire now, he is so weary of his sway in solitude apart from man! The dull, deep basses softly articulate this melody in a half-whispered and confiding tone; it seems like long buried memories of youth. It is like a half forgotten song, which you hum to yourself as if you wanted to recall all its tones again. Then, after the song has passed by in utmost self content, with repetitions of every part by the basses (with the violoncellos), and is now repeated an octave higher by the united violoncellos and violas, a second voice joins it, as if by accident, and comfortably walking its own way; then again another one; there is here a truly wise intuition of an artist's mind, in opposing this innocent, simple folk-song to the highest flight of phantasy, to the most powerful and most tender feelings. It tells all, confirms all, that we have dared to unriddle and interpret, with the certainty of a child's faith. Those, who find no chord in their breast to sympathize with it, must be referred to what the sublimest teacher said to his disciples: "Unless you become little children again, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Now for the first time the thought of that life-picture,—which in the second movement (407th measure) smiled on us so home-like, spreading itself out lovely and full of glow, as when upon the long absent wanderer from the last height breaks forth unexpectedly in the evening sunshine the loved scene of home—becomes intelligible to us. "*This* we have lived through and fought out; *thither* we are now beckoned!" There is a wonderful unity in this work, for it is not made work; Beethoven lived it.

Gradually other voices join; the folk-song blooms and grows into gladsome triumph, from which, however, a look of tender emotion (*poco ritenuto*) falls back upon the past. We have always found Beethoven purely human, never in an abstract, self-made exaltation.

For the third time the cry of the rebellious orchestra interrupts.

But now, when the bass voices come in again, they are real human voices; that instrumental recitative has become a human word, a human recitative: "O friends, not these tones! But let us start others, more pleasant, more full of joy!" Thus cries Beethoven from out his longing heart. This is the decisive word; the master himself has found and uttered it. Let none with cheap knowingness sneer at the expression of the thought! He who was able to conceive it, and who has "spoken with tongues" as Beethoven has in this Symphony, is the proper one to choose the words for the thought which his deeply moved and simple heart has found.

And now the voices,—*human* voices, call:

"Joy, O joy!

And human voices raise the hymn,

"Joy, thou spark of heavenly brightness!" &c.

in that same simple people's melody. For that which is most profound and grand finds at all times its last sanctification and confirmation in the heart and mouth of the people.

The further progress of the symphony needs no closer consideration. The melody is first sung by a solo voice (barytone) and closed by the chorus (without soprano) in the manner of a refrain. At the second strophe:

"He, whom happy fate hath granted,
Friend to have and friend to be,

it is again repeated by the solo voices, and again closed in refrain by the chorus, this time four-voiced. How thoroughly Beethoven had given himself up to the thought of this simple folk-song, is here confirmed, for the words:

"Yea, who in his heart's sure keeping
Counts but one true soul his own!
Who can not, oh! let him, weeping,
Steal away and live alone."

are sung in tranquil mood to the same melody,—and this by the lonely Beethoven. The following verses are sung by the solo voices, again with a refrain by the chorus, to the same, but varied (figurative) melody; and the final words:

"Before God the seraph stands,"

give to the song a solemn change; the modulation takes up the dominant B-flat major.

Here a very solemn, nay mysteriously intoned march rhythm,—a variation of the same melody,—leads with considerable expansion to the verses:

"Joyful, as his suns are flying
Through the heaven's glorious plain,
Brothers, on your pathway gain,
Joyfully like heroes vieing."

sung by the hero voice of the tenor, with male chorus joining in. With breadth and splendor, in *fugato* style, the orchestra alone bears along the festival march to victory, until finally, amidst the stormy impetus of the string instruments and the rhythmic calls of the wind instruments, the folk-chorus again sets in with the first verse, to the simple tune, raising and ending it an bacchanalian triumph.

Very solemnly and powerfully,—a chorus of priests celebrating the brotherly love of all men,—the male chorus now intones:

"Oh! embrace now, all ye millions!"

And when the higher voices of the chorus fall in, when all the wind instruments, even the trombones, make themselves heard above them in wide octaves, while the basses, with the other string instruments, in festive elaboration of their dactylian rhythm range through the spacious rooms of these grand harmonies: your soul grows quiet and festive as when you hear the sounds of an organ and of a church choir in a wide, empty cathedral, lit up by the sunlight streaming through the lofty windows.

Finally the chorus crowns the whole in a grand elaboration of the first melody, rising to perfectly dithyrambic exultation.

Now, the important point does not lie in all these single moments, not in the marvels of instrumentation and invention, of which we might tell; but rather in the fundamental thought, which occurs at the transition from the instrumental, the Symphonic music, into human music, into Song. Whoever has educated himself to recognize thoughts in music, will find this transition and dissolving of opposites—wherein the instrument strives after the word and the human speech, the recitative has not yet been able to tear itself loose from the instrumental manner of music—quite as artistically genial as in Goethe's Faust the transition of Helena's shade into a new corporeal substance, or, in Aristophanes's comedy, the descent of Dionysos into Hades. Your eyes see the impossibility, and yet you believe. That is the triumph of art.

But the fundamental thought of this work is of threefold significance. First, in a biographical way: Beethoven's life-work, in all its breadth and glory—yet undeniably accompanied by the never-quieted desire of the solitary man for the circle of human society. Secondly, in an artistical way: the two halves of the tone-realm are weighed in a just scale and united, with equal justice to each, so far as each can go. Finally, in a purely human way: the human in opposition to the external world approves its highest claim upon man, and not till then does the external approach, dissolve and reunite itself with the human, and enter its proper sphere. We cannot seize either nature or whatsoever of spiritual life may move around and over us, with love and justice, except through the Human.

Such was the Ninth Symphony. It was composed from November, 1823, to February, 1824. *It had to be the last one.* For it was the spoken separation. Another symphony could have been only a retrogression to a previous standpoint.

Biography of Palestrina.

[Continued from page 404.]

Hardly had he held his post at the Pontifical Chapel for six months when his patron died. Pope Marcellus, who succeeded him, and whose worth, wisdom, and avowed intention of "restoring to Divine worship its genuine solemnity," might have rekindled all his hopes, died also on the twenty-second day of his pontificate, and was succeeded, in May 1555, by the austere and stern Paul IV., the same Carrafa, who, as cardinal, had re-established the Inquisition. We read of him, that he "seemed to know no other duty, no other occupation, than the restoration of the old faith to its former dominion." His avowed object on commencing his pontificate was the noble one of making the reform of the Universal Church and the Roman court his chief care; and it used to be his boast, towards the conclusion of his pontificate, that he had not suffered a day to pass without issuing some order towards the restoration of the Church to her original purity. Unfortunately for Palestrina, there was brought to light, in the course of these reforms, an ancient enactment which prohibited any one not in holy orders from singing in the Pope's choir. The consequence was, that our artist, together with two other married men, were deprived of their appointments. Palestrina, who till then had thought his position in life secure, found this sudden blow almost heavier than he could bear. The faith that could support him beneath such a shock must have been of no ordinary character. What a temptation was it for him to abandon the ecclesiastical, and take up with the secular side of his calling! The way had been opened for him already. With such a reputation as he possessed, he might have established a school at Rome, which would hardly have lacked pupils. But nothing could alter the bent of his mind, or shake his attachment to the Church, to whose service he had once for all devoted himself. Retiring to a sorry cottage on the Monte Celio, he calmly awaited the return of better days.

When his health, which had at first suffered severely from this sharp and unlooked for visitation, was sufficiently restored, his friends, to whose assistance he had meanwhile been indebted for his support, procured for him the place of chapel-master at S. John Lateran, which then happened to be vacant. This was still in the year 1555. He held the post for six years, and during that time produced a great number of works; among others, the celebrated *Improperia*, or Reproaches, which to this day ennoble the solemnities of Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.

To understand this composition, it will be necessary to take a momentary glance at the ceremonial observed in the Pope's Chapel during the three last days of Holy Week. The offices of these three days, so arranged that the first, or Thursday office, shall begin at four on the Wednesday afternoon, are called *Tenebræ*. One by one, as each of the appointed psalms is concluded, the lights, placed upon a triangular stand, are extinguished. On Good Friday, amidst the darkness so produced, is made visible the image of the Saviour. The Clergy approach to do reverence on their knees; and while they are thus engaged, the *Improperia* of which we are speaking are chanted by the choir. They consist of mild expostulations and rebukes, such as were addressed of old by the Redeemer to His people through the prophets; supposed to be addressed now by himself personally to his Church:—"O my people, how have I wearied thee, or in what have I offended thee," &c. Mingled with these reproaches, there rises at intervals from the assembled people the hymn of the Trisagion (thrice holy), being an ascription of praise and adoration, offered in response to the reproaches of the Saviour by his conscience-stricken and penitent people.

Of course the full effect of this simple but sublime composition can be realized only on the occasion for which it was written, and amidst the accessories by which it is then surrounded. But to hear it so sung, we are told by one in every respect qualified to pass an opinion, "slow, yet bold, full yet soft, with the melting modulation which that choir alone can give, produces a feeling of sweet devotional melancholy, a mildened emotion, which not even the more artificial and far-famed *Miserere* can excite." The *Improperia* were first produced in the year 1560, when such was the impression made by them that, in the following year Pius IV., who then filled the papal chair, requested the composer to allow a copy to be taken for his chapel, where it has since been performed every year as a regular stated part of the Good Friday offices.

Those of our readers who would desire further examples of the spirit and manner in which this great composer strove to give musical expression to the services of the Christian year, may find them in the Advent anthem, "Canite Tuba," which is given in the collection of motets above noticed, and is considered by some of his editors to be the finest composition of the kind he ever wrote; or in the equally celebrated "Fratres Ego," which have been published separately by Novello. This latter composition, narrating the institution of the Lord's Supper, forms another feature in the musical services of the Sistine Chapel during the Holy Week, being sung on Maundy Thursday. Like every thing else in that chapel, it is performed without instrumental accompaniment. The choir, or rather choirs (for it is written in eight parts), draw near to the steps of the altar, and ranging themselves on opposite sides, give a most simple and melodious rendering of the sacred narrative, such as aids us most powerfully in the realization of the affecting event which it describes.

In these and the like instances did Palestrina labor with undoubted success in the reformation of Church music. But he has yet to appear before us in a more eminent position even than this. We have hitherto spoken of him as the reformer; now, in the year 1565, during the eventful sittings of the Council of Trent, we have to speak of him as the very saviour (if we may be permitted the expression), of Church music to his brethren. It will be borne in mind here, what has previously been said of the general state of music in Rome and elsewhere, at the era of which we are speaking. The influence of Palestrina himself, considering the proverbial jealousy of the profession, we can hardly expect to have extended beyond the immediate sphere of the churches where he held his appointments: in the rest, the abuses and profanations to which we then alluded, continued to prevail. "It is no wonder, then," to quote the words of the historian Ranké, "that the Council of Trent took offence at the introduction of such music into the churches. In the course of the proceedings, Pius IV. instituted a commission, for the express purpose of inquiring whether music should be tolerated in the churches or not. The question was very doubtful. The Church required that the words sung should be intelligible"—a reasonable request surely; the ordinary plan being to render the holy text quite incomprehensible through the contrapuntic maze of canon and fugue by which it was enveloped—"and that there should be an accordance between them (the words) and the music.

This the musicians asserted was unattainable by the laws of their art." The essence of harmonic music, they said, consisted in imitations and fugues, the withdrawal of which would be tantamount to its annihilation. "Cardinal Borromeo was one of the commissioners, and his austerity might easily have led to the adoption of a harsh resolution." Fortunately, however, the cardinal, who with all this austerity, as the historian terms it, was one of the best and wisest men of his Church and day, was at that time arch priest of Santa Maria Maggiore, where Palestrina had held the office of chapelmaster since March, 1561. The compositions which he had heard in this church, no doubt, convinced Borromeo that he might safely trust the cause of Church music to his hands. Through his influence, therefore, the composer was commissioned, on the 10th of January, 1565, to write a mass such as the council required; and he was at the same time warned that on his individual efforts the whole cause rested: "The life or death," as the historian expresses it, "of the grand music of the mass," which, if he failed, was to be thenceforth forever banished from the house of God. We can easily picture to ourselves, and we must certainly sympathize with, the feelings of one so eminent, and yet so modest as Palestrina, when he thus found the very existence of the science which he loved with such intense ardor, made to depend on his own individual efforts. An affecting record remains to prove alike his anxiety, and the source whence he sought help; a record which indicates the abiding presence of that religious spirit which we have observed on so many previous occasions, and which, in fact, never failed, in whatever difficulties, to sustain and animate this thoroughly Christian man. On the first page of his MS. the historian has recorded that there were found written the words, "Lord, enlighten mine eyes."

The result of his labors appeared in the course of a few months, viz.—three masses, of which one in particular, the third, was hailed with universal admiration and delight; the Pope himself comparing it with the heavenly melodies, such as the Apostle John might have heard in his ecstasy. This is the composition which goes by the name of Pope Marcellus's Mass; not, however, as the common story goes, because written at his behest, and receiving his approbation. Pope Marcellus, as we have seen, had died ten years previously. Still under that title Palestrina did actually dedicate the work to Philip II. of Spain; no doubt from a feeling of gratitude to the memory of one who would have been his great benefactor had he survived; no doubt in the full consciousness that the mass itself was precisely such an one as Pope Marcellus would have delighted to hear.

(To be Continued).

Music Abroad.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Langert's opera of *Dornröschen* is in rehearsal at the Stadt Theater, and Herr Langert has himself arrived to superintend its production.—At the twelfth Gewandhaus Concert, the violinist was Herr Isidor Lotto, who achieved a great success at one of the same concerts several years ago by his performance of Paganini's "Carnival of Venice," but who has since been prevented from ill health from playing in public. He performed a Concerto of his own, and the "Devil's Sonata" of Tartini. He was much applauded in both. The programme included likewise, as more particularly appropriate to the season, two Christmas Songs for chorus, by Praetorius and Schröder, and the Pastoral from J. S. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. The principal instrumental piece was Schumann's C major Symphony. At the eleventh Gewandhaus Concert, Mlle. Brandes a young pianist from Schwerin, played Schumann's A minor Concerto, and Weber's *Concertstück*. Herr Gura, a baritone from the Stadttheatre, sang the grand air from Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, and songs by R. Schumann. The orchestral pieces were Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

A Symphony by Herr Johann Svendsen was performed with

considerable success at the twelfth Gewandhaus Concert. It had already been previously played at one of the Euterpe Concerts last year. Although containing some unmistakable reminiscences—the first motive of the first movement, for instance, recalling vividly to the hearer's mind Schubert's C major Symphony—it affords satisfactory evidence that Herr Svendsen possesses both strongly marked individuality and considerable talent in the management of the orchestra. Mlle. Marie Schroder, from Breslau, and formerly of the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, sang some songs by Donizetti and Gordigiani, whereat one or two leading musical papers are exceedingly wroth, because, they say, such compositions should be prohibited once for all at the Gewandhaus Concerts. Herr Benno Walter, from Munich, played Spohr's Concerto No. 9, and the Ballade and Polonaise by Vieuxtemps. The band performed Mendelssohn's overture, *Meeresstille und Gluckliche Fahrt*, but not in their best style.—The following was the programme of the first Concert [second series] of Chamber Music: Trio, C major, Haydn; Stringed Quartet, C minor, Schubert; Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello [Op. 38], Brahms; Quintet for Clarionet and Strings, Mozart.—*Lon. Mus. World.*

MUNICH.—Herr Wüllner, conductor of the Royal Vocal-Chapel, and of the Roman Catholic church of All Saints, has frequently officiated as operatic conductor at the Theatre Royal, since Herr von Bülow left, last August. He has now been definitely appointed Herr von Bülow's successor. The King has also ordered, as already announced in the *Musical World*, that Herr Heinrich Porges, on whom the title of Royal Chapelmaster *extra statum* had been conferred, shall be employed as conductor at the Theatre Royal. Herr Porges is a determined partisan of Herr R. Wagner, and was sent for by the latter, in the autumn of 1867, from Vienna, to act as his collaborator upon the *Suddeutsche Presse*, then an official print. He will, therefore, be more especially employed to conduct the Wagnerian operas. It is said that *Siegfried*, the second part of the *Ring der Nibelungen*, will be positively produced this year. The pianoforte score will be published shortly. The composer is still working on the third part: *Gotterdammerung*.

STUTTGARDT.—Notwithstanding the exceedingly unfavorable state of things, 84 new pupils were, last autumn, entered on the books of the Conservatory of Music, which is under the immediate patronage of the King. The number of pupils is at present 441, only 16 fewer than last winter. Of these 441, 130—35 male and 95 female pupils—are studying music as a profession. 263 pupils belong to STUTTGARDT itself, while 27 come from other parts of Wurtemburg; 9 from Baden; 5 from Bavaria; 3 from Hesse; 12 from Prussia; 1 from Saxony; 1 from Saxe-Coburg; 1 from Bremen; 1 from Hamburg; 1 from Austria; 25 from Switzerland; 1 from Holland; 3 from France; 35 from Great Britain and Ireland; 13 from Russia; 1 from the Danubian Principalities; 37 from North America; and 3 from South America. During the winter season, 529 lessons are delivered every week by 24 masters and one lady-professor.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 11, 1871.

Wagner on Beethoven.

Most of our readers have probably heard and read of Richard Wagner's pamphlet entitled "BEETHOVEN," published on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration. We more than doubt, however, if the most metaphysical and German scholar of them all has had the courage to work his way through the document itself. We must confess we tried, and gave up in despair. A German paper, from which we make the following extracts, says:—"We question if the readers of the pamphlet will find their expectations fulfilled. For only the smaller half of it treats of Beethoven, the other is devoted to a philosophical exposition of the nature of music. And here Wagner exhibits a most astonishing talent for expressing himself bombastically, confusedly and obscurely. To him the direct expression of the will is a *cry*. Will is the one thing that forms the common basis of ourselves, and all things without us. A *cry*, *i. e.* sound, tone, music, is therefore the first, and most direct expression of the innermost essence of the world. The world of sound is so much above the world of light, and so near to the essence of the world itself, because it is unbound from the forms of the *visible* world, from space and matter. Could it be freed from the shackles of time too, it would then be the deepest revelation of the will, *i. e.*, of the essence of the world, outside of time and space." (The word translated by essence here, is an untranslatable German term of Wagner's own making, so far as we know, "*Das An sich der Welt.*") "Wagner therefore regards harmony more as real music than melody; for the latter, being a *succession of tones*, requires time, and does not express the timeless essence of the world as perfectly as harmony, which consists in the timeless *chiming together* of the tones. Melody and measure are to W. the fall of music from its primitive state of harmonic innocence; for with these it adopts time, and approaches the plastic art, the forms therefore of the *visible* world, the world of appearances, and of the intellect only. Real music, according to W., must therefore be one single, uninterruptedly sounding chord, without rhythmical measure, a musical repetition of the 'Om-Om' of the Brahmins, for thus it would approach most closely the unchangeable essence, the revelation of the will. Palestrina's music, in which 'rhythmic measure is as yet only perceptible through the changes of the harmonic succession of chords,' is to W. a 'dream-image of the world, of the most prophetic character,' because it is most distant from anything like time.

"We regret to be obliged to object to this, that even the mere changes of the harmonic succession of chords cannot exist without measure, and so will scarcely answer for 'timeless revelation!' Music only begins with a succession of tones; single sounds are not music, as single lines and colors are not painting. If music then is the revelation of the world nearest its essence, the musician is the real clair-voyant, and Beethoven is considered as the type of a musician, because his work was to penetrate through the outer forms of music to its innermost essence, in such a manner that he was able to throw the inner light of the clair-voyant back again upon outer things, and thus show these forms, too, according to the inner significance they bear."

Such is the curious philosophy of the apostle of the music of the future. We hasten away without any comments, leaving our readers to draw their own inferences and conclusions.

Far more satisfactory reading is afforded in the various admirable papers about Beethoven from the pen of Ferdinand Hiller, which we have copied recently;—perhaps the best of all of them on our first page to day.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The eighth Symphony Concert (Feb. 23) proved one of the most agreeable of the course. It also proved that it does not always need the "attraction" of a solo player, or a solo singer, to make a feast of pure orchestral music so enjoyable that no other element is missed. The programme was the following:

Overture to "Medea".....Cherubini.
First Symphony, in C minor, Op 5.....Gade.

Overture to Byron's "Manfred".....Schumann.
Entr'acte from the same..... "
Suite, for Orchestra, in C, op. 101.....J. Raff.

Here were four names, standing for four distinct and well contrasted elements. First Cherubini, classical in spirit as in form. His Overtures are all characteristic introductions to real, noble musical dramas; and this to "Medea" is one of his best, worthy of the opera, which is one of the noblest and grandest after Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven. Contemporary, almost, with the latter: and this reminds us, that, in searching in old German musical journals for notices of the first productions of "Fidelio," we found none until it had been repeated several times, and then only a few lines about it, in which the critic seems to have thought it praise enough to call it worthy of comparison with Cherubini's "Faniska," which had just been brought out for the first time, also in Vienna, under the author's own direction.—It is an Overture of which one cannot soon grow weary,—at least when played so well. (*This* week we were to have a *modern* Overture to Medea, to compare with it).

Then Gade, the Dane: the same old favorite Symphony, his first and best,—not heard now for four years, although in the meantime two others (No. 2, in E, and No. 4, in B flat) have been given in these concerts. This time another new one, that in A minor, was intended; but the non-arrival of the *parts* made it necessary to fall back upon the one which always proved a sure card with our public, the one which Mendelssohn brought out with such enthusiasm at Leipzig, calling it, in a letter to his sister, "this most original, most earnest, and sweet sounding Danish Symphony."—perhaps as good authority as the critic in one of last week's newspapers, who admits that "in the *Scherzo* there was some very pretty nonsense—musical *bon bons* with full complement of sugar and jelly, and little indeed of real substance!" —The work was never better relished here in Boston, for it was indeed admirably rendered. The romantic Northern seashore spirit that pervades it, so vigorous in the first movement; full of glorious wild *abandon* in the *Scherzo*, and of fairy dance and moonlight in its *Trio*: so finely sentimental in the *Andantino*: and in the strong *Finale* like a summoning of all the clans, with a heroic, grand old Bardic song ringing through it, which one of our brave regiments might well have marched to, singing, in the war of the rebellion;—this, in spite of the perfect unity, artistically, of the composition throughout, brought it in strong contrast with the work of Cherubini.

Then Schumann, always individual, subjective, deep in feeling, imaginative, subtle, taking after Beethoven, but far less strong and healthful. The Overture to "Manfred" was too interesting last year to be laid aside and out of thought. Of course, if there were not something morbid, something passionate, impatient, gloomy and spasmodic in it, it would be no true rendering of the mood of Byron. But all this it has, with a great deal of musical beauty, originality and power. It deserves to rank with his Overture to "Genoveva," and will win admirers the more that it is heard.—Perfectly lovely after it, a relief to its dark mood, was the little *Entr'acte* from this Manfred music, full of sweet, reposeful melody; only much too short to pass with a single hearing, considering that it had never been heard here before.

Of the *Suite* by Raff, one of the new men, there will be various opinions. But all will grant that it was interesting. It had been played here once before only, by the Thomas Orchestra. It certainly is fertile in ideas and fancies, and in ingenious forms and ways of treatment. The Fugue, which some, on principle, might vote rather dry, is a sound, earnest, rounded piece of work, and held attention captive. The *Minuet* and the *Scherzo* are odd enough in their freakishness, but have a certain charm of which one would like to test the potency a little farther. Perhaps the *Adagietto* is the most original portion of the whole; the *March* the least so, sounding Wagnerish at times, but mostly commonplace and coarse, and too much as if made to order for our street bands. The Orchestra had taken great pains with it, and succeeded well in mastering its many and peculiar difficulties.

The ninth concert came this week, the programme containing: Overture to "Medea," by Bargiel (new): Contralto Aria: "Buss und Reu," from *Bach's* Passion Music (first time in Boston), sung by Mrs. BARRY, in the place of Miss STERLING, who is unfortunately detained in New York by illness; Symphony in G, No. 13, *Haydn*.—Part II Overture to "Sakuntala," *Goldmark*; Aria: "Son confusa pastorella," from one of *Handel's* Italian operas, and Goethe's "Mailied," by *R. Franz*. Overture to "Ruy Blas," *Mendelssohn*.

Only one more remains, that for Thursday afternoon, March 23; and that is to be another BEETHOVEN Concert, with the following programme:

Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.
Piano Concerto, No. 5, in E flat..... "
Miss MARIE KREBS.

Overture to "Egmont"	Beethoven.
Piano Solo:	
a. Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue	Bach.
b. Polonaise in C, op. 89	Beethoven.
Mr. Kreissmann.	
Eighth Symphony, in F	Beethoven.

MR. B. J. LANG'S CONCERTS, at the Globe Theatre. The fourth and last of the very pleasant series drew an uncommonly large and cultivated audience on Thursday afternoon, March 2. This was the programme:

Quintet in B-flat major, op. 87	Mendelssohn.
Concerto in C major, for three Pianofortes	Bach.
Piano-forte Pieces	
Piano-forte Concerto, in D minor, op. 40	Mendelssohn.

The favorite old Quintet, still associated with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, was well played, and its quaint, ballad-like *Scherzando*, its very animated first and last movements, and solemn *Adagio* were heard with interest, though less exciting than in the early years of the Club when it reigned more exclusively. The Bach Concerto was played by Messrs. LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER, with quartet and double-bass accompaniment,—the three Chickering grands arranged *en echelon*, with the viols in the background, making a picturesque artistic group. The three pianists had about equal work to do, and all went evenly and well, with telling effect, and rich, full euphony, except in one or two passages of the beautiful and delicate *Adagio*, where they were not quite together, simply for the reason that they had not rehearsed it enough together; for, surely, each of those three artists was of course more than equal to any difficulties which such a composition could offer. The strong, exhilarating quick movements went to a charm; and what hearty, wholesome, strengthening and satisfying music it all is! If you think it enough to call it learned, conventional, old-fashioned, you have yet to become well acquainted with it. When you are tired and sick of more highly seasoned modern *mélanges*, you will find wholesome and refreshing food in the old Bach.

For piano solos, Mr. Lang played a couple of very graceful, airy, finished little fancies of his own, which were much enjoyed, and, in answer to an encore, another, not (we should think) from the same source, which seemed a little tame.—The D-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, was, if we remember rightly, first introduced to a Boston public by Mr. Lang, with orchestra, more than a dozen years ago. It is needless to say that he plays it very finely now, and the Quintet abridgment fairly supplied the place of orchestra.

And so the pleasant company dispersed, rather reluctantly at thinking that no more such feasts remained.

MUSICIANS' RELIEF FUND SOCIETY. [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. ZERRAHN. The two [illegible], though [illegible] Schubert movement [illegible] somewhat [illegible] intonation in the oboe, but otherwise both this and the other classical orchestral pieces were very well performed, the great number of violins and basses giving [illegible] to the mass of tone. The Overture, "Becalmed at sea, and happy Voyage," was heard with [illegible]. [illegible] Overture to "[illegible]" [illegible] revival after so many years.

Of the [illegible] we have [illegible] the most [illegible] impression [illegible] It was no easy matter [illegible] melodious, [illegible] movements in four instruments [illegible] and [illegible] and with power [illegible] power [illegible], and [illegible] or [illegible] the [illegible] easy flow of melody, [illegible] and [illegible] characterized the [illegible]. The [illegible] The [illegible] Organ, [illegible] quite interesting; but the [illegible] used in the [illegible].

Mr. Wm. [illegible] the [illegible] Aria [illegible] voice and style which [illegible] Mr. W[illegible] Air [illegible] Aria [illegible] her voice being one of great beauty. [illegible]

[illegible]

NEXT [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW YORK. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] numbers about 250, and the orchestra 70, all under the direction of Dr. James Pech, to whom is due much of the success of the Association. The audience was the most brilliant and largest ever seen in Steinway Hall, everybody going in full evening dress [illegible]. The programmes contain excellent sketches of the works performed, by the conductor, this one containing a very interesting life of Haydn.

For the next concert, May 2, the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn, and a new Mass by Niedermeyer, are promised.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society have in rehearsal for their next concert Haydn's 12th Symphony, and the overture "Calm at sea and happy voyage" by Mendelssohn.

The following are the programmes of the sixth and seventh pianoforte recitals of Miss Krebs at Steinway's small Hall. This young lady is fast becoming known as one of the most talented pianists that ever came to this country. On account of a fearful rain the sixth one was very poorly attended, scarcely fifty people being present.

[illegible]

[illegible]	Beethoven.
Miss Krebs.	
[illegible]	[illegible]
Miss Beebe and Sig. [illegible]	
Gavotte, G minor	Bach.
[illegible]	Schumann.
Home, sweet home	Thalberg.
Miss Krebs.	
Ave Maria	Gounod.
[illegible]	
[illegible], B flat, op. 46	Schumann.
Mr. Mills and Miss Krebs.	
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	
[illegible]	Liszt.
Miss Krebs.	
[illegible]	J. S. Bach.
Miss Krebs.	
[illegible]	Chopin.
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Mendelssohn.
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Thalberg.
[illegible]	Liszt.
Miss Krebs.	

[illegible]

The History of Music.

[illegible] BY MR. J. K. PAINE.

[illegible]

of time it developed certain national characteristics, which contributed in no small degree to the ultimate reform brought about by Gluck and Mozart in this branch of musical art. In France, as in other countries, mysteries and masques were common for a long time previous to the establishment of the opera. Italian music was first introduced into France by Rinuccini, who went to that country in the suite of Mary de Medicis, on her marriage with Henry IV. The first regular opera was performed in Paris in 1645, by an Italian company introduced by Cardinal Mazarin. The pastoral opera, "La finta Pazza," was sung. A few years later the "Orpheus" of Peri was performed, and not long after this the French began to do something themselves independently of Italy, producing in 1659 "The first French comedy with music," as it was called, the work of Peter Perrin and Robert Cambert. In 1669 Perrin was authorized by the king to establish an opera at Paris and elsewhere for the period of twelve years, and the opening piece, written and composed by Perrin and Cambert, had a run of eight months and richly repaid its originators. Before the term of years elapsed, the royal patronage was withdrawn and given to Lully. France did not at the outset resign herself to the charms of the Italian opera, but for a long time, even until the middle of the 18th century, pursued her own independent path in the development of a national style of musical art. She had no great traditional school of mediæval church music to educate and refine her taste, as was the case in Italy, Germany and England, and this very sterility in the musical life and organization of the French turned to their advantage, for in the absence of great works of musical art such as their neighbors possessed, their musical drama could come nearer to its ancient prototype, the Greek tragedy with music. John Baptiste Lully was a Florentine by birth (1633) and was taken to France, at the age of twelve years, as a page by Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the niece of Louis XIV. As she did not like his looks she degraded him to the kitchen as an under scullion, but as he exhibited great musical talent, he was given an education in that direction. He became a member and afterward leader of the King's band of twenty-four violins, and subsequently was appointed Intendent of the Royal Music, in which capacity he composed one opera every year to the text of Quinault, poet, whom he engaged at a liberal salary. The king granted him letters of nobility and appointed him one of his royal secretaries, a post of high honor. His talents as a musician were decidedly inferior to his clear understanding of stage effects. He remodeled the form of the drama and had a keen insight into the true action of the play. Compared with his Italian and German contemporaries, his music makes a very poor show. It was more the work of a *dilettante* than a musician. Nevertheless his operas remained in vogue for a century. Lully died in 1687. His most noted successor was John Phillipp Rameau, who was born at Dijon in 1683, and died in 1764. Rameau created a new era in French musical art. He studied under Marchand, the celebrated organist, and completed his studies in Naples. His first opera, produced on his return from Italy, created an uproar in Paris, on account of its innovations. Rameau was greatly superior to Lully as a musician, and was gifted with more talent and invention than the older French masters. He wrote thirty-six works for the stage. The absolute supremacy of the national opera of Lully and Rameau was greatly shaken by the introduction of the *opera buffa* by an Italian company, in 1752. "La Serva Padrona," by Pergolese, was given with great success, and led to the production of French pieces in the same style, Rousseau giving in his adherence to the new fashion by composing his comic opera, "Le Devin du Village," in accordance with it. Duni, the Italian contemporary of Pergolese, came to Paris in 1757, and introduced a new kind of musical drama, in which there was a good deal of spoken dialogue. This was the origin of the so-called *operetta*, which was subsequently developed by French and German composers. The immediate French composers of this kind of music were Philidor, whose real name was Francis André Danican (1726–1795), Pierre Alexandre Monsigny (1729–1817), and, a generation later, André Ernest Modeste Gretry (1741–1813), Dalayrac and Grossec.

The opera in England was under Italian influence almost from the outset. It enjoyed only a brief native existence under Purcell and Locke, and since that period to this day has been in the hands of foreigners, notwithstanding the various attempts that have been made to raise up a national school worthy of the enlightenment of the nation. The lecturer ventured the opinion that if as liberal and intelligent support had been given to English musicians, and as much love and devotion had been shown for the art after Elizabeth's reign, as was the case during that wise monarch's lifetime, a great national music would have grown up to match and far excel the work already begun by Tallis, Bird, Dowland and others. Puritanism could not tolerate art in any form, and consequently during its revolutionary sway the only noble school of music which England could boast of in her history was cut off. During the rule of the Puritans theatrical performances of all kinds were prohibited. The only exception was made in 1656 in favor of Sir William Davenant, who opened an exhibition which he called "An entertainment in declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients," which served as a kind of blind to the fanatical Puritans. The music to this piece was composed by Henry Lawes and others. This was followed by "The Siege of Rhodes" in *still* (?) *recitative*, which was consequently the first real opera sung in England. It was not before 1670 that the restrictions on stage plays were withheld. Charles II. encouraged theatres, music and the other arts, and it was during his reign that Locke, Purcell and Carey flourished, but it was beyond their power to repair the loss which English music had suffered during this long neglect. The Italians had already gained the ascendency, and the opera had become a well established form of music. The Italians invaded England in full force, and at last Handel, the master of them all, arrived to hold the natives in subjection as a musical conqueror. Matthew Locke was born at Exeter, and brought up as a chorister in the cathedral of that city. His best known works are his opera of "Psyche" and the music to Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

Henry Purcell, the greatest musical genius England has yet produced, was born in 1658. His musical education was completed under Dr. Blow, but his genius had shown itself at an early age. While a mere boy he composed anthems which are sung to this day. His talent for dramatic music was displayed equally early in life, and his first essay was made in this style when he was nineteen years old, in the form of an operetta called "Dido and Æneas." Purcel's church music has ever held an honored place in the Cathedral service of Great Britain. Like Mozart, Purcell died young—at the age of thirty-seven years. The French opera enjoyed only a brief career in England. It disappeared wholly after the year 1690, and the Italians began to invade England toward the end of the 17th century.

Henry Carey was born in 1695. He was the author of the words and music of charming songs and ballad operas. His melodies have a genuine, popular and national ring. His quaint and lovely song, "Sally in our alley," is as great a favorite to-day as it was a century and a half ago, and perhaps is the finest specimen of an English song. Chrysander justly calls Carey "the king of English minstrels."

The opera which had been introduced into Germany soon after its origin, by Henry Schütz, did not find universal cultivation for a long time, but before the Neapolitan masters of the 18th century had arisen to overrun Europe with their music and musicians, Germany witnessed a brief national development of the opera at Hamburg under Keiser, Mattheson, Handel and Telemann. It was principally through the determined zeal of Gerhard Schott, an influential citizen, alderman and jurist of Hamburg, that the opera was started and sustained. It lived for a period of over sixty years and declined after his death. The first abitious experiment in dramatic music was made at Hamburg in 1678, when the new opera on the Goose market was opened with a musical play called "Adam and Eve." The words of this piece were by the royal poet Richter and the music by John Theile. During the first period of the Hamburg opera, the services of the composers Franck, Strangk, Foitsch, Conradi and John Siegmund Kusser were also employed. The last named was the forerunner of Reinhard Keiser, who was born about 1673 and became chapelmaster of the Hamburg Opera in 1694. Keiser, who was a man of great genius, composed about one hundred and twenty operas. John Mattheson was a Hamburger by birth, and a man of wonderful versatility of talent, being a writer as well as a composer, singer and performer. Handel's first opera, "Almira," was produced at Hamburg in 1705 with marked success, and it was withdrawn to make place for his "Nero." He also composed "Daphne and Florinda" for the Hamburg stage. Handel left Hamburg in 1706, and went to Italy the same year. George Philipp Telemann was born in 1681, and was chosen Chapelmaster after the death of the chief director, Schott. He was the composer of about forty operas, six hundred overtures, a number of oratorios, forty-four Passions, twelve church cantatas, beside much other music.

The musical illustrations to the lecture comprised a selection in the *arioso* style from Lully's opera of "Roland," a song of Purcell's from his music to Shakspeare's "Tempest," and a bass solo from an opera by Keiser, all of which were sung by Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal with Piano Accompaniment.

Jim. 3. G to d. *F. B.* 40

One of Bret Harte's productions, set to music in what might be called a chant recitative style. Immensely effective if properly sung. Lithograph title, with a view of "ornery-derned old long-legged Jim" and his friend.

"Say there! P'raps some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well, no offence: There aint no sense
In getting riled!"

God bless that little Church round the corner. Song and Chorus. 2. C to e. *E. Christie.* 40

Fine view of the two churches on the title. Sweet melody, and fine song, to which the words of Thomas Jefferson, quoted above, make an appropriate heading.

"That little church around the corner
It stands in beauty there to-day."

Little One, Good-night. 3. G to d. *E. Pabst.* 30

A sweet little good-bye song, which will apply to a pet child, or to a pretty lady, providing she is little.

"Kiss me once before I leave thee,
And thy spirit bright,
In my dreams will hover near me,
Little one, good-night!"

Norah, Sweet Norah. 2. D to d. *W. T. Wrighton.* 30

Beautiful Irish ballad, that glides easily with the voice, and cannot fail to please.

Instrumental.

Study in G. Op. 25, No. 9. 6. G*b*. *Chopin.* 30

Not extremely difficult if played in moderate time, but if brought up to *Allegro Assai*, as marked, at the same time playing legato or staccato, putting in the accents, crescendos, and observing marks of expression, it will test the dexterity of a practised player. Quite graceful.

Blissful Moments. Mazurka Caprice. 6. C. *Chas. Wels.* 60

A showy piece for exhibition, and excellent practice.

Four Sonatas: also Aria, Larghetto, Gavotte, Corrente for Piano by *G. Battista Martini.* 4. Revised by *C. Banck.* 60

The present number contains the Aria, &c., and although marked for the piano, as naturally suggests the Reed Organ or Organ, for which instruments it furnishes useful practice and pretty music.

Autumnal Tints. 5. A*b*. *Sydney Smith.* 75

The melody introduced in the Cantabile is a very musical one, is varied afterward in the composer's peculiar, dashing, brilliant style.

Books.

THE PESTALOZZIAN MUSIC TEACHER. By *Dr. Lowell Mason and Theodore F. Seward.* $2.00

Throw any crowd of ideas into Dr. Mason's orderly, mathematical mind, and they will straightway arrange themselves systematically, follow each other logically, and begin to march, as it were, to music. The present treatise is admirably arranged, and gives the results of this veteran's half-century's experience, in a manner which cannot fail to be understood.

Of value to all music-teachers, and, as it applies the system also to all branches of study, it is a most useful book for school teachers.

Additional chapters, with illustrative lessons in Arithmetic, Geography, &c., are furnished the principal of a State Normal School, Mr. John W. Dickinson.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 782. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 25, 1871. VOL. XXX. No. 27.

Translated for this Journal

The Ethical and Religious Force in Beethoven.

From the German of AMBROS.

Beethoven's compositions, especially his Sonatas, are types of the powerful life of his soul. He strove for the highest good, and transferred to his music his impressions of the world, which with his spirit's eye he beheld and estimated. The most various moods can be found in his Sonatas: love, anger, defiance, resolution, sadness, longing, deep melancholy, serenity, courage, raillery and wild merriment declared themselves, in a soul directed with all its strength towards the high and eternal. He had a deep, ethical nature; he grasped full human life, "finding his *motives* in the streets below" but "changing common language into the world's noble speech." He was a true idealist, inasmuch as he was not ashamed of familiar or trite experiences; for all and each became to him an Ariadne's thread to the sanctuary.

Beethoven occasionally wrote Christian music; but, let him write what he would, lightning from another world touched it. However manifold the expressions and mood, the ennobling and sanctifying spirit of the master pervaded all. A remarkable example of his power in this respect is the Pastoral Symphony. There he speaks with wonderful freshness and animation, as he wends towards the heights where Klopstock's Ode "*Der Frühlingsfeier*," meets him.

Earlier composers had given vent to their religious feeling in works ecclesiastical in form and purpose. To render a Symphony, a Sonata or a Violin Quartet, the medium for such a purpose had not been dreamed of, and Beethoven was the first to venture. His reverence for holy and eternal things was deep and true, and he has given expression to it in a number of compositions which are among his best, and which have been divided into three groups.

First, those relating to natural religion, that is, to thoughts of God, immortality, virtue and retribution. God is depicted as an almighty, all-true and holy being, the Father of all, who has created and sustains all, rewards the good and punishes the bad; a Christian idea thus composing the ground color. It is this higher light which transfigures the form of *Fidelio*, and shines in its fullest glory in the Ninth Symphony. To this class belong, besides several smaller pieces, the Pastoral Symphony and the C-minor Symphony, in which a higher hand suddenly opens the gate of the kingdom to a struggling wanderer of the night. "An die Hoffnung," the "Abendlied unter dem gestirnten Himmel" and the "Wachtelschlag" are happy echoes of the *Pastorale*. The incomparable Song to Hope, and the *Abendlied*, are poems which Beethoven wrote out of a full heart, the expression of his inner sorrow, hope and faith.

Mozart, having a presentiment of death, wrote his "*Abendempfindung*," similar in motive, yet very different. With him all is soft and dreamy; with Beethoven, strong and sublime. One mourns that he must leave the pleasant world and dear friends; the other longs for the future and has scarcely a glance left for this earth. With still stronger tones has Beethoven in the C-minor, and in the Ninth, Symphony, painted his sorrows and struggles and his firm hope of victory.

The powerful language of the C-minor Symphony was soon understood and became popular. The Ninth fared differently. Bearing the impress of struggle and the victory of an individual and strong personality, it was too colossal for the people. It was the cause of Humanity defended. When the first performance took place, on the 6th of March, 1826, at Leipsic, the impression was "on the whole unfavorable," and even educated listeners lost their faith in the excellence of any further productions of the master. It was played and then laid aside as a dangerous monster. To Griepenkerl belongs the honor of pointing out its high spiritual meaning and of showing how it rises above the subjective circle of feeling of the individual to the stage where the sight pierces the greatest heights and depths, and touches the loftiest thought of men. In 1878* it crossed the ocean and was performed in New York. It is no longer a subject of study for the technical musician, though it has taken more than a quarter of a century to convert it from that into the spiritual capital of many. It is now often the chief piece at musical festivals. A devout quiet reigns among the hearers as the clear treble (?) hovers over them like a gray mist, when in rushes the Theme, as a knight in armor, to show himself, vanishing again behind the storm-cloud. If unrestrained storm rages in the first part, in the second, Humor from his magic lantern casts the strangest shadows upon this wonderful world; mild zephyrs in the *Adagio* bring the fragrance of flowers and the leafy rustling of unknown Elysian hedges and of a peaceful paradise: the Hymn of Praise at last embraces heaven and earth, and we, still trembling with the shock, rise in a better and leave in a purer mood for our recognition of this work.

The foundation of this Ninth Symphony is Schiller's hymn "*An die Freude*," thus occasioning in some minds the false conception that Beethoven merely treats of Joy, whilst he really handles another subject found in two verses of the poem, "*Alle Menschen werden Brüder*," and "*Brüder, überm Sternenzelt, muss ein lieber Vater wohnen.*" The Brotherhood of Men, the Fatherhood of God, are the ideas he would express, and in these ideas are peace and joy.

Next to this mighty group stands the second, which is specifically Christian, yet without any confessional coloring. It embraces the Oratorio of "Christ on the Mount of Olives" and the "Six Spiritual Songs" in the text of Gellert (Op. 32). Beethoven undeniably wrote these songs for his own gratification; from the world little gratitude was to be expected, and therefore they speak to the heart and are truly the pious thoughts of a hermit. The first song: "I will pray before Thee," is the introduction to the rest.

If ever a Beethoven Union Society should be formed, it would be well to introduce among its statutes a section, to the effect that the Union should anxiously endeavor to buy up and destroy all scores or arrangements for the piano or voice taken from this Oratorio, and in all other ways to efface its remembrance. From beginning to end it lacks religious depth or awe; it is theatrical pathos, and sounds like a comic opera in its trivial motives and conclusions. It is very funny when Peter rushes forward and is with difficulty restrained by his master and the seraph; and again, when the Redeemer meets the death of the Cross with roulades in the style of the opera heroes, the impression is that of blasphemy. Nor does Beethoven do any better when he dresses up the word "*Leidenskelch*" (cup of sorrow), in the first Aria, with a pretty trimming of little notes, or places the Seraph as *prima donna assoluta* of the heavenly troupe. He apparently wrote this (1800) without being moved or warmed by the subject, and perhaps also, because the great success of the too lately published Oratorios of Haydn had rendered this kind of music popular.*

The third group, in which we would place the specific work of Beethoven for the Catholic church, embraces his two Masses. His Mass in D, which he himself considered his best work, and his gigantic Symphony in D minor (the Ninth) are like the two pillars of Hercules. Symphony music cannot surpass the Ninth, nor church music the Second Mass. The manner of writing, the spiritual direction, even the meaning, is alike in both; both preach the same gospel, one in the tone language of the concert hall, the other in the diction of the Church.

Beethoven's First Mass is related to the similar works of Mozart and Haydn, as his earlier Symphonies are to theirs. There is a visible continuation and building up akin to them throughout, in the mode of writing and expression, but all richer, more glittering, laid in broader dimensions, more intense in expression of feeling. What chiefly characterizes them is that catholic fragrance of incense and glimmer of candles which Mendelssohn perceived in the Second Mass; an observation that honors his insight, for a man must have lived from his childhood in the Catholic church to feel this feature in its strength. This peculiarity cannot be explained by allusion to the style of his great predecessors, for it is deeper. Beethoven, born in a Catholic land, educated in corresponding knowledge, his father a servant of an ecclesiastical prince, carried these youthful influences into his life. When he undertook a theme worthy of his art he was thoroughly in earnest, and when he composed the Mass for Prince Esterhazy, his early impressions returned in all their power, with that magic with which later years glorify the first. There should

* It was performed in New York, and many times in Boston, long before 1878.—ED.

* This condemnation is indeed rather strong!—ED.

be no dispute about Thorough-bass nor Religion, he thought; these were things conclusive in themselves. Yet such a strong, sincere mind must have had its doubts and inward struggles, and this work bore their coloring. In this Mass he placed the richest and highest results of his life. He showed therein what he had learned of fiery inspiration, of greatness, sublime flight of fancy, of inward feeling, of jubilee and complaint, of pain and bliss, of love, faith, hope. All the capacities of his loved art were displayed with masterly skill. "*Vom Herzen, möge es zu Herzen gehen*," he wrote on the score to the *Kyrie*, and to the *Sanctus* he added: "*Mit Andacht*."

It is wonderful that in all this power of expression the usual coloring of single sentences is visible. The relationship of the last part of the Mass with the final sentence of the 9th Symphony is unmistakeable. There Beethoven begs for the peace which he, in his unhappiness, wants; he is overcome. In the C-minor Symphony, as in the Ninth, he reaches, through frightful conflict and emotion, the triumphal song, then humbly bends his head and throws a last glance, full of pain and hope, up to heaven. If Rubens mixed his colors with blood, Beethoven wrote with his own blood. In sublimity, like Handel, (the *Kyrie*); in artistic building up (?) of voice, like Bach; in magic sounds, like Mozart, (the *Benedictus*), the master has plucked for himself a garland of unfading flowers.

Composers of earlier times separated their sacred from their profane music. For Beethoven all music was the service of God; and here he reaches his hand to Bach; for to the latter, also, whether he wrote for a church choir or for a single piano, it was the same. To both men, Art, in and for itself, in its best purity and signification, was the highest aim for that spiritual life buried in God. K. G. W.

Biography of Palestrina.

[Concluded from page 413.]

We cannot better illustrate the universal admiration which this effort of genius continues to this day to command, than by placing in juxtaposition the remarks of two eminent living writers, of very opposite views in most other respects—the Protestant historian, Ranke, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Melipotamus. "The mass known by the name of Pope Marcellus's" (says Ranke) "surpassed all expectation. It is full of simple melody, yet will bear comparison, in point of richness and variety, with any that preceded it; its choruses separate and meet again; the meaning of the text is incomparably expressed; the *Kyrie* is all prostration, the *Agnus* is very lowliness, the *Credo* majesty. . . . By this one great example the question was set at rest forever, and a course opened in which have been produced the most beautiful works, and the most touching too, even to those who do not profess the Romish faith." And then he continues with a truly German enthusiasm: "Who can listen to them, and not feel his spirit stir within him? It is as though nature became endowed with tone and voice: as though the elements spoke, and the sounds of universal life mingled in spontaneous harmony to hallow and adore; now undulating like the sea, now soaring heavenward in exulting bursts of jubilee. The soul is borne aloft to the regions of religious ecstasy, on the wings of universal sympathy."

Dr. Wiseman's remarks on the mass in question are as follows:—"It is in six voice, having two basses and two tenors. As Palestrina intended to avoid all airs, and to give to each part an ever varying movement; and as it was consequently necessary that each, from time to time, should repose; he took this expedient, and secured a firm substructure for his harmony, by the stability of his middle and lower parts, as the treble and contralto could well sustain the shriller harmonies. The effect of this arrangement is wonderful. In most modern choruses one or two parts, at most, have a movement, while the others are either kept on *sostenuto* notes, or else, if more than four, in unisons. But in this mass, as in all his music, there is no *riempitura*, or filling up; every part, as Dr. Burney terms it, is a real part, as important as the other; all full of vigor, life, and movement. The consequence is, that when performed it has a power beyond most compositions in twelve or sixteen voices."

Such was the mass, so famous in the history of music, recommended by the Council, for whose decision it was written, as a model for all future composers, and still performed in the Pope's chapel on the Saturday in the Holy Week.

Palestrina was now at the zenith of his fame, in the full vigor and maturity of his intellect; and the ten years' period during which he remained at S. Mary's (from 1561 to 1571), was fruitful in great works. But we grieve to find that, notwithstanding all he had done for the Church, he was left to struggle with poverty, nay, absolute want. This, in a man of his high principle, and strict laborious life, could not possibly have been owing to any extravagance or irregularity on his own part. No, the true explanation is afforded us by the account of the stipend he received as composer to the Apostolical chapel, an appointment bestowed upon him on the production of the mass just mentioned, and which he was permitted to retain together with his post at S. Mary's. The beggarly sum attached to this high-sounding office amounted to about *twelve shillings a month*: and this for the "Prince of Music," as he was now called; the man whom all confessed to have rescued from utter ruin, to have revived and perfected, the decaying and degraded music of the Church. He was a man who from principle would not devote himself to the pursuit of secular music, although most people would think he had a motive sufficiently strong in the necessity of providing for his now numerous family; but he confined himself strictly to his own peculiar vocation, and this was his reward. So dazzled and bewildered apparently were his countrymen with the splendor of his genius, that they forgot to provide for him the necessaries of life. Palestrina was admired, lauded, and left to starve; and this has been the case with many, we have reason to fear, whose talents have been devoted to the same cause: at the present moment we know that in our own cathedrals there is no adequate income offered to organists or choir-masters; no income sufficient to induce a Church musician, even of the least self-interested views, to devote his days and nights to his own peculiar line of art. He must needs allow secular pursuits and engagements to encroach, more or less, upon his ecclesiastical duty; the Church comes to be regarded but as one engagement among many; and thus a secular tone is imparted to his opinions, his views, his compositions, his performance. Few there are whose devotion, like that of Palestrina, will enable them to suffer cheerfully, as he did, in the cause of their art. Shall we congratulate ourselves on the discovery that we do not, as a nation, stand alone in our neglect and contempt of those who deserve better at our hands; or shall the discovery cause us, as is more befitting, to blush deeply, both on their account and our own?

Nor was the poverty of Palestrina, albeit great and distressing—distressing more especially on this account, that it prevented him, as he more than once pathetically laments, from publishing his compositions—the only way in which the faith of this great and good man had to be tried. His circumstances were no doubt bettered when, in 1571, he succeeded his deceased friend, Giovanni Animuccia (also a pupil of Goudimel), at the church of S. Peter in the Vatican. At this time he also became music-master of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri, and undertook the superintendence of the school of music which had been founded at Rome by his friend Nanino. But while applying himself with undiminished ardor to the duties of his calling, he was visited with severe domestic calamities. Three sons, who had given early promise of excellence, were taken from him by death; and his only surviving child, far from emulating the example of his father, did but give him cause to lament his continued undutifulness and rebellion. In addition to all these sources of sorrow, he had to sustain, in 1580, the loss of his wife—the darkest cloud, perhaps, of all that overshadowed the concluding years of his long and anxious life. The composition which he wrote on this occasion to the words of the 42nd Psalm, is nevertheless the expression of a calm and tranquil spirit, such as we may conceive to have lain far beyond the reach of outward troubles. This is the motet, "Sicut cervus," given by Hawkins in his "History of Music." So full are its subdued strains of faith and heavenly resignation, as to prove at once to us that the mature age of the composer has not belied the promise of his youth, but that he is in every respect the same; the same in principles, and the same in practice, as when he offered the first-fruits of his genius and devotion to the chief Bishop of his Church, or implored the Divine aid upon his efforts to save the services of that Church from impending destruction.

Our composer retained his post at the Vatican until his death in 1594. Of the last fourteen years of his life there are few records remaining. Indeed, they would afford but scanty materials for the chronicler, varied, as is most probable, only by the alternation of public duties and private studies. We read of his attending, in the year 1586, with a body of singers, to assist in celebrating the erection of the Obelisk, set up in the Vatican by Sixtus V.; while of his private circumstances we have a more touching memorial, in the dedication of a book of Lamentations inscribed to the same Pontiff (and of which it has been said that the very preface is itself a lamentation), wherein he records, with his own hand, the want of means which so fatally interfered with his long cherished design of committing all his various works to the press.

Neither the want of resources, however, nor the indifference of those who ought to have been his most firm and zealous patrons, could make him waver in the course he had marked out for himself, or damp his accustomed ardor for composition. Poor as he was, he seems to have resigned to his friend Nanino the active direction, together with the emoluments, of the school in which they were jointly concerned, rather than divert to any secular occupation the time which he wished to devote exclusively to the choir. If he interfered, it was but occasionally, for the purpose of inspection, or to settle disputes.

To this period belong the Sacred or "Spiritual Madrigals," a style of composition new hitherto to Palestrina, being devotional music for the chamber rather than the church—a sign, we may suppose, of the gradual progress and increasing cultivation of vocal music. In point of pathetic tenderness and sweetness of expression they have never been surpassed.

But we are now being hurried rapidly to the close of the composer's life. The dedication before alluded to had been, in some degree, effectual. Persons of distinction, both among clergy and laity, had at last come forward with the means of presenting to the world those masterpieces which, on this account only, had been delayed. Their author was about to devote himself, with his accustomed ardor, to their production, when he was seized with sudden sickness, which soon gave symptoms of being fatal. In the month of January, 1594, being sensible that he could not recover, he received the Sacrament from the hands of his confessor and friend, S. Philip Neri. The last words he ever spoke had reference to the Church which he loved, and for which he had labored with such unremitting diligence and zeal. Calling to his bedside his only surviving son, he pointed out the means which had been supplied, and by whose bounty, of printing his hitherto unpublished works; and laid upon him a solemn charge to see it done as soon as possible," for the glory of the Most High—such were his words—"and for the worship of His holy temples."

It is painful to think that these solemn words were utterly disregarded by his unworthy son, who squandered the money entrusted to the purpose, and sold besides whatever MSS. he could to the publishers of Venice. This final degradation, however, Palestrina himself did not live to witness. The fever terminated fatally on the 2nd of February, and the funeral train of the composer was swelled by the attendance of the most eminent musicians of Rome, whether writers, singers, or instrumentalists, together with immense crowds from the surrounding city and neighborhood, who assembled with one accord to do honor to his memory. A "Libera me, Domine," of his own composition, was sung by three choirs over his grave, and on his tomb was placed the inscription—

JOANNES—PETRUS—ALOYSIUS,
MUSICÆ PRINCEPS.

We have little further to add. Indeed we fear lest, as it is, we may have trespassed too far on the patience of our readers. But our object has been twofold; first, the information of the ordinary reader, whose curiosity may have been raised by the frequent and conspicuous mention of a name he can hardly have failed to notice; and, secondly, a desire to induce the musical student to turn his attention to a school of writing which, for skilful construction, solemn expressiveness, and graceful sweetness, is equal to any purely vocal school that has since existed. Should we have, in any degree, succeeded in either of these two objects, we shall be content. Thus much, however, in regard to the latter. We must require, as a preliminary condition, that our author be not judged by the modern system, by the modern rules and conventionalisms of music; that the student be not induced to throw up his score at once on finding, what he assuredly will find, and what may at

first jar upon his nerves; such things, we mean, as pure chord successions, without any, or with but little, preparation, and rarely tempered by chromatic tones; a sparing use of such combinations as to us of the modern school are most familiar; together with a frequent use of other things (such as rapid progressions to distant keys, etc.), which to us are inadmissible. We must stipulate that Palestrina's music be judged by a given standard; that it be borne in mind, that he had both the disadvantage of writing three hundred years ago, and also the advantage of writing, not in two modes only, as is the case with the moderns, but in twelve.

We subjoin a list of Palestrina's complete works (from Baini), together with the names of one or two modern publications above referred to, as being both ready of access, and containing some choice specimens of the master:—

Twelve books of Masses, for four, five and six voices.

Two others, in MS.

One ditto, for eight voices.

Two volumes of Motets, for four voices.

Five volumes of Motets, for five voices.

One volume of Offertories (68 pieces).

Two volumes of Litanies.

One volume of Litanies, in MS.

Three volumes of Motets, in MS.

One volume of Hymns for all holidays of the year.

One volume of Magnificats, for five and six voices.

One volume of Magnificats, for eight voices.

One volume of Lamentations.

Two or three volumes of Lamentations, published by Alfieri.

Two volumes of Madrigals, for four voices.

Two volumes of Sacred Madrigals, for five voices.

Selections from the above will be found in the "Cinq Messes" and "Vingt Motets," Paris, Launer; "Anthems and Services for Church Choirs," Burns; the first number of the Motett Society's publications, Chappel, Bond-street; a selection recently published by Novello; and also several detached pieces.

Emerson and his Lectures.

Many years ago Margaret Fuller wrote as follows concerning Emerson and his lectures:

"If only as a representative of the claims of individual culture in a nation which is prone to lay such stress on artificial organization and external results, Mr. Emerson would be invaluable here. History will inscribe his name as a father of his country, for he is one who pleads her cause against herself. If New England may be regarded as a chief mental focus to the New World, . . . we may hail as an auspicious omen the influence Mr. Emerson has there obtained, which is deep rooted, increasing, and, over the younger portion of the community, far greater than that of any other person. . . . The audience that waited for years upon the lectures was never large, but it was select, and it was constant. Among the hearers were some who, though, attracted by the beauty of character and manner, they were willing to hear the speaker through, yet always went away discontented. They were accustomed to an artificial method, whose scaffolding could easily be retraced, and desired an obvious sequence of logical inferences. . . . Others were content to be benefited by a good influence without a strict analysis of its means. 'My wife says it is about the elevation of human nature, and so it seems to me,' was a fit reply to some of the critics. . . . Those who believed no truth could exist unless encased by the burrs of opinion went away utterly baffled. Sometimes they thought he was on their side; then presently would come something on the other. The partisan heard but once, and returned no more. But some there were—simple souls—whose life had been, perhaps, without clear light, yet still a search after truth for its own sake, who were able to receive what followed on the suggestion of a subject in a natural manner, as a stream of thought. These recognized, beneath the veil of words, the still small voice of conscience, the vestal fires of lone religious hours, and the mild teachings of the summer woods. The charm of elocution, too, was great. His general manner was that of the reader, occasionally rising into direct address or invocation in passages where tenderness or majesty demanded more energy. At such times both eye and voice called on a remote future to give a worthy reply; a future which shall manifest more largely the universal soul as it was then manifest to this soul. The tone of the voice was a grave body tone, full and sweet rather than sonorous, yet flexible and haunted by many modulations, as even instruments of wood and brass seem to become after they have been long played on with skill and taste; how much more the human voice! In the more expressive passages it uttered notes of silvery clearness, winning, yet still more commanding. The words uttered in those tones floated awhile above us, then took root in the memory like winged seed."

Verdi, Gluck, and Bach.

[From the London Orchestra].

The worship-music of Sebastian Bach may be said now to be beginning to assert its real influence over the minds and hearts of the people: and this movement in the popular taste will mark a new phase in the development of musical art, and will tend to Bach's undisputed sway and supremacy in the highest branch of musical composition: that specially designated for use in the sanctuary. It is a great mistake to describe his Passion music as an Oratorio, using this word in its modern sense. The historical accounts of the Holy Evangelists are the foremost of dramas in thought and conception, in their life-like and epic character, but they are immeasurably removed from the very best attempts by any Oratorio manufacturer, ancient or modern. They stand apart from all theories of ethics or æsthetics, all theoretic or imaginative results; and have nothing whatever to do with the Biblical romantic or heroical novel, or with that presentation of scriptural episodes which a care for the good and beautiful may have condensed or expanded for the purposes of some two hours' musical display and some innocent amusement. At a certain period of the ecclesiastical season these historical records of the Passion of our Lord are presented as a part of the course or *cursus*, and they have always been sung from time immemorial. England in her quarrel with the Catholic Church neglected, if she did not altogether banish, music from her people's services, and struck out the Passion music from her ritual. Germany, on the other hand, made her Reformation the starting point of a fresh musical progress. Choir singing in the vernacular was no new thing to her, and her church music was ever more in unison with the feeling of the people than that of Italy, France, Flanders, or England. The new spirit created the new style, and advance in technical skill and extension of the boundaries of true art received their impulses from the popular tide. Religious spirit preserved the use and employment of music in the sanctuary, and religion was the guardian angel and monitor at the right hand of the musician. Thus the influence of an unquestioned faith gave the individual, personal power and expression to the composer; and the solemn character of the services, its vernacular clothing, the introduction of the people's chorals, the school and city choirs, the amateur orchestras, bound him down to gravity of design and unity of purpose, and kept him aloof from the prettiness and petty details of the secular play and the then growing musical opera. The simplicity and pathos of the evangelistic records forbade any union with forms of music expressive of false conceptions and mere worldly interest.

The circle of the church seasons presented the leading incidents in scriptural history; and the musicians sought for increased power and new means to make them more and more attractive, more and more spiritually beautiful. Graces and ornaments in song, prettiness and elegance in instrumental execution, might please, but they could not elevate or exalt. The most serious subjects that could exercise the highest faculties of mind and soul called for grand ideas, and for the greatest number of such ideas. What was demanded was pleasure *in worship*, and not delight from mere artistic ends or social purposes. Hence the rise of that rich musical language heard in the productions of Sebastian Bach; the inexhaustible rhythm, the interweaving of three, four or more of real melodies, the marvellous division of the choirs and orchestras, the constant employ of the double or extreme harmonies, the utter freedom from all harshness, the force and fire, the calm and repose, the tenderness and pathos, in fact the triumph of soul and heart over the mere mechanism and scientific outcome of the professor. His constant dependence upon whatsoever was lovely and pure led to that magnificence of subtlety and skill shown in every theme he touched. He was ever luminous, because ever looking at the light; ever lofty, because his thoughts were heavenward. His subjects were all true, teeming with beauty, and the source of all greatness in the heart of man. Here was the foundation—the only real foundation—for the highest results of art; and these principles are as strong now as in his day, as they were eighteen hundred years ago, or some four thousand years since. This insight of Bach into the mysteries of the spiritual world and its supernatural manifestations in this our lower sphere made him study and work until he acquired an unrivalled power over the harmonies of sound, and overwhelming range of expression. For splendor of language, perspicuity of subject, novelty of idea, grasp of the technical, and mastery over all the science of music, Bach has no equal; and yet all these high possessions are as nothing in comparison with the sweetness, love, and affection—the angelic tenderness of his spirit. Bach must ever be approached with all due reverence, and not without due preparation. To acquire but the smallest perception of what is so eminently beautiful, so thoroughly lovely and saintlike, there must be the necessary gradations, progresses, and transformations. We are now listening to the great artist; the deepest and most profound intellect; the keenest wit; the perfect master who never left anything unfinished or untold? What more? If we have not his impulses and imaginings, his love and his faith, they are but so many pictures, tales that are told; we attain not to his meaning, and more than half his work is thrown away upon us. We must partake of his spirit and sympathize with his affections; then, and then only can we fully enter into his joy of the beautiful, and pronounce him to be altogether noble and good.

Every great man has his own ways, and it is for us to accept them and be thankful. Consummate knowledge treads no ordinary path. Bach's choruses have been thought to be rather rough work, and decidedly too short for the true oratorial form. When Bach writes his dialectic chorus, his contrapuntal commentary on the particular and important situation, no composer can be more expansive, argumentative, solid, or brilliant. In his renderings of the historical records he has his characters in the history—Our Saviour and his disciples; the Jews and their Bishops; Archbishops, and the like; the Roman Governor and his guards; and these real personages form his drama; and when the disciples or the soldiers cry out, they are not made to sing fugues or dilate upon musical themes, or show off in long divisions and answers in the authentic and plagal—mere mannerisms. They are human creatures, and treated as disciples and soldiers; they shout out like men in such situations, say their say, and are silent. In all the historic portions of the *Passion* of Bach, Bach has done what Gluck attempted to do in 1770, just forty years after Bach. Gluck congratulated himself that he had reduced music to its real function in the drama; that of not interrupting action, but that of aiding expression and adding to the intensity of the situation. "I forget," he said, "that I am a musician, that I may contemplate only the personages of the drama." This is exactly what Bach did; but then he made no fuss about it, and never wrote an "*Orpheus*," and "*Aleste*." He established the highest form of the musical drama—so new and so true that people went to sleep over it for more than a hundred years; and it is just now forty years since Mendelssohn woke up Germany to the fact. Gluck's rule was not to stop the action that the auditors might listen to song or chorus in rule. Bach's rule was to do what was right and keep the straight road. Gluck took the historical myth and treated it as a solemn truth. He made people cry over it. But it is easy enough to make people cry; a good cry is supposed to stand for exquisite taste and the highest critical faculty. Bach held a pure sympathy with the Evangelists—he shared his emotion and his thought; his spirit was present at the Brook, the Garden, the Palace, the Judgment Hall, and Mount Calvary. What words can duly represent such a spirit, or its true and mighty operations! His great power was in the invention and union of melodies, or what is known as florid counterpoint. Above this great power of unsurpassed technical excellence was the transcendent gift of imbuing all he wrote with the expression of his saintlike spirit. He had keen eyesight, but still deeper heart sight.

The Chorals in the "*Passion*" excite the liveliest interest; but what a satire are they upon the undevout and depressing modern hymn tunes with which musicians are in these times trying to tickle the ears of the poor people that go to church to hear modern church music! And then composers think they are performing feats of virtuosity, and doing something highly meritorious, and for the well being of metrical hymnody! We have had more than enough of this sort of no thought and crude conception, and we rejoice to find how our repeatedly expressed opinions on the state of modern music and present modes of study have been confirmed by the pen of the justly far famed Verdi [?]. He had been invited to take the office of Director of the Naples Conservatoire. This he declined, his labors not admitting its acceptance. But he recommends to begin at the beginning, and learn first to write church music, to study Palestrina, and follow the examples of Scarlatti, Durante, Leo, and Marcello. "Learn," says this highly-gifted artist, "to compose with freedom, to dispose the parts naturally, and to modulate without affectation. Study the recitative, attend to this; and always write in good faith. Avoid the fascination of the orchestra, eschew florid harmony, and abhor all chords of the diminished seventh. Lastly, determine to know nothing of 'the music of the future.'" Undoubtedly good warning and excellent advice. No one wants to share the internal feelings and [illegible] of [illegible] composers [illegible] irritable, impatient, and impassable, [illegible]

young professors who may possess artistic organizations will do well to ponder over this memorandum of a great [!] musician who has made his mark in his day and generation, and take them fully to heart. Verdi does not mention Bach, but he points out the way Bach trod, and the means by which others may walk in his steps. Bach's early works, as also Beethoven's, at the most only give promise of future excellence. Now, each stands in the harmonical heavens, bright and brilliant stars for inferior manifestations to watch and to worship.

At present there is no possible opportunity of hearing the music of Bach in its right and fitting place; but it is to be hoped that the Great Hall for Music and Art at South Kensington may not be closed on the Sundays. To foster and encourage music six days in the week and close the doors of this magnificent building on the seventh is worse than an act of mere Puritanism; it is rampant Vandalism. South Kensington Hall is the only place worthy of the music of Bach out of a cathedral; and until Westminster Abbey be open for it we trust that it may be there heard. But the people must join in the chorals. Until the congregation take part in the rendering of this mighty work, it will remain a performance, a concert, and this it will not bear.

The History of Music.

TWELFTH LECTURE BY MR. J. K. PAINE.

[Reported for the Advertiser].

An unusually large audience attended the lecture on Saturday, attracted in no small degree probably by the interest of the subject—Handel and Bach In the latter, said Mr. Paine, is to be found the culmination of Protestant church music, as in the former sacred and secular music were reconciled in the form of the Oratorio. Having traced briefly the steps by which the world was prepared for the coming of these two great masters, Mr. Paine gave an outline of their history. It is singular that they were both Saxons and were so nearly contemporaneous in their birth, Handel being the older by seventeen days. We need not give even a sketch of this part of the lecture, as the main facts in the lives of both are so well known. The contrast in their characters was very marked Handel left home at an early age to seek his fortune, and was all his life engaged in turmoil and strife for the recognition of his talents. Bach lived a quiet and uneventful life, striving to do his duty faithfully wherever his lot was cast, and quitting a humble for a higher and more extended sphere of usefulness only when invited to do so. Handel never married, died rich, and lies in Westminster Abbey. Bach married early, brought up a large family of children, died poor, and lies no one knows where. Handel travelled extensively, was conscious of his talents and was ambitious of the world's esteem. Bach, although he must have known that he was the greatest organ virtuoso in the world, was contented wherever he might be, and, so far as is known, never had a wish to set his foot in a foreign land.

Handel's education and genius enabled him to become a universal master He united in his music the intellectual and creative power and the learning of the German, the melodious vocalization of the Italian, and the clear, solid and simple expression of the English. His long service in the school of dramatic composition prepared the way naturally for the union of a high and devout religious feeling, a noble and elevated style and a beautiful and attractive form in the oratorios of a later period of his life. An interesting parallel was drawn between Handel and Shakespeare. The early comedies of the latter correspond to the operas of the former, while Shakespeare's tragedies and Handel's oratorios are the natural outgrowth of the forms which preceded them. And just as in the lifetime of Shakespeare his introduction of his keen wit into tragedy was condemned, so was the use of the air in Handel's oratorios. The earlier works of Shakespeare have been revived and are performed with success. It has been predicted that Handel's operas, now almost forgotten and never performed, will also be revived We have not space to follow the lecturer through his analysis of Handel's music. An illustration was given of one of his styles, a most beautiful soprano aria from the opera of "Rodelinda," composed in 1725.

Bach was misunderstood even by his sons and disciples, but the effort at reviving his works has been so industriously carried out, that his music has come to be better known and more admired. It is but twenty-five years since his Passion Music according to St. Matthew was performed for the first time since his death. Mr. Paine spoke of him as the greatest sacred composer and the most intellectual musician who ever lived. Those who find his music cold and passionless are ignorant of his style. Handel's music has become antiquated, because he incorporated into it some conventionalities of the prevailing schools. Bach's music cannot grow antiquated. As a harmonist and contrapuntist, he stands pre-eminent among all who ever lived, and he deserves to receive the credit of having set on foot the great movement in the improvement of instrumentation to which Beethoven contributed so much. These two, Bach and Beethoven, were the most deeply subjective of all musicians. In conclusion, a tenor solo from the St Matthew Passion music, with a quartet in place of the chorus, was sung by Dr. Langmaid.

THIRTEENTH LECTURE, MARCH 4.

The subject of the thirteenth lecture of the course on Saturday last was the progress of instrumental music after John Sebastian Bach, especially under his son Emanuel Bach, and Haydn. The constant tendency of musical growth, he remarked, was from objective to subjective From the mediæval church music sprang the Opera and from the Opera resulted the development of the instrumental art No earlier age could have produced a Beethoven. From the school of church music of the middle ages was developed the vocal art which admitted of the introduction of the passions. The art of instrumental music was an off-shoot from this and could not be at once emancipated from its bonds. It was only when the instrumental music was made to combine the polyphonic form of ancient counterpoint with the freedom of more modern song, the sacred and secular, the solid and the beautiful, that it reached its highest excellence. Bach was the true founder of modern instrumental music. His sons and disciples had only left to them to follow the course which he had prophetically marked out In analyzing the old toccatas and fugues we are first struck by their purely formal character. They consist of a succession of musical sounds without the charm of a poetical feeling. This is only natural. The dry details must be first mastered before poetic genius can clothe its thoughts in words and sounds of beauty. The fugue may be compared to the Gothic cathedral of the middle age. We see the beauty of this part and that, and we admire the learning of the architect, but it is presumptuous in all but a few close students to say that they fully understand the idea that was in the architect's mind. In Bach's music we can trace his individuality, even in his most learned compositions. He shows us that he was a true poet. Von Weber calls him a romantic master and declares that it is his romantic power which gives him his hold upon musical people.

Bach's instrumental music may be divided into four classes, —his church music for organs; his sacred music for home, in which is to be included the most of his compositions for piano and violin, and the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" is of this class; his lighter secular pieces, and his concert music, concertos, sonatas, &c. In the last class he shows the most of the modern thematic mode of treatment. His Italian Concerto is of this character. Mr. Paine played two movements from the last-named position, to the great delight of the audience. The finale especially gave much pleasure.

The lecturer then gave an interesting history of the origin and growth of the Sonata and the Symphony before the time of Bach, and followed it with sketches of the lives of Emanuel Bach and Haydn. The former he regarded as having possessed but a tithe of his father's genius, and yet as having played a very important part in the development of instrumental music. His skill at improvisation and the contact with elegant society both imparted a sort of freedom and finish of style, which were of great importance at the time. Mozart and Haydn both looked up to him as a master in his way, and his work on the clavichord is still an authority, as his rules are still at the foundation of all correct playing of the piano-forte. A thoroughly delightful Rondo by Emanuel Bach was played by Mr Paine, to illustrate the freedom and beauty of his style of composition Mr Paine regards Haydn as an unconscious reformer. His joyous disposition is traceable through all his writings, and yet there are few composers who show a more steady and material improvement, whose later works are more superior to their earlier ones, than Haydn. In his earlier Symphonies—of which he wrote the astonishing number of one hundred and nineteen—he had but three movements, —a slow movement between two fast ones. In the later Symphonies he introduced the Minuet, and imparted to it a gayety and jollity that it did not possess as the stately dance of elegant society. His operas, nineteen in number, are insignificant. His sacred music is deficient in deep, religious feeling He was greatest in his quartets and trios. His use of the free thematic mode of treating his subject was dwelt upon by Mr. Paine, who defined the distinction between that mode and strict imitative counterpoint, which we are compelled to omit, with much else that was interesting in the lecture. The influence of Mozart's happy faculty of instrumentation is distinctly observable in Haydn's later works. In conclusion Mr. Paine played one movement from one of Haydn's later Sonatas.

FOURTEENTH LECTURE.

(Reported for the Boston Journal.)

Mr. Paine's theme on Saturday was Gluck and Mozart, and the Modern Opera.

Before the advent of Gluck and Mozart, said the lecturer, the opera in Italy, France and Germany had developed certain national characteristics which had not yet reached their ultimate ideal in either country. The Italian opera had retrograded rather than progressed from the position held by Scarlatti and his best followers. The Hamburg opera, under Keiser and others, was a short-lived attempt to establish a national German opera. Its brilliant star suddenly vanished from the musical horizon, and Germany, like all the rest of Europe, except France, was blinded for a time by the full light of the Italian opera. In France however, a genuine musical drama had arisen under Lully and Rameau, and subsequently under Philidor and Gretry, who moulded the lighter opera into a fully rounded artistic form, thanks, after all, to the influence of the Italians, who had introduced Pergolese's "Serva Padrona" with such wonderful effect. In the first stages of growth, the French comic opera, which emanated from the *vaudeville* and *chanson*, was built up by composers like Rousseau and Duni, Monsigny and Philidor, who wrote music more like *dilettanti* than trained musicians. It was reserved for Gretry to complete this branch and stand as the true representative of the national character of the French in the field of dramatic music. Meanwhile the tragic or grand opera of Lully and Rameau continued in existence, though the interest of the public centred in the comic opera, but the time was approaching when new life was to be infused into it, not by a son of the soil, but by a foreigner.

Christopher Willibald Ritter von Gluck was born in Weidenwang, in Upper Pfalz, on the 2d of July, 1714 His talent for music was evinced at an early age, and he was encouraged in his musical studies by the noble Viennese family of Lobkowitz He became chamber musician for Prince Melzi of Lombardy, and at Milan received musical instruction from Sammartini. After a four years' course of study, he composed his first opera, "Artaserse," which was brought out at Milan with great success in 1741. He was forthwith invited to compose other works for Milan, Turin, Cremona and Venice, and in 1745 accompanied Prince Lobkowitz to London and Paris, where he brought out several operas He did not find English soil favorable to his art, for the Italians had absolute control there. During his stay in London he made the acquaintance of Handel, whose music made a lasting impression upon him, and who consoled him for his want of success in England with the remark: "You have taken too much trouble with your opera for this place, for Englishmen require anything to be beaten out on drum-heads to please them." Gluck went to Vienna, where he was appointed chapel-master of the royal opera in 1754, a position he continued to hold ten years, during which time he composed a number of operas, making, also, a journey to Rome, where he was made a Chevalier by the Pope. It was not until nearly the close of his career as Chapelmaster at Vienna that he disclosed to the public his plan of a reform in dramatic music. It was the production of his "Orpheus," in 1762, that marked the beginning of this new and eventful period in his life. Hitherto he had followed the beaten path of the Italian opera Even after this date he composed more or less in the traditional Italian style, and it was not before his opera of "Alceste" appeared, in 1769 that he turned entirely aside from the old course, henceforth to obey no master but himself. Finding Vienna unfavorable to the development of his plan of reform, he went to Paris in 1773, where he brought out his "Iphigenia in Aulide" a year later. The battles between the admirers of the comic opera, or *buffonists*, and the adherents of Lully and Rameau, or *anti buffonists*, were renewed with fiercer fury than ever. The old French opera party found a champion in Gluck. The latter gave equal prominence to the declamation and action of the play, but his recitatives and airs were far more musical than those of the French masters, and the orchestra was employed far more independently and artistically. He did not make the pomp and glitter of the stage the chief attraction, but the spectacle was made to take a subordinate place in the total effect of the drama. The ballet was never introduced except to heighten the dramatic effect and give characteristic expression to the action of the play. Piccini was secured to head the Italian party, and seemed to triumph for awhile, but Gluck won a final victory with his "Iphigenia in Tauride," produced in 1779. Piccini also composed an opera on the same subject, but Gluck had carried the day, and German opera had for the first time in history achieved a triumph over Italian and French music. It was not long after this that the French claimed Gluck as a national composer.

Mr. Paine gave an interesting analysis of Gluck's style and contrasted it with Mozart's. If Gluck's intelligence had embraced the musical comprehension of Handel or Scarlatti, he would have forestalled Mozart as an opera composer. He did improve the principal forms of the opera, the recitative and air, but it was more like leading them back to the older and purer style. He approached the spirit of the Greek ideal. Gluck's thoughts, evidently, did not flow easily and spontaneously. He was not well skilled in polyphonic writing. This is plainly evi-

dent in those places where the several dramatic characters are made to declaim or sing in concert with each other. He then found it difficult to preserve the musical individuality of each. Herein it was that Mozart showed himself to be the greatest of all masters. The characters of Mozart's operas are musically-dramatic conceptions, while Gluck's are poetic-dramatic productions, merely colored or more highly animated by music. Gluck painted over the naked drawing, but the lines still show through. Mozart conceived them as identical, and with him they had no separate existence. Gluck divided the musical world into two parties, which Mozart, through his universal genius reunited, but which have been sundered again in this generation by Wagner and his followers. This wide breach is the result of bringing theoretical questions into the foreground by means of polemical writings, of trying to institute reforms through the intellect rather than by the spontaneous and gradual growth of concrete ideas and long experience.

Gluck was not the only direct forerunner of Mozart in the field of opera among his countrymen, independently of the Italians. In the latter half of the 18th century the German *operetta* arose. This form of musical drama was suggested by the French comic opera. It was called into life by John Adam Hiller (1728–1804), and the most prominent of its other composers were Carl Ditters von Dittersdorf, Wenzel Müller, Joseph Weigl, Leopold Gassman, Peter Von Winter (who was one of the best of this class), Holzbauer, Wölff, Zumsteg, Himmel, John Andre, George Benda and John Frederick Reichardt. The latter was the most prominent of the group.

The concluding part of the lecture was devoted to a most interesting account of Mozart, with some remarks concerning his influence upon music. Mozart was born Jan. 27, 1756, at Salzburg in Austria. His musical faculty was displayed almost in infancy. At the age of four years he composed some little pieces. Two years later he began to compose for instruments, and his first opera "La Finta Semplice," was composed when he was only twelve years old. Before he was 21 years old he had composed no less than 35 symphonies, 32 orchestral compositions of various kinds, serenades, divertimentos and pieces for wind instruments, 14 string quartets, 1 trio, 1 quintet, and 20 concertos for solo piano or violin with orchestral accompaniment. From the age of twelve to twenty-five he also composed 20 masses and 30 other sacred compositions.

Mozart is rightfully considered as the universal master. This unparalleled universality is not only displayed in his complete mastery of every kind of musical composition, vocal and instrumental, from a popular song to a grand symphony, from a simple dance to a solemn requiem, but in the rare adaptation of different national peculiarities of style to his own individuality. It was his mission to unite and beautify the national elements of music, which hitherto had remained apart. European music attained its concentration, for the first time in history, in his works.

The musical illustrations accompanying the lecture comprised an Aria from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulide" and another from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," both sung by Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, and the playing by Mr. Paine of a *minuet* composed by Mozart at the age of four years.

Music Abroad.

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The first concert of the season took place at St. James's Hall, with this somewhat peculiar programme:

Symphony in D [first time] ..... Gounod.
New Song, "There is a green hill far away" [first time]
Mr. Santley ..... Gounod
Sabaretto [first time] ..... "
Scena, "Far greater in his lowly state" [Irene], Miss Edith Wynne ..... Gounod
Concerto for Violin. Violin, Herr Joachim Mendelssohn.
Symphony in C minor [in compliance with the wish of the donor of the Bust of Beethoven] ..... Beethoven.
Scena, "My child has fled" [Robin Hood], Mr. Santley. G. A. Macfarren.
Duo "Crudel perche," Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Santley ..... Mozart.
Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits" ..... Weber.

Mons. Gounod has accepted the invitation to direct the performance of his own works.

N. B.—The Subscribers are respectfully solicited to be in their places by a quarter to eight o'clock.

The Bust of Beethoven, lately presented to the Philharmonic Society will be exhibited at this Concert.

Whereupon the *Musical World* (March 4) comments:

M. Charles Gounod has been in England during the war, and he, we need not say, is a distinguished guest. After our fashion and to the extent of our light, we honor M. Gounod. His greatest opera is frequently heard in English lyric theatres, and always commands a "house;" his songs are encored in English concert-rooms; and his melodies are tootled, and ground, and whistled in English streets. Everybody knows M. Gounod, and looks upon him not simply as a famous man, but also as a pleasant acquaintance from whom much pleasure has been derived. Of course, therefore, a general desire to do him honor pervades the community; but, unhappily, the knack of carrying out that desire in a proper way seems wanting on every hand. In certain quarters no effort has been made to carry it out at all, and in other efforts has only resulted in grievous blundering. We can understand those, who, like the Director of the Monday Popular Concerts, have ignored M. Gounod altogether. That amounts to a frank confession of inability to carry out any fitting recognition of his presence, and is both honest and straightforward. At the Crystal Palace the managers have been less discreet, and, in honor of M. Gounod, have played the overture to *Mireille* and the ballet music of *Faust*, putting the last at the fag end of the programme, to serve the purpose of an "out-voluntary!" Mr. Henry Leslie, by way of acknowledging M. Gounod's presence at one of his concerts, actually inserted "Nazareth" in the evening's scheme! But it has been reserved for the Philharmonic Society to reach the climax of mistaken homage. The well meaning directors of that time-honored institution make much in their English way, of M. Gounod, and, doubtless, imagine the programme of their forthcoming concert to be a model tribute. What is it in fact? First of all, M. Gounod and Beethoven are put on the pedestal together, the living being there in the flesh—the dead in plaster of Paris. The result need not be told, for M. Gounod, famous though he be, is not a Beethoven. Next, the "C minor" symphony occupies the place of honor. M. Gounod's symphony in D opening the concert, and serving to cover the noise made by late arrivals. Lastly, not even a moiety of the programme is given up to the French composer, Mendelssohn's violin Concerto and Herr Joachim being introduced just where both united can put M. Gounod out of mind. But what does the following "N. B." mean? "Subscribers are respectfully solicited to be in their places by a quarter to eight o'clock." Does it mean that M. Gounod will receive a grand ovation from a waiting and admiring crowd?—or does it signify merely that some of the Royal Family are expected?

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC. Mr. Barnby (says the *Musical World*, Feb. 25) is apparently resolved to make J. S. Bach's setting of the *Passion* according to St. Matthew an annual feature at his Oratorio Concerts:

It was the *Passion of St. Matthew* with which the Oratorio Concerts were "inaugurated" the other evening, and a more promising beginning of a new season (the third) of these sterling entertainments could hardly have been desired. Last year the oratorio was given at Exeter Hall; this time St. James's Hall was the arena. Without entering into any argument about the antagonistic claims of the two buildings, as fitted for the purposes of music, we may unhesitatingly affirm that the second performance of the *Passion* was far superior to the first. This is all to the credit of Mr. Barnby, whose endeavors to obtain as good a general execution as possible, without the advantage of such unlimited preparation as continental conductors enjoy, deserve hearty recognition. How arduous was the task he had set himself musicians need not be told. But he approached it undaunted, and success in a great measure may justly be said to have rewarded his spirited and praiseworthy efforts. That all the choruses—to the clear and emphatic utterance of some of which, the double choruses especially, the larger accommodation afforded by the Exeter Hall orchestra is, for evident reasons, more favorable—were equally well done, it would be untrue to say. Nevertheless, the average performance was singularly effective, and, on the whole, we have never heard the opening double chorus, "Come, ye daughters, weep with me"—to name the most elaborate and trying of them all—go so smoothly and with such precision. The antiphonal passages, where Zion exhorts and the faithful inquiringly respond, were admirably brought out; while the touching Lutheran choral ("O Lamm Gottes unschuldig"), which firmly pursues its course above all the intricate combinations of vocal and instrumental harmony, was heard throughout as if there had been nothing that could interfere with its distinct enunciation. After this successful dealing with what, although the oratorio begins with it, is the severest test of efficiency on the part both of singers and players, there was little reason to be apprehensive about the sequel. That the double-chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared?"—which, according to Mr. Barnby's arrangements, ends the first part—produced, as at Exeter Hall last year, the effect of the evening, may easily be credited; and yet we must again protest against the omission of the splendid and nobly wrought out chorus, "O man, thy heavy sin lament," which, according to Bach's own score, succeeds it. Any true lover of Bach's music would greatly prefer having this chorus retained to bearing its immediate precursor twice over, as was the case the other night. Without entering into further details, we must be content to add that the chorals, almost without exception, were sung in a manner which did infinite credit to Mr. Barnby's Choir, and that the double-chorus, "In tears of grief we here recline," which brings the scene at the sepulchre and the oratorio itself to an end—perhaps the loveliest and most expressive piece of all—was given to perfection.

A line must suffice to say that the recitatives and solos in which the oratorio of the *Passion* is so rich could scarcely have been confided to artists more competent to do them justice than Mme. Rudersdorff (soprano), Madame Patey (contralto), Mr. Cummings (tenor), and Herr Stockhausen (bass)—all practised musicians. We were glad to find the pathetic air, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord," assigned last year to a soprano, now restored to the voice for which it was originally meant—a contralto. The violin *obbligato* accompaniment to this air is as striking and appropriate in its way as that to the "Benedictus" in Beethoven's *Second Mass*. It could hardly have been better played than by Herr Pollitzer (leader of the orchestra); nor could the pianoforte accompaniment to those recitatives indicated in the score by "figured basses" have been entrusted to one more able to handle them discreetly than Signor Randegger. In conclusion, we do not see why, when the *Passion Music* is performed in a concert room, there should be more curtailment than is found absolutely necessary. If the original practice of having a sermon between the two parts into which the oratorio is divided were adopted the case would be different. But this, like the singing of the tunes of the chorals by the congregation, appertains exclusively to the Church, and as Bach's great Protestant music seems very unlikely, at any rate in the present time, to be heard in one of our English churches, and as we are compelled in order to hear it at all, to go to a concert room, we confess we should like to hear it as nearly as possible in its integrity.

We read also in the *Choir* of March 4:

The performance of Bach's *Passion Music* in Westminster Abbey, which we were enabled to announce a fortnight ago, will take place on the evening of Maundy Thursday, April 6th, when a sermon will be preached by the Dean. We are not aware whether it is intended to invite all who are present to join in the chorales, and thus completely to fulfil the composer's intention; but it is obvious that such a proceeding would greatly intensify the effect of the sublime music and render it still more worthy of the solemn occasion on which for the first time it will be heard within the walls of an English church. If the words and the melody of the chorales were printed on a card and supplied to each person, it would be comparatively easy to obtain that grand burst of unison, which is the only adequate fulfilment of the noble design. To Mr. Barnby no slight honor is due for having rendered such a project possible of execution, and it is to be presumed that the work will be produced under his direction.

MUNICH.—The following little bit of chit-chat was forwarded by a correspondent, a short time since, to the *Neue Wiener Tagblatt*:—"In our Athens here on the Isar, the most stupendous events seem destined to succeed each other in marvellously rapid succession. Scarcely has the initiative of the King to restore the Imperial dignity become an established fact before another subject forms the topic of every conversation. It is asserted that Richard Wagner, the hermit of the Lake of Lucerne, is about to emerge from the obscurity of his present middle-class station, and enter the ranks of Bavarian barons. When, a few weeks ago, the report was spread through the city that the Baron von Perfall, the Intendant of the Court Theatres, and author of the deficit of 500,000 florins, was to be appointed Master of the Ceremonies, while Richard Wagner was to succeed him as Intendant General of the Theatres Royal, a cry of horror convulsed our aristocratic salons. The question how and whether the new Intendant-General's lady, Wagner's wife, Mme. Cosima, Liszt's daughter, and the divorced wife of Herr von Bülow, should be received and treated, became the aristocratic prize topic of the day. Just as the consternation of our thorough-bred nobility broke through all the limits of the silence and forbearance prescribed by Court etiquette itself, when, at the production of *Tristan und Isolde*, Ludwig II. gave the composer, Wagner, a place in his box, intended only for crowned heads, and the musician, a commoner, had the hardihood, in reply to the uproarious acclamations of the public, to bow from the 'King's Box' aforesaid, so now, when by his appointment as Intendant-General, he would have the right to breathe the air of the Court, the indignation of the insulted lords-in-waiting knew no bounds. Careless of the Royal displeasure, the nobility were firmly resolved to ignore both Wagner and his wife, since—for so it was whispered—the man who made parliamentary speeches upon the Dresden barricades, and regarded the King of Bavaria's private purse as a milch cow, and the married lady who played the part of carrier-pigeon between Wagner, then her idolized friend, and the King of Bavaria, who glowed with enthusiasm for him, when Wagner had to yield to the bitter feeling of numerous fanatics, and retire, with an annual life pen-

sion of 7000 florins into the paradise-like exile provided for him on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne by his Royal patron —the married lady who, when Wagner found himself in a pecuniary fix, which by the way he does pretty frequently, rattled triumphantly, in full daylight, from the Royal palace with two cabs, each of which carried 20 sacks of 1000 florins—such persons could not be fit associates for aristocratic society. Ludwig II. is too keen, as everybody is aware, not soon to know perfectly well the reason which had thrown the nobility of his Court and capital into such a state of excitement. Accustomed, however, since his accession, to act only in accordance with his own will, he is said to have determined, in order to alleviate the wound which the presumption fostered by the privilege of birth has inflicted upon the plebeian prince of music, to give the latter the Commander's Cross of the Bavarian Order of the Crown, which confers noble rank on the person who receives it; but it is doubted whether Wagner will accept it any more than the title of Intendant-General, which has been several times offered to, and as often refused by, him."

LEIPSIC.—At the sixteenth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Ferdinand Hiller appeared in the two-fold capacity of composer and executant. As the former, he contributed a "Suite for Pianoforte," two Songs for Chorus of Female Voices, and an overture to Schiller's *Demetrius*. The orchestra performed Bach's F major Toccata, arranged for orchestra, by Esser, and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major. The programme included, also, a setting by Rheinberger, for female chorus with harp, of the Eighty-third Psalm.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 25, 1871.

END OF THE VOLUME.—The present Number completes VOLUME XXX of our Journal, and the Nineteenth Year of its existence. Subscribers for the past year hereby receive one number extra (No. 27, Vol. XXIX). This is in order that the new year of the Journal may begin, as usual, in April.

TITLE PAGE and INDEX for the past two years (Vols. XXIX and XXX) will be found in the next number.

"Preacher Verdi."

We copy on another page, from the London *Orchestra*, a just appreciation of the dramatic qualities of Bach's Passion Music. How much weight the opinion of the writer gains, however, by bringing into contact such extremes as Bach and Verdi, with such complimentary allusion to the latter, the reader may judge for himself. In our last number we printed Signor Verdi's letter, which furnished the occasion for coupling his name with the great names of Bach and Gluck in the title of the article referred to. The reflection which that letter naturally awakened in the mind of many a thoughtful music-lover, is very well expressed in a leading editorial of the *Musical World* (London) under the above heading, which we here give entire:

Our business just now is not to inquire whether it be true that "the greater the sinner the greater the saint." We are, however, concerned to know that powerful preachers of the Right are most readily found among those who have been doers of the Wrong. The fact was recognized of old—recognized, for example, when Saul the persecutor was thought worth converting by a miracle into a Christian apostle; and when a Magdalene became what the *Record* would call "a mother in Israel." Profane history supplies a crowd of similar illustrations. Who enforced sanctity and austerity but the once free-living Thomas à Beckett? Who made himself a protest against ambition but the once mighty Emperor Charles V.? Who showed the pilgrim's path to heaven but the once "terrible tinker" from whom exhaled an odour of hell? Who—but why go on, when the reader can bring from the storehouse of memory, even if he have read nothing since his school-days, a string of examples equally pertinent? The underlying principle is philosophically true; is axiomatic in fact; and that quite apart from considerations of contrast. A naked maniac, "clothed and in his right mind," cannot but witness strongly to the blessings of a sound intellect and a good tailor; but there is an element in cases like those we have quoted which lies above and beyond contrast. He can best show the road through a swamp who has found out by dirty experience where the mud lies deepest; and he most powerfully enforces morality who has endured the results of scorning it. Abraham, in the parable, was wise when he declined sending an angel missionary to the brothers of Dives. "They have Moses and the Prophets," said the venerable patriarch; who might have added, "and Moses and the Prophet have very good reason to know where humanity is weakest."

Bearing all this in mind, how heartily ought the letter of Signor Verdi, which appears on another page, to be welcomed! Here, indeed, is a startling phenomenon. The composer of *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore*, the free and easy Verdi, who, in the paths of music, all his life long, has gone where he pleased (by the shortest way), and done what he liked —he, the libertine of art, suddenly comes before us, grave as an academical professor, wearing a scholastic dress, and laden with the contrapuntal studies of the old masters! "Is Saul also among the prophets?" Indeed he is, and, pray, let us be silent when he speaks. What things can Signor Verdi not tell us about quicksands, and shoals, and hidden rocks! For years he floundered among the first, got aground on the second, and crashed against the third; all the time with colors flying, and a great appearance of enjoyment. But Signor Verdi was really laying up a store of experiences on behalf of our generation; and in his letter to the Neapolitan Conservatoire, he begins to utter them. Silence, pray, silence, for the new preacher of the musical Right!

Here we take the Verdian letter as read, and, having allowed the reader time to recover, beg to ask what he thinks of it. A philosopher would answer, —"It is quite in accordance with precedent. *Les extrêmes se touchent.* Signor Verdi, the musician of the day, points to the musicians of bygone years, and even raises the ghost of the venerable Palestrina. Knowing nothing of fugue himself, he would have others saturated with fugues. And having exhausted the capacity of the 'diminished seventh,' he warns everybody to keep away from that refuge of the incapable. There is nothing to be surprised at in this. It accords with the nature of things." Thus our philosopher;—but we do not share his indifference. Signor Verdi, preaching scholasticism in music, is a portent suggesting much. He is, moreover, a warning to composers captivated by the loose artistic habits of the day, in whose ear he says—"Thus will it be with you in the end, though you are never likely to furnish such a signal example of error as myself." We surely needed some such caution, and could not have had a better. Signor Verdi, like another "pillar of salt," stands forevermore a monument of terrible import to those who would turn their faces toward the Sodom of the "diminished seventh." Let our would-be composers take heed, and apply themselves to the "old masters," instead of scribbling down incoherence and calling it "ideality." Oh! if they but would, what reason should we all have for thankfulness! Little may flow from their communion with the masterminds; but, at any rate, the world would be spared their "ideality." For the chance of this, thanks, Signor Verdi, thanks!

Concerts.

NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT of the Harvard Musical Association. The programme for Thursday Afternoon, March 9, was the following:

Overture to "Medea".....Bargiel.
Aria, (Contralto): "Grief and Pain," ("Buss und Reu"), from the St. Matthew Passion Music (Orchestral accompaniments completed by Robert Franz)..J. S. Bach.
Mrs C A Barry.
Symphony in G, [No. 13, Breitkopf and Haertel ed.] Haydn.

—

Overture to the Hindoo legend "Sakuntala," [Second time.....Goldmark.
Songs:
a.] "Son confusa pastorella," arranged by Robert Franz from the Opera "Poro".....Handel.
b.] Goethe's Mailied: "Zwischen Waizen und Korn," etc.....Franz.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn.

We do not think that many present found themselves preferring the "Medea" Overture of Bargiel to that by Cherubini in the preceding concert. A more ambitious work it is, employing the increased modern means of sonority and climax, and not without a certain earnestness and grandeur, an impressive gloom of tragic coloring belonging to the subject; but far less intrinsically musical, less inspired, less beautiful than the more unpretending, quiet, thoroughly poetic introduction by the older master. It is certainly one of the best specimens we have yet had of the orchestral compositions of the new men, and was well worth a hearing. It had been carefully rehearsed (for it is very difficult), and went well with the exception of some rather dubious blending of the trombones in the strange chords they have to hold near the beginning.

Between this and the other sombre, straining Overture by Goldmark, (which, however, rather gains in favor upon repetition), the supremely happy and spontaneous little Symphony in G, by Haydn, let in a flood of exhilarating sunshine. It was indeed inspiring, and seldom is the blessing of sincere, consummate Art, the power of its presence in little things as well as great, better realized than it was then. The large and noble and religious melody of the slow movement seems to hallow with a purer light the frolic joy of the quick movements. The Minuet and Trio are of the most perfect of their kind. Mendelssohn never came so fully out of himself and composed so objectively as in that really dramatic Overture to "Ruy Blas," of which one is not likely soon to become weary. Both this and the Symphony were uncommonly well played.

The Aria from the Passion Music (sung for the first time in Boston) was not, of course, introduced with the expectation that it would become at once "popular," but because of its intrinsic beauty and significance, and because it is well to use the opportunity of so select and impressible an audience, now and then, to familiarize the ear and mind and heart somewhat with a few of these profoundly sweet and tender melodies, in order to prepare the way for that performance and appreciation of the entire Passion Music which we must have here before long. Mrs. BARRY, taking it at short notice (owing to the illness of Miss Sterling), and with only one chance of rehearsal with the orchestra, sang perhaps with a little less of freedom than she would have sung some other things,—*i.e.*, with a seemingly anxious fidelity,—but she was in good voice, and the style, conception, spirit were all right, so that it made upon the whole an excellent impression. What could be more beautiful or more expressive than the very simple, touching accompaniment which Bach has given both to the wonderful introductory Recitative: "Thou dear Redeemer" and to the Aria itself? Nothing but two flutes, sobbing in thirds and sixths, besides the quartet of strings! And even this Quartet is written out by Robert Franz from the mere ciphered Bass of Bach. But here every note tells, full of meaning and of feeling. But the two flutes cease their even flow in the second part of the Air, at the words: "Fall, ye drops, fall faster, faster, freely from mine eyes, like rain," and answer each other in a little imitative *staccato* figure, Canon-like. The lovely Aria by Handel, heard here last year for the first and only time, was admirably sung by Mrs. Barry, in a sustained, pure, noble style, easy and melodious, with finely graduated light and shade. A better instance of the genuine *Cantabile*, alike in composition and interpretation, we have not had for some time. The frolic little song by Franz just tipped the whole with sunny brightness, and proved so fascinating that the singer was obliged to repeat it. Mr. LEONHARD played the accompaniments with his usual sure instinct.—The very large assembly appeared thoroughly contented with their short two hours of carefully selected music.

Of this week's concert, closing the series of ten with the third of the Beethoven programmes, and of the impression made by the remarkable piano-playing of Miss MARIE KREBS in the great E-flat Concerto of Beethoven, and the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue of Bach, we shall speak in our next.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY.—An interesting Soirée (at least to those who did not fairly wilt and wither and collapse under the excessive heat of the unventilated room) was given by some of the teachers of this institution, last Monday evening, at the lower hall (ridiculously called Meionaon) of the Tremont

Temple. The programme, which *was* to be performed, read thus:

Introduction and Rondo for Violin and Piano, B minor. F. Schubert.
Messrs. Julius Eichberg and Hugo Leonhard.
Adelaide. .... Beethoven.
Prof. C. Gloggner-Castelli.
La Pavanne [French dance of the XVIII. Century.] J. Eichberg.
J. Eichberg.
Song. .... Abt.
Prof. C. Gloggner-Castelli.
Trio in C minor for Violin, Violoncello, and Piano. Gloggner-Castelli.
Allegro assai. Andante con moto. Allegro con spirito.
Messrs. Eichberg, A. Suck, and Gloggner-Castelli.

But unfortunately, owing to a severe cold with which the late Professor of singing at the Leipzig Conservatorium, Herr CARL GLOGGNER-CASTELLI, was afflicted, the crowd, who came mainly with the hope of hearing so artistic a singer, were disappointed by the omission of the vocal pieces. In their place were substituted two movements (Allegro and Adagio) from the Sonata Duo of Beethoven, Op. 30, in A, for piano and violin, finely played by Messrs. LEONHARD and EICHBERG. These came directly after the beautiful Introduction and Rondo by Schubert, which of course every one enjoyed. So did every one (of any Salamander power of endurance, as above hinted) enjoy the quaint old French dance, played in the true humor of the thing by Mr. EICHBERG.

Now the privation in regard to hearing Prof. Castelli sing, and personally illustrate the art which he is so well qualified to teach, and which he formally makes his profession, was in a great degree made up for, to the agreeable surprise of most, by that gentleman's Trio for piano, violin and 'cello. Thrown in rather *en amateur*, as it were, it at once proved his excellent musicianship, both as composer and pianist. The work was *musical*, to say the least, having an internal right to be, and not springing merely from that vague ambition which leads so many to attempt all sorts of things. But more than that, this Trio is a genial production; the themes are beautiful, and the working up both logical and full of interest, particularly in the first two movements. The finale, too, is clever, a little odd, but on the whole less interesting. It is a rarity indeed to find so much of a musician in one whose speciality is the voice.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY. The 115th Concert was given in the pleasant little Wesleyan Association Hall, in Bromfield Street, on Wednesday, March 15, with the following programme:

Festspiel und Brautlied, from Wagner's Lohengrin, arranged by........................ Liszt.
Song, The Gleaner.............................. Mendelssohn.
Violin Solo, Elegie .... Ernst.
Song, Bel Raggio.............................. Rossini.
Ballade .... Reinecke.

The pianist of the occasion was Mr. H. G. TUCKER (an accomplished pupil of Mr. Lang); the Violin Solo was played by Mr. F. H. TORRINGTON; the Songs were by Miss INGRAHAM.

CECILIEN-VEREIN.—This well trained Club of amateur singers (mixed voices), under the direction of Mr. KREISSMANN, made a very pleasant evening for their friends, on Thursday, March 2, at Brackett's Hall. The programme was too choice to go unrecorded.

Chorus, Ave Maria.............................. A. Billeter.
Quartet, "Tuba mirum" Requiem .... W. A. Mozart.
Song, "Lord, at all times I will bless thee". Mendelssohn.
Chorus, Ave verum .... W. A. Mozart.
Aria, "O God have mercy," St. Paul.... Mendelssohn.
Chorus, Offertorium.................... M. Hauptmann.
Aria, "Quae moerebat," Stabat Mater.... Pergolesi.
Chorus, "Meeresstille und glueckliche Fahrt" Beethoven.

Ballade, "Schoen Ellen," soprano and Baritone solo and Chorus............................ Max Bruch.
Song, Huguenots .... Meyerbeer.
Quartet, "Spring Song" .... R. Franz.
Song, "Er der Herrlichste" .... R. Schumann.
Duet, "Letzter Gruss" .... Graben-Hoffmann.
Duets. { a. "Fruehlingsgruss" } { b. "Hüdentrost lein" } .... Gade.
Four Part Songs. { a. "Das Rubethal" } { b. "Der erste Frühlingstag" } { c. "Abschied vom Walde." } Mendelssohn.

The last of Mr. JAMES M. WEHLI'S Three Popular Concerts (Saturday afternoon, March 11), was chiefly noticeable for the excellent Quartet singing of Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. BARRY, Mr. PACKARD and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY. They sang two Quartets: "Bella Figlia," from *Rigoletto*, perhaps the best piece Verdi ever wrote, and "Il Carnivale" by Rossini, which should be better known. The solos and duets severally found favor. Mr. WEHLI played his "Martha" Fantasia, his left-handed "Sweet Home" variations, and something else a good deal better for an encore.

WHAT NEXT? First in order of the good things promised us is the first of Three "Recitals" of Piano Music by MISS MARIE KREBS, to be given in Brackett's Hall, next Tuesday afternoon, March 28, at three o'clock. Those who have heard the young Saxon lady play in the Symphony Concert this week, will need no persuasion to attend these Recitals. Miss Krebs will be assisted by her mother, Mme. KREBS-MICHALESI, one of the most distinguished leading singers of the Royal Opera at Dresden, who will sing Schubert's "Wanderer," Schumann's "Waldesgespräch," and a song composed by her husband, Kapellmeister Krebs, of Dresden. The daughter will play Beethoven's Sonata: "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour;" a Nocturne by Chopin, and Novelette, No. 4, by Schumann; Prelude and Fugue (a la Tarantelle), in A minor, by Bach; and the *Rigoletto* Fantasia by Liszt.

Wednesday Eve. 29th. Mr. HERMANN DAUM, being about to remove to New York, gives a Farewell Concert in the Music Hall, with the friendly coöperation of many Boston artists. Messrs. LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER will play the Bach Concerto, in C, for three pianos. Mrs. WEST, Miss RYAN and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN will sing. Mr. DAUM himself will play one of the early Sonatas of Beethoven, and a Polonaise by Chopin. The whole programme will be choice, and the occasion will enlist a great deal of sympathy.

Thursday, 30th, at 3 1-2 P. M., CARL ZERRAHN'S Annual Benefit Concert naturally follows close upon the last of the Harvard Symphony Concerts, and with the aid of the Grand Orchestra which he has trained so conscientiously and carefully, and to a point of excellence never before reached by any Boston Orchestra. The programme is very inviting: *Beethoven's* 4th Symphony; *Schumann's* Concerto, by Miss MARIE KREBS; Adagio, &c. from Beethoven's "Prometheus;" Polonaise in A flat, Chopin (Miss KREBS); Serenade for five 'Cellos, Double Bass, &c., by *Schubert*; Overture to "Sakuntala," *Goldmark*.

April 1st and 2d, Saturday and Sunday Evenings) are the dates fixed for the NILSSON Oratorio performances ("Creation and "Messiah") with the Handel and Haydn Society.

VIOLIN QUARTET MATINEES. The four Matinées by the LISTEMANN QUARTET party (the first Concerts of this kind which Boston has had this winter!) will be given at Wesleyan Hall on the four Wednesday Afternoons of April, beginning April 5th, at 3½ o'clock.

Each programme will contain two Quartets; a Violin Solo Sonata by one of the old masters (Biber, Corelli, Tartini, etc.), played by Mr. B. Listemann; and either some choice vocal solos, or a Trio for piano, violin and 'cello. The Quartets selected are the following:

Cherubini in E flat.	Mozart in E flat.
Schubert in D minor.	Raff in A major.
Haydn in G major.	Svendsen in A minor, op. 1 (new).
Beethoven in F. Pet op. 127.	Beethoven in F (Rasoumoffski).

Subscription for the whole Series, $4.00. Single Admission $1.50. Subscriptions received at the Music Stores, or at the Bookstores of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., and J. R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. A. P. PECK offers remarkable attractions for his Annual Concert, April 12.

MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN'S Concerts, in Chickering's new hall, New York, must have been among the very choicest musical occasions of the year. The programmes were as follows:

January 14.

Trio, Op. 11 .... Beethoven.
Messrs. J. Burke, F. Bergner, and Hoffman.
Sonata in G, op. 14, No. 2.......................... Beethoven.
Mr. Hoffman.
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 1 }
Polonaise, Op. 53 } .... Chopin.

Sonata, 'Cello and Piano, Op. 45 .... Mendelssohn.
Pensees Fugitives. (Violin and Piano) Heller and Ernst.
"Murmures Eoliennes".............................. Gottschalk.

February 1[illegible].

Trio, in D minor, Op. 49 .... Mendelssohn.
Sonata, A flat, Op. 26 .... Beethoven.
Solo for Violoncello .... Goltermann.

Fantasia on "La Sonnambula" .... Thalberg.
Andantino and Tarantella, op. 158. (Violin and Piano.) Reissiger.
"Solitude" and Improvisation on "Robin Adair." R. Hoffman.

March 18.

Trio, Op. 1 .... C. Eckert.
Songs. { "Ein Fichtenbaum" .... [illegible]
{ "Der Nussbaum" .... Schumann.
Miss Antoinette Sterling.
"Kreutzer" Sonata .... Beethoven.

{ Suite "Hommage à Bach," .... Lecht.
{ Tarantelle, Op. 87, No. 2 .... S. Heller.
Old English Ballad (1570) "The Three Ravens."
"Memory," and "Cupid's Request," from "Poems of Lalla Rookh" .... Hoffman.

We know Mr. Hoffman of old, and treasure up delightful memories of musical evenings with him and Joseph Burke, Wm. Scharfenberg, and other kindred spirits, in the days when we used to visit New York; and we can fully believe every word in the following notice of the last concert in the *Sun*:

These concerts have been attended by those who have the interests of music in its best phases most at heart. Many of the audience have been pupils of this master, who have received in this public way the finished illustrations of the maxims and instruction that have been received in private. One distinguishing feature of the concerts has been the modesty of the giver of them, a quality that ever lends the highest grace to art. Most pianists make their concerts the occasion for a certain self-glorification, by filling their programmes with their own compositions, and ignoring those of other composers.

But Mr. Hoffman has given the place of honor to the compositions of others, and by his admirable interpretation of the works of Beethoven and others of the great masters has added to his already brilliant reputation. In this good work he has received the valuable assistance of Mr. Joseph Burke, a violinist in sympathy with whatever is noblest in his art. It is cause for regret that this artist should be heard so very seldom in public. His tone is firmer, his bowing broader, his expression truer than those of most of the foreign violinists who appear in our concert rooms. Perhaps it is simply because Mr. Burke will not lend himself to the "tricks that are vain," which are needed to beguile the public into appreciation, that he so seldom comes before it.

These concerts have been so healthy in their tone, so interesting and so instructive that we can but hope that another winter will bring a renewal of them.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13.—The fourth concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening. These were the orchestral selections:

Symphony, No. 12, in B flat .... Haydn.
Overture "Faust" .... Wagner.
Overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt" Mendelssohn.

Though the orchestra is not as large as the New York Philharmonic, it is perhaps composed of equal talent, as nearly every one of its members belongs to the New York one. It numbers 60 performers, and is under the direction of Herr Carl Bergmann.

The orchestral pieces were very well performed. Miss Kellogg sang the same selections which she sang at the New York Philharmonic Concert a week ago, and her reception was much better. She responded to the second encore with a fine ballad song: "The light is fading from the sky."

The programme also contained a chorus of forty male voices under the direction of Mr. Joseph Mosenthal. The audience was very large and very orderly.

Miss Krebs gave the ninth of her Piano Matinées yesterday. She played the "Sonata Appassionata" of Beethoven, and several pieces by Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. The audience completely filled the small hall.

March 20.—On Tuesday Mlle. Nilsson returned to New York and sang in a concert. On Wednesday she sang in the oratorio "Creation," the "Mendelssohn Union," under the direction of Mr. Geo. F. Bristow, giving the choruses; and also in a "Grand Nilsson Matinée" on Saturday. Her selections on Tuesday were the scena and aria, "Ah! Perfido" of Beethoven, and Handel's song, "Let the bright seraphim." They were both sung in a splendid manner, though I think that Mme. Parepa Rosa has sung them better in the same hall in Sunday concerts. Miss Nilsson was ably assisted by M. Henri Vieuxtemps (who played his own "Fantasie Appassionata") Miss Cary, Signor Verger, and an orchestra under Max Maretzek. There will be two more Nilsson concerts next week.

On Saturday there were no less than five concerts, viz.: a matinée at Association Hall by the "Euterpe"; Grand Nilsson Matinée at Steinway Hall; Miss Krebs's tenth piano matinee; a concert by Mr. Richard Hoffman at Chickering's Rooms; and the U. C. Hill testimonial concert at the Academy of Music. I shall only notice the last of these. The following are the principal numbers of the programme:

Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven.
Quintet, Op. 33.....Geo. Onslow.
Seventy Strings.
Concerto, E minor.....Chopin.
Mr. S. B. Mills
1st movement from unfinished Symphony.....Schubert.
Serenade, four violoncellos.....Luchner.
F. Bergner, C. Bergman, A. Hoch, A. Leisegang
Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber.

The orchestra was of colossal proportions, and included the members of the Philharmonic and Aschenbrodel Societies. The playing of the lovely movement from Schubert's unfinished symphony was the best of the orchestral numbers.

Miss Kellogg was set down for Rossini's "Bel Raggio," but, not being in very good voice, substituted a simpler song for it. She was recalled at each time but refused to sing. It is needless to praise Mr. Mill's playing. There was also a violin performance by Master Willie Hess (who is only eleven years old) who gives promise of becoming a great artist at some future day. J. M. W.

Farmington, Conn., March 15.—The following are the programmes of the 49th and 50th Concerts of Chamber-music, given at Miss S. Porter's Young Ladies' School, under the direction of Mr. K. Klauser. The executants were Miss Mary Krebs, Mme. Krebs-Michalesi, and Mr. W. Kopta.

49th Concert: Andante con Variazioni and Presto from the Kreutzer Sonata, op. 47, Beethoven; 'The Wanderer,' Schubert; Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Bach; Romanza, op. 50, for Violin, Beethoven; 'Waldesgespräch,' Schumann; Toccata, op. 7, Schumann; 'Mein Hochland,' Krebs; Nocturne in G, op. 37, No. 2, Chopin; Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 4, Liszt; Andante and Allegro molto vivace from the Violin Concerto, op 64, Mendelssohn.

50th Concert: Sonata in F-minor, op. 57, Beethoven; "Der Neugierige" and "Die Post," Schubert; Le Trille du diable, Tartini; Barcarole and Waltz, Rubinstein; "Er der Herrlichste" Schumann; Air et Gavotte, Vieuxtemps; Novellette in D, op. 21, No 2, Schumann; 'Valencia's Rose,' Krebs; Polonaise in A flat, op. 53, Chopin.

Mozart and "The Messiah."

The *Tribune* of the 7th inst. brings me some extraordinary musical history, in the passages here cited:

"Dr. James Pech defends his conduct, in turning the *Messiah* upside down and tampering with the score of Haydn's *Imperial Mass*, by the examples of Mozart and Mendelssohn, who supplied or elaborated the instrumental accompaniments for several of Handel's Oratorios and Cantatas. Without admitting that Mozart and Mendelssohn are a rule for Dr. Pech, we must remind that gentleman that the work he has undertaken is not at all like theirs. Handel's scores were never published in full, and the copies used when the Oratorios were performed under Handel's own direction were destroyed at the burning of Covent Garden Theatre in 1808. Mozart's instrumentation was not an attempt to improve or in any way change the scores, but to fill out the imperfect published sketches and restore the works as nearly as possible to their original form. A subsequent discovery of Handel's MSS. has shown that Mozart caught the composer's spirit admirably, and reproduced the original forms much more closely than any one would have thought possible. This necessary restoration is of course essentially different from the arbitrary changes by which the Harmonic Society has undertaken to show us how Handel would have constructed his great work if he had taken Dr. Pech's advice," &c., &c.

Because this appeared in the New York *Tribune*, which has earned the right to speak with authority on most topics, I deem a note or two necessary and proper. I agree fully with the writer as to the point at issue with Dr. Pech; but regret the style and matter of his argument.

If the *Tribune* critic should visit Cambridge, he should see in the College library the score of the *Messiah* "published in full" with this title: "*Messiah*, an Oratorio in Score, as it was originally performed. Composed by Mr Handel; to which are added his additional alterations. London: Printed by Messrs. Randell & Abell, successors to the late Mr. J. Walsh in Catherine Street in the Strand, of whom may be had the completed scores of *Samson, Alexander's Feast*, and *Acis and Galatea*."

As the book was a present to the Library from Hollis, who died 1774, it was of course published before the burning of Covent Garden Theatre in 1808.

Acis and Galatea was published still earlier. My own copy of the original edition has this title: "*Acis and Galatea*, a Mask, as it was originally composed, with the Overture, Recitations, Songs, Duets and Choruses, for voices and instruments. Set to music by Mr. Handel. London: Printed by W. Randall, successor to the late Mr. Walsh in Catherine Street, Strand."

Mozart's instrumentation was *not* an attempt to "fill out imperfect published sketches and restore" works to their original form; but in part (small part) to enrich the orchestration, though mainly to supply the place of an organ, as the performances of Van Swieten's Society took place either in his house, the great hall of the Imperial Library, or in a palace of one of the music loving nobility.

In the "Acis and Galatea," the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and the "Alexander's Feast" there was hardly a change in the string instrument parts; none in fact except in a few passages, where Handel had written only one violin, and where Mozart adds the second violin and viola to fill out the harmony. Handel did not use clarinets and trombones, because they were not in use in his day. Mozart of course employed all the resources of the orchestra in supplying the place of the organ.

The *Messiah* was too long for one of the Van Swieten performances. Mozart shortened it, and in his changes went, as Jahn himself admits, too far. I think it would interest the readers of the Journal to see a translation of Jahn on this subject, (see the 4th vol. of his "Mozart," pp. 456, *et seq.*)

As to Mendelssohn, what did he ever do with Handel's work, except make a very bad organ accompaniment to the *Israël in Egypt?*

Trieste, Jan. 25, 1871. A. W. T.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Pilgrims of the Night. 3. G to e. *E. Clare.* 30
A sacred song of uncommonly easy and graceful melody
"Hark! Hark, my soul,
Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields
And ocean's wave-beat shore."

Bo Peep! Spring song. 3. Ab to e. *O. Hensel.* 30
A sweet conceit of Spring and Spring flowers, prettily set to music.

Flynn of Virginia. 3. F to e. *F. B.* 40
Poem by Bret Harte. Very effective, if properly sung and declaimed.
"Back to the wall,
He held the timbers ready to fall,
Then in the darkness I heard him call:
'Run for your life, Jack! Run for your wife's sake'"

Meet me Addie, by the Oak Tree. 3. G to d. *E. Christie.* 40
Fine lithograph title. One of the "Meet me in the Lane" kind of songs, and very pleasing. Good chorus.

Only Hope! Song und Cho. 3. Bb to f. *Tucker.* 30
Cheerful, bright little song, with wide-awake chorus.

The Lord is in His holy Temple. Quartet. 4. E to e. *Otto Lob.* 40
Fine new Quartet for choir use.

Ah! do not forget. Song and Cho. 3. Ab to f. *H. Tucker.* 35
Fine melody.
"Ah, do not forget, tho' the memory be sadness,
That first happy hour, when, strangers, we met."

I really don't think I shall marry. Comic. 2. G to f. *Gabrielle.* 30
Light, tripping, and amusing.

Dat's der kind of Mans I am. 3. Bb to f. *W. F. Wellman.* 30
Hans Breitman style of poetry, and very funny.

Easter Hymn. Morning breaks upon the Tomb. 4. C to f. *W. H. Clarke.* 50
One of the very best. For quartette or chorus with solos, and a finely elaborated obligato Organ accompaniment, with stops and expression carefully marked.

Daughters of Freedom, the Ballot be Yours. Solo and Quartet. 3 Bb to f. *E. Christie.* 30
Now rally round the ballot box, ladies! Here's a war song of the Amazons!

Instrumental.

Floral Polka Mazurka. 3. Ab. *C. de Janon.* 30
Varied time, with octaves, trills and grace notes in plenty. Very pleasing.

Brandenburg March. 3. C. *B. G. Jarvis.* 30
Very good march, with considerable variety, and of a style approaching that of the Wedding March, but much easier.

Overture to the "Light Cavalry." 4 hands. A. 4. *F. v. Suppé.* 1.00
Brings in the bugle flourishes appropriate to light cavalry evolutions, and is very spirited and entertaining.

Thunder and Lightning. (Unter Donner und Blitz). Fast Polka. 4. G. *J. Strauss.* 40
Furious, noisy and enlivening.

Woman's Heart. Frauenherz Polka Mazurka. 3. Eb. *J. Strauss.* 35
One would hardly recognize it as Strauss' music, so full of expression, and so different from his usual style is it. A fine piece.

Paraphrase on "The Girl I left behind me" 3. G. *J. H. Wood.* 40
Favorite melody, varied.

Joys Departed. Nocturne. 3. F. *J. W. Turner.* 30
Pleasing melody, and good instructive piece.

Books.

Deems' Solfeggi. An Elementary and Progressive Method, comprising the Art of Reading Music at Sight, Exercises in Solfeggi and Vocalization, and Recreative Duets, Trios, &c., for Solo or Class training. *James M. Deems.* 75
Teachers will find this an agreeable and useful class book for advanced scholars, and a good introduction to Italian singing.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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